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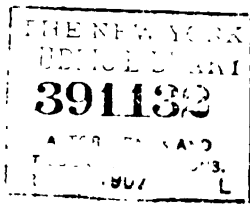
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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1838.

LORD BROUGHAM'S EDUCATION BILL.

THERE can be no disgrace in private individuals being ignorant of the nature and provisions of Lord Brougham's EDUCATION BILL, since it appears that neither the Bishop of London, nor yet the Marquis of Lansdowne—who, as President of the Council, is, by the Bill, to be at the head of the projected Board—knew one iota of the matter when, upon the 1st of last month, Lord Brougham again revived his measure. Every Member of the House of Peers was in the same state of darkness. This might be somewhat mortifying to Lord Brougham, had he not so long been accustomed to operate upon blocks with a razor. We plead equal ignorance with the Peers, whose duty it was to make themselves acquainted with a measure sent to them individually, with a *key* to make it easy and familiar to “the meanest capacity” among the embodied hereditary wisdom—or, in other words, a digest of its contents, drawn up by the framer. That no measure could proceed from him in harmony with some of the views promulgated by Mr Wyse, and the body taking the name of the Central Society of Education, we were confident; nor yet with the opinions of a few persons, whom we must consider more zealous in the cause of education than foreseeing as to the results of the system they recommend. It was impossible that, of all men, Lord Brougham could advocate a system of compulsory education, framed after the model of despotic Prussia, and adopted by the government of Louis Philippe. We could not for a moment believe that the doctrines sent abroad by Mr Duppa, the Secretary of the Society, and countenanced by Mr Wyse and his friends, were approved by Lord Brougham. Of the good which Mr Wyse had effected to education in his own country, and in rousing the public mind of England, we had a high appreciation, though we considered it but the more necessary to direct attention to certain objectionable schemes which he appeared to contemplate. It is enough to have to ward off the parsons, without being embarrassed in this important subject by the Doctrinaires. We need only refer to the extracts from Mr Wyse's writings, given in the article on National Education, in *Tait's Magazine* for November last—a paper which we have reason to believe has done some good, were it only by giving pause to the

vivacity of the popular admiration of ill-matured and dangerous plans.

Nothing whatever—not a shred of an opinion, not the vestige of a prejudice, not the shadow of a desire—to countenance the things which we deemed it a duty to reprobate, is to be found in Lord Brougham's speech. He intends to leave education free as air, in everything important to its vitality. In speaking of the knot of respectable individuals whose opinions, propagated with great zeal and activity, began to alarm us, he remarked, in the admirable and noble speech, delivered in bringing forward the Bill—“I am aware, my Lords, that some most respectable persons differ from me on this subject; they are not a numerous body, but they are of great weight, because they have paid much attention to the subject, and because almost all of them possess great general information; but still I cannot help feeling assured, that they are led away by looking at the circumstances peculiar to the countries in which such a system exists”—the system, namely, of compulsory education, with State interference at every turn; State-bred teachers, compulsorily appointed; State-directed modes of tuition; and State-framed books.—Lord Brougham entertains greater dread than ourselves, if that be possible, of the system approved by the active members of the Central Society; by Mrs Austin, or the individuals whose views are expressed in the preface to her translation of Cousin's Report on the Prussian system; by Mr Wyse, and the other persons constituting that small but indefatigable body who have lately come so prominently forward in the question of Education. Mr Wyse—and we name him here merely as the representative of that body—states broadly that the Government, as possessing the most knowledge, and standing to the People in the parental relation, should assume power to direct or control their education. What says Lord Brougham?—

If I wished to demonstrate thoroughly that a compulsory system ought not to be introduced, I would put it to any person of common reflection, whether it were safe and right—whatever might be the temptation arising from the deficiencies in the existing state of education, from the risk to be incurred from ignorance, from the duty of the parents, from the mischief which may arise, haunt, and infect us from the neglect of their duty—to

usurp the duty of the parent to the offspring, and to place in its stead the public authority of the State, to treat the direction of the child's studies as a civil office, and to take away the parental care of the offspring from the person to whom nature has committed the charge? Another answer to such a suggestion is, that it is a violation of individual liberty—that by this means a tyranny would be established, and thus, in order to educate, we shall enslave the People; in order to diffuse instruction we contract liberty, and we shall introduce a system which is alike novel, horrid, and unbearable to the citizens of a free state; and this we shall do, because, under a foreign Government and a despotic rule, the system had not rendered the previous slavery absolutely unbearable. This is my decided opinion. The next general rule which I would lay down as fit to govern the supporters of any measure of compulsion, is, that not only should there be no compulsion, but there should be no interference by the Government as to who shall or shall not be educated; and that their power should not be extended beyond what is absolutely necessary, but, also, that there should be no strict rule as to the course which the education of the People shall take. I shall look with a very jealous eye on any interference by the Government as to the line of instruction which shall be pursued; for it would be neither more nor less than a tyranny, that the Government shall have power to say what course of education the scholars shall go through. They should not interfere with the kind of instruction to be pursued, the method which may be taken for imparting that instruction, or the books which ought to be read. In all this there should be no interference; it should be entirely uncontrolled, and left to the choice of the individuals themselves. I would allow no board of law to control it; and I would permit neither the Executive Government nor the Legislature to interfere and prescribe any general and fixed plan, for the determining of which the Legislature and the Government are equally unqualified.

Here we find the principle which we ventured to stigmatize, openly denounced, and, in like manner, State-appointed schoolmasters, and State-selected books; of both which, in direct contradiction to the party of Mr Wyse, Lord Brougham asserts—

I think that no Government ought to have the power of appointing the persons who are to educate the People; they ought not to be intrusted with the power of saying who are to be the parties from whom the public are to receive the benefit of secular instruction; for if any one were to give me the power of naming the teacher, without superintendence or control as to the fitness of the person appointed, I should not much trouble myself to obtain the power of prescribing the course of instruction; for, were any fixed upon, I should be as confident that it would be as much violated as if any act of Parliament, or a Board, were to say what course shall be taken; both the one and the other are unfit for the task, and, even if fit, would be the most improper parties to say what books shall be read, what subjects shall be taught, and what shall be the order or plan of education. Although I am stating my opinion, that no compulsory authority ought to exist on these matters, and though I consider that this is the corner-stone of any plan to be adopted, yet I am disposed to add that I would adopt, not any modifications, not any exceptions, but concurrent principles, by which we remove all difficulties, without exposing ourselves to the evils of interference. Thus, though decidedly against any compulsion, I am disposed to hold out inducements to parents to perform their duty; for all of us are aware that it is a duty strictly devolving upon the parent to take care of his offspring's education, and though the breach of this duty be a great sin, and a moral offence, yet it is not such an offence as can be reached by law; and from this very circumstance it becomes the more necessary, without any violation of principle, and without any breach of the liberty of the People, to hold out incentives,

encouragements, and excitement to individuals to discharge their duty, and you will thus gain your object without risk; and it may be effected by mixing good and cheap education, and rendering it easily attainable.

This we consider the just limit of interference, and its only safe and legitimate object.

The details of Lord Brougham's Bill will be best understood from his speech, which ought to be cheaply circulated among the People by the friends of education. On the Bill itself we propose making a few observations, as some of its clauses are not quite so satisfactory. We confess an exceeding jealousy on the subject of National Education, which is one of more momentous consequence to the country than any single measure ever proposed; and we are anxious that as many intelligent minds as the nation possesses may be brought to bear upon it, while it is yet time.

It is almost superfluous for *Tait's Magazine* to profess the most unbounded confidence in Lord Brougham's attachment to the People and to the cause of human improvement. His life has been one long and uninterrupted proof of religious devotion to the best interests of his race. His powerful intellect, his unconquerable energy and indomitable moral courage, are, at this most trying and momentous crisis, next to the aid of Heaven and our own good spirits, the best stay of the cause of Reform, now in the furnace. We would not impugn the motives, nor in any way disparage many respectable members of the aristocratic body who formerly acted and seemed to think with Lord Brougham. But they have gone out from among us, because they were not of us; and, in this day of final trial, he alone remains faithful among the faithless; a Whig no longer, and, in his august solitary position, among those proud and apparently foredoomed Peers, occupying a station and a supremacy such as no statesman of any country ever held before. How poor in aspect—how impotent in influence, in the eyes of a philosophic bystander, is the courtly, effete Premier of the day, compared with the man whose impulsive moral power is already felt in the stirrings of every young aspiring breast, and around every family hearth in these islands. Lord Brougham's future influence on the destinies of mankind, the moral power he is setting in motion, transcend calculation. This much might be said, although his education measure should be baffled, as it assuredly will be delayed. Among the many public blessings for which we desire to thank an overruling Providence, are the declaration of the Duke of Wellington in 1830 against all Reform, and the candid avowal—yes, we have seen that piece of cool effrontery termed *candid*!—of Lord John Russell to the same effect, after seven years of Whig paltering and juggling, and every species of disingenuousness not short of perfidy. But far above these opportune confessions, we would place the thrice-happy determination of the Whig Cabinet, meanly to compromise and sacrifice their colleague, from the mingled motives of envy and jealousy of his acknowledged superiority, and dastardly subservi-

into the Court. We own that, while we despised the motive, we rejoiced in that betrayal. The leaven of Lord Brougham's liberal sentiments could not have leavened that cold, inert lump; it would only have served to sour the whole aristocratic batch. Now he fills his true place—that for which his master-mind was created. He has nailed the colours to the mast. Doubt of him has vanished—if that existed as doubt, which was rather the impatience and disappointment of those who, rightly discerning what Lord Brougham desired, took for granted that his actual power in the Government was measured by his natural superiority—that he was the genius of the Cabinet, and that he had only to say—and it should be done. To the Tory party all the disgrace and mortification, consequent upon the insulting *coup d'état* of November 1834, has been fully made up, by that which they very probably foresaw, and certainly wished, the expulsion, upon its reconstruction, of the only formidable man in the Melbourne Government. This is, however, somewhat irrelevant.

The details of the Education Bill are, as we have mentioned, most satisfactorily unfolded in Lord Brougham's introductory speech. It leaves us nothing to complain of, and not much to suggest. The speech is, however, the living spirit—the Bill the dead letter; and the spirit—such unhappily is the constitution of human affairs—might pass away with the enlightened and liberal projector of the measure, while, under the letter, things might spring up to defeat or render nugatory whatever was best in its tendency. But the other day, Lord John Russell barefacedly told the representatives of the People, that the Reform Bill—concocted by Lord Durham, the son-in-law of Lord Grey; himself, the son of the Duke of Bedford; and Lord Duncannon, the business-man of another noble Whig connexion—was actually intended to give ascendancy to the landed interest; while the People were simple enough to believe, on the solemn assurance of the framers and their party, that it was meant solely to give them a fairer, fuller, and more equal representation in Parliament; or, in other words, something to say in the disposal of their own money, and in the management of their own affairs. That any sinister design is couched under the Education Bill of Lord Brougham is entirely out of the question. He had no aristocratic aid in framing it, no latent objects to serve. Nay, more: we do not give the learned framers of the Reform Bill credit for seeing so far before their noses, even in a bad direction, as Lord John Russell now claims. He has forgotten. They meant to keep the Tories out for ever, and to hold their places—and that was all. A powerful lever was required; and they were advised to try the potency of the Bill. Their purpose of rousing the nation once accomplished, they would have damaged it in its vital principle—the enlarged constituency—even were it had passed into law. Have we forgotten the plebeian impertinence with which such persons as Mr Place, the tailor, and his friends, ventured to obtrude themselves, at untimely hours,

into the lordly presence of Earl Grey, and to say, "We will have the franchise as at first proposed—the £10 franchise, and as much lower as may be; but from that clause we will not abate one jot?"—The arrears-of-rate clause was another darling object of the Whigs, though they might not foresee all the immediate inconveniences to their party, either in registration obstruction, or the delay of the Ballot. Then, Ballot was delayed; now, it is flatly refused. The Chandos clause—that sheet-anchor, in the meanwhile, of the landed interest, (strangely, and with remarkable short-sightedness, upheld by a few liberal men!)—was certainly most welcome to the bulk of the Whigs. Then, indeed, the Reform Bill, licked into proper shape, by Tory aid, did become a measure to give continued ascendancy to the class whose exclusive privileges began to be shaken.—But it is profitless and absolutely sickening to look back upon the way in which that Bill was vitiated—which, in spite of Lord John's assurance to the contrary, is not quite so bad as he coolly intimates it was intended to be—and wrong to intermingle those bitter reminiscences with a measure so pure in aim, and generally so well adapted to its high and far-reaching purpose, as Lord Brougham's Education Bill. In it we have faith, but not implicit faith; and our remarks shall rather be thrown out in the mode of questions, requests for explanation, and respectful doubts, than objections. The question is not what the Bill is—for it seems unobjectionable in purpose and character; but how will it work? How, by perverted ingenuity, may it be diverted from the purpose contemplated by the framer, and converted, in any degree, into an instrument of evil?

And, first—No Minister of Public Instruction is proposed; but, instead, a Board of Education—to consist of five Commissioners, three appointed for life, and two to be members of the Government—viz., the President of the Council, and one of the Secretaries of State; and which of them ought to be specified. Now, the two ex-officio commissioners, changing with every change of the administration, and whose duties are mainly financial, do not, morally, reckon for much; for the substantial power of the Board will be exercised by the three permanent members. One of these must be a serjeant-at-law, or a barrister of at least seven years' standing. Their salaries, like all the rest, are, of course, left blank in the meanwhile; and the amount, and also the salaries of the secretaries, &c., are to be fixed, not by Parliament, but by the Treasury. It is not said whether the persons forming the permanent members of the Board, are competent to hold other offices at the same time or not. They are, though appointed for life, removable at the pleasure of Parliament. This of course. Every official is removable at the pleasure of Parliament, from the King downwards, including those Irish judges whose advent so frightens Mr O'Connell, because he knows that responsibility to Parliament means, in life-appointments, very little, or just no responsibility

at all. The Education Board will, however, be as responsible as any other Board which has not stanch friends in the House to defend its malversations. The main function of this Board of Commissioners, is to—"Manage and distribute the funds vested in them from time to time by Parliament, for establishing schools, or maintaining, extending, or improving those already established, whether Infant Schools, Ordinary Schools, Model Schools, or Schools for Training Teachers." They are also to manage and distribute any other funds intrusted to them by individuals for Educational purposes; and, six weeks after the meeting of Parliament, they are to render an account of their management of the public funds; but whether to Parliament also, of the sums intrusted to them by individuals, is not specified. Other functions arise from applications that may be made to the Board, which we understand to be optional to the governors and trustees of schools, but, if made, imperative on the Commissioners—but neither is this (contained in clauses 4th and 5th) clear to us. It refers, we presume, to schools and educational foundations already existing, or to such as may be endowed hereafter, without the assistance of the Board, and without consulting it.

The main thing is, how a municipality, or rural parish or township, wanting to organize a new school of any sort, is to proceed, in order to command the assistance and co-operation of the Commissioners; and clause 10th provides, that—"In all municipal corporations, already or hereafter incorporated, the town-councils may lay before the Commissioners, plans and estimates for the establishment of new schools, [we presume Infant, Ordinary, Model, or Normal.] and for the support of schools already existing, with the proposed rules and regulations for the conduct of those schools; and the Commissioners may approve of the same in the whole, or in part, or with variations, and authorize the town-councils to levy a rate for carrying into effect the scheme as approved by the Commissioners; and, after the rules for the conduct of any school, have been approved or fixed by the Commissioners, they are not to be altered without their consent." We pause on this binding clause, without at once rejecting it, though preliminary approbation of *rules and regulations* is the likeliest thing in the world to interference; or to saying, "If you do not adopt our method, you shall have none of the public money, nor be allowed to levy a rate for education." The amount of rate is not to be under sixpence, nor to exceed a shilling in the pound, and is to be collected along with the poor-rate, and paid over to the County Treasurer, and by him to the Town Councils, or rural School Committees, to be employed for the specified uses for which the school rate was levied. To enable the Commissioners to fulfil their functions, the three permanent members, with the concurrence of one of the State Officers, are to appoint not more than ten Inspectors, whose remuneration and travelling allowance, are to be settled by the Treasury. We shall

have something to say by and by, of these Inspectors; but, in the meanwhile, according to the abstract before us, they are to "have power, under the authority of the Commissioners, to examine the state and conducting of all endowed schools which come within the late acts for inquiring into charities; of all schools which have been or shall be assisted by any grant of public money; of all schools to be established or assisted under this act; and of all schools and seminaries which shall have been enrolled under this act. They may also, but with the consent of those having the care and superintendence of them, examine the state and conducting of all other schools. In both cases, they are to furnish a copy of their report to the schoolmaster, with the address of the Commissioners." In short, care is taken to prevent the undue exercise of Inquisitorial power, by permitted secrecy in reporting. Schoolmasters refusing to admit the Inspectors—as sturdy dominies in this country have done occasionally in the case of the visitations of presbyteries—are to be fined not more than twenty pounds for their contumacy. There is, however, this important distinction—that, where Presbyterial visits have been declined, the school was generally private, and received nothing for its support from the public or parochial funds. To us, the mode of appointment, and the functions of the Inspectors, present a stumbling-block in many ways; yet Inspectors there must be, if there is a Board at all; and we own it easier to see faults than to suggest remedies.

But, first, we would inquire, whether it is necessary that three of the members constituting the Board, should, of necessity, be appointed for life?—and, if so, as one of them must by the act be a lawyer, from what class or profession are the remaining two to be taken? We choose bishops from the inferior orders of the clergy, judges from the bar, generals from staff-officers—but whence are Commissioners for education to come? If their sole office were the proper administration of the funds intrusted to them by Parliament, there would be no difficulty; but if not themselves actual Inspectors of the progress of education, they are to determine where schools shall be established, (on the preliminary application being made by town-councils and school committees,) and they have the appointment and the removal at discretion, of the Inspectors of all schools connected with their Board, or craving its countenance.

And, now, of those Inspectors. Their duties are neither particularly defined nor limited. If they were confined to seeing that the public money, given in aid of the schools by the Board, were properly expended, and for the specified objects, that is a matter easily understood. But, although, according to the speech, there is to be no interference with the modes or amount of instruction, and none with the class-books employed, the Inspectors are to report to the Board, as it appears to us, about the whole business and management of the schools; being bound, however, to furnish the master with a copy of their report; and, farther, we do not see that either

the town-councils, or the rural school committees, have any co-ordinate power of inspection, or any control over the Inspectors appointed and set aside at the pleasure of the Board. There is so strong a predisposition for everything to run into jobs in this ill-governed country—a country systematically governed for the benefit of the rich at the expense of the poor—that we must look closer even to the small piece of patronage vested in the Treasury by the payment of ten School Inspectors, and although the Board has their appointment. In England we have just two descriptions of men occupying every place of emolument, from the smallest to the most lucrative. The scions and allies of aristocratic families get all the places which conjoin good pay with little work, or no work at all; while the jobbers of the existing government obtain every office where, with something to do, or the appearance of it, there is more slender pay. Lord Edward Such-a-one is made governor of a castle or island which he never saw; while Mr So-and-so, the attorney, and very clever canvasser and manager for the Ministerial candidates at the last three elections for his county or borough, is first appointed a commissioner on a tithe inquiry, or about the wants of the Irish poor, or the Scottish Kirk; and, these important avocations ended, starts for a School Inspector. Two Ministers of State sit with the Board, and the other three members being of necessity on the best footing with the Treasury, from the necessity of keeping friends in Court while subjected to the yearly scrutiny of the Humes and Grotes, must, at all times, be inclined to listen to a hint from the proper quarter; and so our clever attorney, nothing better casting up, or, as likely his son, or his son-in-law, or the sub-editor of a most useful Treasury print, is transformed by the Board into a School Inspector, and handsomely paid by the Treasury. This is no improbable conclusion, and still less the close relationship that must exist between the Treasury and the Board. Appointments for life are no doubt meant to ensure personal independence; but, as the House of Commons is now constituted, every Board responsible yearly must look to strengthening its interest in that House, by courting one faction or the other.

But, if life appointments cannot ensure independence, what have they to recommend them above those that are for a more limited period, and renewable? The remedy might be, to assign to Parliament the sole appointment of the Education Commissioners, and to exclude the Crown—but of that we fear there is little hope. Lord Brougham has not thought of it; and, perhaps, would disapprove; though a Board for life, in a matter still untried, and which, with all human care and foresight, may not work—is subject for reflection. Ill as we like increasing the preponderance of the Crown, and though every one would object to the superintendents of National Education changing with every change of Ministry, there is surely a medium between this, and at once placing these

novel, and, so to speak, experimental functionaries upon a footing with the Judges. If Lord Brougham himself were intrusted by Parliament with the sole power of setting in motion his own machinery, constituting the whole Board, in his own person, for life, and appointing his own Inspectors, there would be every cause of exaltation and confidence, and none of doubt. But legislators must look to the ordinary course of human events, and not to “lucky accidents,” like a Lord Brougham. This brings us to another point of doubt: From what class are the Inspectors to be chosen?—to protect us, not alone against ignorance and incapacity, but against the underling intriguers and hirelings of either of the factions, or of the Government. Again, we inquire from what profession is it a safe rule to choose the individuals who are to watch that those of the same profession, undertaking a special business, do their duty? We choose Generals and Admirals from the military and naval professions:—Napoleon said from the ranks—and he said what was wise as true. Lawyers alone become judges, clergymen alone bishops; while surgeons and apothecaries grow into physicians. There are, however, a few offices of which it seems to be believed that men acquire knowledge by intuition or instinct; such as Cabinet Ministers—for which the younger sons of Peers, and a few great Commoners, are especially born; legislators—who are chiefly, but not wholly, limited to the same circumstance of birth, as they besides require a money or land qualification; and, for aught that Lord Brougham's Bill provides, School Inspectors—whom the Board may endow and qualify by its proper grace, without more ado. Why should it not be provided that these Inspectors—the men doing the work, as the Board in London can only act upon their Reports—should, besides being otherwise proper persons, be practical schoolmasters, men trained in and acquainted with the theory and the business of tuition. Even in the Excise—a department requiring not much more intellect, one would imagine—all the superior officers have risen, step by step, from being gaugers. There is another consideration. Hope is the aliment of life, and the stimulus to exertion. These ten places are to be regarded as objects of honest ambition to the teachers of Normal, and Model, and other schools; as something to contend for, and that from no sordid motive.

These remarks we throw out for consideration, after a somewhat hasty, if anxious perusal of the Bill. And now is the time for reflection. So much do we admire its scope and spirit, and reverence its mighty object, that we should dread to see its intentions either frustrated or perverted.

With penalties for abuse of the education franchise, and other offences against the act, we shall not concern ourselves. Some of them are severe, and especially the purposed punishment of seven years' transportation, or three years' imprisonment, for forging the certificate conferring what is termed the Knowledge Franchise. Lord Brougham seems to feel greater apprehension and difficul-

ties to his measure from this popular or popularity clause, than any other. Perhaps he may have thrown it out as partly a tub to amuse the whale in the Upper House, and to save his Bill—as a milkmaid throw down her red cloak to a mad bull, to save her person. All rate-payers are to enjoy the Education Franchise; but, in towns, if we understand aright, when the electors choose their town-council, they by the same operation elect their school managers. Now, unless this new function is to be added to the duties of the council, at a different election, how are the persons possessing the Knowledge Franchise to vote?

The new educational machinery to be constructed for parishes and townships, we consider simpler and better adapted for the object, than that which Lord Brougham finds existing in municipalities, and proposes to adopt. In these localities, a more direct influence over the schools is given to the People. There are no intervening bodies. The rate-payers at once elect the school-committee for a single special object; whereas the councils of towns must manage the schools in connexion with many other duties, though they can certainly choose a school-committee from the body of the council, if they find it expedient. The rural school-committee consists of five members, of whom one only goes out every year. This is at least not too many. We, indeed, consider it objectionable, although the *quinquennial* period is a favourite number at present. Clause 11th states, "And be it farther enacted, that the commissioners acting under the authority of this act, shall and may receive from any Scientific or Literary Institution or Society, or any Mechanics' Institution or Association, or from any Society whatever, whether corporate or incorporate, the purpose of which is the promotion of inquiry or information in Science, Letters, or Arts, a copy of its rules and regulations, with a list of the members, singled out by themselves, such a list to be countersigned by the treasurer or secretary of such institution," &c. &c. Now, is this optional to the society, but compulsory on the Commissioners? We presume so; for the object seems to be facilitating the granting of such certificates as may give the educational franchise to the members. Yet we can conceive that this clause might, in time coming, be so construed as to give the Commissioners summary power over all Literary Societies, Book Clubs, and Scientific Associations. We must be pardoned for a little unnecessary apprehension upon such subjects. The present alarming discontent with the new Poor Law arises from nothing expressed in the Act, but from things perpetrated under its alleged authority. The Poor Law itself, for example, does not enjoin, nor in any way directly sanction, the separation of children and parents, and husbands and wives; but yet, in consequence of the undefined, arbitrary, or discretionary power of the Commissioners, those severities are practised under it, which have nearly thrown one part of the country into insurrection.

The Knowledge Qualification, introduced by Lord Brougham, with so just and eloquent a

eulogium upon the industrious classes, need neither alarm the Upper nor the Lower House. It will, at no time, be very extensive in operation. The individuals claiming the franchise from it, will be few in number at any time; and always rapidly passing into rate-payers. This, their intelligence and good conduct must ensure.

The last vital clause of the Bill provides for the reading of the Scriptures in all schools connected with the Board, or receiving any grant of the public money from it. This we conceive an indispensable rule; and we find it recognised to the fullest extent. We confess ourselves unable to comprehend the fine-spun theories of those ultra-purists, or ultra-religionists, who would drive the Bible out of the school, to be kept for some holier season; nor can we conceive their grounds of apprehension. The mind of the country is against them; common sense and right reason is against them. We are the more astonished to find natives of Scotland entertaining this visionary opinion of the danger, in any circumstances, of the Bible. Without the Bible as a little child's book, and as a school-book, what a starveling people, at least in mind, would the Scotch have been! Cavilling on this subject is, we trust, at an end, and opposition annihilated. The antagonist party ought to take example by the manliness and candour of Lord Winchelsea; and we doubt not that they will do so, as theirs is, we believe, a conscientious, not factious opposition.

One provision of the bill, objected to by the Earl of Winchelsea, is certainly startling at first sight. If communities cannot concur, in the first instance, about the school they require, the Board is to give them no aid whatever. There will be no school. A majority of Churchmen shall not be assisted in coercing or overruling a minority of Dissenters, and *vice versa*. This is, however, a just and wise rule; and it will help greatly to ensure mutual forbearance and unanimity of sentiment; but we must distinguish between a conscientious and a factious minority.

Lord Brougham has appealed, not only to the House of Lords, but to the country, and to the Liberal friends of education, for support for his great measure—"a measure," he says, "for the purpose of doing all that is wanted for the Education of the People, without doing more; for interfering, on the part of the government and legislature, as far as is necessary, and no farther." This appeal to the country will not be made in vain; and, even if his measure should be delayed by the apparently total indifference of the Whig Government to everything connected with the prospective improvement of the People, it cannot ultimately be lost.

Let us now recapitulate our queries and doubts; for a very good Act may be perverted—and this bill certainly leaves excessive discretionary power to the Board.

- I. Should the members of a Board to carry into effect a vast, but still untried measure, be at once appointed for life?
- II. What are the precise functions of the Com-

missioners? And, if the Government—i. e. the Board—be in no respect to interfere with the modes of teaching, the course of study, the class books, the character, fitness, or appointment of the teachers, as Lord Brougham asserts, what are the precise duties of the Inspectors? What is to form the subject of their official Reports? Are they to be confined merely to matters of finance and economy?

III. What are the general or special qualifications required in the Inspector? And are these to be wholly left to the discretion of the Board?

IV. Are Normal Schools (schools, namely, for training Teachers) and Model Schools, to be first demanded by communities, (as would appear from the Bill,) or are they to be established at the discretion of the Board, in whatever locality they approve? There is much danger to be apprehended, in endowing Normal Schools to too great an extent, or in any permanent manner; danger of creating a sort of small Government Schoolmaster Universities, little Oxfords and Lilliputian Cambridges. If the character and condition of a schoolmaster shall ever be as effective as they ought to become, parents will as readily educate their sons at their own expense for teachers, as for any other profession. We perceive great utility in assisting Normal Schools in the first instance, but should entertain a wholesome distrust of permanent establishments of this kind, endowed and managed by the Government, i. e., by the Board.

V. Ought the Board and its staff of Inspectors not to be tied up, from either sending forth class-books, or recommending them, or in any way interfering to influence the course of study? Would it be right that the whole mind of the country should be cast in one mould, cut to one pattern-card, furnished by the Board? And books would go far to produce this effect. Fashion, imitation, the desire of pleasing and flattering the Inspectors, would be powerful enough among the schoolmasters, without permitting any direct interference in such matters. In the first few years, all private schools would be nearly swept away by the influence of fashion; schools in connection with, or under the patronage of the Board alone, would, for a time, be frequented, and the useful principle of competition, (save for a favourable report from

the Inspector,)* would be suspended; but this would right itself, and the best teacher be the most successful, whether independent, or under the superintendence of the Board.

VI. Why should not rural school-committees be under the same rule as to continuance in office as town-councils? Surely the present municipal period is long enough. It is three years before the electors have the power of making a total change in the councils. In the villages it would be five.

In making these observations, we are conscious of feelings the very reverse of captious. To a certain extent we had been misled by the representation of Lord Brougham's opinions, made by some of the compulsory educationists. It was impossible to believe that he favoured their extreme schemes; and his plan, now that it is before the world, equals whatever could have been expected from the enlightened and ardent friend of man. Still there is often an immense difference between the letter of an Act and its practical operation. We instanced above the new Poor-Law. It is under no definite or repealable clause that severities have been committed which fill the People with indignation; but under the arbitrary or discretionary powers of the Commissioners. Lord Brougham's Bill, admirable as it is, comes not before the country to be carried by acclamation, as "The Bill, and the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!" but to be sifted, weighed, purified, and made to approximate as far as possible to that wise, considerate, and perfect measure which its noble framer intended. Finally, with unqualified admiration of Lord Brougham's sentiments, as developed in his speech, our doubts increase in looking to the probable operation of his life-appointed Board, endowed with large, undefined, discretionary powers, holding the sinews of war. For the distribution of the sums placed at their disposal, the Commissioners are accountable to Parliament; but we hear of no responsibility for an abuse of power in other respects. Many of these points will doubtless be elucidated when the Bill comes to be discussed.

* It has been humorously suggested to us, that, in the periodical visitations of the School Inspector, there should be the same law against *treating* as in elections; and that their route should be changed as frequently as the stations of excisemen.

THE LONDON PERIPATETIC; OR, SKETCHES ABOUT TOWN.

THE sagacious reader must not imagine, by the title of these random papers, that I am about to philosophize, or discuss the merits of Aristotelian doctrines; for he may be assured I am guiltless of any such intention, and the ghost of the school-man may rest in a state of perfect quiescence, so far as regards any disturbance I shall offer his dignity. My object is far less abstruse. I have assumed the title of Peripatetic, because I like the word—it is a noble word, and preserves well the stamp of its Greek original; and, moreover,

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because it expresses my meaning better than any other, and tells in a breath my habit of pedestrian speculation. "Humph!" say you—"the habit is no uncommon one."

I know that. The Spectator was a Peripatetic—so was Pope—so was Dr Johnson. Coleridge and Charles Lamb were first-rate Peripatetics—But softly—I am getting into a dilemma, by putting it in the power of an ill-natured reader to ask me, with a very meaning sneer, if I have the sublime impudence to class myself

with the names, all, *save one*,* illustrious, just mentioned.

Not at all ; for I have read the fable of the frog, and profited thereby—therefore, do not twit me so impatiently. I will state in a sentence what I am, and my own estimation of myself. I am a respectable individual, of staid habits, with some small share of observation, and, at times, addicted to the *cacoethes scribendi*. It is my "custom in the afternoon," to call for my short nanking gaiters—in winter and wet weather, ditto of black cloth—settle my spectacles firmly on my nose, don my broad-brimmed hat, and sally forth, to make observations. I am a good walker, albeit now mourning the departure of my fifty-seventh birth-day, and the approaches of gout and rotundity ; and frequently make a circuit of several miles before my six o'clock dinner. In these, my rambles, I am generally alone ; for I like both the motions of mind and body to be unembarrassed by the presence of a companion, and the respect one is necessitated to pay to his inclination and convenience. I like to spell over a beautiful engraving in a shop window, or contemplate a sweet, laughing child, or gaze upon a stately building, until I feel poetry stealing from the object upon my soul, and flooding it with the beautiful ; or I may like to talk for an hour with some stranger, casually met with, and extract from his discourse food for observation upon human nature ; or, perchance, to dive into obscure crooked lanes and alleys, in search of something—I know not precisely what—but something that shall read me a lesson in man ; or, I may desire (and here do not misunderstand or misrepresent my intentions) to chat with a pretty nursery-maid, and toy with the rosy, joyous little cherubs she is surrounded by, until I laugh loudly, and fancy myself young again ; or, perhaps, to look upon a group of ragged boys, playing at something in imitation of cricket, on a miserable patch of green in the suburbs, with a pile of crownless hats and tattered caps for a wicket, a rough misshapen piece of wood for a bat, and a half-burst ball.

Now, in such odd, peripatetic strolls, whilst disposed to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," a companion is mostly an incumbrance. You cannot give the rein to speculation, and allow it to proceed in its own discursive or eccentric course. A different train of thinking, in all probability, occupies the mind of your friend ; and he interrupts the ideas filling your own, by some remark altogether foreign to their purport. Not that I am misanthropic. I love the society of my fellow-beings ; I love the holy communion of friendship. There are times when the souls of men pour forth sentiments in sympathy, an unison as delightful as it is infrequent. There are times when the bustle of life is forgotten, the glare gone by for a space ; when a benignant angel is abroad, pervading the vast universe with calm, and man's heart with that glow of universal love which is God's worship ; when passions are hushed, asperities smoothed,

* Each reader is at liberty to reserve which name he pleases, as the exception.

and the spirit seeks some sister with whom to confer in the blessed stillness, and whisper sacred things.

Yet there are also times when we would stand aloof from sympathy, and observe mankind in silence ; when we would wander amidst crowds, converse with many strangers, and dive into the arcana of the human heart ; contemplate actions, and conjecture upon motives, without seeking to communicate our remarks, or to receive those of another ; but rather courting the solitude of the closet, there to admire the greatness of man, and wonder at his infirmities. And what place more replete with the means of such observation than London ? There is a moral in the smoke that envelopes it, and knowledge to be picked up in the names of the streets. In London you will find subjects for your admiration and your disgust—for your praise and execration ; and miscellanea without number for speculation and study. No place presents to you in a greater degree the extremes of guilt and virtue, or of squalid misery and princely grandeur ; no place annoys and delights you more. In a word, no spot on the globe is more full of antitheses than London, where you are continually making the step which leads you from the sublime to the ridiculous. *Eccè !*—You stop at a shop window, to contemplate Martin's engraving of Satan bestriding a dusky globe in terrible grandeur. It calls up associations to your mind ; you think on Milton's stupendous descriptions of the arch-fiend, who,

"Above the rest,

In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."

You are full of Milton. Hades is before your mind's eye, with its fiery surge, that, from the precipice of heaven, received the falling angels, with

"Its dreary plain, forlorn and wild,

The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of the livid flames
Cast pale and dreadful."

An unearthly awe is upon you. Your body, it is true, is mechanically threading its way through the countless throng of passengers, in a busy street, yclept the Strand ; the ceaseless and stunning rattle of carts, carriages, and omnibuses, is resounding in your ears—but you are unconscious of it. The soul has forgotten her connexion with clay, and is away in far-off worlds—when, lo ! you are reminded of your mortality by an imp of a Jew boy running before you, treading on your toes to enable him the better to stare in your face—peering, with his black, eager, cunning-looking eyes, up to yours—pointing full at you his long, hawked, reddish nose—and screaming, in his diabolic gibberish, "Lucifer matches, a penny a-box !—only a penny each for Lucifers !" You vote the imp the lowest demon in the Morning Star's nether establishment, and, venting an execration, you internally resolve never to sign the petition for Jewish emancipation, and hurry on ; but the dream of the spirit is broken.

Or, peradventure, you had been at the festival in Westminster Abbey, and, returning home,

wards, reapt, entranced with sounds that lifted you towards empyreum, you encounter a ragged, sottish-looking object, croaking forth—

"I'd be a butterfly."

Horror-struck by the wretch who has run amuck against your inspirations, you rush round the corner, when a deformed boy, with elf-locks, and eyes a-squint, thrusts into your hand a printed card, decorated with thumb-marks. You are fixed by his *fascinating* face, and, by a strange impulse that your desultory reader too well knows, cannot let any printed paper pass unperused. The card is thus formed and worded—

SONS OF HARMONY.

SIR,—The honour of Your company is requested at the sons of Harmony, Mr Swizzle's Cock and Bottle, Seven Dials—Mr Splayfoot in the Chair.

*. Ladies Is admitted.

You had heard, at the Abbey, "the seven plagues of Egypt." Here was an eighth! Why had that demoniacal boy, with his certain-to-be-hanged look, selected you? You dwell upon this problem, though you know its solution is impossible; you read the cartel, as if you could make something else of it by reperusal; and all this while you feel the presence of the "boy with the back." He relentlessly drives you onwards—away, away, five miles per hour; it is no use, you are instinctively walking towards that veritable "Cock and Bottle." There you are, opposite the very door. It is a double one, and the paint rubbed off at the edges, about four feet from the ground, by the manual exercises of in and outgoers. In the window are diverse intimations of the fluids sold within—"Dantia Spruce," "Champagne Ale," and "Pine Apple Ram," amid others; and an announcement, no doubt veritable in one sense—i. e., "*The British Traveller taken in here.*" Vials of coloured liquids, resembling what old women emphatically call doctor's stuff, are shelved along the upper panes, above the half shutter. Squalid children, with little black bottles, glide in and out; and three or four ragged women meet ever and anon at the different corners of the street, whisper mysteriously, nudge each other, give a sort of inward chuckle, indicative of an impropriety having been detected in some dear friend of each, and then march off en masse to the attractive Cock and Bottle. Instinctively you remain gazing on the sign. The policeman has passed you once or twice, and looked full in your face, then at the shutters opposite, and again at you, as if he could discover whether your intentions were or were not burlesques, by your features. The last time, he turns the bull's eye full upon you, and you become conscious of your situation. You "move on"; when you behold a young man, in a very bright brown coat, with large metal buttons; a crimson velvet waistcoat; a sky-blue neckerchief, with a break as large as an oyster; enormously-stuffed shepherd's-plaid trowsers; and a white hat, cocked so far on one side that it is a marvel

and a mystery how he retains it on his head. He has gloves, tinted berline, in his hands, and carries a painted cane, *à la* ebony, with a tremendous tassel. Upon his arm is a lady, young and "beautiful exceedingly," but of that kind of beauty that may be termed London particular, and which generally characterises damsels who are anything but particular themselves. She has a light blue silk dress, the length of which is calculated upon the same principle as Duvernay's petticoats; her stockings are ruddy as Aurora's fingers; her shoes are of patent leather'd "glossy sheen"—sandalae are they even to the calf, the swell of which peeps coquettishly forth as the lady sails (for she can't walk) along. She wears a yellow band, with a buckle, which I would describe; but, as they are to be seen in all the toy bazaars, "from 1s. 9d. upwards," let the reader fancy it. Her bonnet is of the cab head size, of a bright pink, with gay streamers flying; beneath it, is the frill of a cap, with flowers of every hue, and green stalks like young saplings; and, on the exterior of the aforesaid bonnet, are three feathers, placed like the Prince of Wales' plume, and of white tipped with blue. In her breast is something purporting to be a diamond set round with "*regard*" stones, the intended diamond exceeding in size the Pigot; her wrists are encircled by metal bands, with amethyst clasps, the jewels as large as eggs; her gloves are of a bright tan colour. For a moment your mind reverts to the Abbey, and the elegance of the simply-attired loveliness there; but the pair advance, with that freshening eagerness of pace that intimates the pursuit of anticipated pleasure. There they pass! They have taken the wall, though it was yours by right of way; but who would wish to dispute the point with the proprietor of the mysteriously-cooked beaver? They go on. What!—do your eyes deceive you? No: they enter The Cock and Bottle! Back again you go, though the suspicious policeman is standing at the corner, with his sergeant and two others, evidently pointing you out, and inquiring if they know the face. You are opposite the temple of Bacchus and Apollo once more; a tinkle of a piano with a harpsichord tone is heard; other couples, variously attired, pass through the portals; merriment breathes out from the first-floor window. Hark! a woman's voice!—she sings! your heart is softened, your mind is assailed through your ears, as the mummy-makers were wont to make their way to the brains of their subjects. The policeman is gathering himself up for mischief; Wisdom says, Take shelter. You never met the Sons (and daughters) of Harmony—never witnessed the assemblage entitled a Free and Easy. Has not some ancient said, speaking of these sorts of things, or of something else, *Nōne hæc omnia, sedes est?*—Certainly. You put your hand upon the oft-bemaused doorway—it opens easily, you are at the bar, and on the way to

THE FREE AND EASY.

"Thruppence, if you please, sir," says a ruddy-faced lady, standing behind the bar. You comply without asking any questions—the wisest way, by

the by; and receive in return a square card, abominably filthy, with some letters upon it, that have long since been thumbed and fingered into obscurity. "Staircase to the right," (cries the aforesaid lady;) "John, shew the gentleman." John is a lad about sixteen, son of the proprietress, and acting as waiter. His shirt and apron are white as snow, and his hair, oiled and scented to excess, is parted in the middle like a girl's, or like those pretty-visaged wax effigies of gentlemen, represented in perfumers' shops. You come to the door of the room. There stands a dirty-faced man, in a braided military surtout, which, at the time of the battle of Waterloo, had, no doubt, belonged to an officer of the line; since that, had been sported as part of the stage wardrobe of a light comedian; and, having grown out of fashion, been bought for general wear by a country actor; and now, in its older years, enveloped the person of that nondescript, a "*professional*." His dirtinessship holds a plate in which you deposit your check; the door is opened; and, with the feeling of one detected, *flagranti delicto*, you slide into the room. Every one, male or female, turn their heads, and take a "good stare" at you. This having, of course, increased your self-possession, you sit down upon a bench which is fastened to the wall, and draw a long breath in an atmosphere curiously compounded of the steam of gin, rum, brandy, human breath, tobacco smoke, and a small admixture of air, which your entrance gave admission to at the doorway. The apartment is of a tolerable size, two rooms having been thrown into one. As their sizes differed, the second one forms a seat of retreat, at the end of which sits "the Vice," whilst in the front room, (we speak of the rooms as they were, for distinction's sake,) the President is placed aloft in awful state. "Gentlemen, give your horders—the waitus in the room"—comes rom the recess, as uttered by the invisible Vice; and the young gentleman who conducted you upstairs, stands in front of the table before your seat, and "speaks, though he says nothing;" for his eye wears a what-do-you-please-to-take sort of expression. The order is given and obeyed with marvellous celerity; the fact being, that a *depot* of ready-mixed liquors is kept on the stair-head. "Mr Spificate will oblige," saith the President; a tornado of applause follows, by which you gather that Mr S. is a professional, and, moreover, a favourite. He steps forward with a peculiar motion, (oh! call it roll, not swagger,) and approaches the piano; then, and not till then, he takes off his hat, and, placing it on the instrument, pokes his fingers through his recently and lightly curled hair, and whispers the musician. During their colloquy, one or two young men tap him with their canes, to gain his attention. They all offer him liquor or beer; and he, with amiable condescension, avoids, what they call, in the insolvent court, an undue preference, by drinking heartily with each. One of the tappers asks for a peculiar song, another names a different ballad, and a third begs his nomination may be

attended to, as "it's being haaked for by a lady." The great man smiles, wriggles his entire frame, pulls up his collar, again rants through the labyrinth of his curls, and, placing the last asker's brandy and water on the piano before him, desires the Timotheus to "go along." The former proprietor looks wistfully at his glass; it is *in transitu*, from the instrument to the lips of the "professional;" he drinks deeply; and, in the abstraction of great minds, forgets to return, but replaces it on the piano. The musician's symphony draws to a close, and he looks up at the singer, and, finding him again imbibing, he prolongs the cadence. At length, the great creature essays. The song is comic, and contains allusions amatory enough to make the few not wholly corrupted girls in the room giggle, and the other ladies look grave. The song proceeds: it dilates upon Greenwich fair, is facetious as to down-hill frolics, minutely anatomical in its descriptions, and then prophetic. *Lacina* is alluded to in a very obvious, though not very classical manner; the singer feels his hold upon his auditors; he gets ferociously funny; between each verse a symphony is played, which differs in length, according to the onslaught the professional makes upon the requester's brandy and water, and the song concludes amid a clatter of glasses, a thumping of tables, a clapping of hands, knocking of sticks, and loud cries of "Brave Ho!" a musical deity always invoked on such occasions. Again the invisible Vice speaks; again are the glasses replenished, and the hammers of the President and his invisibility are heard; a dead pause; then a murmur: a no-meant-for-yes kind of dissent; a persuasive numble—all in the recess; and then—portentous announcement!—"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm happy to and ounce Miss Learem will oblige." All the women turn their heads towards the avenue, and, in one glance, criticise every article of Miss L's wardrobe. Then you hear mysterious words in small voices—"What ancles! what a waist! did you ever?" And if the Miss L. be undeniably pretty, then "Impudent humsey! horrid bold! well, I'm sure!" form the staple commodities of attack. Miss Learem is a young lady who thinks you cannot see too much of a good creature, and is, therefore, profuse in the exhibition of her shoulders; and, if her ancles be ponderous, she has given her enemies a capital chance of proving it. She has taken off her bonnet, her hair is plaited over her brow, and she has two *tails*, (I speak not in irreverence, but ignorance,) strongly resembling those displayed by the Tartar-Chinese, who go about town with children's toys. She carries her reticule in her hand, partly because it is a very showy one, and partly because it assists the voice. A little man, very shabby, but very frisky, emerges from the recess; he has washed his face, but, in his hurry, forgot to do as much for his hands, which he thrusts forth, and, snatching at the kid glove of Miss L., he leads her to the instrument. This gentleman is "*Monsieur le Conducteur*"—so called because he does not know how to con-

duct himself, or anything else. He has, in his off-hand, a roll of the professional lady's music ; cries come from all ends of the room—"Meet me by moonlight"—"Harab Steed"—"Dashen Vite Surgeon," &c. &c., on which, one gentleman in the recess, exclaims, in a Stentorian voice—"No Dick Taten." Silence is restored, and the lady sings. During the symphony, she exchanges glances with one or two happy fellows, who thereupon give a knowing shake of the head, and a smirk that indicates

"Blest is he whom Lydia smiles on."

The song concludes ; the applause is tremendous ; "Ann Core" echoes from right to left ; the women bite their lips and toss their heads, like hearse-horses at a funeral ; and the lady, having been requested to sing the song again, sings another instead, and is reconducted to her seat, having her hand caught ever and anon by some admirer as she passes.

A little man who has treated every professional, and offered his glass continually to the musician, now begins to display decided symptoms of song-a-mania—a disorder very prevalent indeed at such places, and peculiar to gentlemen who had rather be heard than hear. Name after name is announced, but none of these are his ; despair has worked him into boldness, and he whispers a "professional" that he would sing if called upon. That gentleman empties the little man's glass, and posts off to the President ; that great functionary hears the request with a stern look. He then glances aside at the intended vocalist ; perceives that he is well dressed, and weareth a watch. Visions of a benefit *in futuro*, and of tickets to be taken by the little fellow, expand his soul. With a tone of easy condescension, and a face beaming with benevolence, he exclaims—"He should be appy to ear the gentleman wot sits fourth from the pihanar, and next to the lady in the red bonnet." The little man, in a very high cravat and a very high fluster, pleads a cold ; but is at last taken by the professional to the instrument. The musician does not know the song he intends perpetrating, but undertakes to "follow him ;" and having heard him hum what he persists in calling the air, extemporizes a symphony. All the professionals and their friends (the President and the introducer excepted) quiz the little fellow unmercifully, and the ladies glance at him, and then at Mr Spificate, as Hamlet looked at the pictures of Claudius and his father. At last the little fellow strikes off in a key of his own ; the accompanist, no way discomposed, either shifts to that, or plays on in another key ; and the song concludes amid scraping of feet, coughing, and other parliamentary noises. The President and introducer frown and look big, call upon Brave Ho, again ; and the little man having found that singing and sudorific are synonymous, sits down ; his friend the professional squeezes in beside him, and it is a remarkable fact that, from that moment, the little man always calls for two glasses at once, and invariably drinks four times as fast as before. The President sits in dignified abstraction.

He curses his dignity. Like Lucifer, his ambition has been his ruin. The wily professional has the novice—spider had never fly more securely. The little man gets more excited. His friend knows that that company will never stand a second infliction ; but "there is a very nice room at The Great Turk's Head, and some prime gals." The little fellow's eyestwinkle ; there he can go under the wing of his professional adviser ; he starts, gives a look of proud disdain to the company, bows to and shakes hands with the President—for he is grateful for being "called on"—and goes down stairs. The great functionary marks him for a victim that "shall be hereafter ;" and the professional calls for two glasses "short," after coming out of the warm room ; again—for they are going into the cold air ; and then the little man orders two more, (paying for all,) because he wont be backward in coming forward—a joke he has just learned from his accomplished companion. Through devious ways do they go towards Drury Lane ; and ere three streets are passed, eternal friendship has been vowed between them. The professional hopes his friend is not drinking on a "empty stomach ;" the little fellow confesses the case ; (he has been drinking it too, for an hour and a-half, under the name of Sherry ;) in another instant their feet are under a deal table, at a restaurateurs, facetiously denominated a "Slap-Bang," by the witty professional. Supper dispatched, and paid for, the reader guesses by whom, the friend leads on to the new Temple of Cecilia. "Thruppence" is demanded ; but the professional nods and says—"This ere gentleman's a friend of mine." They pass. The little man now feels that his new acquaintance is no unimportant personage. He learns his name as they ascend ; Podge is his real, Fitzmundungus his professional appellation. They enter the room. Loud applause hails the appearance of the festive Fitz ; old frequenters nudge new ones, and whisper, loud enough to be heard a mile off—"There, that's Fitz—such a chap!" The little man (Peter Meek, for we will conceal him no longer, whose aunt, a widow, keeps a small tallow chandler's,) now feels what it is to be a great man, even in a free and easy. His garments are excellent, his Swiss flat gold watch unexceptionable. His friend Fitz boasts no such gewgaws ; moreover, his garments might, like Edgar's, be almost mistaken for "Persian," for they bear no resemblance to the present fashion. But what of all this ? His genius has blazed forth, and he is the star of the Great Turk's Head. They sit ; the landlord pops a full glass of rum and water before Mundungus, and never asks for the money. Peter, in all his experience, had never seen anything like that : the genius of his friend obtains him liquor gratis ! Whilst that glass lasts, the professional liberally insists on his little friend partaking—nay, leaves the liquor with him, whilst he prowls round the room, shaking hands with almost everybody in it. At last, finding a favourable location, he beckons Peter to join him. He does so. Two young ladies and another professional are at one table. Happy Peter ! he is invited, and sits beside one of the

charmers. "A bowl of negus!" he exclaims, in the tone of one who is really beginning to be happy—and there for the present let us leave him, and retrace our steps to the Cock and Bottle.

The mirth has grown louder, the heat has grown greater, the ladies have grown merrier, and the gentlemen are about to be, like the fluids at the beer-shop, "drunk on the premises." Most of the professionals have gone to other rooms; and their seats are taken by others who have just left those very houses. The President announces that Miss Learem takes a benefit at the "Salmon and Snuffertray," and one or two young men expend more than their week's salary in tickets, to ingratiate themselves with the fair songstress. As the night runs deeper into morning, some ladies of wholly unquestionable character enter, attended by their favourites—members of the swell mob. Such of the company as have yet characters to lose, and places to retain, depart. Lads of eighteen, flushed with liquor, now go forth with ladies rising thirty beside them, the acquaintance of three hours' growth rapidly ripening into a "sentiment." But look there! A girl, scarce sixteen, who has obtained "leave to go to the play," is passing out; her arm locked in that of yon bloated fellow of forty. Her eyes look wild—for she has drank liquor for the first time; her cheek is crimsoned—for she fancies every eye reads what has passed in her own mind, and every ear has heard what hers alone drank in. Her companion, with half closed eyes, and head bowed down towards his breast, walks calmly beside her. He has made sure work of it: *it is too late for her to return to her home.* Her one glance of agony at the clock over the bar, is terrible. The man soothes her—she drinks again—Reader, you know the rest of her history.

Enough for the present of these night orgies. Let us go to bed. To-morrow is come, and we walk and speculate on men and things in the fair daylight.

Yonder walks a widow. She is poor, her garments are faded, but exquisitely neat. The snow-white border of the cap, which tells her bereavement, surrounds a countenance, not indeed beautiful, and somewhat wrinkled by years and sorrow, but placid and interesting. The expression, unmarked by prominent characteristics or high intellectual pretensions, yet attracts, from its mildness and benignity. She must have been a sweet girl—one of those fragile plants which must be shielded from the rude breeze, or they droop and die. Following this lorn being, is a mendicant whining forth his tale of distress. "My child is dead, and lying at home unburied," he says.

The widow pauses, and eagerly searches a little black silk bag she carries. Her own grief is recent, and she sympathises with human misery. She places in the man's hand the mite which Christ blessed, and, though she speaks not, her look eloquently expresses—"Would it were more!" The fellow looks first at the coin, then at the donor, and grumbles, as he turns away—

"What a large lot! I s'pose you calls yourself a lady, don't you!"

But the converse of the picture is likewise a true one. At the corner of a street in the Strand stood an emaciated creature, shivering in a keen north wind. She was famishing: there could be no doubt of the fact—her hollow eye, the rigidity of her fleshless features, told it; her bones, revealed as if starting from her shrunken form by the clinging of her scanty rags round her limbs, told it; her bloodless lips, moving, but without sound, as she looked for help in her destitution, told it. The passenger to whom her agonized appeal was made, was a tall stout man, well wrapped up in a drab great-coat, with a shawl rolled round his neck to defend his portly person from the cold. He stopped short, and eyed the sufferer. No doubt could be entertained that he was about to relieve her; for methought her voiceless misery must have reached the human heart, whether constitutionally pitiless, fenced with false stoicism, or hardened by depravity. But I was mistaken. The person proved to be a police constable in "private clothes."

"What the devil do you do here?" growled the man in authority. "We don't allow no beggars; so come, *marm*—I shall just walk you off to the station-house."

The poor being shrunk back, terrified; but the officer seized her; his large hand completely encircled the skeleton arm of his prisoner, and he led her away. I was about to offer some remonstrance, but the wretched creature spoke, and I held back to hear what she would say. "I have done no harm, sir; indeed not—pray do not take me. And yet," she continued, in husky accents, and her sunken eye glared feverishly in the socket—"and yet, perhaps, I shall get some food in prison: shall I, sir?"

I am a man of the world, and few, perhaps are less liable to be deceived by the practised cant of mendicancy. I saw this was a case of *distress*, was I about to write?—of agony—of the last stage of human misery. It was a case where a creature of God's handiwork was about to perish, for want of the meanest sustenance, in the very heart and centre of monopolized property, wealth, luxury, and extravagance! It was a case where the convenience of the occasional passenger, or the purse-proud householder, who delicately considered the sight of human misery, opposite his window, a nuisance and an eyesore—a case, I say, where the temporary, momentary, the most trifling insignificant convenience or pleasure of such persons was considered of more value than the LIFE of a sentient, intellectual being! The wretch was dying; but the law would stop her on the very brink of eternity, to pay the penalty of vagrancy, before she closed her eyes upon the world. As I looked upon the unhappy mendicant, I almost unceasingly muttered these affecting lines of Wordsworth:—

"But of the vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her food;"

and—

"Homeless near a thousand homes she stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food."

Such cases are common—ay, common in England, in boastful proud England, where the national ear is tickled with every sound, and in every note that can be acceptable to the inflated vanity which is the national characteristic. In England, the land of charity and poor-laws—in London, the mart of public hospitals, of benevolent and mendicity institutions, and of private beneficence—the famished pauper hath yielded up his breath on the steps of a workhouse door, because he belonged to another parish, and, I suppose, consequently to another God; and the woman in travail, sternly refused admittance into the wretched receptacle for the unfortunate, hath brought forth her offspring in the kennel by the poorhouse wall, in the midst of a mob whose threats and execrations alone compelled the wretches in authority to admit under the roof the miserable mother and her naked infant, after the efficacy of the withheld assistance had become more than doubtful. Yet England is a land where the stripes upon the hide of a donkey are regulated by act of Parliament, and a cat's tail is under legislative protection. So much for *cant*!

One word more of the poor creature whose case induced these reflections. She did not die.

A benevolent lady of my acquaintance interested herself on behalf of the sufferer; and to that lady the quondam mendicant now ministers in the capacity of an active, grateful, and intelligent servant.

Your writers of directories divide London into streets, and publish another volume in which each "trade" and its "followers" stands "*en masse*." But it is with the haunts of these traders we have to do. In London, there is a butcher-haunted, and a lawyer-haunted, and a thousand other trade-haunted regions. Reader, do ye ever wander towards the once Bond Street of the Metropolis? It stands near the market for

"Chairmen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
Cabbages, and comedians fam'd in story;"

and is entitled "The Street of Bow." It contains the head police-office and a police-station, four gin palaces, one tavern, and one theatre. It is with the latter we have to do. Whether it be attributable to the attraction of that Leviathanic temple of the drama, we know not; but certainly all the small and large fry of theatricals, from Mrs Plaise, (late Mrs Chatterly,) to the cock-salmon, as the actors call Mr W. Farren, do continually "lurk and wander" up and down the street aforesaid, and gather together at

KENNETH'S CORNER.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEVIL IN ERNEST.

In his cabinet chair, King Ernest sat,
Doing the statesman, and all that;
O'er Ernest's shoulder, with earnest gaze,
Peered his old Mephistopheles;
By his "hoof and horn," you might see full quick
'Twas only Schule's mask disguised Old Nick;
And, glancing from face to face, you'd swear
That h—l never mated a likelier pair!

"Ho, ho!" quoth Satan, "and so it appears
You'll summon the States just once in three years."

"But only for three months at time."

"Ho, ho!" quoth Satan, "a law sublime!"

"And with the three months I'll soon dispense."

"Ha! ha!" quoth Satan, "that's d—d good sense!"

"And, to shew," rejoined Ernest, "I mean to be civil,
I'll blow the whole beggarly crew to the devil!"

Amazement erected Lucifer's horn;
His eyes of their light for a space were shorn;
And the goose-quill blazed in Ernest's hand,
As though 'twere a genuine hell-fire brand!
O'er "CONSTITUTION," one stroke he drew,
And cried, "'Tis extinct! *Le Roi le veut*!"
Then, with his sublime excitement pale,
He nodded; and t'other fiend wagged his tail!

"Extinct!" roared Lucifer; "now, by this hoof!—

And that is a curse would rend h—l's roof—

Mock-modesty's not your fault, I see;

For *this* bangs Bannagher; *that* bangs me!

My heart warms towards you; so does h—l—

I'm clearly *in Ernest* now—farewell!"

Then, paw upon shoulder, and tongue in cheek,

He muttered, "Old cock, you'll be mine next week!"

H.

EUSTACHIO MANFREDI TO PHYLLIS.

"Il primo alber non appariva ancora."

Not yet appeared the morning's earliest ray
When I with Phyllis, 'neath an elm-tree's shade,
Among her soft words listed, anon prayed
That my fond looks might be revealed by day.
"Then shalt thou see, my Phyllis," would I say,
"From ocean rising, gorgeously arrayed,
Astræa bid the thousand planets fade,
That o'er the mountains now their fires display."

Then shalt thou see the sun, amidst whose light
Both she and they must vanish from the skies—
So glorious of his radiance the might:
Yet shalt not see what I shall—thy fair eyes
Open on day, thine eyes that are so bright
The conquering sunshine in their flashes dies.

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NEW ISSUE OF BENTHAM.—STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

THERE was something very equivocal in the attempt of the Ministerialists, during the recent elections, to substitute fine flummery about the Queen's name, on all occasions, for any definite statement of reforms contemplated by Ministers. The temporizing and meaningless language of the government press, too, was very suspicious. Besides, we know of at least one most influential member of that section of the aristocracy which is friendly to Ministers—a man not in office, it is true, but more immersed in the intrigues by which their noble supporters are kept together, than many who are—who repeatedly, during the elections, boasted of having letters from Conservatives, to the effect, that, having thrown out some of the Ultra-Radicals, they would be satisfied with such a demonstration in behalf of their principles, and would lend a general support to Government. The declaration of Lord John Russell against any further Reform, must be received in connection with these facts. The declaration was no hasty ebullition of temper. It was a distinct enunciation of opinion and resolve, made one evening, and repeated the next, with the addition that it was made because Lord John, expecting to be called upon for an expression of opinion regarding the questions mooted by Mr Wakley, had maturely reflected upon them. Lord John Russell's declaration is another item of proof, added to the care taken by Ministers to commit themselves, by no additional promises of Reform, to the zealous repudiation of Radicals and Radicalism by the Government press. All these are but visible emanations of one principle, one sentiment, working at bottom. Mr Spring Rice's disingenuous shuffle in his Civil List Committee, is another of these indications. The man is still trying to make friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness. Lord John's statements with regard to Canada are another. The Whigs are not prepared to defend "sound Revolution principles of government" (to use one of their own slang phrases) against Tory cant about "ships, colonies, and commerce." We are told that, notwithstanding all these symptoms, no coalition is contemplated; and, in the sense in which the phrase is uttered, we believe it. There is equivocation in the words. There will be no coalition between Peel and Melbourne: the men hate each other too cordially. There will be no coalition between the Whig and Tory sections of the *haute noblesse*: the old feudal grudge between the *houses* is too inveterate. But there will be a coalition between the milk-and-water Conservatives and milk-and-water Reformers, to support a Ministry which will consent to draw the salaries of office, and allow things to remain as they are. The conduct, the hints, the declarations of the present Cabinet, are expressions of hope, on the principle that "possession is nine points of the law," that this coalition will

give them the first offer, seeing that the mere turning of them out would be a kind of "movement," and likely to set other things in motion. Ministers have, for some time back, if there be any trusting to appearances, been doing what in them lay to bring about this coalition, and to make friends of the parties to it.

It will not do. Admitting even, for the sake of argument, that the whole of the ten-pound constituency was willing to acquiesce in such a *euthanasia* of the Reform Act—in such a dispersion and drying up of the broad, deep stream of public opinion, which rolled so resistlessly along during the Reform struggle—there are elements in society at work which will prevent the consummation. An immense majority of the population is still beyond the pale of the franchise. The great mass of this majority is in a state of severe and permanent suffering—suffering demonstrably referable, in a great measure, to bad legislation and bad government. This unhappy mass of human beings will not remain quiet, because those who have the power are comparatively comfortable. A Ministry resting on such a coalition as we have indicated—a House of Commons returned by it—must uphold the very laws, perpetuate the very misconduct, from which by far the greater part of its sufferings proceeds. Pensions and sinecures, direct and indirect, must be continued, in order that partisans may be rewarded. The oppressive and incompetent engine of our unpaid magistracy must be kept up, to flatter the vanity of some; the unequal distribution of emoluments in the State Church, to gratify the avarice rapacity of others. The bread-tax—starving our operatives, impoverishing and cramping our capitalists, draining the coffers even of our agriculturalists—must be kept up, to soothe the squirearchy. And, to gloss over all these derelictions of duty, the laxity of moral principle, and confusion of ideas, promoted by a vague and improper phraseology, and system of conventional falsehoods, must be perpetuated—acted upon by eminent statesmen, inculcated by reverend divines. Already the fruits of such a system are beginning to shew themselves. Even in Leith and Edinburgh—which are not manufacturing districts, with a few wealthy capitalists floating, *disjecta membra*, amid a sea of operatives—the bad blood existing between electors and non-electors has begun to shew itself. But look to the manufacturing districts of England. The struggles about time-bills, and against the new poor-laws, are mere expressions of suffering and discontent, existing to a fearful amount. The many feel their wretched situation; they feel that something must be done; they feel that nothing will be done, unless they stir for themselves; and so, without well knowing how to set about it, they strike blindly around them. Already the masses have found leaders. Oastler and Stephens can

move them as they will. Beaumont, with his *Northern Liberator*, and O'Connor, with his *Northern Star*, furnish them with rallying points. The form may be new, but the spirit is old. These men and their doctrines are the legitimate successors—the necessary development of the old “Pioneers,” and “strikes,” and attempts to organise the “productive labourers.” They may be as evanescent as their predecessors; but so long as the sufferings, from which their power springs, endure, so long will their line of successors last, each stronger than his predecessor. Even in non-manufacturing districts, we have seen that materials are piled up, which one spark from this fire would set in a blaze. The use which has been made of the circumstances connected with the arrest and trial of the Glasgow cotton-spinners, accused of murder, is a proof that the same spirit is active in the Scottish manufacturing districts. And if wild and reprehensible language has at times been employed in the progress of the agitation to which we have been adverting, we have only to turn to Colonel Verner's speech in the House of Commons, on the evening of Tuesday, the 5th of December, for an equally shameless avowal of sentiments equally atrocious. We repeat:—It will not do. A truce patched up between the influential champions of Reform and Conservatism, on the ground of allowing matters to rest in *statu quo*, cannot be kept. The seeds of anarchy are rife in the land. We need men at the helm who can *act*, and who *know* what they wish to accomplish, and how to set about it.

In such a state of affairs—when an urgent necessity for action is coupled with an ostentatious profession on the part of those whose duty it is to be active for us, that they will not act—we naturally cast our eyes about for men to whom the country may look for aid. Here and there in every district, we see or hear the voices of such men. Nay, we have indications that they are drawing nigh to each other, and beginning to co-operate. One of the most cheering manifestations of this sort, is the Working Men's Association in London. The great meeting in Westminster on the 4th of December is another; and, if rightly followed up, it will be the source of incalculable benefit to the country. It was right that such a meeting should be held in Westminster. The scene of the life and labours of Jeremy Bentham is consecrated to liberty and the happiness of man. And this consideration leads us to the second topic indicated by the title of our paper—the first issue of the first complete edition of Bentham's works, and the importance of its appearance at a crisis like the present.

The first serious agitation of Parliamentary Reform in this country, is nearly contemporaneous with the close of the American War of independence. The Revolution of 1688 was brought about, in a great measure, by an appeal to the sectarian prejudices of men. That some of the leaders in that Revolution saw clearly the danger of a “king above the law,” and struck at

that nuisance, there can be no doubt; but with the mass of the people it was otherwise. James might have gone on stretching his prerogative to almost any conceivable extent, without touching to the quick the apathy of Englishmen, or kindling a community of sentiment in the bosoms of the factions into which they were split, had he not taken it into his silly head to become a martyr for the Pope. Vague dreams of the Inquisition haunted the citizens; dread to see the fat benefices of England restored to the Romanists, paralysed for once the loyally voluble tongues of the clergy; and, amid this universal consternation, the enlightened patriots of the age obtained the national sanction to the decree, that kings were responsible. But the public mind was not sufficiently enlightened to see the necessity of applying the doctrine of responsibility to the other branches of British institutions; nor were the allies who aided in the dethronement of James, inclined to promote such an application. The Peers were left entirely irresponsible; the elective system for the House of Commons was allowed to remain a continually deteriorating system of sham representation. The passing of the Septennial Act by the Whigs accelerated the progress. The diminished power of the King had rendered the prize contended for by the aristocracy more worthy of a bold ambition—it was more worth while to corrupt electors; and the increased length of Parliaments rendered it less expensive. Out of such favourable circumstances arose the borough-mongering system. So long as one of the exiled dynasty continued alive, he was used as a bugbear to frighten men into obedience, by the Revolution government; exactly as the Whigs, since the passing of the Reform Bill, have tried to use the Tories. “The Pretender is coming!” cried the Old Whigs. “The Tories are coming!” cry the New. Not long after the death of Cardinal York had dispossessed the ruling powers of this convenient scarecrow, the assertion of the principle that “Taxation without representation is tyranny,” by the North American colonies, set men's minds in the mother country to inquire whether the representative system in Great Britain were real, or, like many other things, a mere “legal fiction.” The irritation excited by the detection of the cheat, was fanned from time to time, by Ministers ejected from power, or kept out of it; who saw, in the insubordination of the House of Commons, a sufficient demonstration of its need of reform. The reforming zeal of this class of patriots, however, rarely outlived their return to power: they kissed and made friends with their unfaithful mistress; and all her weaknesses were forgotten. Not so the People: they remembered the lessons taught them by patriots out of place, when these patriots had forgotten them in the Armida garden of the Treasury.

The first cure for any evil that suggests itself is generally a radical one; it requires time and talent to invent a plan for only half-accomplishing your object. Thus the plans of Parliamentary

Reform at first suggested, went direct to the point. Almost without any exception, they recognised the indispensability of Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, and a Re-distribution of the Electoral Districts. The arguments with which these recommendations were supported were not so sound as the measures they were advanced to support. It has been remarked of women, that their tact universally finds out the most advisable course to pursue in any emergency, but that, if driven to argue in defence of their advice, they are sure to weaken its weight. This holds true of more than women. It was weak enough in the friends of these measures, to admit the sophism, that the establishment of any institution was a sufficient reason for its continuance; it was worse when they gravely went back to the heptarchy, in search of the real British constitution. By adopting this trivial strain of argument, they laid themselves bare to two species of attack, both equally impossible to parry. In the first place, they were convicted of having advanced what was contrary to fact, in attributing their own views of representation to so rude a period; in the second place, they were proved to entertain an opinion contrary to reason, when they maintained that the organization which suited the most simple state of society, would be adequate to the wants of the most complex. While men were puzzling on this cold scent, the French Revolution broke out, and the confusion of alarm was added to the confusion of inaccurate thought. The prejudices of the wealthy were appealed to: "These fellows have a design on your pockets." The prejudices of the poor were appealed to: "These fellows are for engrafting frivolous *French* devices on the solid sense of John Bull." Having been held up as knaves, their own erroneous arguments furnished the materials for proving them fools—and thus was Reform crushed. Loud and fierce raged the controversy; for men *felt* that they were ill at ease, though they could not *prove* it, and every uneasy man was, is, and must be a Reformer. But the indistinct notions entertained by Reformers of their own objects perplexed and weakened their efforts; while, with their adversaries, to put aside attacks was sufficient for their purpose. In political cases of disputed right, the legal maxim is pre-eminently true—*melior est conditio possidentis*.

Comparatively with many others, the name of Jeremy Bentham has been little heard, during the course of this tedious struggle, by the general public; and yet, of these more prominent names, not one has contributed the tithe of what he has done towards its satisfactory termination. He was a man when it commenced in earnest; and he survived to witness the first substantial victory gained by the Reformers. His life, for the whole of this long period, was a succession of almost unintermitted intellectual labour. He was indifferent to that ephemeral *éclat* which to so many minds is all in all. If he had any desire for fame, he had the magnanimity to aim at that well-

deserved and slowly-maturing reputation which is enduring in proportion as it is long of ripening. He had projected a work great beyond the power of conception of inferior minds; and to its completion he devoted his life. He cared not that the meteors of an hour engrossed the attention of his contemporaries: he knew that his pile, when completed, would arrest the admiring gaze of centuries. He fed upon the prophetic consciousness of his coming fame. He survived to accomplish as much as could leave no doubt of the extent and excellence of his design. Nor, while he was thus labouring in seclusion for posterity, was he inattentive to what was going on in the world. Every philanthropic undertaking was sure of his attention and sympathy. Its advocates were sure to apply to him for advice and co-operation—and never unsuccessfully. But the simple statement of a few facts will serve better to put the reader in possession of what Bentham was, and what he has accomplished, than the most laboured eulogium.

Jeremy Bentham was born on the 15th of February 1747–8, and died on the 6th of June 1832. Out of the more than fourscore years allotted to him by Providence, at least sixty were spent in the discharge of a great self-imposed task.

His father was an eminent solicitor in London. Young Bentham was entered at Westminster School in his eighth year, and at Queen's College, Oxford, in his thirteenth. He took his degree of B.A. at sixteen; of M.A. at twenty. He was then entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1772.

His talents would have fitted him for turning his profession to a lucrative account, had not his disposition interfered to prevent this. His draughts of bills in equity, were distinguished for their excellence. But his natural sincerity of mind had been rendered almost morbidly sensitive, by an event which occurred during his college life. We refer to his subscription of the thirty-nine articles; and shall allow him to tell his tale in his own words:—"Understanding that of such signature the effect and sole object was, the declaring, after reflection, with solemnity and upon record, that the propositions therein contained were, in my opinion, every one of them true—what seemed to me a matter of duty was, to examine them in that view, in order to see whether that were really the case. The examination was unfortunate. In some of them no meaning at all could I find—in others, no meaning but one which, in my eyes, was but too plainly irreconcilable either to reason or to Scripture. Communicating my distress to some of my fellow collegiates, I found them sharers in it. Upon inquiry, it was found that, among the fellows of the college, there was one to whose office it belonged, among other things, to remove all such scruples. We repaired to him with fear and trembling. His answer was cold, and the substance of it was—that it was not for uninformed youths, such as us, to presume to set up our private judgments against a public one, formed by some of the holiest as well as best and

wisest men that ever lived. . . . I signed ; but, by the view I found myself forced to take of the whole business, such an impression was made as will never depart from me but with life."

The deep impression left upon his mind by this incident, was deepened by what happened to him soon after he was called to the bar:—"By the command of a father, I entered into the profession; and, in the year 1772 or thereabouts, was called to the bar. Not long after, having drawn a bill in equity, I had to defend it against exceptions before a Master in Chancery. 'We shall have to attend on such a day,' said the solicitor to me, naming a day a week or so distant; 'warrants for our attendance will be taken out for two intervening days; but it is not customary to attend before the third.' What I learned afterwards was—that, though no attendance more than *one* was ever bestowed, *three* were, on every occasion, regularly charged for; for each of the two false and pretended attendances, the client being by the solicitor charged with a fee for himself, as also with a fee of 6s. 8d. paid to the Master. The consequence was—that, for every attendance, the Master, instead of 6s. 8d., received £1; and that, even if inclined, no solicitor durst omit taking out the three warrants instead of one, for fear of the not-to-be-hazarded displeasure of the inferior judge and his superiors. True it is, the solicitor is not under under any *obligation* thus to charge his client for work not done. He is, however, sure of *indemnity* in doing so; and it is accordingly done of course. . . . These things, and others of the same complexion, in such immense abundance, determined me to quit the profession; and, as soon as I could obtain my father's permission, I did so. I found it was more to my taste to endeavour, as I have been doing ever since, to put an end to them than to profit by them."

His was not, however, an effeminate mind, that could rest contented with abandoning itself to the indolence of despair. His mind had been strengthened by exercise in the field of scientific inquiry:—"I had come warm to it [the study of the law] from the study of physical science. I had there seen the human mind advancing with uninterrupted and continually-accelerated progress towards the pinnacle of perfection; facts wanting, but, by the unmolested and even publicly-assisted industry of individuals, the deficiency continually lessened, the demand continually supplied; the faculty, the organ of invention, sound, and, by wholesome exercise, increasing in vigour every day; errors still abundant enough, but continually and easily corrected—being the result, not so much of prejudice as of ignorance; every eye open to instruction, every ear eager to imbibe it. When I turned to the field of law, the contrast was equally impressive and afflicting." Rendered hardy by exercise, stimulated by the violence offered to his two strongest propensities—the craving for truth, and the desire of doing good to his fellow beings—he devoted himself to the Herculean task

of reforming those enormities which had driven him, in disgust, from the profession of the law.

It would be an inadequate expression to say, that he had to lay the foundation of the science of jurisprudence. He had to collect out of the legal chaos, and knead together, the materials of a firm resting-place for the bridge wherewith he sought to span it. In a note to his "*Fragment on Government*," he has given an interesting account of "the wanderings of a raw but well-intentioned mind, in its researches after moral truth." He describes the impression made upon his young mind by the imposing monastic character of the university in which he was educated; aided and confirmed by a sedulous study of the congenial writings of Clarendon. The contradictions, however, in this his first set of opinions, over which he stumbled at every step, disquieted him; and the self-controversy, before and after the signing of the Thirty-nine Articles, (although he does not allude to it in the passage to which we are now referring,) must have finally roused him. Turned thus rudely out of his Eden, he looked round for a guide, but found none. The lawyers told him of "the original compact;" but confessed, when pressed home, that it was nowhere recorded in history—that, in fact, it was an assumption, "a fiction." "This, methought, looked ill; it seemed to me the acknowledgment of a bad cause, the bringing of a fiction to support it." At last a light dawned upon him from the pages of Hume:—"Thus continued I, unsatisfying and unsatisfied, till I learnt to see that utility was the test and measure of all virtue, of loyalty as much as any; and that the obligation to minister to general happiness was an obligation paramount to and inclusive of every other. Having thus got the instruction I stood in need of, I sat down to make my profit of it. I bade adieu to the original contract, and I left it to those to amuse themselves with this rattle who could think they needed it."

It may not be unnecessary to interpose a caveat here, against certain misapprehensions of the sense in which utility is said to be the test and measure of virtue, upon which much eloquent vituperative declamation has been thrown away. Laws are authoritative declarations of what man in society shall or shall not be allowed to do. Moral precepts are unauthoritative declarations of what man ought or ought not to do. The question proposed to himself by Bentham in his capacity of legislative philosopher was—Is there any one test by the application of which we may know with certainty whether any law or any moral precept is sound and right? Some have proposed a certain innate sense or consciousness of right and wrong: experience tells us that this sense, if it exist, is fallible. Others put forward the will of Deity: but how are we to know the will of Deity? Amid the variety of religious belief which prevails, and will prevail, this is at the least an inapplicable test. The only test which stands experiment is—Are the laws or precepts in ques-

tion useful? Do they tend to promote the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number? This test has been long and repeatedly applied, and has never yet been found to fail. If the psychologist tell us that there is a certain essential frame of mind which may be called virtuous, and another which may be called vicious, we do not deny the fact; but, even though we admit it, we shall be none the wiser—we are as much in want of a practical compass whereby to steer our course as ever. The utility of actions is such a compass; and it is equally true, equally applicable, whether the position of the psychologist be true or not. If the divine tell us that actions are virtuous or vicious because God has willed it so, our answer is—Possibly; but how are we to know what he has willed? or how, amid the infinite diversity of religious opinions, are we to find one universally admitted opinion regarding his will? If such a one be found, you will find men coming to it by some such induction as this:—"An action is good, or it is honourable, or it is useful—therefore, it must be the will of God that we should do it." The test proposed by the divine must first be tested by the test which we propose; for, good, honourable, useful—all these phrases come to the same thing. The admission of the principle neither admits nor denies the conclusions of speculative inquirers into the nature of our being, or into the divine nature. The sentimentalist may receive and act upon it without (to use his own fine language) tarnishing the bloom of one beautiful emotion. These emotions exist—they exist spontaneously—the essence of their beauty is in their spontaneity. The stoic, on the other hand, need not fear that an enervated character will be the result of admitting the greatest happiness principle. The utilitarian proceeds upon calculation: he therefore relinquishes a present inferior and transient pleasure, if incompatible with a future enduring one. To acquire the habit of doing this, he must exercise himself in self-denial. The stoic does no more. The stoic exercises self-denial, he tells us, for its own sake, but in reality to flatter his vanity by brooding complacently over the consciousness of his own strength: the utilitarian practises self-denial for the attainment of more important ends. "Cold," "heartless," "selfish"—such are the phrases lavished on the utilitarian. What! he heartless, he selfish, who teaches that in all our actions we should keep in view the promotion of the happiness of all!—he who inculcates the cultivation of the benevolent emotions, as one of the grand elements of virtue! These vituperative epithets are unworthy of refutation. We proceed:—

Bentham having found in the greatest happiness principle, a standard for trying the value of actions, proceeded to invent classes, under which laws of all kinds might be arranged, with a view to promote more accurate conceptions of their individual nature, and of their bearings upon each other. The scheme of distribution with which he has furnished us in the preface to

his "Introduction to the Science of Morals and Legislation," is perfectly exhaustive; it embraces all the details that can come within the legitimate sphere of the legislator's activity. The object of the legislator is to prescribe a system of rules, the observance of which shall be conducive to the maximum of happiness on the part of the maximum of numbers, and to make arrangements for ensuring the most exact observance of them that is possible. He has to define what belongs to a man, and what does not; what one man may insist upon another performing for him, and what he may not. This is what Bentham terms Distributive Law, and relates to the doctrines of property and obligations. The legislator has further to secure a man's personal security, and for this end to prescribe certain punishments for aggression, by way of deterring. He has also, with a view to enforce his regulations of distributive law, to prescribe punishments for their contravention. From these two sources springs the Penal Law, which is accessory to the distributive. Further, the legislator must provide for the enforcement of his laws in their real sense, by devising set forms calculated to ensure that end: this is the third branch of legislative science—the doctrine of Procedure. Next in order comes the application of *stimuli* to those whose business it shall be to carry into execution what is prescribed, in conformity to the principles of these three sections: this gives rise to a fourth branch of topics, which may be classed as the principles of legislation in matters of reward. The necessity of providing matter of Reward—the concomitant necessity of doing so with the least possible inconvenience or annoyance to the general body—renders necessary a fifth class of investigations—those relating to Finance. At this stage of our progress, we are brought to the most important question of all—To whom is to be entrusted the legislative and tax-imposing authority? The answer to this inquiry is furnished by the principle of Constitutional Law. The conclusions which Bentham arrived at on this head, rendered necessary the establishment of a seventh set of principles, bearing the same relation to Constitutional which Procedure does to Distributive or Penal Law; and to which he has given the name of Political Tactics. Lastly, as mankind are split up into a great number of independent societies, the mutual relations of these different bodies rendered necessary a code of regulations for their conduct to each other: this forms what is now called pretty generally International Law.

These constitute the first eight heads of the scheme of distribution to which we have referred above. That list, it may be remarked, is both excessive and defective. In addition to the eight heads of what ought to be constructed or enacted, it contains two heads of theoretical inquiry—preliminary investigations necessary for the recommendation and defence of the codes of practical principles. These belong evidently to a different class of works, and ought not to have been included in the same list with the others. In themselves, they are defective; for

they do not exhaust those necessary preliminary inquiries. They are—the principles of political economy, and the principles of universal jurisprudence. The principles of morals are omitted—strangely enough, in the preface to a treatise on them. The theory of judicial evidence is also a work belonging to this class. With this remark, we submit Bentham's own list of the great heads under which he distributed his body of legislative science.

"Part 1st—Principles of legislation in matters of *civil*, more distinctively termed, *private distributive*, or, for shortness, *distributive law*.

"Part 2d—Principles of legislation in matters of *penal law*.

"Part 3d—Principles of legislation in matters of *procedure*; uniting, in one view, the *criminal* and *civil* branches; between which no line can be drawn, but a very indistinct one, and that liable to continual variation.

"Part 4th—Principles of legislation in matters of *reward*.

"Part 5th—Principles of legislation in matters of *public distribution*—more concisely as well as familiarly termed *constitutional law*.

"Part 6th—Principles of legislation in matters of *political tactics*, or the art of maintaining order in the proceedings of political assemblies, so as to direct them to the end of their institution—viz., by a system of rules, which are to the constitutional branch, in some respects, what the law of procedure is to the civil and the penal.

"Part 7th—Principles of legislation in matters betwixt nation and nation; or, to use a new, though not inexpressive appellation, in matters of *international law*.

"Part 8th—Principles of legislation in matters of *finance*."

The works published by Bentham, or extracted by others from his manuscripts during his life, and the materials he has left behind him, completely exhaust these topics—the practical part of his system. In like manner, the materials he had accumulated in his cabinet—larger or less fragments of which were promulgated during his life—exhaust pretty completely the theoretical part upon which the practical rests. A third and numerous class of his works may be regarded as applications of his principles to ephemeral events and discussions, serving at once to give sound advice, and to illustrate the advantages which are to be derived from systematic habits of thought in matters of politics and morals.

Perhaps the best way of illustrating the practical soundness and nature of Bentham's principles, will be to apply them to the most urgent question of the day. This will justify a remark we hazarded at the outset, that the minds of men, feeling rather than seeing what was wanted, were beating about in search of guiding principles; and that the works of Bentham furnished those principles which, to all human appearance, were to give form to society for the greater part of the next century. The most urgent question at present agitated, is the constitution of the representative legislature. Lord John Russell tells

us that it is formed by a section of the community; and, consequently, we must infer that it legislates in the interests, and according to the views of that section—we will not shock his Lordship's politeness by saying prejudices. From a body so constituted, no good can be expected. When we find it cheering a declaration that reform shall go no further; when we find it in ecstasies with a juggling pretence of investigation into a few pensions; when we find it ready to trample on the liberties of Canada—the creature but acts after its kind. What good can come out of Nazareth?—what pure stream can flow from a troubled source? The Reformed Parliament—as in mockery it is termed—must be reformed. But how? Let us consult the principles of Bentham, and see what answer they furnish to the question.

Bentham's first principle is, that the sole recognisable end of all institutions is the promotion of the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number. A representative legislature—call it a House of Commons, or what you will—must be constructed in such a manner as to conduce to this end, or it is indefensible. From this it follows, that, having to promote the greatest possible good of the greatest possible number, it must consult the feelings and opinions of all. This establishes three conditions necessary to a sound House of Commons:—*First*, Every citizen must have a voice in the election of its members; *second*, Every citizen must have an equal voice in the election of its members; *third*, Every citizen must have a free voice in the election of its members. These are the three conditions which determine the nature, distribution, and mode of action of the constitutional or electing body; and the popular expression of them is:—Universal Suffrage; Electoral Districts, based upon population, of equal extent, (i. e., containing equal numbers;) Secret Voting, or Vote by Ballot. The conditions which determine who are to be eligible, and how they are to be kept to their duty, are likewise three in number:—Free choice of the most competent person, whatever his circumstances may be; the provision of motives to stimulate those who are elected to act right; the provision of checks to prevent those who are elected from acting wrong. The popular expression of these three conditions is:—No Property Qualification; Short, or, with more precision, Annual Parliaments; and paid Members of Parliaments. In short, the creed of Bentham concerning Parliamentary Reform is, when expressed in the popular phraseology of the day:—Annual Parliaments; Universal Suffrage; Vote by Ballot; Electoral Districts, of equal extent, based on population; No Property Qualification; and Wages to Members of Parliament. We shall go over each of these points in succession, annexing to it a brief illustrative explanation.

Annual Parliaments.—The object of Short Parliaments is to keep the representative in the interest of his constituents, by his need of a frequent renewal of his lease of office. If he require

to renew it often, the preponderating motive with him, will be, by acting for their good, to secure a continuance of their good will. If, by lengthening his tenure of office, the sense of depending upon their good will is rendered less continually and vividly present to his mind, other motives become active—inclination to use his power to procure some desirable end or object for himself, inclination to use it for the advantage of an intimate friend, and such like. All these motives tend to divert him from the prosecution of the public good. Every addition made to the length of his tenure of office, renders him more accessible to their influence. Yearly renewals of office have been suggested: first, because some definite term must be fixed upon; second, because any longer term is unsafe—as even this may be; third, because shorter terms would expose to trouble and inconvenience, outweighing the advantage of additional security conveyed by them. It may be said that even annual parliaments will, by their frequency, occasion undue trouble and disquiet. Answer:—The regularity of their brief periodical recurrence, will prevent this; it is the rare event of elections which mainly contributes to the keenness of the contest. The extension of the suffrage, and the secrecy of voting, will also diminish (as will be shewn) the turmoil and disquiet.

Universal Suffrage.—The object being the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number, every person ought to have a vote. Every person feels when he is comfortable or the reverse; every person forms an opinion (such as it is) on the cause. The election of a representative is the demonstration that the real majority believe themselves benefited by his line of policy. The only method of altering their belief, if erroneous, is to let them feel the contrary. The minds superiorly gifted are so few—the means of distinguishing between real superiority and quackish pretensions to it so inadequate—that to talk of placing the government of society in the hands of the wise, is nonsense. What is called education or knowledge, is so imperfect and partial, that no claim to superior privileges can be based upon its possession. With many, it is merely the acquirement of a parrot-like facility of repeating words by rote; with the best, it is the strengthening of one or two faculties—the obtaining of a glimpse through an opening in the mist which envelopes us all. In selecting his legislator and tax-imposer, every man must act for himself; if he defer to the opinion of wiser heads, it must be his own free act, not the result of legislative coercion. No exclusion is necessary. Women are excluded, in consequence of a social prejudice, resting on no better basis than the veiling and locking up of the same class in Turkey. Children are excluded because their parents, by law, act for them in other matters. As children are mere imitative beings, their admission to vote would not produce a different result from their exclusion. Weak-minded persons, if allowed to go free and act for themselves in other

matters, why not in this? The class is too few in numbers to be dangerous. Habitually and systematically dishonest persons have sense enough to see the advantages of social order in the mass, although they live by contravening some of its principles in detail. Besides, they are an imperceptible minority. Finally, the main argument with the opponents of universal suffrage is, that it would unsettle society and produce turbulence. On the contrary, it is the only thing to settle society, and prevent turbulence. All violent struggles in society, spring from one or both of two causes: the discomfort of the masses; their jealousy that they are oppressed and cheated, because they have no voice in the government. If all had a voice in the election of legislators, the well-being of all would be cared for. If all had a voice in the election of legislators, there would be less distrust of their proceedings. Trade-unions, poor-law riots, illegal associations, election squabbles—all are the effects of the jealousy of the masses, because they have no voice potential in elections; and of the habitual inattention to them, occasioned by their having no voice.

Electoral Districts of Equal Extent based on Population.—This is a subsidiary means of giving effect to universal suffrage: its object is to ensure its due weight to every vote. It is immaterial whether a man obtain a greater share in legislative authority by one means or another: it is prejudicial every way. When 300 men elect two members, and as many thousands only one, the 300 are an aristocracy, members of a privileged class, having powers and interests apart from the community. Small constituencies, moreover, are favourable to bribery, by rendering the practice of it cheaper: they are favourable to bribery and intimidation, by rendering secret voting difficult or impossible.

Vote by Ballot.—This is the expression generally used, although secret voting would be preferable, inasmuch as it would put an end to the cavilling of sophists, who try to demonstrate the inefficiency of a mode of ballot-voting, and then, under the cloak of the conventional phrase for secret voting, assume that it is unattainable. The object of secret voting is to prevent undue influence. There are only two kinds of allowable influence—influence exercised by argument upon a man's convictions, influence exercised by continuous benevolence upon a man's kindly feelings. The power of these, the ballot-box cannot and ought not to destroy. If you really convince a man, by the necessity of his nature he will act in private as in public, upon that conviction—more surely in the former, for there is nothing to prevent him. If you win a man by past kindness, the surrendering of his convictions to feeling is an expression that, in existing society, he is happy—it is a fact, the true expression of which is a necessary ingredient in our calculations, and ought to be uttered. What secret voting interferes to prevent, is—first, the obtaining a false expression of a man's sense of his present and past condition, by promises of future

contingent benefit; second, the obtaining of a similar false expression, by means of threats of present or future pain. These are undue influences, by whatever name, and from whatever source they proceed—from the many or from the few. Secret voting leaves untouched due influence, and prevents undue influence. A secret vote is a true vote—it is what the voter really wishes and intends to give.

No Property Qualification, and Wages to Members of Parliament.—A property qualification is a direct exclusion of all who belong to a certain class, from being eligible to the legislature. The refusal of remuneration to Members of Parliament, is an indirect method of excluding a much more numerous class. It is for the interest of the community, that no talents possessed by any of its members, should be rendered unavailable. The direct or indirect exclusion of any class of men from the legislature, must necessarily place a portion of ability beyond the public use. The denial of remuneration forces the electors to choose from a class so limited in number, that, in the first place, the chances against finding a sufficient supply of ability in it are infinite; in the second place, the individuals selected, are almost all of them inevitably touched with an *esprit de corps*, alien to and incompatible with the general interest. We are told, that to give wages to Members of Parliament, would lower the legislature in public estimation. Are military commanders, eminent pleaders, judges, ministers of state, clergymen, less honoured, because they are remunerated for their labour? We are told, that to remunerate Members of Parliament, would introduce "political adventurers" into the House of Commons. Well, and what then? The term "political adventurers," is supposed to mean something very bad: let us see what is its real meaning? A "political adventurer" is one who, knowing or believing that he possesses aptitude for serving the state, and that an adequate remuneration is to be obtained by thus employing his time and talents, devotes himself to this line of business. False pretenders, dishonest men, may choose this path; but from them, what path in life is free? In the idea of "political adventurer" itself, quackery or dishonesty is no necessary ingredient. Is the present system free from "political adventurers?" What was Canning? What was Huskisson? To descend infinitely in the scale of respectability and talent, what are Peter Borthwick and Benjamin D'Israeli? The present system affords no security against political adventurers; but its natural and necessary tendency is to make them dishonest. They see wealth and property alone regarded as honourable, and are led to attribute an undue importance to it. They hear direct legitimate payment called mean and discreditable; and are driven to procure it by indirect means, and under false pretences. They see nothing to be gained by promoting the happiness of the greatest number, and, therefore, they sell themselves to do the dirty work of the few. Under a reformed system, the services of "polit-

ical adventurers" would be as available as under the existing one they are indispensable; and they themselves would be kept pure, rendered sensible to "clearer spurs" of ambition than now; taught to identify their own interest with that of all; accustomed to stand erect in conscious power, instead of crouching as court sycophants. We have named among political adventurers, Canning and Huskisson; we may add Burke and the younger Pitt. Why, the "political adventurers" are precisely those whose eminence lends an adventitious lustre to the old rotten system.

These are the views advocated by Bentham. Each is a whole, defensible in itself. All are parts of solid structure, mutually lending and giving strength. The age may not be ripe for them; it may be that men must yet blunder on for a while, picking here, tapping there—discerning by painful experience that they are going wrong, and groping for the right road. In this period of confusion and blundering, he who has patience, by following out a train of systematic argument, to adopt comprehensive and rational views, will be best off. He will have before him an ultimate object, towards which all his labours tend; he will have means for working out that end. He will see clearly when others turn aside into devious ways; and, seeing that there is "no thoroughfare," he will be able to wait with patience until they return at his call, or of their own accord. While others are busying themselves fretfully, and to little purpose, he will be at his ease; knowing what ought to come, and what must come. He will know when he can be useful, by lending a helping hand; and when he can be useful, if men will not listen to him, by sitting quietly by until they work out experimentally the demonstration of their error. He will never refuse to make a point, because he cannot sweep the board at once; he will never, in childish triumph over any partial advantage, lose sight of the great end towards which it is a step in advance. Above all, even at the risk of being called "dogmatical," he will lose no opportunity of avowing and enforcing his opinions. The worst taint of existing society is an all-pervading system of conventional falsehood. Men neither dare to speak their own sentiments, nor to hear those of others. "God-sake! what will people say?—think of the consequences of using such language!" Why, what harm can a word do? If true, it must benefit—if false, then whistle it down the wind. If Bentham had done nothing else than in his works advocated, and by his example inculcated invariable and unrestricted sincerity in word and deed, he would have done infinite service. But he has done this and more.

We have preferred selecting and dwelling upon one chapter of Bentham's system, which seemed applicable to immediate exigencies, to giving a long, dry catalogue of his works and writings. Our object has been this:—Look at the country—you see suffering and jealousy at work to drive the masses mad. Look at their demands—look at the recommendations of pub-

lic men—how rarely do you hear a sensible word spoken in season? Turn to Bentham's *recipe* for the construction of a representative body, and you have at once an instrument of amelioration put into your hands. You are provided with a body to legislate; you are furnished with securities for the industry, honesty, and ability of its members; you are furnished with securities that their labours shall tend to promote the happiness of all. The note of preparation is already heard throughout the land; the day of battle cannot be far off. To use, with a slight adaptation, the words of Steele—words more worthy of this occasion than of the trivial one on which he uttered them—"The banner under which we are to enter this conflict, whenever we may be called to it, are the laws mentioned in this discourse. When we lose sight of them we have no standard to fly to, no discipline to preserve us, but are devoted, and have given ourselves up to slaughter and confusion. [The principles of Radical Reform] are the ark of God to Great Britain, which, like that of old, carries death to the profane hand that shall dare to touch it."

To revert to what furnished occasion for these remarks—the new issue of Bentham—we shall embrace the frequent opportunities afforded by its periodical appearance, to press upon the minds of our readers the results of his investigations in the matter of Church, Law, Financial, and other reforms. We shall furnish them, from time to time, with such *résumés* of his moral and logical disquisitions as may tempt a further study. Above all, we shall seek to disabuse the public mind of certain silly misapprehensions relative to alleged peculiarities of his style. His works are a manual for every man who would form

just notions of government and its ends—furnish himself with principles to insure the honourable and useful discharge of his duties as a citizen. We do not say that men ought to adopt all opinions of Bentham—the great labour of Bentham's life was to put down the "fallacy of authority"—but, by a study of his writings, they ought to exercise themselves in fearless candour, close, logical reasoning, and the formation of accurate and comprehensive opinions.

Something we would have wished to say of the personal habits of Bentham. They form a tempting theme—the purity of his private pleasures, the incessant activity of his benevolence, the majesty of repose in all his thoughts, words, and actions. Even those peculiarities which have furnished matter of mockery to the unthinking, are valuable in our eyes, as expressions of the child-like sincerity and ingenuousness which breathed beneath the snowy locks of fourscore years, as in the blush of infancy. On the south side of St James's Park stands a modest, but elegant mansion, the simplicity and lightness of the appearance of which impresses pleasurably even the unheeding stranger. A small patch of smooth green lawn, with a few venerable trees in front, harmonizes with the house. The spirit of its venerated master seems still to breathe from every lineament of the mansion. The earthly abode of the purest benevolence ever incarnated in mere human form is hallowed by his memory. But our limits forbid us to diverge into the tempting field of his domestic character. Is not the task in the hands of Bowring?—of him whom we would term, with a feeling the very reverse of irreverend levity, the beloved disciple! The work will be accomplished ere long, and in a right spirit.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE TOWER OF RAI TH, NEAR THE SEAT OF ROBERT FERGUSON, ESQ.*

As a lone prisoner from his loophole feels
That earth, indeed, is beautiful and fair,
Rapt in ecstatic thought that o'er me steals,
I hear the skylark's joyance make the air
Melodious with the love that urged him there;
And gaze upon far ocean's mirrored sheen—
The lake—the shady plains that dim the glare
With clustering trees—and fields of richest green—
And, deep below, the shadows of the wild ravine.
Afar, where hills seem crouching in their lair,
The new Athena's classic towers aspire,
Dim, 'mid the noontide's sultry gossamer,
And vapours as from a volcano's fire.
She seems, in lonely splendour, to admire
The silent ocean, slumbering at her feet—
But, oh, what joys, what griefs, and toils, inspire
The thousands now that wander on her street!
How many longing for the country's calm retreat!
Our spirits there, piercing their primal goal
With burning ken, unto their fountain soar,
The quickener of the universe—the soul
That wakes the beauty panting in the core
Of boundless nature, till it radiate o'er
The heart in love and rapture; and the face
Of Earth seems as with us it would adore
The spirit that had clothed her in such grace,
Breathing from all her pores intensest happiness.

* The extensive and romantic grounds of this gentleman are thrown open to the public.

Lo! where the horizon cleaves the depths of blue,
In wavy lines of mountain peaks sublime,
Peaks where the Roman eagles never flew,
But Freedom hovered from remotest time!
Sons of the mist! dark as when tempests climb
Your summits, where the wild bird screameth shrill,
When lowering Vengeance lurketh for her time;
But, oh! when kindness prompts the ready will,
Mild as the last ray of sunset flashing on the hill!
In fancy oft I wander in the glen,
'Neath pine-clad rocks, and precipices hoar,
And soothing cascades—poetry's wild domain,
Breathing romantic of the days of yore.
I view the lake whose ripple's gentle roar
Smote on the soul of Scotland's fairest Queen;
Again sad Mary flies Lochleven's shore—
I see the love that breathes on Douglas' mein,
And the pale moon that pours her beauty o'er the scene.
The smile of sunset on the verdant plain,
Is solemnized amid the stillness here:
Oh! could the heart its ecstasy retain,
And pour its freshness on the coming year!
But, as the Autumn, with her yellow bier,
Comes up, with Winter lowering from afar,
So will great Mammon scorch the starting tear.
With thoughts of nature thus, and want, and war,
I slowly left the tower, much wondering why we are.

THE NEW NOVELS.

NO. II.—ERNEST MALTRAVERS, &c. &c.

HAVING last month taken first in order the *new novel* which the most forcibly appealed to our feelings, we pass transiently to that which has most touched and elevated our organ of surprise—Mrs Trollope's "*fearless*" exposure—we borrow part of our definition from Lord Byron's account of Lady Morgan's characteristics—of cant, and of the vile hypocrisy of the black sheep among the best order of Churchmen. Yes! Churchmen; for Mrs Trollope has had the magnanimity to seek her examples of the weakness of devotees, and the utter villany and sordid baseness of the sanctimonious ruffian who converts his sacred vocation and character into the instrument of his wickedness—not from the Meeting-house, but from the Church. She has acted courageously, if not wisely. A Dissenter, in her suspicious hands, would not have answered any earnest or honest purpose of instruction. For such purpose, we conclude, her novel was intended; for no one, surely, could seek either pleasure or entertainment in those repulsive, bitter, and satirical delineations of the "unco guid."

Mr Bulwer has also given us a picture of one of those "rigidly righteous," in a pious banker; but it is far more exquisite in discrimination and finish than the outrageous caricature of Mrs Trollope. The banker is, indeed, portraiture well worthy of Crabbe, in depth, breadth, and precision, and without Crabbe's hardness of outline. Mr Bulwer's novel is a fragment, or rather a Part First. How it is to be filled up and finished, will be a Christmas enigma to many a circle, and probably to the author among other individuals. It is impossible to foresee what he is evidently at a loss about himself; for Mr Bulwer's book-moralities are far from being immutable principles. He can tamper and sport with a few of the more glaring English conventionalities; but to shew us a hero who is by birth and education a gentleman, marrying a poor though very charming girl, whom he has seduced, and with whom he is what is called in love, is a flight, we fear, beyond his daring. He may laugh or sneer at the great world's hypocrisies, but he dare scarce offend its taste. While still in the dark, we conjecture that the moral regeneration of Mr Ernest Maltravers, like that of the reformed ruffian Anastasius, is to be the work of his awakening paternal affections. But Ernest is not a ruffian. He is, on the contrary, a young man of healthy feelings and generous dispositions; possessed of fine original genius, accomplished by education; a second son, but enjoying an independent fortune; handsome and ingratiating; and, finally, just as much of a Tom Jones as the ladies will now tolerate. In the last century, Ernest would have been "a very devil among the women;" but, in the march of refinement, instead of being the *roué* or fine gentleman of Farquhar's or Congreve's plays, he is the irresistible hero of Mr Bulwer's and the

younger D'Israeli's novels—the fortunate youth before whose fine genius, fine person, and *beaux yeux*, every woman bends, a proud and willing slave, provided she possess any quality that can aggrandize his universal empire over female hearts, and add a grace to his triumph. The principle of chivalry in all that relates to the sex, is turned quite topsyturvy in the modern love romances, and in the poetry of the Byron school, from which they arose; but it is only vainglorious masculine pens which have contributed directly to the portentous revolution. Female writers have not yet taken the all-devoted dark pages, and the new race of crouching, clinging, spaniel-like, madly-enamoured damsels, under their patronage; though we fear these heroines already excite not a little tender sympathy in female bosoms. The first of this species of heroine may perhaps be found in "The Bravo's Bride" of Matthew Lewis; and Byron has not the merit, such as it may be, of the original invention. The character has since been presented in fifty melo-dramas and vulgar romances, as eminently that of—WOMAN. With more delicate lineaments, and more decently draped, it now figures in the most popular French and English novels—in "The Danseuse" of D'Israeli, in the Esmeralda of Victor Hugo, and now in Bulwer's—But no. We shall leave his fair readers to be the judges in this. Of one thing, they are certain—Milton and these old-fashioned folks might be starched, but Shakspeare knew something of love, and of the true nature and character of women; and so, we think, did Scott. They have produced heroines of all ranks and degrees, and in every situation, as lovers; from the high-souled Rebecca down to little Mysie Happer, the miller's daughter; from her "who never told her love," to the passionately-enamoured Juliet; but all true to their nature—to the instinctive dignity and modesty of their sex—to the dearest interests of society, inseparably knit up with the developement of their affections. And if, while we revere these great writers for their wise elevation of female character—for upholding a noble and bracing morality—we may tacitly condemn those who slide into the opposite insidious course, with themselves be the blame! Juliet, when it was at the very worst with her, could still firmly say—

"If that thy bent of love be *honourable*,
Thy purpose *marriage*, send me word withal."

And if the gentle Romeo had sentimentally whispered that, loving and worshipping her, his purpose was no such thing, we may fairly presume that his mistress had sufficient spirit and self-respect to have either boxed his ears, or made her servants turn him down stairs; and have given her misplaced love to the winds, though her loving heart had broken in the effort.

The case of Mysie Happer is still more in point at present; but the reader must remember it,

and also the honourable character of the coxcomb lady-killer who had gained her light heart. But it may be said that the female creations of Hugo, and D'Israeli, and Bulwer are truer to nature than those more tightly-laced damsels. We think they are not: but, if it should be so, is it not the first duty, the noblest privilege, of genius, of poetry, of invention, of all that is best in literature and art, to raise and purify society, to widen the sphere of our sympathies with the pure and lofty, as well as with the tender and beautiful; to plant high and firmly the standard of virtue, whatever of toil, and pain, and self-denial, is to be encountered in pressing upward and onward towards the mark? Mr Bulwer frequently assures his readers that the character of by far the most interesting and original of his heroines, Alice Darvil, is taken from nature. Nor do we doubt it; but it is nature seen through his spectacles, and delineated by the graces and artifices of his pen. The seduction of Alice will be the most attractive part of the work to young hearts; and, for that reason, it is the most insidious—if we may not say, the most pernicious. In real life, the contact of a character like Alice, with such individuals as her patroness, the benevolent Mrs Leslie, and the self-sufficient banker, may often be replete with whatever is tender, humanizing, and instructive; but the character of Alice, sketched in an engaging romance, comes to the young fraught with unimaginable mischief. Its extreme beauty and tenderness constitute its danger.

But we must make ourselves intelligible. Alice Darvil is an English Haidee—the spotless, innocent Miranda of a moral wilderness—a beautiful soul asleep for fifteen years, whose dormant faculties and affections are in an instant touched, awakened, and rapidly developed by the spell of love. The wielder of the talisman is, of course, Ernest Maltravers. At the age of eighteen, in consequence of some frolic or political scrape, this youth abruptly quits the University of Göttingen, and, unknown to his family, returns to England. He is benighted, in a dark wintry night, on a wide desolate common, in some dreary manufacturing district of the county adjoining the shire in which his Norman ancestors had flourished, and where his father, at all points an old English gentleman, still dwelt. He finds refuge in a lonely, miserable cottage, of which the sole inmates are Luke Darvil—a ruffian, long hardened in the worst of crimes, and whose physiognomy the brand of the hangman could not have stamped more plainly with the characters of brutality and villany—and his beautiful daughter, Alice, whose guardian and companion this man had been all her life long, as her mother died while Alice was an infant. Luke had been counting the coins, the gains of crime, remaining to him; and, finding them so few, he cried—

“I had two pounds in the drawer but Monday, and now—Alice, you must have stolen some of the money—curse you!”

The person thus addressed sat at the opposite side of the smouldering and sullen fire: she now looked quietly up, and her face singularly contrasted that of the man.

She seemed about fifteen years of age, and her complexion was remarkably pure and delicate, even despite the sunburnt tinge which her habits of toil had brought it. Her auburn hair hung in loose and natural curls over her forehead, and its luxuriance was remarkable even in one so young. Her countenance was beautiful, nay, even faultless, in its small and childlike features, but the expression pained you—it was so vacant. In repose it was almost the expression of an idiot—but when she spoke, or smiled, or even moved a muscle, the eyes, colour, lips, kindled into a life which proved that the intellect was still there, though but imperfectly awakened.

“I did not steal any, father,” she said, in a quiet voice; “but I should like to have taken some, only I knew you would beat me if I did.”

“And what do you want money for?”

“To get food when I'm hungered.”

“Nothing else?”

“I don't know.”

The girl paused—“Why don't you let me,” she said, after awhile, “why don't you let me go and work with the other girls at the factory? I should make money there for you and me both.”

The man smiled—such a smile!—it seemed to bring into sudden play all the revolting characteristics of his countenance. “Child,” he said, “you are just fifteen, and a sad fool you are: perhaps, if you went to the factory, you would get away from me: and what should I do without you? No; I think, as you are so pretty, you might get more money another way.”

The girl did not seem to understand this allusion; but repeated, vacantly, “I should like to go to the factory.”

“Stuff!” said the man, angrily; “I have three minds to—”

Here he was interrupted by a loud knock at the door of the hovel.

It was Ernest that knocked.—Such was the rank soil from which this fair flower had sprung: such “the moral training” of Alice Darvil. The plan of the father to murder and rob the young man who sought the hospitality of his hearth until day dawned, is frustrated by the presence of mind and kindness of Alice; whose understanding kindles in an hour under the influence of a new affection. The situation is one of interest. Maltravers, by the good offices of the girl, escapes from the den of murder, and, after wandering all night on the moor, at dawn finds himself near a market town, unharmed; and breathes deep gratitude to Heaven for all its mercies of the night. And now comes a *leading* passage—

He passed a slow waggon—he passed a group of mechanics—he passed a drove of sheep, and now he saw walking leisurely before him a single figure. It was a girl in a worn and humble dress; who seemed to seek her weary way with pain and languor. He was about also to pass her, when he heard a low cry. He turned, and beheld in the wayfarer his preserver of the previous night.

“Heavens! is it indeed you? can I believe my eyes?”

“I was coming to seek you, sir,” said the girl, faintly.

“I too have escaped; I shall never go back to father—I have no roof to cover my head now.”

“Poor child! but how is this? Did they ill-use you for releasing me?”

“Father knocked me down, and beat me again when he came back; but that is not all,” she added, in a very low tone.

“What else?”

The girl grew red and white by turns. She set her teeth rigidly, stopped short, and then, walking on quicker than before, replied—“It don't matter; I will never go back—I'm alone now. What, what shall I do?” and she wrung her hands.

The traveller's pity was deeply moved. “My good

girl," said he, earnestly, "you have saved my life, and I am not ungrateful. Here," (and he placed some gold in her hand,) "get yourself a lodging, food, and rest; you look as if you wanted them; and see me again this evening when it is dark, and we can talk unobserved."

The girl took the money passively, and looked up in his face while he spoke; the look was so unsuspecting, and the whole countenance was so beautifully modest and virgin-like, that, had any evil passion prompted the traveller's last words, it must have fled scared and abashed as he met the gaze.

"My poor girl," said he, embarrassed, and after a short pause—"you are very young, and very, very pretty. In this town you will be exposed to many temptations; take care where you lodge. You have, no doubt, friends here?"

"Friends—what are friends?" answered Alice.

"Have you no relations?—no mother's kin?"

"None."

"Do you know where to ask shelter?"

"No, sir; for I can't go where father goes, lest he should find me out."

"Well, then, seek some quiet inn, and meet me this evening, just here, half-a-mile from the town, at seven. I will try and think of something for you in the meanwhile; but you seem tired, you walk with pain; perhaps it will fatigue you to come—I mean, you had rather, perhaps, rest another day."

"Oh! no, no! it will do me good to see you again, sir."

The young man's eyes met hers, and hers were not withdrawn; their soft blue was suffused with tears—they penetrated his soul.

Alice kept true tryst.

She came up to him timidly and gently. His heart beat more quickly; he felt that he was young, and alone with beauty. "Sweet girl," he said, with involuntary and mechanical compliment, "how well this light becomes you! How shall I thank you for not forgetting me?"—Alice surrendered her hand to his without a struggle—"What is your name?" said he, bending his face down to hers,—"Alice Darvil."—"And your terrible father, is he, in truth, your father?"—"Indeed he is father and mother too!"—"What made you suspect his intention to murder me? Has he ever attempted the like crime?"—"No; but lately he has often talked of robbery. He is very poor, sir. And, when I saw his eye, and when afterwards, while your back was turned, he took the key from the door, I felt that—that you were in danger."—"Good girl—go on."

The story is prolonged. It unfolds ignorance and innocence, stupidity and intelligence, which we take leave to think quite incompatible, incredible, and out of nature, in a girl brought up by a profligate father, near the factories, and somehow endowed with a mysterious "intuitive notion of right and wrong." She had no idea of religion, or the being of a God. When asked, if she had never thought of who made the stars and the earth, she answered, "Why should I? What has that to do with being cold and hungry?" So acute a logician, living in sight of churches, ought to have been a better theologian. Alice, further questioned, knew nothing of church or school. "Good Heaven!" exclaimed the young philosopher, "what shall I do with this unhappy child?"

"Yes, sir, I am very unhappy," said Alice, catching at the last words; and the tears rolled silently down her cheeks.

Maltravers never was more touched in his life. Whatever thoughts of gallantry might have entered his young head, had he found Alice such as he might reasonably have expected, he now felt there was a kind of necessity in her ignorance; and his gratitude and kindly sentiment towards her took almost a brotherly aspect.

And being a wild, enthusiastic, odd being, this Ernest Maltravers, as the girl, in her artless innocence, protested against going to school, he inquired what could make her comfortable in her own way. She replies, "I should like to live with you, sir." But it was honest service the poor girl meant; for she had always wished, she said, to go to service, and she was sure Maltravers would be a kind master. He was half disenchanted by this tame explanation; but the Miranda of the black moor and the burglar father, fascinated him again.

"No very flattering preference," thought he: "so much the safer for us. Well, Alice, it shall be as you wish. Are you comfortable where you are, in your new lodging?"

"No."

"Why? they do not insult you."

"No; but they make a noise, and I like to be quiet, to think of you."

The young philosopher was reconciled again to his scheme.

"Well, Alice—go back—I will take a cottage to-morrow, and you shall be my servant, and I will teach you to read and write, and say your prayers, and know that you have a Father above, who loves you better than he below. Meet me again at the same hour to-morrow. Why do you cry, Alice? why do you cry?"

"Because—because," sobbed the girl, "I am so happy, and I shall live with you and see you."

"Go, child—go, child," said Maltravers, hastily—and he walked away with a quicker pulse than became his new character of master and preceptor.

This hopeful scheme was put into immediate execution, and we have charmingly pictured, not the cave and island haunts of Juan and Haidee, but an English thatched cottage, embowered in jasmine and roses, with its small lawn, verandas, and conservatory; a virtuous young philosopher, assuming the name of Butler, and not yet far gone in love; and Alice, a nominal servant, learning to read and write from an old Mr Simcox, her patron having tired of the drudgery of teaching these elements. And now her pretty little hands and complexion are becoming more delicate; her hair and her dress are better arranged, and her manners and personal charms improving every day. We leave to Mr Bulwer, the description of his own Maltravers, given immediately after he had left the tuition of his protégée, of which he had tired, to

The very oldest and ugliest writing-master that the neighbouring town could afford. It is astonishing what care Maltravers took of her morals. The poor girl at first wept much at the exchange; but the grave remonstrances and solemn exhortations of Maltravers reconciled her at last, and she promised to work hard and pay every attention to her lessons. I am not sure, however, that it was the tedium of the work that deterred the idealist—perhaps he felt its danger—and at the bottom of his sparkling dreams and brilliant follies, lay a sound, generous, and noble heart. He was fond of pleasure, and had been already the darling of the sentimental German ladies. But he was too young, and too vivid, and too romantic to be that which is called a sensualist. He could not look upon a fair face, and a guileless smile, and all the ineffable symmetry of a woman's shape, with the eye of a man buying cattle for base uses. . . . He very easily fell in love, or fancied he did, it is true—but then he could not separate desire from fancy, or calculate the game of passion without bringing the heart or the imagination into the matter. And, though Alice was very pretty and very engaging, he was

not yet in love with her, and he had no intention of becoming so.

The evenings hung long with the young poet, although Shakspeare and Schiller lay on his table, and his inseparable meerschaum enlivened his solitude. He read and smoked until he was inspired, and then he wrote poetry adapted to music; and next he would try the melody of his yrics with his voice—

For he had all the passion of a German for song and music—that wild Maltravers!—and his voice was sweet, his taste consummate, his science profound. As the sun puts out a star, so the full blaze of his imagination, fairly kindled, extinguished for the time his fairy fancy for his beautiful pupil.

It was late that night when Maltravers went to bed—and, as he passed through the narrow corridor that led to his chamber, he heard a light step flying before him, and caught the glimpse of a female figure escaping through a distant door.—“The silly child!” thought he, at once divining the cause—“she has been listening to my singing. I shall scold her.” But he forgot that resolution.

Much beautiful writing leads to the catastrophe of the most objectionable portion of these volumes. The young patron discovers that his pupil has a fine ear and a beautiful voice. He sagely reflects that this natural talent may be the means of enabling her to earn an honest subsistence; and accordingly he becomes her master in music.

And now every evening, when the windows were closed, and the hearth burnt clear, while the winds stormed, and the rain beat without, a lithe and lovely shape hovered about the student's chamber; and his wild songs were sung by a voice which nature had made even sweeter than his own.

Alice's talent for music was indeed surprising; enthusiastic and quick as he himself was in all he undertook, Maltravers was amazed at her rapid progress. He soon taught her to play by ear; and Maltravers could not but notice that her hand, always delicate in shape, had lost the rude colour and roughness of labour. He thought of that pretty hand more often than he ought to have done, and guided it over the keys when it could have found its way very well without him.

In the course of his musical and vocal lessons, Maltravers gently took the occasion to correct poor Alice's frequent offences against grammar and accent; and her memory was prodigiously quick and retentive. The very tones of her voice seemed altered in the ear of Maltravers; and, somehow or other, the time came when he was no longer sensible of the difference in their rank.

The old woman-servant, when she had seen how it would be from the first, and taken a pride in her own prophecy, as she ordered Alice's new dresses, was a much better philosopher than Maltravers.

And so we leave the old woman-servant's sagacity to explain the story, which is, however, given rather circumstantially, leaving just as much in the dark as may stimulate imagination, and suffering results only to be alluringly perceptible. “Maltravers was only eighteen,” and

Alice knew no remorse, though she felt agitated and ashamed; she did not comprehend that she had lost caste for ever in the eyes of her sex. In fact, she never thought of herself. Her whole soul was with him; she gave him back in love the spirit she had caught from him in knowledge... And they strolled together through the garden all that day, and Maltravers grew reconciled to himself. He had done wrong, it is true; but then perhaps Alice had already suffered as much as she could in the world's opinion, by living with him alone, though innocent, so long. And now she had an everlasting

claim to his protection—she should never know shame or want. And the love that had led to the wrong, should, by fidelity and devotion, take from it the character of sin.

“Natural and commonplace sophistries!” *L'homme se pique!*” as old Montaigne said, man is his own sharper! The conscience is the most elastic material in the world. To-day you cannot stretch it over a mole-hill, to-morrow it hides a mountain.

O how happy they were now—that young pair! How the days flew like dreams! No doubt we blame them, and women very properly; but men, at least, cannot blame them very justly. For all of us male animals have either been as happy once in our lives, or wished we were so. Time went on, winter passed away, and the early spring, with its flowers and sunshine, was like a mirror to their own youth. Alice never accompanied Maltravers in his walks abroad, partly because she feared to meet her father, and partly because Maltravers himself was fastidiously averse to all publicity. But then they had all that little world of three acres.

The reader may guess all the rest. Alice should never know shame, though soon overwhelmed with shame; nor want, when on the verge of poverty and misery. Her poverty is, however, we presume, not to be regarded as the fault of her lover. It came by accident, from which his wife and legitimate child could never have suffered, but to which his mistress was unavoidably exposed, in spite of the often-vowed everlasting protection of that honourable Maltravers. Far be it from us to condemn him, or yet his example. That the second son of a family of old gentry, scions of “Norman knight-hood,” should degrade the entire caste, by alliance with an Alice Darvil, is out of all rule, either in the world of fashion, or that faithful image of itself which it has moulded in novels. We offer no objection. But, oh! thou much calumniated Mr Thomas Inkle of London! when we think of thee, in the true genius of thy mercantile craft, merely selling thy sable love for a handful of dollars or a puncheon of rum, even-handed justice compels us honourably to acquit thee. You sold your fond and trusting Yarico to exile and slave-labour—to sorrow and suffering; but hers was still a high and an enviable lot, when compared with that of the seduced and abandoned mistress of an English gentleman, and the life-long degradation of her branded offspring. On the whole, we would have womankind, although “male-animals” have no right to condemn, pause before they give their suffrage to these parts of Mr Bulwer's best novel. Yet, “If a jury of cherubim had tried Alice's offence, they would hardly have allowed the heart to bear witness against the soul!”

We scarce venture to dissent from the verdict of so pure a tribunal, but demur to the case being tried save by Alice's peers.

The Elysian dream continues for a while; and the home of love wants only honour, integrity, justice, and security, to render it a terrestrial paradise. Alice—an admirable lover—already prattles the metaphysics of the passion charmingly “to her entranced and silent lover.” But a sudden change comes; and Maltravers, on learning accidentally from his weekly newspaper

* Old Burdett has borrowed or made a juster translation. Mr Bulwer may remember it.

that his father is dying, hurries away, devoured by remorse. And before Alice

Were the flowers, and the star-lit lawn, and the playful fountain, and the bench where they had sat in such heartfelt and serene delight. He was gone; and often—oh, how often!—did Alice remember that his last words had been uttered in estranged tones—that his last embrace had been without love.

Old Maltravers dies. The father of Alice, and one of his wicked accomplices, meanwhile, commit a burglary at the cottage, unconscious of who are the inmates; and the accomplice being recognised by Alice, who, in her alarm, exclaims his name, she is carried off in a state of insensibility in a cart along with the other plunder. Maltravers finds her flown, and is in despair. He had written to her; and, recollecting that he had left her no money, he sent some; but he did not ask her to write him—"he felt such a repugnance to disclose his real name, and receive the letters of clandestine love in the house in which his father lay dying." He was full of honour and sentiment, and also a nice casuist, that young Maltravers; and poor Alice—

She thought it singular he did not wish to hear from her; but Alice was humble. What could she say worth troubling him with, and at such an hour? But how kind in him to write! how precious those letters! and yet they disappointed her, and cost her floods of tears: they were so short—so full of sorrow—there was so little of love in them; and "dear," or even "*dearest* Alice," that, uttered by the voice, was so tender, looked cold upon the lifeless paper. If she but knew the exact spot where he was, it would be some comfort; but she only knew that he was away, and in grief.

She was now away herself, and Maltravers' time for sorrow was come. He made every effort to trace her; and gives the first proof of true and manly generosity which we discover in him, in indignantly refusing to credit that Alice had played booty with the thieves, and carried off his spoons and forks.

We are now introduced to Mr Cleveland, the guardian of our youth, a polished old English gentleman and classic scholar; mediocre in genius, but with good talents and highly-cultivated tastes; fond of dabbling in literature; foni, too, of the fine arts; and exceedingly indulgent and amiable. His classic villa, his picture-gallery and library, are all very fine and unimpeachable. He is, moreover, quite the friend our youth requires, as he has sunk into a state of morbid melancholy upon the death of his father, and the loss of his mistress—of Alice, "the watchful, the humble, the loving, lost Alice." He wanted an object in life, and was near becoming a fanatic, and almost mad, when Lumley Ferrers crosses his path—a character admirably commenced, and for a time well-sustained, although he descends at last into the vulgar lingo of hackneyed romance. Mr Bulwer states that many of his characters are taken from real life. Ferrers, in his general outline, must be one of those realities drawn from the Well of Truth.

Lumley Ferrers, his age about twenty-six—his fortune about eight hundred a-year—he followed no profession. Lumley Ferrers had not what is usually called genius; that is, he had no enthusiasm; and, if the word talent be properly interpreted as meaning the talent of doing something better than others, Ferrers had not much to

boast of on that score. He had no talent for writing, nor for public speaking, nor for music nor painting, nor the ordinary round of accomplishments; neither at present had he displayed much of the hard and useful talent for action and business. But Ferrers had what is often better than either genius or talent: he had a powerful and most acute mind. He had, moreover, great animation of manner, high physical spirits, a witty, odd, racy vein of conversation, determined assurance, and profound confidence in his own resources. He was fond of schemes, stratagems, and plots—they amused and excited him—his power of sarcasm and of argument, too, was great, and he usually obtained an astonishing influence over those with whom he was brought in contact. His high spirits and a most happy frankness of bearing carried off and disguised his leading vices of character, which were an extraordinary callousness of affection, and an insensibility to moral principles. Though less learned than Maltravers, he was on the whole a very instructed man. He mastered the surface of many sciences, became satisfied of their general principles, and threw the study aside, never to be forgotten, (for his memory was like a vice,) but never to be prosecuted any farther. To this he added a general acquaintance with whatever is most generally acknowledged as standard in extant or modern literature. What is admired only by a few, Lumley never took the trouble to read. Living amongst trifles, he made them interesting and novel by his mode of viewing and treating them. And here indeed was a talent—it was the talent of social life—the talent of enjoyment to the utmost, with the least degree of trouble to himself. Lumley Ferrers was thus exactly one of those men whom everybody calls exceedingly clever, and yet it would puzzle one to say in what he was so clever.

It only remains to be said of this singular young man, whose character as yet was but half developed, that he had seen a great deal of the world, and could live at ease and in content with all tempers and ranks; fox-hunters or scholars, lawyers or poets, patricians or *parvenus*, it was all one to Lumley Ferrers.

As we have little taste for Ferrers, after he becomes the regular villain of the piece, we shall now take him up again, five or six years afterwards, when he had returned from travelling in Greece, Turkey, and Italy, along with Maltravers—of whom and his fortune he made ample use, while waiting the opportunity of turning him and the rest of the world, to still better account:—

Lumley Ferrers was one of the few men in the world who act upon a profound, deliberate, and organized system—he had done so even from a boy. When he was twenty-one, he had said to himself, "Youth is the season for enjoyment: the triumphs of manhood, the wealth of age, do not compensate for a youth wasted in unpleasurable toils." Agreeably to this maxim, he had resolved not to adopt any profession; and, being fond of travel, and of a restless temper, he had indulged abroad in all the gratifications that his moderate income could afford him: that income went farther on the Continent than at home, which was another reason for the prolongation of his travels.

Looking round the English world, Ferrers saw that, at his age, and with an equivocal position and no chances to throw away, it was necessary that he should cast off all attributes of the character of the wanderer and the *garçon*.

"There is nothing respectable in lodgings and a cab," said Ferrers to himself—(that "*self*" was his grand confidant!) "nothing stationary. Such are the appliances of a here-to-day-gone-to-morrow kind of life. One never looks substantial till one pays rates and taxes, and has a bill with one's butcher!"

Accordingly, without saying a word to anybody, Ferrers took a long lease of a large house, in one of those quiet streets that proclaim the owners do not wish to be made by fashionable situations—streets in which, if you have a large house, it is supposed to be because

you can afford one. He was very particular in its being a respectable street—Great George Street, Westminster, was the one he selected.

No frippery or baubles, common to the mansions of young bachelors—no buhl, and marquetry, and Sevres china, and cabinet pictures, distinguished the large dingy drawing-rooms of Lumley Ferrers. He bought all the old furniture a bargain of the late tenant—ten-coloured chintz curtains, and chairs and sofas that were venerable and solemn with the accumulated dust of twenty-five years. The only things about which he was particular, were a very long dining-table that would hold forty, and a new mahogany side-board. Somebody asked him why he cared about such articles. "I don't know," said he; "but I observe all respectable family men do—there must be something in it—I shall discover the secret by-and-by. In this house did Mr Ferrers ensconce himself, with two middle-aged maid-servants, and a man out of livery, whom he chose from a multitude of candidates, because the man looked especially well-fed.

And here Ferrers gave a great many dinners—not fine, foolish dinners: he knew better. He made people that were likely to be useful to him, feel free and easy over his "respectable fare," his cod-head and shoulders, "with plenty of flour in the oyster sauce;" and, because they felt easy, they came again; and by degrees—

The large dingy drawing-rooms became a frequent resort for public men to talk over those thousand underplots by which a party is served or attacked. Thus, though not in Parliament himself, Ferrers became insensibly associated with parliamentary men and things; and the ministerial party, whose politics he espoused, praised him highly, made use of him, and meant, some day or other, to do something for him.

This is clever portraiture, though that of the banker, of whom we have spoken above, is better by many degrees. We shall see him in his connexion with Alice. Poor Alice!—she had been carried as far as Cork by her miscreant father, where she escapes from him and the horrible bondage to which he would have subjected her, and lives on, we know not how, until we find her back in England, and, with her child, repulsed from the garden-gate of "the dear cottage," now enlarged, and occupied by a Mr Hobbs and his progeny.

The second stage of Alice's trial is more pathetic than the beginning, and not liable to the same grave objections. She could find no trace of Maltravers, who had been long on the Continent; and now—

Alice felt that she was on the wide world alone, with her child—no longer to be protected, but to protect; and, after the first few days of agony, a new spirit, not indeed of hope, but of endurance, passed within her. Her solitary wanderings, with God her only guide, had tended greatly to elevate and confirm her character. She felt a strong reliance on His mysterious mercy—she felt, too, the responsibility of a mother. . . . Her humble manner, and sweet, well-tuned voice, so free from the professional whine of mendicancy, had usually its charm for the sternest. So she generally obtained enough to buy bread and a night's lodging; and if sometimes she failed—she could bear hunger, and was not afraid of creeping into some shed, or, when by the seashore, even into some sheltering cavern. Her child thrived too—for God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!—But now, so far as physical privation went, the worst was over.

It so happened that, as Alice was drawing herself wearily along to the entrance of the village which was to bound her day's journey, she was met by a lady past middle age, in whose countenance compassion was so visible that Alice would not beg; for she had a strange delicacy or pride, or whatever it may be called, and

rather begged of the stern than of those who looked kindly at her—she did not like to lower herself in the eyes of the last.

The lady stopped.

"My poor girl, where are you going?"

"Where God pleases, madam," said Alice.

"Humph. And is that your own child?—you are almost a child yourself!"

"It is mine, madam," said Alice, gazing fondly at the infant—"it is all I have."

The lady's voice faltered. "Are you married?" she asked.

"Married!—oh, no, madam!" replied Alice, innocently, yet without blushing, for she never knew that she had done wrong in loving Maltravers.

The lady drew gently back, but not in horror—no, in still deeper compassion.

Alice, simply and candidly, related all her story, and the lady's interest was fairly warmed in her behalf. The kind-hearted matron would make her musical talents subservient to her support; she would befriend her; there was less to forgive than she had anticipated—

Still she deemed it necessary to enlighten Alice as to the criminality of the connexion she had formed. But here Alice was singularly dull—she listened in meek patience to Mrs Leslie's lecture; but it evidently made but slight impression on her. She had not yet seen enough of the social state, to correct the first impressions of the natural; and all she could say in answer to Mrs Leslie, was—"It may be all very true, madam, but I have been so much better since I knew him!"

She would not hear one syllable insinuated against Maltravers; and Mrs Leslie was just enough, to love her the better for this true womanly delicacy and generosity. That lady was aware, however, that, unless Alice's misfortune was concealed, all her benevolent schemes would prove abortive, and sorely perplexed between the propriety of candour and its cruelty in the ruin of Alice's prospects. In this dilemma, and to have the case of conscience properly resolved, she determined

To confide her scruples to one who, of all whom she knew, possessed the highest character for moral worth and religious sanctity. This gentleman, lately a widower, lived at the outskirts of the town selected for Alice's future residence, and at that time happened to be on a visit in Mrs Leslie's neighbourhood. He was an opulent man, a banker; he had once represented the town in Parliament, and, retiring, from disinclination for the late hours and onerous fatigues even of an unreformed House of Commons, he still possessed an influence to return one, if not both the members for the city of C—. And that influence was always exerted so as best to secure his own interest with the powers that be, and advance certain objects of ambition, (for he was both an ostentatious and ambitious man in his own way,) which he felt he might more easily obtain by proxy than by his own votes and voice in Parliament—an atmosphere in which his light did not shine. And it was with a wonderful address that the banker contrived at once to support the Government, and yet, by the frequent expression of liberal opinions, to conciliate the Whigs and the Dissenters of his neighbourhood. Parties, political and sectarian, were not then so irreconcilable as they are now. In the whole county there was not a man so respected as this eminent person; and yet he possessed no shining talents, though a laborious and energetic man of business. It was solely and wholly the force of moral character which gave him his position in society. He felt this; he was sensitively proud of it; he was painfully anxious not to lose an atom of a distinction that required to be vigilantly secured. He was a very remarkable, yet not perhaps (could we penetrate all hearts) a very uncommon character—this banker! He had risen from, comparatively

speaking, a low origin and humble fortunes, and entirely by the scrupulous and sedate propriety of his outward conduct. With such a propriety he, therefore, inseparably connected every notion of worldly prosperity and honour. Thus, though far from a bad man, he was forced into being something of a hypocrite. Every year he had grown more starch and more saintly. He was conscience-keeper to the whole town; and it is astonishing how many persons hardly dared to make a will or subscribe to a charity without his advice. As he was a shrewd man of this world, as well as an accredited guide to the next, his advice was precisely of a nature to reconcile the Conscience and the Interest; and he was a kind of negotiator in the reciprocal diplomacy of earth and heaven. But our banker was really a charitable man, and a benevolent man, and a sincere believer. How, then, was he a hypocrite? Simply, because he professed to be far more charitable, more benevolent, and more pious than he really was. His reputation had now arrived to that degree of immaculate polish that the smallest breath, which would not have tarnished the character of another man, would have fixed an indelible stain upon his.

We wish that we could go deeper into the saintly banker.

From nature, this gentleman had received an inordinate share of animal propensities; he had strong passions, he was by temperament a sensualist. He loved good eating and good wine—he loved women. The two former blessings of the carnal life, are not incompatible with canonization; but St. Anthony has shewn that women, however angelic, are not precisely that order of angels that saints may safely commune with. If, therefore, he ever yielded to temptations of a sexual nature, it was with profound secrecy and caution; nor did his right-hand know what his left-hand did.

Does Mr Bulwer not perceive one indefeasible reason why the vices of excessive eating and drinking are not, and ought not, to be visited with the same severity, in the penal code of "the saints," as the third of his specified carnal indulgences? By drunkenness and gluttony a man vitiates and degrades his own nature—he sins against himself; but the luxurious viands and the generous wine which perish in the use, are not guilty participants, but the unscathed ministers to his sensual appetites. They have neither bodies to be polluted, nor souls to be saved or lost; while, in the third case supposed—but it is idle to pursue the illustration. "The saints" are emphatically in the right. So long, however, as women, whether wedded or kept, are in reality tacitly regarded, by many of their masters—rich or aristocratic—in much the same light as other purchaseable luxuries—as wines or horses, for example—this point of morals must remain obscure to the fashionable world, and to all who, with the recognition of woman's equality on their lips, make no distinction among the vices specified by our author, save, perhaps, to regard that which, he states, makes canonization impossible, as the least gross and heinous of the three.

This gentleman had married a woman much older than himself; but her fortune had been one of the necessary stepping-stones in his career. His exemplary conduct towards this lady, ugly as well as old, had done much towards increasing the odour of his sanctity. She died of an ague, and the widower did not shock probabilities by affecting too severe a grief.

"The Lord's will be done!" said he; "she was a good woman, but we should not set our affections too much upon His perishable creatures!"

This was all he was ever heard to say on the matter.

He took an elderly gentlewoman, distantly related to him, to manage his house, and sit at the head of the table; and it was thought not impossible, though the widower was past fifty, that he might marry again.

Alice is comfortably settled with her child in the town of C——, under the name of Mrs Butler, a young person, separated for the present from her husband; for the banker, though a man of severe truth, after conversing about the lovely Alice, discovers that there may be some few exceptions to the strict rule of veracity—

Some exceptions. The world is a bad world; we are born in sin, and the children of wrath. We do not tell infants all the truth, when they ask us questions, the proper answers of which would mislead, not enlighten, them. In some things the whole world are infants. The very science of government is the science of concealing truth—so is the system of trade. We could not blame the tradesman for not telling the public that, if all his debts were called in, he would be a bankrupt.

Is the following remark judicious? Does Mr Bulwer soberly denounce the necessity to which Maltravers and his fellow-sinners condemn society, its benevolent Mrs Leslies, and its relenting, though saintly bankers?

Now, as Alice Darvil, this young person would have been just as good, as pure, as modest—and yet more honest—but, as Alice Darvil, she would have died on a dunghill.

The banker observed her conduct with silent vigilance. He met her often. He visited her often. He was intimate at houses where she attended to teach or perform. He lent her good books—he advised her—he preached to her. Alice began to look up to him—to like him—to consider him as a village girl in Catholic countries may consider a benevolent and kindly priest. And he—what was his object?—at that time it is impossible to guess;—he became thoughtful and abstracted.

The banker soon afterwards released Alice from the persecution of her brutal father, who again discovered her retreat, and, after a powerfully-painted scene, in which the man of mixed virtue and great pretensions to holiness, is placed in bold contrast with the reckless, godless ruffian, Luke Darvil meets the reward of his crimes in a violent death; and, to the great contentment of the banker, is not recognised by any one, save himself, as the parent of pretty Mrs Butler.

While abroad, the all-conquering Maltravers, with whom, as we said, every woman falls in love, whose love is worth having, forms a sort of half-liaison with a beautiful married French-woman, upon whom Mr Bulwer takes great pains. That Madame de St Ventadour will interest the reader in the same degree, is very doubtful—perfect specimen, as she is, of her class. He talked to her of the classic life of old Greece and Rome, of a life more elegant than that of Paris; while, from the accomplished Valerie, he receives that last polish which only such a woman can give. Was he in love with her? He was on the fair way to it; and "he was not so good a man as when he left England." He had been dissipating his affections. He had no high aims, nor fixed pursuit—

He had lost much of his chivalrous veneration for women, whom he had begun to consider rather as play-things than idols; he found that they deceive us as often as we deceive them. He found, also, that their feelings are frequently less deep than they appear, and that they fall in love, and fall out of it, without breaking their hearts.

In his present intercourse with Madame de St Ventadour, he formed no plan. He was interested and excited; and Valerie's manners, which to-day flattered and to-morrow piqued him, enlisted his vanity and pride on the side of his fancy.

Madame is sage and high-spirited, though tender and sensible. She magnanimously proclaims her love, and dismisses her lover, who parts and flies. There is now a charming domestic episode. We have a perfect French gentleman, who realizes all our ideas of the honour, integrity, and good sense of the character, married to a sweet, little, virtuous Italian girl, whom he had taken from the opera, and with whom he lives in happiness, on the Lake of Como. Teresa, happily married, and in the midst of her children, luckily escapes the fate of all Maltravers' female acquaintances; and the reader lingers with delight in the midst of this charming group; and in a wholesome atmosphere, where the manly intellect of De Montaigne braces the virtues of the friend for whom he foretells the highest destinies.

Maltravers, an enthusiastic scholar, and a man of high genius, was already an author. In his literary revelations, and the progress of his mental development, the reader who imagines that he reads the real Confessions of Mr Bulwer, will probably not be very far wrong, however far the same thing may hold of certain incidents, which are also said to be true history, though he disclaims the imputation. But those matters, with all that is essay or criticism, we prudently leave to the reader.

His affectionate late guardian wishes Maltravers to return, to go into Parliament, and to settle in life, and summons him to England. Soon after he returns home, an accident throws him again in the way of the elegant, the witty, the wise Madame de St. Ventadour. It is all over with this poor lady now.

Ernest was no longer in love with her—he had outgrown that youthful fancy. She had exercised an influence over him—the new influences that he had created had chased away her image. Such is life. Long absences extinguish all the false lights, though not the true ones. The lamps are dead in the banquet-room of yesterday; but a thousand years hence and the stars we look on to-night will burn as brightly. Maltravers was no longer in love with Valerie—Ah! perhaps *hers* had been true love!

The travelling party, of which Valerie made one, were one day driven by a storm into an old country inn.

Bells rang—dogs barked—hostlers ran. A plain, dark, travelling post-chariot was before the inn-door; and, roused perhaps by the noise below, a lady in the "first floor front, No. 2," came to the window. This lady owned the travelling-carriage, and was at this time alone in that apartment. As she looked carelessly at the party, her eyes rested on one form—she turned pale, uttered a faint cry, and fell senseless on the floor.

While Maltravers is ministering to the comfort of Valerie,

The lady who occupied the adjoining chamber, had recovered slowly from her swoon. She put both hands to her temples, as if trying to recollect her thoughts. Hers was a fair, innocent, almost childish face; and now, as a smile shot across it, there was something so sweet and touching in the gladness it shed over that countenance, that you could not have seen it without

strong and almost painful interest. It was the gladness of a person who has known sorrow! Suddenly she started up, and said—"No—then! I do not dream. He is come back—he is here—all will be well again! Ha! it is his voice. Oh, bless him, it is his voice!" She paused, her finger on her lip, her face bent down. A low and indistinct sound of voices reached her straining ear through the thin door that divided her from Maltravers. She listened intently, but she could not overhear the import. Her heart beat violently. "He is not alone!" she murmured mournfully. "I will wait till the sound ceases, and then I will venture in!"

It is impossible, we presume, for novellists to dispense with the machinery of extraordinary meetings, surprises, accidents, and cross-purposes, since even the best of them require such helps. The conversation between Valerie and the man who had outlived "his fancy" for her, had brought the gallant and merciful Ernest, in the burst of her bitter feelings, to the necessity of attempting to soothe her; so he fell on his knee by her side, "pressing on her hand kisses as pure as ever cavalier impressed on the hand of his queen," when, as the deuce would have it, and as it always happens in novels, and nowhere else, in glided "a fair form—a form fairer and younger" than that of the French lady—and poor Alice saw him, herself unseen! "He did not look up: and Alice Darvil turned away—and her fate for life was fixed."

This gives us had hopes for the coming volumes, if ever the romance shall be finished, which we consider not very probable. And now, with the eloquent farewell letter of the accomplished Valerie, is tied up a lock of Alice's hair; and Ernest goes forth into the world, to gather more trophies among the fair and young, the noble and gifted; and, in particular, to engage the secret admiration of the high-born, brilliant, beautiful, wealthy, and proud Lady Florence Lascelles who, adoring him in secret, and with a noble enthusiasm, becomes his unknown correspondent, his monitor, his guardian angel, the inspirer of every noble thought and act for his country and mankind. It looks like poverty of resource to find so many women condemned to the same destiny—hopeless love; for Florence is not beloved. But we have nothing to say to the noble-minded Lady Florence or her story. The plot hinges there, on the black villany of her cousin Ferrers. Let us stick by Alice. One day Ernest chanced to visit the chapel of a celebrated mountebank preacher, accompanied by an Italian poet—another character very ably drawn, but a secondary personage, at this time, in the drama. While the discourse was drawing to a close—

The dim outline of a female form, in the distance, rivetted the eyes and absorbed the thoughts of Maltravers. The chapel was darkened, though it was broad daylight; and the face of the person that attracted Ernest's attention was concealed by her head-dress and veil. But that bend of the neck, so simply graceful, so humbly modest, recalled to his heart but one image. . . The more intently he gazed, the more firmly Ernest was persuaded that he saw before him the long-lost, the never-to-be-forgotten mistress of his boyish days, and his first love. On one side of the lady in question sat an elderly gentleman, whose eyes were fixed upon the preacher;—on the other, a beautiful little girl, with long fair ringlets, and that cast of features which, from its exquisite

delicacy and expressive mildness, painters and poets call the "angelic." These persons appeared to belong to the same party. Maltravers literally trembled, so great were his impatience and agitation.

It was Alice. She was lost in the crowd. For many succeeding Sundays he returned; but she appeared no more. But at last consolation came. "He saw her in reputable, nay, opulent circumstances." "He would sleep in peace." "She was not a wanderer upon the face of the earth who had slept in his bosom."

Was she married to that staid and sober-looking personage whom he had beheld with her? was that child the offspring of their union? He hoped so—for he loved her now as a brother. Poor Alice! could she have dreamed, when she lay at his feet gazing up into his eyes, that a time would come when Maltravers would thank God for the belief that she was happy with another!

Ernest Maltravers now felt a new man: the relief of conscience operated on his literary compositions. A more buoyant and elastic spirit entered into them—they seemed to breathe as with a second youth.

Alice was the wife of Mr Templeton, the rich banker, and the same plebeian uncle from whom Lumley Ferrers expected a great fortune, until he had somewhere picked up this mysterious young widow and her lovely child. But Lumley was not a man to be easily disconcerted or driven from his point. His machinations to separate Lady Florence from Maltravers, to cajole his vulgarly ambitious uncle, and forward his selfish and villanous schemes, are often improbable, and break in upon the identity of the character. Another puzzle for the reader is, What is to become of Ferrers in the future volumes? Poetic justice must be satisfied; and the author, at the close, leaves himself a clear stage. Lady Florence, rather tedious on her death-bed, is killed off; and Lord Vargrave, the sanctified banker, having gained one grand object of his worldly ambition, a peerage, is also sent abruptly home, having made a will, bequeathing his step-daughter at eighteen, and an immense fortune, to Lumley. Even the base nature of Ferrers—now Lord Vargrave, in Parliament, and a flaming orator—feels the moral beauty of the ever-pensive, subdued, and retiring wife and widow of his late uncle. On a lovely May morning, some months after the death of Lady Florence and the banker, and when Ernest, sickening at life and all its interests—annoyed, too, by malignant and petulant criticism of those writings whose beauty she had felt so deeply and admired so much—had abandoned his Parliamentary duties, and gone abroad, Ferrers sate alone,

By the window in his late uncle's villa, in his late uncle's easy chair—his eyes were resting musingly on the green lawn on which the windows opened, or rather on two forms that were seated upon a rustic bench in the middle of the sward. One was the widow in her weeds, the other was that fair and lovely child destined to be the bride of the new lord. . . . Lumley gazed on them both, and on the child more earnestly. "She is very lovely," he said; "she will be very rich. After all, I am not to be pitted. I am a peer, and I have enough to live upon at present. I am a rising man—our party want peers; and, though I could not have had more than a *subaltern's* seat at the Treasury Board six months ago, when I was an active, zealous, able commoner, now that I am a *lord*, with what they call a stake in the country,

I may open my mouth and—bless me!—I know not how many windfalls may drop in! My uncle was wiser than I thought, in wrestling for this peerage, which he won and I wear!—Then, by-and-by, just at the age when I want to marry and have an heir, (and a pretty wife saves one a vast deal of trouble,) 200,000*l.* and a young beauty! Come, come, I have strong cards in my hands, if I play them tolerably. I must take care that she falls desperately in love with me. Leave me alone for that—I know the sex, and have never failed except in—Ah, that poor Florence! Well, it is no use regretting!"

Thus ends the first portion of the work, "with what, though rare in novels, is common in human life—the affliction of the good, the triumph of the unprincipled."

Come we now to our third romance, "Concealment"—ill-omened name, and most effective in concealing a carefully-finished and very meritorious fiction. "Concealment" is a novel of the Edgeworth school, with a pleasant dash of Madame D'Arblay and Miss Austin. Its moral object is to inculcate sincerity and truthfulness, or rather those habits and principles and that strength of mind upon which truth depends. By no direct failure in truth, not even by the lie acted—but by the want of the moral courage requisite in a great emergency, a lovely, and amiable, and passionately-beloved young woman, involves a whole family in the deepest distress, and her husband in disgrace and misery. She expiates the crime of bigamy by remorse, penitence, and death. We do not mean to enter upon the story; and, to say truth, there is nothing more in it than a thread upon which to hang the variety of well-sustained characters who carry forward the business to the catastrophe, and secure the purpose of revealing the author's opinion on men and women, morals, manners, politics, poetry, and literature. In the character of Lady Darcy, the author has developed the idea of a woman coming as near perfection as humanity permits: self-sustained—how different from self-sufficing!—and self-denying; dignified, nobly-principled, affectionate, earnest, devoted to those she loved, and continually doing good—a Christian heroine, in short; and emphatically a *gentlewoman* as distinguished from a mere lady. We must, however, leave this beautiful character, and the no less engaging younger heroine, Clara, to the reader's study. The minor personages are less in danger of suffering from our partial representations. There is, first, Mrs Winifred Loraine, an ancient maiden gentlewoman, the kinswoman and hereditary appendage of an aristocratic family, who is the type of thousands of a class that would be amusing were they not really more mischievous than the feebleness of their intellect and the absurdity of their prejudices render probable. The hold this lady has over her proud relation—himself a capital moral portrait—is thus accounted for:—

It was one of Sir Edward's "blessed inconsistencies," that, with all his contempt for weakness in general, he always exacted from others, and paid himself, the most punctilious respect to Mrs Winifred. This arose partly from feeling annoyed that one of his name should be so low in the scale of intellect, and he supposed this to be

the only way of counteracting the insignificance into which she would otherwise have fallen; and partly because she was dependant, and he was too gentlemanlike in feeling to allow others to discover this from his manner towards her. She had two especial points of violence, almost of delirium—her religion and her politics—or, as she herself expressed it, “her King and her God.” These were so identified in her mind, that the terms “Atheist” and “Republican” were with her almost synonymous, and were indiscriminately bestowed on all who differed from her in opinion. Yet, with all this, there was such an absence of malice, the mind was so perfectly clear of guile, even the guile of concealing its own defects, that those who were most the objects of her dislike could not be persuaded to return it. It seemed strange that one so destitute of the reasoning faculties should have perplexed her small apprehensions with those subjects on which even the strongest heads are apt to go astray; and it could only be explained by her having spent her youth with a grandmother, whose grandmother had, when a child, sat on the knee of Charles I.; and having herself been betrothed to a gallant captain who was killed by the monsters of the American revolution.

This old lady, one day, hears that the heir, the representative of the family, is to be married to a foreigner:—

“So, ladies, you have come at last;—that I have lived to see this day—this dreadful day! the heir of Sir Edward Lorraine married to an Indian—a black heathen!” “An Indian! my dear Mrs Winifred—an Italian you mean—a beautiful Italian,” said Clare, eagerly, glad to have the power of alleviating the blow.

“He told me it was an Indian; but it is all the same—these Italians are as bad as heathens; and almost as black. The Pope is an Italian; I know all about it—my great-grandmother married an Italian, and she ran away, and left her with five children. O Lord! have mercy upon us!”

“Oh! Baroness Darcy, if you had but allowed him to be disinherited, I might have died in peace. I always thought he would bring disgrace on the family. But what’s her name? Am I to hear nothing about it, but what that old painting man told me? Sir Edward would have told me first; that he would—but times are changed now.”

“Her name is Theresa Doria; she is of a noble Italian family.”

“A noble family—the name of a fish—I remember ’em at Bath—the John Dorys—I always hated ’em. She’s a nun, too, I suppose; they’re all nuns in Italy. Is she a nun?”

But Mr O’Connell is the awful bug-a-boo of this ancient spinster and her compeers. We are not sure but that the “Liberator” has a piece of Mrs Winifred’s death to answer for. She has a congenial, or rather an appropriate gossip in Miss Catt, an individual of the *Pratt* genus. Those inferior personages, some of whom must be from the life, with the family group of the Mactavishes of Castle Avish, for whose identity we pledge ourselves, might make the fortune of a novel altogether, independently of its higher characters and main interest. The five or six young ladies of Castle Avish, hearing that their new neighbour, Clare Lorraine, the protégée of Lady Darcy, was a beauty and an heiress, made up their minds that she might, by a small degree of condescension on the part of the family, be a match for their brother, the heir. The scene is very clever and admirably truthful.

Spring is said to be the season of hope, and hope the prototype of spring—therefore August may safely be said to be the spring of the Highlands, for it is then the lairds begin to live, the moor-game to die—the heath to bloom, and the ladies to dress. As it was now approaching this

season of mighty import, the family of the Laird of Mactavish, of Castle Avish, presented the usual appearance of “big and busy enterprise.” The young ladies, four in number, were seen presiding from dawn to twilight over the labours of their sewing handmaidens—taking sleeves of moderate dimensions from the gowns of last year, and cutting up webs of muslin and tulle into gigantic gignots, and overpowering pelerines. The mamma of the family was equally occupied with forward-looking thoughts in her own department, and delighted to see her girls so usefully and properly employed. She had arranged, in her mind’s eye, the deserts of the first week after the 12th—which was the important week—and had thrown herself into an arm-chair after this great mental effort, to enjoy the sweets of repose, and to admire her daughters, who were that day in the agonies of composing a cape, to make a dinner gown act the part of a morning one, if necessary. Do not let it be supposed we think lightly of such efforts; we have too often suffered from the want of such *prevoyance* to feel anything but admiration, which word sometimes means wonder. The young laird of the family was by no means idle during this universal activity of mind and finger. His vocation was to exercise and whip his dogs, preparatory to the important day, and occasionally to stride in amongst his family, to be admired in his new shooting dress, and to report to them the news of the country. The old laird was still in existence, but was kept much in the background; and to him the month of August brought nothing but neglect.

Mr Fergus M’Tavish—or, as he was called in the district, Captain Fergus, being a lieutenant on half-pay—was a tall, slim man, with a small skull, and a bushy crop of good dark hair. His whiskers were much cultivated, his head much elongated from his neck, by a black stiff stock, his nose hooked, his colour good, and he was altogether what is called a very handsome young man; he had of course the military air, and was, besides, the heir of Castle Avish, and the chief of that ancient clan. He was an only son, had been brought up at home, and had joined the army at a time when no battles were to be fought, except at balls, and no sieges to be attempted, but ladies’ hearts. On the day we have mentioned, Mr Fergus M’Tavish made his appearance in a new shooting dress, and, striding up to the drawing-room mirror, exclaimed, in a voice as good-natured as its harshness would allow—

“Well, girls, what do you say to this?”

“Oh, beautiful, Fergus!—never saw you look so well—the fit behind is beautiful,” exclaimed five voices at once.

“I thought you would all like it—it certainly does set off my figure; I think I told you before what the honourable Miss Montjoy, at Cheltenham, once said to me.”

“What did she say, Fergus, darling?” said Mrs M’Tavish; “I like to know about such good company.”

“Yes, she certainly is a devilish fine woman; why, she said, in her *impressée* manner, ‘Mr M’Tavish, your figure is so fine that your tailor has no merit; you would become any coat.’ Well, but girls, I have famous news for you; some of you must be off this year. Who do you think has taken Leven Farm?”

“I hope it is an officer,” said Miss Lilly M’Tavish, who was yet innocent enough to think that all officers were heroes.

“Faith, Lilly, it’s much better than an officer; they are often poor enough, but this is a man of great fortune, heir to a title too. His name is Arundel; he is to have a large party after the 12th, and he is coming to-morrow to look about him. Now, I think if we strike in at first!”

Mrs M’Tavish looked alarmed at this unexpected overturn of her domestic arrangements.

“I think that would look pushing, Fergus darling; but, on the 12th, I would certainly invite him, and as often after as you like. And, Fergus dear, I’ll tell you what I have been thinking about for you—I hear there is a Miss Lorraine coming with Lady Darcy, and that she is likely to get Glenleven, and a great deal more:

now, don't you think that would be a nice catch for you?"

"Faith, mother, that's a good idea; that is to say, if the girl's presentable. I could not do with an ugly one; the officers would quiz me to death, for they called me a great beauty-fancier; and, to tell the truth, some beauties have fancied me. Is she young, mother?"

"Mrs Becky M'Intyre told my Lizzy she was quite young, and very comely; she has a brother a baronet, and she's a cousin of Lady Darcy."

"That all sounds well—the sister of a baronet; it would do, and Glenleven would be a nice addition to us. I've a good mind to walk down, and ask when they are expected. So, good bye, girls, and make haste with your gowns. Eh, do you think Miss Lorraine will have me?" taking a last look at the mirror.

"Have you?" said the admiring group, while a loud laugh and five giggles succeeded this modest interrogation.

We finish the sketch with the first visit of the Mactavishes of Castle Tavish.

The story was scarcely concluded before the clan Tavish made their appearance in great force; all the young ladies being too impatient to see their future sister-in-law at the same moment to consent to separate. The family coach had therefore been filled outside and in, and the young laird, his portly mother, and four blooming sisters poured in upon the unconscious trio. Mr Fergus made the opening speeches, in his most striking manner; his *entrées* was a remarkable contrast to the polished tranquillity of their late visitors. He was in a military undress, and contrived to turn and twist himself round for the purpose of exhibiting the fit of his coat behind, which was evidently the idol of his imagination.

"Hope your Ladyship has quite recovered from the fatigues of your voyage. I consider myself most fortunate in having this day, before our important business commences, to wait upon your Ladyship and Miss Lorraine, particularly after our romantic meeting in the wood. I told my sisters, and advised them to do the same. Ha! ha! ha!" "Don't you find it takes your hair sadly out of curl, so early in the day, too?" said Miss Maria M'Tavish, in a confidential tone, to Clare who sat near her. "Walking in the woods, do you mean? No, it makes no difference to me; and if it did, I believe I should still do it." "No difference! how very strange now! Do tell me if you have been out this morning, that I may judge; but, perhaps, your hair has a natural curl, and that makes such a difference. I am sure it has, by the way it falls. Fergus's does, and I think that's the reason he always looks so handsome; many gentlemen look better at one time than another; but he always looks the same." "Indeed!" said Clare, "that is unusual." "Oh! how I wish my hair curled as yours does! Do you know of anything new that makes the hair look as if it curled naturally? I should so like it—there is nothing in the world I think so important as fine hair." Clare was saved from a reply by an appeal from Miss Lilly M'Tavish, a younger sister, whose desideratum was next to be attended to. "Miss Lorraine, can you allow me to copy any new military airs you may have brought with you from the south? We are expecting Captain Twistlemere of the Hussars, and he is so fond of military music. He says it always puts him in mind of battles. I should like so much to have some pretty airs to play to him." "I am sorry I am not musical; but some new music is mentioned here," taking up a journal from the table; "you may, perhaps, like to look over it." "Dear me, don't you play?" Fergus, Miss Lorraine can't play!—dear me!" Miss Lilly's simplicity called forth a frown from her brother, and she busied herself forthwith in her list of music. Clare liked her the best of the party, and was going to give her some further information when the solemn Miss Maria again assailed her. "Miss Lorraine, have you seen Mr Arundel?" "Yes, he was here this morning." "Did you ever see hair so beautifully kept? What a time it must take to brush it!" "I am not sure that I observed it particularly."

Captain Twistlemere's hair is a prettier colour; but

then it does not look quite so well attended to." "What colour is Captain Twistlemere's hair?" "I think it is nearly the colour of yours; perhaps not quite so dark an auburn, but near it." While this wise discourse was going on at one sofa, Lady Darcy was the victim of something equally profound at the other. Mr Fergus talked—the sisters giggled at his wit, and the mother inwardly rejoiced at the impression he must be making. After a pressing invitation was given to dine and spend a few days at Castle Arish, the following week, the visit came to an end, Mr Fergus casting, as he departed, an irresistible look at Miss Lorraine, and hoping that they might enjoy another romantic walk together, as charming as the last.

The modest proposal of Captain Fergus to Clare, is as rich a "popping the question" as we have met with; but we leave it to the curiosity of young ladies. It is enough that

With a profound bow, which was intended by its elegance to plant daggers in Miss Lorraine's bosom, Captain Fergus strode off to his steed, whipping the innocent bushes as he went, while Clare, tired, disturbed, and disappointed, retreated to her own room, to ponder over what had passed, and to moralize on that strange animal man, and his various appearances. When she related the adventure to her cousin, which she did with much comic effect, Lady Darcy's remark was:—

"Well, I am sorry for what he has suffered; but you could not avoid saying what you did; it may perhaps do him good."

"No," replied Clare, "I fear it may do him harm; for hatred is worse than vanity, and he certainly can hate, although I entirely acquit him of all love."

Captain Twistlemere, the only son of a rich and fashionable Cheltenham widow—we say Cheltenham widow, holding it as equally characteristic with wife of Bath—is, meanwhile, during his grouse-shooting, captivated by the charms of Miss Lilly Mactavish. When Fergus, "nursing his wrath," reaches home, he sees a carriage, which is rather a phenomenon in the Highlands, and "posting and reeking horses," on the castle lawn.

"What can this be about?" said Fergus to himself, striding into the house, "some more English insolence, I suppose. But Lilly shan't be cheated—that she shan't!"

As he approached the drawing-room, he heard female voices in sharp and angry variety of discord, and occasionally a man's voice attempting to interpose between the disputing parties. He listened for a minute or two; but, curious to see as well as to hear, he opened the door, and walked in. He found the scene within equal to the sound without. Mrs Twistlemere, whose back was towards the door, was a tall, well-dressed, fashionable Irish widow of forty. The back and sleeves, skirt, collar, and bonnet, were evidently the work of able *artistes*, and the Hibernian block on which they were established gave an unction to the whole. She was standing in the middle of the room, pouring forth every irritating invective which the genius of her country and of her sex could supply, against poor Mrs M'Tavish, who, meek and helpless, wordless and stingsless, had sunk into her easy chair, quite exhausted with the defence she had made of the M'Tavish versus the Twistlemere pedigree.

The gentleman who stood meekly beside the widow was a little fat man, in a green coat and drab conclusions. He was her agent, and one of the guardians of young Twistlemere, who, seeing nothing in the general look of affairs so degrading to the house of Twistlemere, and, being aware of the extreme folly of his ward, and of his ward's mamma, was very desirous to make things verge towards an amicable arrangement.

The close is admirable. Fergus marries the dashing widow, and becomes father-in-law to his brother-in-law. In another vein, we give a random specimen or two of a work into which we

should have liked to enter fully, had any opportunity offered, before, in these days of hot haste, twenty newer books had overlaid it for a time. With these specimens, we commit "Concealment" to the patient excavators of the library. Unhappily there are now no patient excavators of the periodical press, and a book destined to emerge is still as good as manuscript. Here, first, is the spirit of tolerance, or, better, of Christian charity.

Mr Delaney, the chaplain of the de Clifton family was a person who would have been an honour to any church, and his society proved a great pleasure to the circle into which he was thus accidentally introduced.

No one rejoiced more sincerely than Lady Darcy did, at finding goodness and piety anywhere, and it perhaps gave her the more pleasure to discover it amongst the Romish priesthood, because, from the unlimited power of the office in that church, she less expected to find that union of holiness and humility which a "steward of the mysteries" is so solemnly enjoined to possess.

In her own intercourse with Theresa, she avoided all controversy, being thoroughly persuaded that life is too short, and human reason too imperfect, to correct the speculative errors of others, and that all the good that can be effected by one human being towards another, must be by the silent influence of example, rather than by the force of argument and the strife of words.

Her indulgence to errors of faith arose, not from indifference to the spiritual condition of her fellow-creatures, but from a deep sense of human weakness, and an abiding sense of divine power and mercy. Where she saw a mind, darkened by ignorance, or misled by sin, she spared no pains, no prayers, to enlighten and to heal; but where others denounced, she was silent; where others feared, she hoped. She was, however, in no degree blind to the different shades of character or of creeds.

Our next specimen shall be an ingenious estimate of character:—

It happened one evening, about this time, when the Hall and Cottage inmates were assembled as usual, that the conversation turned on examples of elevated virtue, and Herbert called upon the party to name those personifications of excellence, real or fictitious, which had exercised most power over the minds of the assembled group.

"I am sure," he said, "you will all agree that '*la dame de mes pensées*' is most unexceptionable, and she has the merit of being a real personage, although best known to us by her fictitious name; I mean 'Jeanie Deane.'—Young Stuart, who read the book to me with true spirit, said, his sister would have acted as she did in the same circumstances. Now, Willoughby, let us have your lady or ladies."

"If you allow of two," Willoughby said, "I think mine must be Madame Roland and Mrs Unwin—one the heroine of my youth, the other of my age. You may laugh, but I can defend my choice. Lady Darcy, we call upon you for your heroes."

"I am disposed to bear you company," she said,

smiling, "and take Cowper and La Fayette. Now Theresa, it is your turn."

Theresa shook her head, and saying, "Clare, you must speak for me," she went on with her embroidery.

"I am afraid," said Clare, "I am not so moderate as any one of you; but am like a child when asked who it likes best. How many may I have?"

"Not more than three," said Herbert.

"Only three—and one for Theresa, as she has deputed me to choose. I say, in her name, Max Piccolomini; and in my own, at the risk of being thought even more wild than Mr Willoughby—Don Quixote, John Howard, and Hamlet."

Clare's trio were received with some merriment, and Willoughby said—

"As illustrations, I suppose you mean, of the purest heroism, the truest philanthropy, and the highest intellect."

"Exactly," said Clare, blushing. "Thank you for helping me out with my meaning; how do you justify your own choice of two such very opposite ladies? I conclude that you admire the one for her talents, and the other for her patient friendship?"

"Yes, and I love both for that self-devotion to what they felt to be right, for that steadfastness of virtue which enabled them to act and suffer up to their own principles. Mrs Unwin seems to me unequalled in the annals of enduring friendship, and Madame Roland still rises, amid those fearful days, as the one unsullied landmark of the cause she could not save."

"Yes," said Lady Darcy, "she has always seemed to me a marvellous creature. In her country and age, to be so faultless a wife, so tender a mother, so warm a friend, and, if I recollect right, so dutiful a daughter to a father she could not respect—all this, apart from her great ability, makes her character truly worthy of admiration."

"I am delighted to have you on my side," said Willoughby, "because it convinces me I am right. She was a beautiful illustration of what human philosophy, enriched by the affections of woman, can accomplish. Mrs Unwin's philosophy was divine—the highest and the holiest, and one cannot but feel that, so far as action is concerned, there might be many more Madame Rolands than Mrs Unwins; but in both, there was that preferring of others to themselves, which is of all qualities of our nature the most approaching to the divine."

"And which," said Herbert, "my heroine possessed in perfection, with, at the same time, the strictest sense of truth and justice. Many people can make great sacrifices for those they love; but few have the moral courage to love truth better than the object of their affection."

As Herbert said this, he rose and approached the fire. Lady Darcy and Willoughby turned towards him; but Clare's attention was arrested by Theresa's appearance, which betokened strong internal agitation, produced by what Herbert was saying.

Theresa, it may be noticed, is the unhappy wife, whose *guilty concealment* gives the name and the tragic interest to a work which we leave to make its own way. All that it requires is to be known.

THE WIND UNBOUND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TIM BOBBIN'S GRAVE."

GOD doth unbind the unchained wind;

He bids him go, and he straightway goeth.

The mighty one from the Lord is gone—

O'er ocean wide and o'er land he bloweth.

From mountain peak doth he terror shake;

'Mid caverned echoes he wildly crieth;

His wings descend where the pine woods bend;

Over desert plain in thick cloud he lieth.

On moonless night doth he take his flight;

Star-spangled regions he then exploreth;

Flings wide his pinions in heaven's dominions;

And to God's own palace-gate he seareth.

Then back he bends, and to earth descends;

Cloud-rending stormer! the world he shaketh;

Fale fear lies waiting, the brave are quailing;

The proud he humbles, the strong he breaketh.

On shoreless main when his path is ta'en,

Howling he calls on that 'whelming ocean;

The great deep cleaveth, the billow heaveth,

And wind and flood meet in dire commotion.

No ship may ride through that dreadful tide;

Stark horror yells, every hope denyng;

The fierce wind breaketh, the wave down taketh—

O God! have mercy upon the dying!

STRICTURES ON WILLIAM HOWITT'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

BY A MEMBER OF THAT SOCIETY.*

"Now for consistency, where is thy merit?
Thou sayest that thou a Quaker art in spirit.
Spirit must have a mode to manifest
his latent essences, as trees are dressed
According to their kind; for trees and fruits
Declare the nature of their hidden roots."—KNOWLES.

FRIEND TAYLOR,—In the two articles written by William Howitt, on "The Society of Friends, as it was and as it is," addressed to the public, as well as to the members of that body—as a member of the same, to whom he appeals for the truth and correctness of his picture, I am desirous of replying to a few of his observations, wherein I do not think he has correctly given our reasons for some of our peculiar practices, although, in the main, I admit that his portraiture of our religious society (for in no other light did we ever consider our associating together) is generally faithful and correct. But, although I admit the truth of his picture, and consider that, in describing our peculiarities, he may be well qualified for his undertaking, from his being brought up and educated amongst us, which has given him a knowledge he scarcely could otherwise have acquired; yet, perhaps, the unprejudiced reader in favour of any of our views, may scarcely believe that he has entirely acquitted himself of any other motive than the reasons which he adduces, for refusing to subscribe to those views wherein he, in common with others, dissents from us. If, therefore, the columns of the widely-circulated periodical which has admitted, I believe, three pretty long articles on our body from the same pen, remain open for any of its members to testify to the truth, or correct any misapprehension of our views that may be contained therein, I am anxious to step forward for the further elucidation of some points in which William Howitt does not hesitate publicly to join issue with the religious society of which I understand him to be an acknowledged member. And, in so doing, he appears, through the medium of a political periodical, in the character of a reformer ecclesiastical. I never heard of any suggestion from

* From principle and prudence we eschew religious controversy, especially where the difference lies rather in words than in essentials. But, as this amicable explanation affects not merely the opinions of an individual, but of a large religious society, and as the respectable quarter whence it emanates is known to us, we shall for once break through our rule. In our opinion, the entire subject of debate between Mr Howitt and our correspondents arises from the latter interpreting too narrowly the text—"The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive." We may observe that the address to the Queen, cited against Friend Howitt, in proof of the bad taste of his lax notions about the use of the plural pronoun, is scarcely fair; as, in a document so grave, the Quaker use of the pronoun is peculiarly emphatic. Neither Mr Howitt, nor any one, even among "the world's people," could, we apprehend, object to its use in this instance, where the effect is, to our feeling, impressive and solemn. —R. T. M.

his pen in doctrine or practice, or of his offering anything for our consideration, in the way of exhortation, through any of the usual mediums adopted by those in membership with us. But, presuming our principles were too little known, and charging us with hiding our light under a bushel, he proceeds at once to comment upon our rise as a distinct church, on the characters of those who were made instrumental in forming it, and holds up what he describes as our principles and practice, contradistinguishing them from others, and invites all to come to the light of truth.

So far as the principles we profess are found to be truth, I hope all will obey the call to an impartial investigation; and if, upon inquiry, we have been forced to produce the fruits in our practice that are awarded to us, let the tree be judged of by its fruits. If, with all our imperfections as individuals, and I acknowledge they are not a few, our peculiar views and principles continue to produce the honesty, the extended philanthropy and benevolence towards ourselves and others, which many of the censorious freely award us, I say, let our principles, and our peculiar practice also, be judged of by the fruits they produce; for, if we are in reality what our friend describes us to be, perhaps few will blame us for not being in haste to put the chief recommendations which he suggests for our further improvement, into immediate operation—viz., a few tunes on the piano, the violin, the guitar, or some other fashionable instrument; a greater cultivation of the fine arts, of painting and sculpture; a more extended and latitudinarian taste for literature—especially works of fancy—in which he considers too restricted, although he admits that "almost all kinds of books, that are strictly of a pure and laudable kind, they read and enjoy, especially history, natural history, and science, and that in science some of the Society are well known to the public." He admits, also, that "the Friends are now great admirers of nature; no people are more frequently seen among the visitors of our mountains and lakes than they;" and that "a considerable number extend their visits to the cities and scenery of the Continent." If this statement, then, be correct, it appears that we have hitherto preferred nature to art, both in investigation and contemplation. What the probable effect might be, by a more devoted attention to the latter, without any depreciation of the former, will be, perhaps, best answered by an inquiry respecting the characters of artists generally, and their patrons; the lovers

and composers of music, and those gifted with and devoted to the development of musical talent. Is it found that the cultivation of these give dignity to the character, or have a tendency to call forth or adorn it with the graces and virtues of Christianity? If not, why does our friend endeavour to lead away his fellow-members from the *useful* pursuits which he describes them to be engaged in?

The style in which he details our mode of officially acknowledging those who appear as ministers amongst us, I think, sufficiently indicates that it does not meet with his entire approbation, although he does not expressly say so, or find fault with us on that account. But he says, that, in every meeting "there are two or more persons, of both sexes, who are *supposed* to live closely under the divine influence, under the name of elders, whose office it is to judge of the authenticity of such public effusions; in other words, to exercise the office of spiritual tasters." Now, it appears to me an omission not to state that these elders are elected or chosen for their office by the meeting at large, for their consistent life and conversation, and general virtue; and, on this *supposition* alone, practically exemplified, are they considered by the body "as living most closely under the divine influence;" their lives practically evincing that they are in measure "renewed in the spirit of their minds," again into the image of Him who created them, and, therefore, "most fit to exercise the office of spiritual tasters." Does the author of the "History of Priestcraft" find fault with the mode, or is he so much a lover of latitudinarianism in this respect, as entirely to set aside the judgment of his fellow-members, and allow of uncontrolled freedom?

Again, if William Howitt, when speaking of family visits, in sincerity can say "that I have felt on such occasions a sense of the beautiful purity and cementing spirit of Christian love, such as no other services have called forth," why does he endeavour to derogate from their usefulness, by saying—"he had more than once heard them predict strange things to different individuals," and then, by relating a prediction in his own case, that he says was not verified, practically say that he believed them to be all delusions? And then follows the observation—"I do not here, of course, concern myself with the propriety or impropriety of the practice." This is, I suppose, what he means by the language—"I have not hesitated to praise what I admire, and to speak frankly of things as they are."

Our ancient scriptural and grammatical language of *thou* to one person, and *you* to two or more, according to our friend, is not now *grammatical*, whatever it might be formerly, as grammar is established by custom, which is against us. I admit that, for the last two or three centuries, the *plural* pronoun has been in almost general use for the singular. But custom is ancient usage; and the practice of mankind in all nations, from the beginning of the world, is

for us. Yet custom can no more change numbers than genders. If *thou* is to be discarded, let us have a distinguishing word in the room of *you*, to be used in speech to more than one. I know words are nothing, but as we give them a value or meaning by use. But *thou*, as singular, was used in the Hebrew, Assyrian, Chaldean, Grecian, and Latin speech; and now, in the modern tongues—amongst the Turks, Tartars, Muscovites, Indians, Persians, Italians, Spanish, French, Dutch, Germans, Polonians, Swedes, Danes, as well as English—there is a distinction preserved. Although some of these modern tongues have fallen into the same practice, yet, in some cases, they are obliged to use the singular pronoun. In law, our indictments still run in the singular number, which cannot be avoided without great circumlocution. Therefore, if this be admitted, I think our friend's assertion is not made out—that the use of *thou* is a "violation of modern grammar," though it may be of modern practice. William Penn, in speaking of the origin of this modern custom, says—"It seems the word *thou* looked like too lean and thin a respect; and, therefore, some bigger than they should be would have a style suitable to their own ambition." William Howitt asserts this cause is removed. I suppose he will argue that the prevalence of the practice has removed the cause. That must, I think, be matter of opinion. He does not say that the pride of humanity is removed. However, he appears to consider there is now no occasion for this "outward testimony." Yet, perhaps, he will allow me to place before him the reason which had most weight with William Penn, as he informs us in his "No Cross, no Crown:"—"Because it is a most extravagant piece of pride in a mortal man, to require or expect from his fellow-creature a more civil speech or grateful language than he is wont to give the immortal God, and his Creator, in all his worship to him. Art thou, O man, greater than he that made thee! Canst thou approach the God of thy breath, and great judge of thy life, with *thou* and *thee*, and, when thou risest off thy knees, scorn a Christian for giving to thee (poor mushroom of the earth) no better language than that thou hast given to God just before?" Is, then, our friend's assertion, that "the language has now firmly settled into the other form," a sufficient proof, so long as man cannot, yea, *dare* not approach his Maker with any other language than that which he knows to be right and grammatical?

The following address to the Queen, on her accession, is a specimen of our style and grammar, but apparently repudiated by the author of the "History of Priestcraft." It might, perhaps, be more popular and modern written in the usual style; but is it less manly and respectful?

TO VICTORIA, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging:—

May it please the Queen,
We, thy dutiful and loyal subjects, Members of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers,

and representing that body in Great Britain and Ireland, are anxious to take the earliest opportunity of thus expressing our cordial and faithful attachment to our Queen.

We sensibly feel the loss of our late beloved Monarch, King William the Fourth. We look back upon his reign as a period of no common importance in the history of our country, marked as it has been by the extension of civil and religious liberty, by mercy and compassion to the guilty, and by the recognition of the rights of our enslaved fellow-subjects. We rejoice in these features of his government, as evidences of the increasing sway of Christian principle in the legislation of our country.

Under feelings of thankfulness to Almighty God, we offer to thee, our Queen, on thy accession to the Throne of these Realms, our sincere congratulations on the prevalence of peace abroad and tranquillity at home. May nothing be permitted to interrupt these blessings, and may the conviction more and more prevail, that war is alike anti-Christian and impolitic.

Convinced as we are, that the religion of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Redeemer, is the only foundation for the true happiness of man and the prosperity of a people, and that it is the surest bulwark to any government, our prayer to God is, that it may be the stability of thy throne, and may influence all the deliberations of thy council.

Be pleased, O Queen, to accept our earnest and heartfelt desire, that thou mayest seek for heavenly wisdom, to enable thee to fulfil the arduous duties which, in the ordering of Divine providence, thou art thus early called to perform. Mayest thou live in the fear of God, and may he incline thy heart to keep his law, and richly endow thee with the graces of his Holy Spirit. And at length, when the days of thy delegated trust on earth are ended, mayest thou, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, enter upon an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Signed by us, members of a meeting appointed to represent the said religious Society in Great Britain and Ireland.

(Fifty-two Names.)

London, the 12th day of the 7th month, 1837.

With respect to dress, I have little to observe. This must, and has always been, left to individual taste and approval; and, if we do not adopt a "rational conformity to the genius of the national costume," I presume it is because it has been found that the best plan of preserving a simplicity amidst the variations of fashion, has been to adopt a particular mode. The Society never held out any form for its members to adopt. The query on this subject is simply this—"Do our members train up their children, servants, and those under their care, in a religious life and conversation, consistent with our Christian professions, and in plainness of speech, behaviour, and apparel?" What peculiarities in dress individuals may adopt inconsistent with plainness, have ever been repudiated. But if any member do not approve of another's dress, he is under no obligation to imitate it. Yet a plainness, and general uniformity, has still been preserved amongst those who abide by our "outward and visible testimonies," as our friend calls them, and by which peculiarities a Quaker is distinguished all over the world. And all those who profess unity with their views, and not in these particulars, are not deemed strictly consistent members of their profession, as they are not adopted from *peculiarity* but *principle*, and nothing short of principle ever has been able consistently to carry them out.

Much more might have been said on this subject; but I am not so anxious to extend my observations, as to place these things in their true light—namely, as the "mint, annise, and cummin" of the law; which ought not to be neglected, although the weightier matters of judgment, mercy, and truth, are the chief. If, like the Pharisees of old, we make our religion altogether in the former, and overlook the latter, we are justly condemned. But, from the flattering picture our friend has given of us in his last essay, we are far from that state, although the danger is predicted. Perhaps he may think we should be in less were we entirely to conform to the world around us, and allow an observance of the weightier matters alone to distinguish us; but nonconformity to prevailing fashions, in small things, where it arises from a purely conscientious motive, will always command the respect of good men.

In conclusion, I invite all to an investigation of our doctrines and practices, and to compare them with the written revelation of truth, and example of the true Church in all ages, as recorded in the Holy Scriptures. To this standard we appeal. We have no new doctrine or practice, as a body, that is not in accordance with this record. A new edition of "George Fox's Journal" is just published in two duodecimo volumes, and may be had through the medium of any bookseller, at a very moderate price. Let the unprejudiced reader, who is anxious for the inquiry, read an account of his labours and sufferings in the cause he advocated; of his intrepid courage upon all occasions, and under every circumstance, which nothing but an unshaken faith and confidence in the reality of that which he emphatically preached and styled "the Truth"—namely, the *inward* and *spiritual* work and operation of religion on the heart; and that which he considered to be his peculiar message, to use his own phraseology, to turn the minds of all to the "teaching of the grace of God in themselves." He, and his followers, in supporting, looking up to, and inquiring of a separate order of men, set apart by the State, for the substance of religion, found out their delusion, that they had *spent their money for that which was not bread, and their labour for that which satisfied not.*—Isaiah, lv. 2. To use the language of Dr Fothergill, one of their most exemplary and distinguished members, for piety as well as talents:—"They found themselves impoverished amidst the imaginary treasure of exterior profession, and famished amongst the multiplicity of forms. Their situation was like that of the poor woman mentioned in Mark, v. 26, *who had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.* In this exercised condition, labouring and heavy laden, they remained without any prospect of relief from exterior rites and observations, having proved their inefficacy by long trial. They therefore turned towards God, and earnestly sought Him whom the Father had appointed, to give rest to the weary soul. The anxious concern of their

minds was evident, and sometimes might occasion, upon divers of them, the literal accomplishment of that most necessary injunction, Phil. ii. 12—'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.' Hence, the name of *Quakers* was given to them, at first in scorn, and by many continued from the same motive. The apprehension of imminent danger to the *body* hath often produced this effect without reproach to the parties affected; and why should it be thought to merit any epithet of contempt, to tremble at the sense of danger to that *immortal part*, which must inevitably abide the decisive sentence, of 'Come, ye blessed!' or, 'Go, ye cursed!' I freely and thus publicly acknowledge, that, notwithstanding the contempt poured upon the name of a *Quaker*, I would rather sustain it with propriety than any of the most dignified titles among the sons of men. But to proceed:—A degree of divine light arose in their minds to shew them wherein the essential light consisted, which was accompanied by faith in the name of Jesus Christ, by whom salvation and strength are only attainable. Through a fight of afflictions they followed him; cruel mockings, severe imprisonments, banishments, sequestration of their goods, and almost every species of oppression and cruelty were exercised upon them, and even death. Yet, as a collective body, *no occasion was ever found against them,*

except concerning the law of their God.—Dan. vi. 5. This fervent cry of soul after substance was graciously regarded by a prayer-hearing God. He led them in the way to peace, and spoke comfortably to them; raised in many thousands the same religious hunger; and, by the baptism of the Holy Spirit, united them together as men of one heart. *To this we owe our being as a people separate from others.*"

While, therefore, in the present day, the Established Church of Scotland is trying to procure a grant from Government off the national revenue, and denouncing the Catholic Church of Ireland, because it has applied, for the purpose of *general education*, for a part of the money granted to the law-established and supported Episcopal Protestant Church, I am glad to find such a general sense in the country against any further application of the national purse for the support of any particular party, whereof all are not partakers, though all are contributors; and that the time appears rapidly approaching when more will unite with the Quakers in refusing to believe that the ministers of the gospel are to be set apart as a *separate order of men*, and that they are not now, as formerly, appointed and ordained by the Minister of Ministers to go forth freely, and, "*freely having received, freely give.*"—Matt. x. 8.

THE WEIRD OF THE DOUGLAS.

A METRICAL TALE.

Up sprung the warrior grim and old—
"And saddle me my coal-black steed;
For, long ere curfew-bell hath tolled,
His hoof shall tramp along the Tweed.
You haughty warden—wo to him!
My belted brand for lady's ring,
If of his beeves be left a limb!—
Sword, casque, and steed, haste, Barbour, bring."

His coal-black steed was at his side,
But groom nor warder lists his call—
"Ave Maria, shield!" he cried—
"Rank grass is growing in my hall!"

He little weened, that warrior bold,
That full five hundred years had rolled
Their suns o'er human hope and pain,
Since last his courser felt the rein;
Since last, when donning sword and plume,
He vowed the English warden's doom.

The bold moostrooper gazed with awe,
As if enchantment's power he saw;
His courser pawed the grassy ground,
And crumbling ruins shouldered round.
He deemed it could not be,
That one night's slumber, overspent,
Had crushed each massy battlement,
And made and veiled each yawning rent
With cobweb pageantry.

"Sure 'twas but yesternight when rung
The watchful warden's bugle-horn;
Nor note of worse its echoes sang,
Than fantasies for warrior's scorn.

It told of screaming phantoms near,
Of him, my bitter foe, I slew;
And licked his heart's-blood from my spear,
Jabbering as by the moat he flew.
It told how maiden's bloody form
Right o'er the donjon-keep was hovering:
I laughed at all—I knew the storm
With foam her billowy tomb was covering.
'Tis magic all!—kneel, Barnard, kneel!"
Knelt the black steed—up sprung the knight
To saddle-bow. His blade of steel
And bugle-horn were fitly dight.
He grasped the blade, and cried "Ha, ha!
And have they left thee, Border law?"
A blast he blew; and, ere the tone
Had filled the cave, he stood alone,
With steed, and sword, and bugle-horn,
Beneath the bresses of the morn;
Beneath the blue and bending sky,
Where the cold moonshine fadingly
Struggled amid the blaze of gold
That from the fount of radiance rolled;
And close beside him lay
A hoary ruin, weed-besprent,
Whose bulwarks Time's strong hand had rent,
And turret with foundation blent,
Through ages of decay.
Long gazed, in mute amazement profound,
The Knight, above, below, around—
Long strained his look, from hill to hill,
On cliff and cottage, tree and rill—
And felt a creeping awe.
"By heathery peak and verdant vale,
I cannot read the wondrous tale;

But, sure as magic's in the gale,
This is my own blue Liddesdale,
And yon is Dinleyshaw.
Each pinnacle I know full well,
Of rugged cairn, and crag, and fell;
But where is vassal, groom, and page?
And where is Castle Hermitage?
Vile sorcery!" Another blast
Upon the morning breeze he cast—
When, as in hour of battle's need,
With thundering hoof and frantic speed,
A hundred horsemen rushed around him,
And with their steel-bright phalanx bound him.
Right joyful was the knight to hail—
Their garb was that of Liddesdale;
And chiding, as he went to chide
When failed the rush of the battle's tide,
He poured his questions thick and fast,
Like sleet in Liddal's wintry blast.
But mute were all and motionless,
And vizarded each warrior's face;
Each stern and silent sat—his hand
Upon a shining Border brand;
Each fixed his keen glance steadily
Upon the chieftain's falcon eye.
"Know ye not me?" the Douglas said,
And fiercely grasped his glittering blade,
Then back recoiled—for well I ween
He ne'er met glance so strange and keen
As shot from eyes whose light seemed given,
Too bright for earth, too wild for heaven;
Then shouted, in a desperate mood,
"By Mary, mass, and Holyrood!
Whate'er ye be, come one, come all!
Shakes Dinley's base as soon as I—
Many have seen a Douglas fall,
But none has seen a Douglas fly;
Come devil, goblin, ghost, and fay,
This is the wizard's holiday."

Dread was the low, deep, thrilling tone,
A hollow laugh, a stifled groan,
Which seemed of fearful mirth to tell—
While from one brow the vizor fell.
The face wore famine's ghastliest hue,
And you might swear the deadly yew
Had waved above the wasted brow,
For many a day, its dismal bough.
A smile within his eye that played,
Like lightning's flash round battle-blade,
Set, as he said, with fearful glee,
"Proud Lord of Liddal, know'st thou me?"
Deep groaned the chieftain's labouring breast—
"Can thy dark spirit find me rest,
Dalhousie? Cannot dungeons deep,
And the strong earth, their secret keep?"

"Douglas, thy hour is come—the hour
When vengeance o'er thee claims its power—
For which I've longed through ages past,
To hear that bugle's wakening blast.
Centuries have crushed thy castle wall,
Since last in Liddal's courtly hall
Vassal and chieftain bent the knee,
And hailed thee 'flower of chivalry.'
Since, flinging down, with fiendish laugh,
Into my cell, some corn and chaff,
Thou saidst—'Be such thy princely fare!
Ramsay, thy hour is come—despair!'
Now fling thy bugle's echo shrill,
From Bilshe to the Gritmoor hill;
And summon all thy stumbling kerna,
For ages couched beneath the fern;
And bid them tell why lock of rust
And iron-bar forsook their trust—
Why, braving Douglas' stern decree,
The famished captive wanders free."

"Is there no hope?" the Douglas said,
And dropt on earth his horn and blade.

"Hail hath the eagle stooped so low?
Can Douglas quail before his foe?
Beseech a cheek with terror pale,
The haughty knight of Liddesdale?
Such lowliness might well atone
A dying rival's feeble moan.
Then, if thy felon ire is dead,
And vengeance from thy lip hath fled,
Ere the warm beam, by brake and fell,
Hath kissed the dew from heather-bell,
My hate to thee must bow to Heaven—
Part of thy weird shall be forgiven.
Fly, dogs of hell! and wait beside
The nether ocean's raging tide;
And watch where hopeless spirits groan
Beside the Douglas' burning throne,"
A rushing sound, an instant heard,
Like forest leaves or ocean stirred
By sudden gust, that dies away
Ere one might note its passing sway—
And Douglas and the Ramsay stood
Alone, in Liddal's solitude.
"Now speed we forth," the Ramsay cried,
"And waste not here the morning tide;
There's nought to charm a Douglas here,
None trembles now for Liddal's spear.
That ruined pile, yon tombstones grey,
Faint traces of thy line afford,
Tell of a name long passed away,
And Liddal owns another Lord."

Like firegleam when the clouds are riven,
Meteors the moveless stars among
Gleaming across the fields of heaven,
Darted the coal-black barbs along.
And ne'er in frenzy's maddest mood,
With fevered strength and fiery will,
Could steed of mortal breed or blood,
So spurn the vale, so breast the hill,
As these two sable coursers, winging
The morning blast, behind them flinging
Gulf, pinnacle, and fragment clinging
By slenderest twig o'er yawning steep,
Where rushed the torrent wild and deep.
Horseman and horse no shadow cast
On hill and valley as they passed;
The soundless hoof, as on they flew,
Nor bent the stem, nor brushed the dew;
Nor marked their flight, by sudden spring,
The deer, nor bird by flap of wing;
Nor ceased his ballad tale to trill,
The early shepherd on the hill;
Nor earth nor sky gave note of fear,
To mark the demon-barbs' career.

Few minutes passed, and they had been
Where Gritmoor heaves her edge of blue;
Had glanced through Harden's groves of green,
By Todrig's links of oak and yew;
Paused not the fiery demon brood,
When Selkirk chime the strained ear pealed on;
The tones still echoed when they stood
Upon the heights of hoary Rildon.
"Douglas, farewell!" the Ramsay cried—
"I hear a call I must abide;
It comes from a land where sun nor star
Shines on the captive's prison bar.
But thou—'tis thine at will to roam
In quest of kindred, friends, and home;
O'er Scotland fair from sea to sea,
Thy will, thy words, and feelings free."
Briefspace did Douglas watch the form
Of knight and steed, as lessening dim,
Like cloudspeak heralding the storm,
They vanish o'er the blue sky's brim.

Then fierce emotions wildly blent—
Hate, rage, and dread, and wonderment—
In tumult rushed o'er soul and sense,
And centred in one look intense

Of baffled vengeance; but deep awe
O'er lip and word maintained its law.
His burning breast dread memories stung;
And o'er him strange forecastings hung.

By waning moon and morning light,
Mirrored in skies as cold and bright,
Slept the blue Tweed—the dying breeze
No longer stirred “the Abbot’s” trees;
And, wearing naught of melancholy,
Like virtue, beautiful and holy,
Stood, in its fair and faded grace—
The loveliest ruin of its race—
Time-honoured Melrose! tenanted
By dust of Scotland’s noblest dead; !
Shrine of a heart that beat to free
Its mountain land from slavery;
Tomb of a prince beneath whose smile
In solemn pomp arose the pile;
Temple whose arch, with cobwebs hung,
Hath oft to midnight *Ave* rung:
And heard the “*Dies irae*” roll,
When passed from earth a sinner’s soul.

An ancient man, with locks of snow,
His toil-worn body bending
O’er pilgrim staff—faint, feeble, slow,
Up the steep hill is wending.
Now by the coal-black steed he stands,
And grasps the mane with trembling hands:—
“From Liddal’s lord, a boon to pray,
I’ve track’d a long and weary way.
I know thee, Douglas, by the garb
Of old—and by thy demon barb;
And I have passed, since midnight moon,
Three zones, to crave thy knightly boon:
Which, granted, ample power is mine,
Thy wildest wish to render thine.”
“Pilgrim, small power hath Douglas now,
Fetters to break, or might to bow;
Avails not now bold Liddal’s brand,
Far gleaming in her chieftain’s hand.
A mouldering tower, a blasted name,
Are the sole relics of her fame;
And Douglas, weak, despised, forlorn,
Hath quailed beneath his rival’s scorn.
Then what the boon, so mean, so low,
This knightly arm can now bestow?”
“Douglas, to ride the lightning’s wing,
The fiery bolt of wrath to fling,
To shoot from glowing star to star,
The gates of death to burst or bar—
Such is the boon a weary wight
Craves from the power of Liddal’s knight.
Within yon walls, beneath a stone
That ne’er was stretched o’er mouldering bone,
Is hid a charm whose fearful spell
Unlocks the nether depths of hell.

On that black stone, with bended knee,
Name the dread name which ne’er must be,
By night or day, by wizard spoken,
And the strong seal of fate is broken.”

The pledge is given—the pilgrim springs
Upon the coal-black steed;
And, away, like the rushing of eagle wings,
Is the demon’s fiery speed.
Deep quiet hung over bank and brae,
Not a hum in the vale was heard;
Fair Melrose asleep in its greenwood lay,
And the Abbey gates were barred.
On its hinge the massy portal swung
At a blast of the wizard’s horn,
But no echo that arch or cavern flung
To the keeper’s ear was borne.
Dismounts the knight by the long black stone,
And the courser—where is he?
The knight and the wizard are there alone,
And the knight is on bended knee.
He named the dread mysterious name,
And a voice was heard “Beware!”
He named it again—and a hue of flame
The wall was seen to wear.
Again—and a fearful stillness fell;
On the graves was a ghastly light;
And the wizard cries—“I have found the spell:
Now crave thy wishes, knight.”
“Vengeance,” the Douglas cried, “be mine!
A spirit-piercing sword!
And before me the rival of my line,
Dalhousie’s hated lord!”
“Have, then, thy wish!—Dark spirits, hear!”
Where stands the Douglas now?
Strange shapes are around, and pain and fear
Are stamp on every brow.
Each one is placed on a burning throne,
And a vacant throne is there,
And a voice is heard, ‘mid the gathered groan,
“Thy hour is come—despair!”

Forced by a dread o’ermastering might,
To the vacant throne moves Liddal’s knight.
He feels, but he may not see, the power
That guides him in that awful hour.
On the burning summit he sits: his hand
Has the likeness of a fiery brand;
With a fillet of flame his brows are bound,
Shedding pale light on the gloom around.
The famished face is before the throne,
Stern mockery in its dark eye speaking;
From its lips wild laughter’s hideous tone
Is blent with the mingled moan and shrieking.
Dread sounds—“To the darker realms descend!”
With the waves of mirth and misery blend;
And the thrones of punishment sink from sight,
In the nether world of endless night.

G. P.

THE PEACOCK.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

“It is a Hindoo prejudice, that the track over which a peacock has been observed to fly and alight, is that of a vein of gold.”—*Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*. No. XXXIII., p. 471.

THE Peacock, with its plumage rare,
Is a holy bird, and wise;
For he knoweth that gold is an evil thing,
From which foul thoughts and fancies spring,
To blind our mental eyes;
He knoweth it is the seed of sin,
Whose fruit may ripen the soul within:
For (if legends tell true) he will not tread
On the earth of the track that covers its bed!

Yea, the Peacock is a wise, wise bird,
To fly o’er the spot where the ore of gold
Is hid ‘midst the mould.
But man, with tool, and toil, and word,

And wanton spell, seeks out the mine;
And digs for himself a chain that shall bind
Each blessed impulse of the mind,
Till all shall peak and pine
‘Neath the festering fetters—the craving sin
That dwarfs the soul within!

Copy the Peacock, then, which flies
Over the path where temptation lies;
Tread not the track that glistens with gold,
Or thy fingers will bend the ore to hold,
Whilst instant round thy heart shall freeze
The milk of human charities!

THE SPECULAWTOR.

A TALE ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MODERN PRINCIPLES OF COMMERCE.

BY JOHN GALT.

CHAPTER I.

THE minister of our parish was a long-headed man; and to the effect of a sermon which I heard him preach far on the other side of my teens, I can trace back the issues and kithings of my life. He said that, **UNLESS A MAN HAS ANOTHER OBJECT TO ATTAIN, EVEN IN THIS WORLD, BEYOND THE MAKING OF MONEY, HE IS BUT A SORDID, VULGAR CHARACTER, BE HIS PROFESSION WHAT IT MAY.** The words took infooftment of my spirit: I have ever since syne felt the admonish as a spur to endeavour, determined, as I then became, to be something better in the Maker's world than what the minister called a cumbering benweed, which even the douce cows reject.

Money, in short, has been with me but a means—the wherewithal to get something else; but what that should be, I could not say; certain, however, I was, that, when I got the money, a worthy way of using it would not be difficult to find.

Towards that airt have my ettlings been aye drifting; and it is anent the course of them, that I have to speak. But, first and foremost, I must give an inkling of what I was—the upshot will shew forth what I am; and will conclude with an admonishment that may be useful.

My mother, a widow, brought me, when a bairn, from St Mungo's to the house of her aunty, in our clachan; and, though then but a playrife wean, I mind that there was a doleful weeping when we met—I knew not then for what, though I may now guess; but I joined chorus in the spring; and it was well I did so, for my audible lamentation drew the attention of the women, and had the effect of making them restrain their sorrow.

We were not many days in that sojourn, till mother fall into the arms of a malady, which carried her, as I was told, into another and a better world. Soon after her departal, auld aunty took what the neighbours called a sore income, and made haste to follow her.

Thus it came to pass that I was cast on the hands of Providence, an orphan.

What would have become of me when aunty was blanketted aneath the haps of the kirkyard, the Lord only knows; but, on that very night, He sent the leddy of Broomlands to the inns, and she heard there of my desolation.

Being of a pityful nature, she sent for me, and said she would pay any decent woman that would undertake to bring me up; and for this gospel-mindedness, her memory is yet as a sweet odour in the parish.

Mrs Patrick was gotten, a very kind woman, for the turn; and she took me home with her, and was both mother and aunty to me.

I was not long removed till the calamity of

the smallpox fell upon me, of which my face bears the vestiges; but it is no for that I make mention of it; but only for the motherliness that it brought out of the warm heart of Mrs Patrick. Often yet do I mind her tender care, and the thought of't renews, in a sense, the experience of my early days, making the remembrance of my orphanship like the taste, somehow, of a delicious orange in summer weather. Sure am I, therefrom, that the world, with all its faults, abounds in needful charity, if we ourselves be rightly directed to awaken it.

When I grew better, I spent two years and more as an idle runagate, before being sent to the school; but, although I did not overly join the rank-ringing enemies of the town, as Mrs Patrick called the other childer, I was not condumacious against playing. Only the loneliness of my condition made the sproutings of gladness within me often dowie; and I was, now and then, filled with a serious amaze, sitting often forlorn at a dike-side in the fields, musing of many things that were the workings of an elder understanding, insomuch that some douce Christians, who saw my habitudes, said I was surely ordained to be a minister of the gospel.

"I would not object to be a minister," said I, one day, to Mrs Patrick when she was telling me what the neighbours thought; "but how may it be brought to a bearing? Nobody can be a minister without a father or a friend—and I have none;" which saying caused compassion to flood her eyes; but she told me to be of good cheer, for Providence had wealth enough in the coffers of eternity to supply the needs and wants of all the world.

It was not long after this that my benefactor, the good leddy of the Broomlands, was seized with her dead-ail, and, after a sore time o't, was taken off the earth. A cousin came to be her inheritor, who was a man of most strict legalities, and, for anything I ever heard to the contrary, might have been honest likewise; only it was not surely a very comely thing of him, considering the stocking-foot he got by the leddy, to utterly refuse to bear the cess of me—so, had I not by this time been fastened to the heart of Mrs Patrick, by affection, I might have been a waif that knows not where to lay its head. But she, seeing that there was no longer trust to be put in man for me, put confidence in Providence, and had blithe hopes that I would be seen to.

The first thing she did, on learning how I was commended by needcessity to her affections, was to go to the schoolmaster, and see if he would take me for the poor scholar; the laddie who had the post having gone to be a cabin-boy. It was just in the nick of time, for the master was glad to get me; which caused Mrs Patrick

to be thankful that, as one door steeks, the Lord is sure to open another.

After my education was finished—for all I got was as the poor scholar—I was bound a 'prentice to Mr Sheddles, a most methodical weaver, to learn the trade; and here I cannot but make a noty-beny, that it is a blessed contrivance of heaven, for the benefit of poor folk, that prenticeships have been invented; for the friendless and fatherless thereby get their pick, and learn a business whereby, in riper years, they may come to be topping characters.

CHAPTER II.

When my time was out, I went with another shop-lad intil St Mungo's; and we got work in the muslin line from Maister Webs—anent whom it behoves me to be very particular; for, after I had been with him about the space of a year, he said to me, when I met with him one Sabbath morning on the Green, where I used, every Lord's Day, to take a walk by myself—

"Peter," said he, "it's no to be expeckit, man, that a lad of a geny like you will stay longer at the looms than he can help it; and I have had a thought thereof running in my head for some time. In short, Peter, maybe ye have a friend, that ye little trow'd of, who is right willing to aerve you. To be sure, muckle is no in my power, but there is a something; and if ye're of a conformity to hearken to cannie counsel, I'll give you an advice that may whelp a provosty some day."

Thus did he, at one and the same time, give me an advice, and a reason to ettle to rise in the world.

"Deed, Mr Webs," quo' I, "I'll never lee: I didna think I was so well aff in the warld. However, if the thing ye would wise me to can be compassed with eidency, I'll no say but I have a wish within that ought not to be a talent tied in a napkin."

"Very discreetly spoken," replied Mr Webs; "and now that we are in a manner of secrecy, I'll unbutton my breast to you, and we can then lay our heads thegither, and discourse of an advantage and mutuality that may be a come-to-pass in time to us both; for, although I have more nicks in my horn than you, I'm no sae auld as not to have a to-look."

I thereupon told him, that I had long thought him a gash carle, and that he might be sure I would give good heed to his whys and becauses.

"Weel," said he, "mair cannot be expeckit—and noo I'll begin. Ye see, ever since this galloping on treddles, in the muslin line, had a right set-out, I have had a notion that there would be a great prosperity; and, day after day, I have seen a progression—verily, in so much that I have often said to myself, It will come. In short, Peter, I have thought that, as David was anointed to be a king when but a herd laddie, ye were surely anointed for a purpose in the manufacturing line—which is the cause of my noo upeking as ye hear me speak."

"But, Mr Webs," quo' I, "what may be that

purpose?—for I'll no deny that I have had cleckings in my oun head to the same end."

"I thought so," replied he—"for I have an ee in my neck, and can spae some fortunes. However, no to mak a sprose about my sagacity, I'll come to the point. Seeing that there is an outcoming in this cotton-trade, I thought, if I happened to fall in with a lad willing to do weel, I might get a market for some of my notions; and now I have made a bit gathering, which maks me, I'll no say overly just crouse, to let you see the lining of my bosom. But, to make a short of a long tale, I have a nest-egg with Robin Carrick, the banker, and it may encourage laying, though we needna keckle about it. Se you see, Peter, having this nest-egg, what's to hinder us to be marrows in nesting? I have been thinking of taking a trig mansion in a creditable land, and, with the help of your hand, to put up the sign of 'Webs & Patterns, manufacturers;' and try how good luck is disposed to befriend us."

"Really, Mr Webs," quo' I, out of the bodle to hear him, "ye have opened to me a vista; and if ye think I can help, I am ready, heart and hand, to go all the righteous lengths ye would wish."

So, out of this confabble, we had in time a bearing, and by-and-by after it, there was, in natural-ity, a christening, and the bairn's name was "Webs & Patterns, manufacturers," on a sign fastened under the windows of the fourth story of Ettle's Land, in the Candlerigs.

CHAPTER III.

Having thus, as rehearsed in the foregoing chapter, gotten a degree with Mr Webs, and no longer aweaver—he sitting on a three-legged stool within a railed bunker, with a green durant curtain around, and book-muslins on shelves abint him in a warehouse, as a manufacturer—the wherewithal that was in me began to ope and kittle upsettings.

I looked after the men of the shop maybe a wee owre particular at first; but I soon learned to mind my hand, for I did not need a dominie to tell me, far less a professor of philosophy in the college, that to notice everything like a fault, is no the way to manage every sort of mankind, to the attainment of a satisfaction, either to yourself or for them. No doubt, weavers, and those of a sederencie, are often of the fashionable gender, being troubled with vapours that sometimes get the better of their parts when trade's guid; and the man who does not discern this, is liable to tura to the left when he means to take the right. If he has, however, a natural gumption, he soon finds the length of his tether, and contains himself within it. But this observe, I must say, is an after-thought, begotten of experience; for, in the sooking months of Webs & Patterns, I cannot hold forth of myself that I was in all things perfect, having naturally a brittle temper, as it kithed, and gleg een—qualities in an overseer that need guid cooking to make into wholesome kail.

But really Maister Webs was a cordial of a

partner. He sat in the wareroom all day at his desk like an image; and was never to be sought for when a customer came in; nor did he ever miss going to the Tontine Coffee-room at newstime, by the which he earned a character for regularity, that did not make them any waur, when we had occasion to gang to Robin Carrick with bits of stampit papers.

The first year I cannot, however, say the advantage of this clockwork was very notour; but by-and-by the seed came to a braid that kithed into harvest. Before the back of the second year of our partnership was well turned, it was a plain visibility that Webs & Patterns had not only put on a new coat, but was as straught in the shoulders as ony sutor lad could be, that is ordained to perform King Crispianus at the fair.

At this time, as I am in a manner obligated to confess, seeing how things were on the thrive with us, my thoughts were not all on the concerns of our trade. I had my dreams, in the watches of the night, anent provostries and other big-balled adjuncts of corporate bodies, with now and then a flake of fancy between hands, concerning a wife that should be of a degree; for the auld-farrant counsel of Mr Webs was becoming every day more manifest, and it was clear to be seen, that, if our prosperity did not suffer a fallow, we were on the trontage to a topping way, there being a by-hand talk of taking Mr Webs into the town-council of the city, which is a way of testifying to the world that a man is well-doing in other things as well as the moralities.

However, I saw by the way of a squint that we were not yet far enough up the tree for me to make a cast for a wife among those that I wished. Nevertheless, I began to take pains with myself, and so, by little and little, to creep quietly in among the gentry and the like of families that keptit companies. I dressed no out of fashion, sechewed those who had only thriven in the forefront of their lives, and was, in short, a young man that looked to the blue lift when he walked the plain-stones and was meeting a divour fore-going acquaintances or a lad that he had been marrows with in the loom-shop.

But this conduct was no universally approved of; folk that had their doubts, if in the long run, the manufacturing would be found a good trade, shook their heads, and minted I was carried; and a man whom I knew well, said of me to a friend, who spoke to him of the alteration in my clothes, that *Pride never left its maister without a fa'*—thereby prognosticating that there was an uncomeliness about me that betokened a humiliation.

But when I was told this envious say, it did not fash me; for I had observed, from the time I left the loom, that ill-speaking was to be found in every rank of life, that saw or thought it not superior; and that it's no just confined to manufacturers. However, I was then a young man, with a heart as lightsome as a blown bladder, and no easily dunkled. Indeed, I had other to spin; for, in this blush and dawning of fortune, Mr Webs caught off his stool in the

wareroom, and was a dead man before he fell to the floor—an unlookit for accident, that gave me sore trouble: no that in my heart I could make meikle mans at getting all the income to myself; but he was a lang-headed carle, and had a way with him in threading the walls of Troy in business, that made his bit and his drap no an ill bargain, even to his partner as I was, counting his life till then a durability.

CHAPTER IV.

Soon after Mr Webs was covered with the mools, Mr M'Shears came to me, on a Monday morning, and we had a very serious discourse.

Hewas a man well stricken in years, and keptit a cloth-shop in the Gallowgate—a most creditable man, though there were not wanting some that said he had a finger in the pie with Clippy Cabbage in the tailoring line, in a close off Bell's Wynd, as well as was hand and glove with auld Watty Clouts that lived at the foot of the Stockwell, making cleeding for the lower orders, and corduroy jackets for carriers. But, however this may be, Mr M'Shears himself was a bein man, and had many customers among the country gentry.

So, coming to me on that Monday, I'll no say but I was a thought surprised, for we were not overly acquaint, though on nodding terms when we passed. After the usual guid-days had been exchanged, he told me that he had been out on the Sabbath at the Moorlands, where the laird behaved to him in the most civilised manner.

"Ye know," quod he, "that it was not to be thought that a 'stated gentleman would make himself joke-fellow like wi' me that had but a lairdship ahint the counter; but yon's a purpose-like man, and has been in America, where they ken the sleights of making white siller of black bawbees; and, from less to mair, he invited me to take a chack of dinner with him, and, taking a chack of dinner, we somehow began to speak of the warning that had been given to us all, in the very sudden death of your worthy marrow in trade, Mr Webs. This led on to more confederacy; and he told me that the concern of Webs & Patterns, he had heard, was in a good way; at last, that his second son Robert was a clever creature, and, being near upon years of discretion, was anxious to be put in a way. Thus, out of this partly-voicing, he said to me that, if you were not extortionate, he was minded to make you an offer for the behoof of Robin, if I could learn how far it might sort with your views."

"Mr M'Shears," quod I, "I'll never deny that what ye have been telling me, is not without a sediment that deserves consideration; far, no doubt, since the sudden removal of Mr Webs from this world, there is a vacancy which it behoves me no to make an obstacle to fill up."

This I said in a dry manner, that he might not suppose I was overly keen to snap; but I saw, by the ee in my neck, that it would be an unspeakable advantage to me to have a connection with Mr Thistles of the Moorlands family;

and I added, a thought more couthy, that he might assure the laird I was not a man of an extortionate breed ; but, being in a good way, it was not in course of nature to be expectit that I would cast my pearls afore swine.

"In short, Mr M'Shears," quo' I, "I canna but say that I have no manner of obstacle to covenant with Moorlands ; but, if he will provide for his get, he must come down with a solatium."

"Oh," quo' Mr M'Shears, "he hasna a scrupulosity about anything so reasonable ; but, being a man no well read in the outs and ins of business in this part of the world, he would be blithe to get an inkling of the amount of the contentation that ye might may be looking for."

"Mr M'Shears," was my weel-considered response, "as we're halfins on a matter of business the now, I'll be very plain—indeed, it's no my way to scog about the bush at any time ; so that, if Moorlands is mindit to make a connexion, I'll no be a balk wi' niggerality. Only ye ken that his son is a greenhorn, and has something to learn, which is an item to be reflected on ; for, wi' that defect, it will be some time before he can be a help."

In this way, I let Mr M'Shears ken that, although I was very ready to covenant with Moorlands, in order to wile him on, yet there were dubieties in the case, as the Principal said in his sermon, that called for quest and investigation. However, no to play at pitch and toss langer anent this matter, it came to some fruition soon after ; for, in the course of the same week, Mr M'Shears came to me in the wareroom again, and said that Moorlands was in the town, and would be shortly at his house ; "where," said he, "if ye have a mind to forgather with him, I would advise you to come and speak to himself anent his second son ; for really the man's hite for the connexion, and says the cotton trade will be gold in gowpens to the king's realm or all be done."

So, after a short taigling, that I might not be thought owre yawp, I took my hat down from the pin, and, throwing the key in the desk, went with Mr M'Shears to his house, to confabble with Moorlands. I did not, however, let wot to him that I could discern that there was a fainness in the Laird for the connexion, that was a kithing of an assurance that there would be a come-to-pass between us.

CHAPTER V.

It would not be savoury, in the perusal, to the courteous reader, to rehearse all that passed between me and the Laird of Moorlands that day, in the domicile of Mr M'Shears. Let it suffice, therefore, to say that the upshot was a paction by which he was to pay a sum in hand, for his son Robert to learn the business, and I was, at the end of the year, to take the lad or not, as suited myself, into partnership, on being paid another sum in ready money.

After this mutuality of understanding, I had my own meditations on the subject when I came back into the solitudes of the wareroom, as I may

call them ; for they were certainly of that speeshy when without customers, and only myself sitting on the three-legged stool, in the conclave of the bunker heretofore described, within the durant curtain.

I saw that by Robin Thistles I would get an augmentation, and be hoisted a step towards the magistracy, which is the natural butt that all men of business aim at that's of a weel-doing habit of body. But, as for the lad himself, he was like the generality of lairds' gets—no catch. To be sure, at first, he was like other new besoms that soop clean ; but, by and by, I saw that he had no natural eidency, and would have been glad that all the work in the world for him to do, was to put his hands into his breech-pouches, and to take them out to his dinner. However, as he was, as I must say, an acquisition to the like of me, I was fain to put up with him ; but I would advise no lad, come of such an humble stock as me, to mess or mell with the aff-sets of lairds, if he can do better—thinking themselves no small drink, though it's a visibility that they are but burn water, like that which the images bock on the wells of Lithgow.

However, as everything was on the increase, I did not fash owre meikle at Robin Thistles, though he was a saft lad—and maybe had more paritch in his kite than harns in his head, after breakfast—but ettled that in me lay to thrive, thinking of the baillie's chain, and the cockit-hat of the provica. Just, however, as I had waled one for a wife, and was about to speak my mind to her, a blight fell upon our business, and not only on ours, but the general well-doing of the realm.

The French found out that they were a very ill-used people, and, from less to more, that their king was a malefactor whom it behoved them to shorten by the head. Out of the stramash a war was cleckit by William Pitt & Co., at London ; and the upshot fell dreadful among us. Trade gaed to pigs and whistles, treddles rusted, weavers listed, workshops grew as quiet as Relief kirks on a week day ; and the pestilence of the time entered our wareroom, insomuch that Robin Thistles spoke of the same to his father, who, by giving his vote for the member of Parliament, got him into the army, and sent him to Flanders with the Duke of York ; where, in time, he found, at Vallensheens, that a cannon-ball was pot-metal, and his haffit as frush before it as a fozy turnip.

The going away to the wars of Robin Thistles was not, in a sense, a calamity, and, to tell the plain truth, was not a come-to-pass that would have broken my heart ; but auld Moorlands was a sicker man ; and, when he saw that trade was on the go, and that his son was resolved to follow the trade of his ancestors, as he said soldiering was, he refused to pay the residue of the money he had covenanted to do, and I was obliged to perish the pack, like many others, before I could compel him, by course of law at Edinburgh.

It was a black time that in the west of Scotland ; and, indeed, ye might have seen that a judgment was on the land, by the divour-like way that window-brods hung from their hinges on

the outside walls of what once had been canty workshops, blythely birring, as if they had a sensible pleasure in being helps to small families.

Seeing myself so overtaken by the spirit of the times, and driven from house and hauld, loom and wareroom, I wist not what to do. I went about like a ghaist, or a creature demented, wondering when the end of the world would be; for I could see no howf for one that had been in a way of business, and was cast, like a waif, on a moor, where only whin-bushes could be seen, or an auld gibbet, giving lonely admonishment to ill-doers. In short, I dwined and grew dowie; and was no more like the brisk, eident, ettling birkie I had been in the days when Mr Webs took me by the hand, than a toom shawp is like a cod that's prospering on the stalk. I began, in consequence, to see nights with new een. It might be that disaster had turned the milk of my nature, for all seemed then a vain show; and I pondered what it was that had made me covetous of many things. In sooth, I thought, like daft Jamie, that the stars were ugly things, and no worth the ettling for, because they glowered so high up and unreachable.

This melancholious course of meditation, no doubt, wrought a change in my inner heart, though I was at pains to hide it even from myself; which, however, only increased its bitterness, making me think my estate in this world lower than maybe it was, had I been less dwwaling. All the method of my bygone thoughts seemed to have been disorderly; and I discerned a glistening on much which I thought fine, no worth a staid man's contemplation. In short, I felt in a way that was not creditable to my discretion, putting a value on things by the difficulty of getting them; reckoning those of the best that were farthest ahoon my reach—a left-handed wisdom, in which the blighted are apt to indulge.

CHAPTER VI.

By and by, I got the better of my downfal; and, as I recovered my composity, seeing a new spring opening in trade, I made a settlement with my creditors, which was thought very liberal, paying them a composition which left me a residue to begin the world with.

With that residue, I bought some bags of cotton, cheap, wherewith I was minded to begin manufacturing again; but, before I got it distributed to be spun, there happened, Gude kens how, to come a sudden plumpness into the prices, which caused me, for ready money, to sell what I had bought, by which sleight I turned the penny to a satisfaction. I call it a sleight, because it was so said by others to be, and my sagacity, in consequence, was much commended; but really I had no more to do with the come-to-pass than the wild Scot of Galloway.

However, by this job, I got a preeing that there was a way of making money different from that by the sweat of the brows of labouring men; and, accordingly, I had a consider with myself, if it would not be mair to the purpose to try my

hand as a speculawtor than as a manufacturer; and the outcome of that consider was my turning to be a merchant: no that in my own breast I thought myself just a merchant, but folk call speculawtors so, as in village towns they call them merchants that deal, like the shopkeepers of old in the Canongate of the literate town of Edinburgh, in—

“Meal, barley, butter, and cheese;
Soap, starch, blue, and pease;
Train oil, tobacco, pipes, and teas;
Balls to clean leather breeches;
Herring and sugar, salt and blue;
Blackening fine, for boot and shoe;
Pins to prick, and needles to sew;
And whisky and loch leeches.”

So it came to pass that, seeing how money could be made with the scrape of a pen in a *notandum* book, without the fasherie of a ware-house, I bethought me of sticking to that line, as just as guid a way of getting to a provosty as by cotton-mills or handlooms—the Power kind were not then invented.

Thus, from less to more, instead of going to the Tontine, to hear the clishmaclavers about the war, I was most particular in reading the London Prices Current; by the which, and a bit touch-and-go bargain, now and then, in a canny corner, there is no saying how eruditical I became. In short, I could discern, with the tail of my e'e, that folk thought of me as they would have done of King Solomon, had he been a speculawtor in cotton bage, as well as in peacocks and hyssop.

But, though I thus lightly speak of the change in my way of life, I had often an inward grue, even when I had made a sappy profit; for I thought the trade of a speculawtor no unlike that of a gamester. Many, many a time has a seroon of indigo reminded me, blue as it was, of a pair of dice, and a wheel-spread out sample table, of a dambrod—saying to myself, verily the one is just as beneficial to the world as the other; but cards and dice are the least harmful; for surely to buy commodities, and hold them, that they may become scarce, to fetch a better price when sold, is not a right merchandizing.

Maybe, however, the thought of this did not kithe till I had what I thought was a nest-egg; certain it is, that it was not overly in my meditations till long after I was married to auld Dir-dumwhamle's granddochter, begetting sons and daughters, and was on the leet for a bailie. But I should first enlarge a little on the mysteries of that trade, whilk, with every new crop of ettling creatures who know not what they ettle for, beyond getting a crouse look and a fine waistcoat, will be a plague and pestilence to the king's realm, till it is put down by course of law, or what, maybe, is as powerful, the common sense of the people, turned to a right consideration.

It must be rightly understood, and well and clearly made known, what pestiferous black-legs

speculawtors are, before it can be hoped that those who only buy and sell to make money, will get pans tied to their tails. No doubt, to cheat with cotton bags and rum puncheons is very abominable—just as bad as the cheating with cards, for which the divour Lord has been sent a garssing; but it's of the honest speculawtors I'm speaking—the fair-playing gambling that's just now setting so many weel-doing men with small families, with a rung and a meal-pock, to seek their meat.

CHAPTER VII.

No doubt the end of all trafficking is to make money; but, as the minister said, whereof I have made mention at the beginning of this, the outline and selvdge of my public life, the mere to-look to make money is in itself no great go. For now when I can afford it, I may say that, although my strive was to make money, it was not for the money I strove. My ettle was for something aboon that, the which sanctified the means whereby I struggled; and, therefore, surely there is no brag in saying, that, although my valise now is no found at every dike-side, it was not the God Gear of this world I served, but something of a 'sponsibility, like a provosty. In short, though I aye kept in mind the minister's paternoster anent commercing, I was just as those are that "*bode of a gowden gown;*" for, if I have not got a provosty, I have "*gotten the sleeves of,*" and I want now no more. What douce man in his senses would, indeed, in thae times, fash his head about 'lections? Really I jealousy that they are no overly bien at home, who are seen, jokefellow-like, with the clanjamphry on the croun of the causeway. However.

Having rehearsed how I came, from needcessity, to fall into the speculawtor's way of trade, the which was a manifest intent of Providence, I might enlarge on the subject; but it is enough to say, as I have done, that I began the world as a weaver, was syne a manufacturer, and, having perished the pack because of the politics of William Pitt & Co., I took the speculawting in the natural way—I was not 'nuculated—as I have shewn forth. Therefore, what I have now to counsel is, that, although some, like me, may make a bawbee by buying and selling commodities, it's a line that's no orthodox; only I dinna think it may well be put down by the law; but it's a duty we all owe to our species, to laugh and guffaw at it when we can, till we make all sort of speculawtors gang by with their tails atween their legs, and as their noses were bleeding. It's for that I indite this.

Nothing can be more creditable than it is for a merchant, who has correspondents in foreign parts, to send to them to buy up, we'll say, the cotton that may be in their market, and bring it home in vesheles, and sell it to manufacturers. But tell me wherein is the commendable of going into the market at home, and giving a better price to the merchant (which the speculawtor does) than the manufacturer, all for no other end than to gar the poor doited manufacturer

pay a higher price for the same thing there-after.

What, noo, would our guidwife say, in her me-conomey, if she was mindit to have a goose, or any other sort of a fool, to our dinner, the which we have very often, if, when she sent Leizy to the market, poor Leizy came back with her finger in her mouth, saying that Mrs Chuckies, the hen-wife, had forestalled all the geese and fools, and that one was not to be had for love nor money, but at two prices? Would not she say that Mrs Chuckies should be put to the ban of the empire? And is it not something in this way that the speculawtors in cotton-bags, coffee-beans, or puncheons of rum, implement, and the big wigs hold forth in the Parliament House of Edinburgh?

When I say this, let me no be misunderstood. Those, I think, are righteous merchants who bring home, from their correspondents in far lands, commodities to sell here; but I account them noughty speculawtors, though maybe I was one myself, that gang into the market and raise the price to the consumer—which the manufacturer, in a sence, surely is, seeing that he digests cotton, for example, into yarn, and maybe into mualin. It is, however, against the trafficking in raw materials that I am most hite—and for this reason: The outlay on manufactured articles is so great that, as yet, folk cannot afford to keep them long on hand; but raw materials are cheap, and everybody in credit kens that the renewal, now and then, of a bit bill for them, is no so ill as maybe to swallow a camel. For God's sake, folk, crunch the speculawtors under your heels, like yird toads. And I say this to you very disinterestedly, for I am now no longer a speculawtor—although ye were to feed them with honeycombs, little of the sweets would come my way.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH I may be casting pearls before swine, Mr. Thrift, who knows that I am inditing anent my experiences, has just come in, and said, that I shall not put my foot to the behind of the speculawtors with a proper admonishment, if I do not expound that mystery of the London bankers, the which is in the mouth of gentle and simple, concerning hundreds of thousands of pounds, in those intelligent oracles of veracity, the newspapers. I mean intelligent, as to commercial huggermuggering. So, to please him, for whom I have a very great respect, I set down what I defy any speculawtor of half my insight to deny.

It's a common way for your foxy merchants, as I think now speculawtors surely are, to speak of a man's wealth by the balance between his assets and his engagements, by which many are repated to be golden images that have but feet of clay. It, however, is a profitable glamour, that; for what is said of one, the rest very well know will be said of them all—and thereby profit may be made.

It's no to be doubted when a man is balancing

his books for a division of profit with another—apartner—he makes count and reckoning of good and bad debts, and an allowance for the same. Nothing can be more just; but is that the way the speculawtor does, when he goes to the Bank of England, or other monied *bodies*, to borrow the needful? Does not he keep his thumb on good and bad debts, and just shews how rich he would be if all were come in, in this way?

Assets,	£350,000
Liabilities,	150,000

£200,000!!! his fortune.

By this statement, he makes it appear that he is worth, as the speculawtors say, a plum. But the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street is a pawkie carlin. When she gets such an account, she says to this effect, in her parlour, "counting o'er her money:"—"Ay, he's a rich man to be in straits, that Mr Galore that wants the loan. He's worth a plum; and what sort of plum is't? An Orleans plum. Well! let me see't.

His plum's rotten in the side; he will not cut up for more than £36,000; and I'll no be safe to lend him above £20,000, and with that he must get me unexceptionable personal security, besides give me what is no to be spoken of to the public, a lien over his good debts, for the amount of the loan. I may then safely lend—to help worthy Mr Galore, and his partner Mr Bray, to go on—£20,000."

So says Mrs Flimsy, the old leddy; but, when she's undressed, she tells her maid Jenny, in the sanctum of her bedroom, that Messrs Galore, Bray, & Co., may, with her help, stand a while; but, when she is paid back her advance, let that soft-headed fat man, John Bull, look to himself.

When, indeed, was it ever heard of, that a speculawtor who needed the help of a banker, to enable him to keep up the price of the commodity he had forestalled, prospered in the end? He must either begin, when he gets a loan, to wind up, or prepare himself to go to pigs and whistles by and by. No doubt, there are out-of-the-way instances of speculawtors getting round the corner of an obstacle; but it's no a good line—and chiefly for this reason, it depends more on good luck than good guiding, which no right trade does. In all trades, craft and skill is of some account; but when a waft of wind may disperse the brightest castles in a cloud, what's the use of eydencie? No doubt, in thir times, to mak money, as the world goes, is the chief end of man; but, like me with my provostry, it should only be as a means. And wiselike folk will ne'er forget that it's next to a cheatry of the world, though it may be honest according to law, to make money as a file makes scrapings—merely by garring a commodity go through hands. Speculawtors are just industrious files—they scrape something off of all they touch; and the thing they work upon is no the heavier of substance for it, nor the thing itself made in any sort for the use of man.

MACGILLIVRAY'S HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS.*

THE naturalists, or as many of their number as are only amateurs, slightly tinged with science, and unobtrusive in its display, are the most delightful of all book twaddlers—the novelists, who treat of lady-birds and unfeathered bipeds, hardly excepted. But then it is a special condition that they shall be *non-scientific*, or shew no more knowledge than Izaak Walton, White of Selborne, or Mr Jesse. The sylvan Squire Waterton himself, who resents as an affront, being styled an *amateur*, would sometimes be by far too learned for popular readers, unless the fire of his fancy, and the piquancy of his style, carried off the weight of his matter. We own to grave fears when first opening this formidable-sized volume, and glancing at so many anatomical engravings of subjects much more agreeable when presented on plates of porcelain, as *livered wings* or *stewed giblets*. But a little courage to surmount the first shock is all that is required, even by the most delicate lady; who, according to Mr Macgillivray, thinks nothing of spitting

insects, but is utterly horrified at cruel ornithologists untrussing and dissecting birds.

After turning over a few pages of very learned matter, it will be discovered that the work of our scientific ornithologist fully equals, even in their peculiar vein, the works of the most entertaining, eloquent, and fanciful of his *congeners*. If not so far-travelled as some of them, his range of observation at home has been wider; and he has contrived, after all that has been written about birds, to impart not only freshness but originality to many of his sketches. Without going beyond the boundaries of Scotland and its islands, he has led us into a new region.

"There is a freshness of heart," says our author, "manifest in every real lover of nature—a delightful feeling, gratifying not to one's self alone, but to his companions." They are, indeed, the most enlivening of out-door companions; generally open-hearted and kindly; often amiable egotists, and most entertaining in those sparring matches for which they are as remarkable as artists or churchmen—or the cockney sparrows, at those seasons when the males instinctively indulge in sham-desperate Whig-and-Tory combats ending in nothing. Mr Macgillivray is too sensible of the inherent pugnacity of

* A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory. Illustrated by numerous engravings. By William Macgillivray, (A.M., F.R.S.E., &c. Vol. I. 8vo, Pp. 300. London: Smith, Webster, & Geary.

the ornithologist, to have given way to it. He at most indulges in one or two sly hits, and deprecates that disputatious spirit, the attempt to eradicate which is, we fear, hopeless. "Some person," he says—

Proposes a general meeting of British ornithologists at London, York, or Edinburgh, for the purpose of determining the English nomenclature of our native birds; but such a meeting, were it to take place, would disperse without accomplishing the object in view, unless, indeed, its members were placed on the Bass Rock, and interdicted fire and food until they had settled all their differences, and sworn perpetual friendship. Even then, some malicious Celt, capable of subsisting a month on dulse and tangles, with an occasional raw limpet or mussel, might hold out until, rather than be starved, the philosophers should leave the birds to him to do with them as he pleased.

In another place, when comparing wandering naturalists with the *vagatores* or crow tribes, he remarks—

A friend of mine, for example, who writes to me from Charleston, that he is about setting out to explore the shores of the Mexican Gulf and the south-western limits of the United States, and return to Edinburgh by the end of autumn, is typical of this family. Hunting by sight, not by scent, now sweeping along the Alleghanies, anon searching the mud-flats of the Mississippi, feasting to-day on an old gobbler on the banks of the Red River, to-morrow picking up a water-hen from among the reeds of the St John's, he represents, as Le Vaillant formerly represented, the dark-winged raven, *corvus corax*. The carrion crow, *corvus corone*, has its analogue in some other wanderer, who is fond of kicking alligators' ribs, and strangling rattle-snakes. The hooded crow, *corvus cornix*, clamorous before rain, feeding on small fry, keeping a good look-out when pilfering, but, being pied, easily recognised, represents another; while a fourth resembles the industrious rook, *corvus frugilegus*, that gleams in the fields, on the hills, and by the shores, finding, in common and neglected objects, much that is not less nutritious than savoury. The jackdaw, pert, and fond of perching on pinnacles, has many representatives; and the chattering, thievish, and handsome magpie, is not without some admirers and imitators.


We leave the *vagatores* to fit themselves with hoods.

Though the non-scientific portion of Mr Macgillivray's volume is that which will find most favour with the general student, as well as with readers for mere amusement, it would be unfair, even in a publication of the popular nature of this Magazine, to omit all notice of what is original in the views or peculiar in the classification of the author of so elaborate an undertaking. The volume before us embraces only the first part of a scientific "History of British Birds;" but in it the original views of the author are, we presume, completely unfolded.

It comprehends the four Orders, with their families, the best known in this country, and most endeared to the affections of the human family. These are—1st, The *Scrapers*, or Gallinaceous Birds, including fowls, pheasants, and all the varieties of grouse, partridges, and quails; 2d, The *Cooers*, or Pigeons, in their lovely varieties; 3d, The *Huskers*, or Hard-billed Birds, comprehending the endless varieties of song birds, finches, linnets, sparrows, and buntings; and, 4th, the *Vagatores*, or Wanderers—that is, crows and the allied genera, under the

families of which we find the starling and the rare rose-coloured cow-bird. These, it may be imagined, afford abundant scope for description: and faithful and spirited description of the haunts and habits of birds, sketches of the mountain wildernesses of the interior Highlands, and of the loneliest shores of the Hebrides, and many engaging rural and sylvan scenes in the more cultivated midland districts of Scotland, form the charm of this work. Before we arrive at these, it may be briefly remarked that the chief difference in classification between Mr Macgillivray and preceding ornithologists is, as we understand him, that, instead of tracing and establishing relations by the wing, feet, and bill alone, he rests also, and, indeed, mainly, upon the digestive organs and the parts connected with them; concluding that their structure corresponding with the nature of the food instinctively sought, determines the habits and haunts of the bird. Lest we misapprehend this matter, Mr Macgillivray shall himself explain what is so essential and original in his views:—

I have thought it prudent, in the present unsettled state of opinion on the subject, and under the conviction that all existing systems are defective, to adopt the opinions of no systematist, but to group the species according to their obvious relations. After much consideration, however, and after examining the digestive organs in a great number of birds belonging to nearly all the families, I have resolved to adopt the intestinal canal as a central point of reference. Instead, then, of describing merely the bill, I attend to the mandibles, the mouth, the tongue, the throat, the œsophagus, the crop, the proventriculus, the stomach, the intestine, and the cœcal appendages; the modifications of which seem to me to throw more light upon the affinities of the larger groups than those of any other organ.

He illustrates his theory—which we presume to be original, though we pretend to no scientific knowledge of the subject whatever—by a comparative view of the organization of the Peregrine Falcon. The most essential characters of the four Orders treated of in the volume are formally stated to be those *derived from the digestive organs*. These organs are figured by accurate engravings; and it is affirmed (page 99) that, "By simply inspecting the intestinal canal of a bird belonging to any of those species, one can invariably refer it to its proper Order." Mr Macgillivray, who appears to have been a zealous and indefatigable dissector, omits, however, none of the characteristics usually recognised by the most scientific ornithologists in his descriptions of form and structure. These are minute and clear; and, we doubt not, accurate. To unscientific readers, his amplifications and superstitiously scrupulous accuracy may even seem, if not a fault, a drawback. He, however, repudiates the pedantry and mysterious gravity of the formal instructor, affirming a truth in which we very heartily concur, that a pompous ornithologist is, of all characters, one of the most absurd. And, again, that "The man who would effectually learn from nature, must approach with affection, and receive her instructions with a humility that would ill accord with any subsequent vain display of the knowledge acquired." This is hopeful. 

In nomenclature, Mr Macgillivray is certainly not superstitious. He shakes off the trammels of the whole host of systematic ornithologists, which—after what he had intimated of the probable consequences of a congress even at the Bass Rock—is but ordinary prudence. His unfettered nomenclature—which we do not find quite so jaw-breaking as that of many of his learned congeners—descends to the familiar and pretty, yea, poetical names, which the common people, Lowland and Highland, give to birds; and as we love a primrose, a gowan, a daisy, a violet, or harebell, far better when called by these homely and antique names, redolent of thousands of delightful associations, than by fine botanic appellations, so do we like the *gor-cock*, the *corby*, and the *cushat*, picturesque terms which Mr Macgillivray has had the good taste to adopt.

But having attempted to do an act of justice to our author's science, we take glad leave of his classification and new theory of the digestive organs, which some may fancy a favourite hobby, and others hail as a new era in the history of ornithology; and turn to matters more attractive.

So far as the boundaries of *braid* Scotland extend, Mr Macgillivray's range of study, as we have stated, has been extensive and diversified. He has watched the *ptarmigan* in the wildest mountain glens of the central Highlands; and the *rock dove*, the *raven*, and *starling*, in the midst of which he seems to have been reared, in the caverns of the dreariest shores of the outer Hebrides. There he is ever completely at home, and fresh and animated. With the habits of the song-birds, the *Conirostral* Order, other British naturalists have, we think, been as familiar. Mr Macgillivray's personal experience appears to have been chiefly confined to the extremities of society—the wilderness, or the city. He talks with better knowledge of grey *ptarmigan* and sparrows, than of linnets and finches, save, indeed, of the chaffinch, which is a suburban bird. His book he states to be the result of twenty years' observation and experiment. With the scientific details and descriptive sketches, there are interspersed what he calls "Lessons on Practical Ornithology," which, in spite of the unpromising name, are not the least attractive portion of the volume. They are, in fact, the narrative of tours and short excursions undertaken by a man of poetic taste, who brings that ardour and enthusiasm to his favourite pursuit, without which the ornithologist is naught—"a dry skin." Instead of following our author in the beaten and civilized tracks around Edinburgh and the shores of the Frith of Forth, or in the vale of the Tweed, we shall at once place the practical ornithologist, wishing to receive a "*lesson*," upon one of the most dismal and distant of the Hebrides.

Having, in October 1817, as I find by one of my note-books, left Borne in Harris, in company with the Rev. Mr Alexander Macleod, minister of the Forest district, I crested the sandford and hills of Luskentir, to the little Bay of Kindibig, where we lodged with a farmer, who next day ferried us over Loch Tarbert, to a place called Ura. We remained there for a night, and then con-

tinued our journey, proceeding up a long, craggy, and bleak valley, in which is a very dark-coloured lake, famous for a goblin-beast which is seen upon it in summer in the form of a black mass having three humps. The wind was exceedingly keen, the hail came in great showers, and the summits of the mountains were covered with snow. I left the parson a little above Marig, a creek on Loch Seaforth, in which was his dreary-looking habitation; and, having resolved to ascend the highest hill, in order to witness a Hebridian snow storm in all its glory, I proceeded toward Clisheim, the height of which is estimated at somewhat more than three thousand feet. In despite of hail and snow, and the furious whirlwinds or eddying blasts that swept the mountain at intervals, I made my way, though not without labour, to the summit; and well was I recompensed; for there I enjoyed a very sublime spectacle. I was on the highest pinnacle of that range of islands denominated the Outer Hebrides, or Long Island, perched, like a *ptarmigan*, on a craggy and precipitous ridge. The islands of Uist, Harris, and Lewis, lay, as it were, at my feet. Toward the east and south, in the extreme distance, appeared the mountains of the counties of Ross and Inverness, with the pointed hills, and craggy capes, and sloping plains of Skye. Westward, a long series of summits, commencing with that on which I stood, and forming a broad ridge, intersected transversely by deep valleys, extended for several miles. They appeared to be much lower than the mountain on which I was, and resembled heaps of sand formed by pouring it from a vessel. The snow lay rather deep on them all, and the whirlwinds that swept along their ridges, scattering it in spiral flakes, presented an indescribably beautiful and sublime appearance. I was enveloped in one; but it did not prove very boisterous. The Atlantic was covered with huge clouds, that advanced in disorderly groups, nearly on a level with my position; but the waving streams of snow and hail that poured from them, left no trace on the stormy waters. Toward the north, lay the dreary flats of Lewis, covered with lakes, and flanked with the Park and Uig mountains. Having gazed upon the splendid scene until nearly frozen, I descended with considerable difficulty into a deep valley, where I encountered a fall of snow so dense as to render me apprehensive of being smothered by it. I felt, too, for the first time, perhaps, the benumbing effects of cold, my feet and fingers having become almost senseless, and a feeling of faintness having crept over me. However, by walking and running, I soon recovered heat enough; and, after passing the deep glen of Langadale, ascended an eminence in a kind of pass between two mountains, whence I discovered tokens of cultivation at the distance of three or four miles, so that I was assured of being in the proper direction toward the house of a friend whom I had not seen for many years. By a stream in a desolate valley, I fell in with a herd of seven deer, which, however, I did not attempt to molest; and, in the evening, was welcomed to the cottage of Ewen Macdiarmid, at the head of Loch Roost, one of the dreary inlets of this dismal-looking coast.

Here there is small variety of birds of any kind to be seen, and none are described. Those beheld fall under other Orders; and we anticipate much pleasure from seeing Mr Macgillivray handle them on some future day. Among the sea-fowl he must be quite at home. It is from knowledge of the central Highlands, and especially of the Hebrides, of which Mr Macgillivray appears to be a native, that his work derives its prevailing character. Many ornithologists, scientific and amateur, may be, as we have intimated, as much or better acquainted with the black-bird, the robin, and the goldfinch. He has not, like the lord of Walton-Hall, who lives in the midst of birds, in a sort of great open Austin cage, succeeded in getting the horn owl, the brown owl, the heron, the jackdaw, the magpie,

the common crow, the mallard, the pheasant, the starling, the woodpecker, the ox-eye titmouse, the water-hen, the thrush, and the blackbird, to build their nests and take away their young in safety at a stone-throw from each other. He has not attempted this; yet the Hebridian naturalist had opportunities, which to the Southron or the "closet ornithologist" are rare if not unattainable. In a description of the habits of the red and the black grouse, we have this poetical passage:—

It is pleasant to hear the bold challenge of the gormcock at early dawn on the wild moor, remote from human habitation, where, however, few ornithologists have ever listened to it. I remember, with delight, the cheering influence of its cry on a cold morning in September, when, wet to the knees, and with a sprained ankle, I had passed the night in a peat bog, in the midst of the Grampians, between the sources of the Tummel and the Dee. Many years ago, when I was of opinion, as I still am, that there is little pleasure in passing through life dry-shod and ever-comfortable, I was returning to Aberdeen from a botanical excursion through the Hebrides and the south of Scotland. At Blair-Atholl, I was directed to a road that leads over the hill, and which, I was informed, was much shorter than the highway. By it I proceeded until I reached Blair Lodge, where I obtained some refreshment, of which I stood greatly in need. The goodwoman very benevolently exerted herself to persuade me to remain all night, the hills being, as she said, bleak and dreary, entirely destitute of everything that could afford pleasure to a traveller, and even without human habitation—the nearest house being fifteen miles north. It was now six o'clock, and I was certain of being benighted; but I had promised to be at the source of the Dee by noon of next day, and all the dragons of darkness could not have prevented me from at least striving to fulfil my engagement. They had never heard of the spring in question, nor even of the river; no Cairngorum could be seen; and a woman, just returned from the Spey, informed me that I should be under the necessity of going through Badenoch before I could get to it. I placed more confidence in my travelling map.

We need not chill the reader with the sufferings of a cold night spent on the hill-side on a couch of heather.

Morning actually came at last, and I started up to renew my journey. It was now that I got a view of my lodging, which was an amphitheatre formed of bare craggy hills, covered with fragments of stone and white moss, and separated by patches of peat bog. Not a house was to be seen, nor a sheep, nor even a tree, nor so much as a blade of green grass. Not a vestige of life can be found here, thought I; but I was reproved by a cry that startled me. The scarlet crest and bright eye of a moorcock were suddenly protruded from a tuft of heather, and I heard with delight the well-known *kok, kok*, of the "blessed bird," as the Highlanders call him. It was a good omen; the night and dulness had fled, and I limped along as cheerily as I could. My half-frozen blood soon regained its proper temperature; ere long, I reached the base of the rocky ridge, and, after passing some hills, traversing a long valley, and ascending a mountain of considerable height, I took out my map, and, looking eastward below me, saw, to my great satisfaction, a rivulet running for several miles directly in the course marked. I was assured that this stream, whether the source or not, ran into the Dee, as it proceeded eastward; and, therefore, I directed my steps towards it. But here, too, a scene occurred which gave me great pleasure. Some low croaking sounds came from among the stones around me, and presently after a splendid flock of grey ptarmigan, about fifty in number, rose into the air, and whirled past me, on their way to the opposite eminence. On the brow of the hill I found two large fountains, the sources of the stream below, of each of which I drank a mouthful, and proceeded.

The habits of the grouse, a tribe now so interesting to the sportsman, are farther detailed, both from the author's personal observations in the north, and those of a remarkably *far-seeing* correspondent in the heights of Peebles-shire, bearing the same name as the Ettrick Shepherd, and probably one of his cousins. The author states:—

When disturbed while feeding, the male often boldly starts up, and utters a loud cackle, which may be imitated by quickly repeating the syllable *kot* with a deep voice. In spring and summer, they are often heard uttering the same sound without being disturbed, whether as a call of defiance to their fellows, or of warning or protection to their mates or young. Early in the morning, as well as late in the evening, but also occasionally through the day, you may hear on the moors a loud cry, which is easily syllabled into *go, go, go, go, go-back, go-back*, although the Celts, naturally imagining the moorcock to speak Gaelic, interpret it as signifying *co, co, co, co, mo-chlaidh, mo-chlaidh*—that is, *who, who, (goes there?) my sword, my sword!*

Are not these contrasted interpretations characteristic of the genius of Highlanders and Lowlanders? What follows is for our modern *battue* gentry. What would the old lovers of gentle woodcraft have said to those wholesale slaughters which convert a gentleman's preserves into a market poultryman's killing yard?

In my opinion, it is a pitiful and barbarous sport, as pursued by a regularly equipped and legally qualified slaughterer, who, even without the labour of charging his gun, still less of carrying home the produce of his idle industry, destroys as much game in one day as might serve for a dozen. But, in a district where the birds are not very numerous, and where, to procure half-a-dozen braces, one is obliged to traverse a large extent of ground, he cannot fail to find enjoyment, who, starting early with his dog, accompanied by a friend, travels over mountain and moor, inhaling the balmy air of the heathery hills, and renovating his spirits by vigorous exercise, until the declining sun warns him to retrace his course, and he returns to his home, where the comforts of social enjoyment are prepared for him. The pleasure experienced by the young sportsman, who, after much blundering perhaps, returns from a day's long excursion, with two or three braces of ptarmigan, and as many plovers, is scarcely attainable by the experienced wholesale slaughterer. . . .

The nest of the brown ptarmigan is found in the midst of the heath, in a shallow cavity, and formed of bits of twigs, grass, and sometimes a few of its own feathers, irregularly put together. The eggs are from eight to twelve, or even more, generally an inch and seven-twelfths in length, an inch and three-twelfths across, of a regular oval form, yellowish-white, pale yellowish-grey, or brownish-yellow, thickly clouded, blotched, and dotted with blackish and amber-brown. The young leave the nest soon after they are freed from the shell.

The red grouse, "the blessed bird," is considered by the Highlanders a bird of good omen. By its crowing at daybreak, the wandering spirits of evil are put to flight—

"They vanish at the crowing of the cock."

The grey ptarmigan or grouse, a bird much less known than the red grouse, Mr Macgillivray had often met with in the Hebrides; but those who would more easily attain the pleasure of seeing it, he advises to start from the Castleton of Braemar at dawn, or soon after it. He does not disapprove of a good breakfast, nor even a thimbleful of whisky on a cold day. It was after ascending the valley of the Dee for some distance, and also after this preliminary adventure, that Mr Macgillivray met the grey ptarmigan.

Started a small covey of black grouse, which, at the time being a novice, I mistook for the capercaillie, and, proceeding northward, came to a deep ravine or "den," in which were some native trees of *Pyrus aucuparia*, *Populus tremula*, and *Betula alba*. Following this stream for several miles up a heathy valley, I entered a decayed forest of white birch. Few objects present a more melancholy picture of the ruin of a primeval world than those blasted trunks, some prostrate and crumbling into fragments, others scattered along the hills like an army of giants, suddenly scathed by the wrath of heaven.

Crossing a small stream, by which grew in abundance *Gnaphalium supinum*, *Galium saxatile*, and the beautiful though very common *digitalis purpurea*, I sat down to consider what might be the best route, and reconnoitre the face of the huge, rounded mass, which I divided into three portions:—first, a plain or platform, rising gently at the farther end, and forming a pretty steep acclivity, terminating about a third up; secondly, the middle part, consisting of fragments of rock, stones, and gravel, intermixed with a little vegetation; thirdly, the remaining part, three or four hundred feet high, similar to the last, but more sterile. If one traces his proposed route in this manner, he finds it in general easy enough to ascend a hill without a guide; whereas, if he proceeds at random, he is very liable to become involved among difficulties. Hitherto the sky had been clear; but now clouds began to gather around the summits of the mountains, although that before me was still unshrouded. As I ascended, I saw, to the west, the remains of a natural forest of pine, scattered along the sides of a valley, and, on entering the second region, found the heath and other plants greatly diminished in size, while various species occurred that indicated an approach to what in botany is called an Alpine station. Near the summit of a projecting mass of rock, in this region, I sat down among the crumbling blocks of granite, to compare the *Aira flexuosa*, which grew in tufts, with its characters in Smith's "Compendium;" and, when I rose, a large covey of ptarmigans sprung from among the stones, about a hundred and fifty yards beneath me.

These beautiful birds, while feeding, run and walk among the weather-beaten and lichen-crustured fragments of rock, from which it is very difficult to distinguish them when they remain motionless, as they invariably do should a person be in sight. Indeed, unless you are directed to a particular spot by their strange low croaking cry, which has been compared to the harsh scream of the misel-thrush, but which seems to me much more like the cry of a frog, you may pass through a flock of ptarmigans without observing a single individual, although some of them may not be ten yards distant. When squatted, however, they utter no sound, their object being to conceal themselves; and, if you discover the one from which the cry has proceeded, you generally find him on the top of a stone, ready to spring off the moment you shew an indication of hostility. If you throw a stone at him, he rises, utters his call, and is immediately joined by all the individuals around, which, to your surprise, if it be your first rencontre, you see spring up one by one from the bare ground. They generally fly off in a loose body, with a direct and moderately rapid flight, resembling, but lighter than that of the brown ptarmigan, and settle on a distant part of the mountain, or betake themselves to one of the neighbouring summits, perhaps more than a mile distant.

We regret to dismiss a fine and characteristic description of the wildly sublime scenery of the mountains which

"Guard the rills of infant Dee."

Many more coveys were seen before the ramble reached the village of Kingussie in Badenoch. Mr Macgillivray seems a genuine mountaineer; with much of the grave and stately enthusiasm of the character. At the termination of this exciting solitary expedition, he says—

It is delightful to wander far away from the haunts,

and even the solitary huts of men, and, ascending the steep mountains, seat one's self on the ruinous cairn that crowns its summit, where, amid the grey stones, the ptarmigan gleams its Alpine food. There, communing with his own heart, in the wilderness, the lover of nature cannot fail to look up to nature's God. I believe it, in fact, impossible, in such a situation, on the height of Ben-na-muic-dui, or Ben Nevis, for example, not to be sensible, not merely of the existence, but also of the presence of a Divinity. In that sacred temple, of which the everlasting hills are the pillars, and the blue vault of heaven the dome, he must be a fiend indeed who could harbour an unholy thought. But, to know himself, one must go there alone. Accompanied by his fellows, he may see all of external nature that he could see in solitude, but the hidden things of his own heart will not be brought to light. To me, the ascent of a lofty mountain has always induced a frame of mind similar to that inspired by entering a temple; and I cannot but look upon it as a gross profanation to enact, in the midst of the sublimities of creation, a convivial scene, such as is usually got up by parties from our large towns, who seem to have no higher aim in climbing to the top of Benlomond or Benledi than to feast there upon cold chicken and "mountain dew," and toss as many stones as they can find over the precipices.

An autumn walk, on a cheerful day, in the rich environs of Edinburgh, makes a good contrast to the above Alpine ramble, and introduces the reader to the many gratifying sights in birds, plants, fossil remains, and fine scenery, to be met with in the picturesque neighbourhood of the northern metropolis.

Another section—that which makes us acquainted with the *ring dove* or *cushat*, and the *rock dove*, with whose history and habits our ornithologist is delightfully familiar—possesses more attraction, we think, and, at all events, more novelty. We must, therefore, indulge in a pretty long extract, as we know not where to look for so minute and beautiful a relation of the habits of this charming bird of the wilderness—the true *stock dove*, according to Mr Macgillivray, although the name has been given to the intermediate well-known species.

The rock dove, which is the original of our domestic pigeons, is a very beautiful bird, although its style of colouring is less gaudy than that of many exotic species. It is of a compact form, the body being rather full, the neck rather short, the head small, the feet short and strong, the wings rather long, the tail of moderate length.

The general colour of the plumage is light greyish-blue, the lower parts being as deeply coloured as the upper. The middle of the neck all round is splendid with green, its lower part with purplish-red. The back and the upper part of the sides, from near the shoulders to near the tail, are pure white, as are the lower wing-coverts and auxillaries.

At the western extremity of Ben Capral, a promontory of one of the remote Hebrides, is a vast mass of rock, broken by gaps and fissures into projecting crags and sloping shelves, and looking as if originally produced by the separation of a portion of the mountain which had sunk into the depths of the ocean that heaves its billows against the rugged shores. At the summit is an aggregation of angular fragments, the termination of an elevated ridge, and midway down is a green slope, horizontally traversed by several paths formed by the sheep, which, at all seasons, but especially in spring, are fond of rambling among the crags, in search of fresh pasturage. The declivity terminates on the sinuous and angular edge of precipices several hundred feet in height, near the upper part of which, a pair of White-tailed Eagles have fixed their abode, while the crevices are here and there

peopled by starlings. The shelves of these rocks are totally inaccessible by ordinary means, although an adventurous shepherd or farmer sometimes descends on a rope held by half a dozen people above, to destroy an eagle's nest, or rescue a sheep which has leaped upon some grassy spot, and is unable to reascend; but on one side, by a steep and slippery descent in a fissure, one may penetrate to the base, where he discovers a hole in the rock, barely large enough to admit him on his hands and knees. This hole is the entrance of a narrow passage in a crevice, roofed with fallen blocks. On one hand is a recess, in which a person might recline at full length, and which was actually employed as a bed by Mr Macleod of Berneray, after the battle of Culloden; and a few yards farther, the crevice opens into an irregular cave, communicating seaward with the open air, and formed by a rent in the rock, filled above with large blocks that seem ready to fall. The heavy surges of the Atlantic continually dash against a heap of stones, which partially block up the mouth of the cave. On this heap, the crested cormorants nightly repose, and, in summer, rear their young. The little shelves and angular recesses of the roof and upper parts of the cavern are tenanted by pigeons, the light blue of whose plumage has a beautiful appearance, relieved as they are by the dark ground of the moist rocks, and the soft murmur of whose notes comes upon the ear with a pleasing though melancholy effect. There, and in other places of a similar nature, have I watched these beautiful birds, until I rendered myself in some measure familiar with their habits; and, amid such wild and desolate scenes, have I loved to wander, and indulge in the not less wild imaginings of a spirit that desired to hold converse with the unseen but ever present Spirit of the universe. At early dawn, the pigeons may be seen issuing from these retreats in straggling parties, which soon take a determinate direction, and, meeting with others by the way, proceed in a loose body along the shores, until they reach the cultivated parts of the country, where they settle in large flocks, diligently seeking for grains of barley and oats, pods of the charlock, seeds of the wild mustard, polygons, and other plants, together with several species of small shell-snails, especially *Helix ericetorum* and *Bulimus acutus*, which abound in the sandy pastures. When startled, they rise suddenly, and, by striking the ground with their wings, produce a crackling noise. When at full speed, they fly with great celerity, the air whistling against their pinions. Their flight is very similar to that of the ringed and golden plovers, birds which, in form, approach very nearly to the pigeons, as may be seen more especially on comparing their skeletons; and, as this affinity has not been observed by any other person, I would direct the attention of ornithologists to it.

The notes of the rock dove resemble the syllables *ooo-roo-ooo* quickly repeated, the last prolonged. It is monogamous, as I apprehend all wild birds, even the gallinaceous, are, and its nuptials are celebrated with much cooing and circumambulation on the part of the male. A love scene among the rocks is really an interesting sight. Concealed in a crevice, or behind a projecting cliff, you see a pigeon alight beside you, and stand quietly for some time, when the whistling of pinions is heard, and the male bird shoots past like an arrow, and is already beside his mate. Scarcely has he made a rapid survey of the place, when, directing his attention to the only beautiful object which he sees, he approaches her, erecting his head, swelling out his breast by inflating his crop, and spreading his tail, at the same time uttering the well known *ooo-roo-ooo*, the soft and somewhat mournful sounds of which echo among the cliffs. The female, shy and timorous, sits close to the rock, shifting her position a little as the male advances, and sometimes stretching out her neck, as if to repel him by blows. The male continues his strutting and cooing, until the female, inadvertently coming upon the edge of the shelf, flies off to the dark recesses of the neighbouring cave, where she has scarcely alighted when her lover is again by her side. Matters go on in this manner; and, in the meantime, a nest is gradually formed, which

consists of withered stalks and blades of grass, or other plants, not very neatly arranged, but disposed so as to answer the intended purpose. Two beautiful white eggs, of an elliptical form, one an inch and four-twelfths in length, an inch and one-twelfth in breadth, the other a little shorter, are then deposited; and, in due time, the young make their appearance. During incubation, the male supplies his mate with food, which she picks from his throat as he forces it up from the crop. Even at other times, the female often goes up to the male, introduces her bill on one side into his mouth, and obtains a grain of barley, or a morsel of other food. In about three weeks, the young come abroad; and, after being fed and instructed by their parents for some days, are left to shift for themselves.

The rock dove is found in nearly all the rocky shores of Scotland and its islands; though it seems to have deserted the more frequented coasts. These birds are numerous in Shetland; and, if we are to believe that every pigeon is as voracious as a couple dissected by Mr Macgillivray's correspondent, we may well pity the Shetland farmers. In the crop of the male, above 1000 oat seeds were found, and 510 in that of the female! The bushels that may be devoured in six months by 5000 of these gentle doves, are appalling to think of. But, probably, as in many other cases, matters are not quite so bad as they seem.

Among other birds, *starlings* are found in great numbers in the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and in the Hebrides, where they remain all the year round, breeding in caverns and crevices on the rocky coast. Mr Macgillivray has taken great pains to get acquainted with the habits of this beautiful bird. The scene in which he found them, is singularly wild and interesting:—

Having, with much labour and some danger, descended from the summit of a maritime cliff on the west coast of one of the bare Hebrides, we are now standing in a low and ragged cavern, of which the upper part is formed of great blocks of gneiss, jammed into a rent of the solid rock, while the heavy waves of the Atlantic come rushing up its mouth, and alternately recede, leaving exposed, at intervals, a beautiful bed of polished pebbles. The melancholy tones of the rock dove's cooing issue from one of the recesses; and, as we look for the bird, we observe a starling perched on a projecting angle above, and screaming forth its low harsh note of alarm or anger. Presently, several individuals of the same species issue from various holes and fissures, and fly out of the cavern, followed by a few pigeons, the sound of whose wings echoes from the walls. A shot is fired, and, in the midst of the deafening noise that follows, a whole crowd of starlings hurry over head, to regain the open air, and escape the threatened danger. We have, in fact, strolled into one of their breeding places; and it being the month of June, we may here, at leisure, observe their domestic habits; but the tide is advancing, and, therefore, it may be best to regain the summit of the rock, purposing to return some other time. Early in the morning, accompanied, perhaps, at first by pigeons and cormorants, you may see them issue from their secure retreats, and hurry along the coast, or over the rocky ground, to the pastures and fields. The places to which, above all, they most frequently resort in summer and autumn, are the cowfolds where the farm stock is enclosed at night, and there, before the cattle are let out, or at milking time, you may find large flocks busily employed in searching among the old and dried dung, for larvae and worms, keeping up an incessant low chatter, frequently perching for a while on the cattle, and when satisfied reposing on the low walls of the fold, where you may often shoot them by half dozens—I do not say whole dozens, for, although that might happen, I never

obtained more than six or seven at a single discharge. They also follow the cattle in the pastures and meadows, often perching on the backs of cows, horses, and sheep; but, although very frequently seen in this society, they do not always accompany these animals. In winter, they frequent the corn-yards, along with linnets, buntings, larks, and wild pigeons, to obtain a few grains of oats, search the stubble grounds for seeds, pick up small testaceous molluscs from the pastures, and occasionally visit the shores to feed on marine worms. In spring, they find a supply of food in the newly turned fields or patches of ground; in summer and autumn, they are furnished with abundance of larvae and worms, found chiefly under the dung of domestic animals; and they attack the corn in the same manner as the sparrow, although this kind of food is apparently less agreeable to them than their more usual kind. Starlings always keep in flocks, and generally fly in a compact body, which frequently appears to undergo a kind of rotatory motion, as the individuals shift their position. When in haste, however, they fly in a direct manner, without undulations, and with great speed, employing regularly-timed beats of their wings. . .

In winter, the flocks are often very large, but, even in the breeding season, the individuals that come abroad to search for food for their young, keep in parties. In the Outer Hebrides, they associate with no other birds, excepting occasionally pigeons; but in other parts they are frequently seen intermingled with jackdaws, rooks, and thrushes of different species. In sunny weather, even in winter, starlings congregated on a rock, the top of a wall, or other eminence, enact a very pleasant concert or medley, each singing in a low rather sweet voice, and the united effect being very similar to that of the winter song of a flock of redwings. Individually, the starling's ditty is certainly not equal to that of the thrush; but yet it is by no means despicable. . . . The flock of the starling is not much inferior to that of a thrush, although tougher; and, as a considerable number may be occasionally obtained at a single shot, this bird is not unworthy of the attention of the animal designated by the name of sportsman. . . .

In the Hebrides, the starlings begin to form their nests in the end of April or the beginning of May, selecting suitable spots in the crevices of rocks, in caverns, or under large blocks, in situations as inaccessible as possible. I have found them also in large winding holes in grassy banks, on an unfrequented islet, which I conjectured to have been originally formed by rats, and afterwards enlarged by the starlings. It appears, however, that they also dig holes of themselves on the grassy shelves of the rocks. The nest is bulky, composed of grass and portions of plants of various species, with a rude lining of feathers and hair. The eggs, which are from four to six, are of a somewhat elongated or regular oval form, glossy, and of a delicate very pale greenish-blue. They vary in length from an inch and a quarter to an inch and two twelfths or a little less, and in their greatest breadth from three-fourths to ten-twelfths of an inch. These birds occur in many other parts of Scotland, but are generally rare in the middle and southern divisions, where their colonies breed in maritime rocks, in old buildings, and sometimes in holes in decayed trees. In winter, they usually scatter over the country, appearing in flocks of greater or less extent in parts where they do not habitually reside.

Starlings are said to be getting more plentiful in the places specified, and to have become scarcer in England. This bird, as is well known, is easily tamed, and may be taught to speak and whistle tunes. Mr Macgillivray gives, at second hand, an account of one or two highly accomplished or *college-bred* individuals of the family. We have ourselves the pleasure of a long and intimate acquaintance with the Ayrshire shoemaker's pupil, whose name is Richard, not Charlie. Though now fallen somewhat into the sere and yellow leaf, he has not forgotten his early

acquirements, and we can vouch for the truth of his powers in a monologue. Another pupil of the shoemaker was, perhaps, even more eloquent. "Come in, lads and lasses," was his opening; "take a' chairs, and sit down and hear Richard whistle the 'Laird of Cockpen.'" And here the air was whistled; after which the starling resumed, "Is not that pretty well for a small bird like me?" Our friend, Richard I., whistles "Over the water to Charlie;" but, probably from neglect, he is now at a loss to complete the air. He chatters much more than is set down for him by Mr Macgillivray; and, when informed, the other day, that he was become a distinguished historical bird, he seemed to fancy the compliment no more than was due to his talents. Since Richard has waxed in years, he has become more familiar, and rather fond of good living. At the breakfast hour, he regularly calls for his buttered toast; and, upon the cage-door being opened, he darts out, perches upon his master's hand, and devours his morsel with great relish. He also calls lustily for cream to his porridge, when the breakfast table is about to be cleared; and scolds for an hour, if his call is not attended to. There is, however, not much enjoyment to thinking bipeds, in the mere talk of starlings. One is tempted to say, as of other parrot-talkers, "Could you only learn to hold your tongue, you pretty creature, it might never be found out what a fool you are." Esteem for the intellect of birds is certainly not increased by their taught jargon.

To rooks, a long and amusing section of the work is devoted. They are plentiful, it seems, about Edinburgh, for reasons which may probably be easily explained by the philosophers of what wont to be called "the Stove School." We remember a paper upon the return of the lawyers of Modern Athens—most high-piled of cities!—from the assizes or the country, to the winter session, having for its motto,

"To their high-built airy nests,
See the Rooks returning home."

The hooded or Royston crow, so rare in the South—where the people, however, call the carrion crow the "hoodie crow"—and so frequent in the Highlands and the Islands of Scotland, is accurately described, and made out to be rather a respectable, well-conducted bird, which, without encroaching on the rights of others, knows how to keep its own place. Mr Macgillivray has no faith in crow-courts or crow-convocations of any kind, whether for justice or match-making; which last he conceives unnecessary, as the handfasting lasts all the year round. We are told that, when the hooded crow has found small crabs, and other shell-fish, it soars high in the air, and drops them on the ground to open them. We can easily believe this, as blackbirds—which are very plentiful in our neighbourhood, and as tame as the robin, picking out of the house-dog's dish along with the sparrows, and, in severe weather, *scolding* if the customary food is not set out for them—drop the snails they pick up in spring in the fields and garden, not on the walks, but, more effectually, upon the entrance

steps, in order to break them. This fact, which was at first doubted, when asserted by the maid whose duty it was to keep the steps neat, was confirmed by observation. If it was found inconvenient to approach the steps, the flat coping of a wall was employed, on which to drop the snail-shells. The ox-eye titmouse is an equally familiar winter visiter with us. Numerous small perforations, not much bigger than pin points, made in the surface of hanging joints of meat, excited some surprise, and were found to be made by those courageous and clever birds, who made an hourly practice of entering the larder, and dabbling, on the wing, hovering round rather than settling on the joint, like humming-birds about a flower. In the same keeping-place, a robin, last year, made its nest in a small basket hanging against the wall, and safely brought out its young, unheeding who passed in or out. To preserve the robins from cats, and for the convenience of locking the door at night, a small hole was drilled in the door, the use of which Robin understood at once, and by it the parent birds made their ingress and egress until their parental duties were happily terminated. Chaffinches, robins, hedge-sparrows, and also the cockney species, abound in the same sheltered nook; and, in its season, the martlet, the loveliest of migratory birds, whether from the brilliancy of its plumage or the pathetic sweetness of its musical twitter, keeps us shy neighbourhood, though evidently annoyed by impudent hoats of Mr Macgillivray's *passer domesticus*. With us these well-remembered beggars are not merely familiar, but obtrusive, and difficult to be rebuffed; keeping watch opposite back-doors, to snatch any opportunity of entering, and reaching the accustomed dish.

With the raven Mr Macgillivray is well acquainted, as that bird exists in the Hebrides, where its habits, like those of the starling, are modified by situation. He describes it as a

Remarkably grave and sedate bird; and, unlike many men who assume an aspect of dignity, it is equally noted for sagacity and prudence. It is crafty, vigilant, and shy, so as to be with great difficulty approached, unless in the breeding season, when its affectionate concern for its young, in a great measure overcomes its habitual dislike to the proximity of man—a dislike which is the result of prudence more than of mere timidity; for, under particular circumstances, it will not hesitate to make advances which a timorous bird would, no doubt, deem extremely hazardous. Either from natural instinct, or from observation and reflection, it appears to know, in some measure, the power of its arch enemy; and, finding that its own faculties are insufficient to enable it to counteract his destructive propensities, carefully avoids coming within his reach. On the other hand, it eats from off the same carcase as a dog, and takes its station close to an otter devouring its prey, doubtless because its vigilance and activity suffice to enable it to elude their efforts to inflict injury upon it; and, while it yields to the eagle, it drives away the hooded crow and the gull. It knows the distance, too, at which it is safe from a man armed with a gun, and allows the shepherd and his dogs to come much nearer than the sportsman. . . .

The raven never ventures to attack a man plundering its nest, and rarely pretends to be crippled in order to draw him away from it; but stands at a distance, looking extremely dejected, or flies over and around him, uttering, now and then, a stifled croak, indicative of grief or

anxiety. I have, however, on such an occasion, seen a raven fly off to a considerable distance, and, alighting in a conspicuous place, tumble about as if mortally wounded.

Having enjoyed ample opportunities of cultivating an acquaintance with this species in the Outer Hebrides, I shall describe its manners as observed by me in these dreary, but to the naturalist, highly interesting islands. There, the raven, in search of food, may be seen, either singly or in pairs, in all sorts of situations, along the rocky shores, on the sand fords, the sides of the hills, the inland moors, and the mountain tops. It flies at a moderate height, proceeding rather slowly, deviating to either side, sailing at intervals, and seldom uttering any sound.

When it has discovered a dead sheep, it alights on a stone, a peat bank, or other eminence, folds up its wings, looks around, and croaks. It then advances nearer, eyes its prey with attention, leaps upon it, and, in a half-crouching attitude, examines it. Finding matters as it wished, it croaks aloud, picks out an eye, devours part of the tongue if that organ be protruded, and, lastly, attacks the subcaudal region.

Although the raven is omnivorous, its chief food is carrion, by which is here meant the carcases of sheep, horses, cattle, deer, and other quadrupeds, dolphins, and cetaceous animals in general, as well as fishes that have been cast ashore. In autumn, it sometimes commits great havoc among the barley; and, in spring, it occasionally destroys young lambs. It has also been accused of killing diseased sheep by picking out their eyes; but of this I have obtained no satisfactory evidence. It annoys the housewives by sometimes flying off with young poultry, and especially by breaking and sucking eggs which the ducks or hens may have deposited, as they frequently do, among the herbage.

In these islands, should a horse or a cow die, as in my younger days was very frequently the case in the beginning of summer, after a severe winter or spring, or should a grampus, or other large cetaceous animal, be cast on the shore, the ravens speedily assemble, and remain in the neighbourhood until they have devoured it. A large herd of grampuses, dolphins, orca, having been driven by the inhabitants of Fabbay on the sand beach of that island, which is one of those in the Sound of Harris, an amazing number of ravens soon collected from all quarters, and continued for several weeks to feast upon the carcases. By the time when this supply of food was exhausted, autumn was advancing, and the inhabitants became alarmed lest, should the ravens prolong their stay, they should attack their barley, which was their main stay, as they depended chiefly upon it for the means of paying their rents; a regular system of illicit distillation having, for reasons not difficult to be guessed, been permitted for many years. Various expedients were tried in vain, until at length a scheme was devised by one Finlay Morison, which produced the desired effect. The ravens retired at night to a low cliff on the east side of the island, where they slept crowded together on the shelves. Finlay and a few chosen companions, intimately acquainted with the principal fissures and projections of the rock, made their way after midnight to the roosts of the ravens, caught a considerable number of them, and carried them off alive. They then plucked off all their feathers, excepting those of the wings and tail; and, in the morning, when their companions were leaving their places of repose, let loose among them these live scarecrows. The ravens, terrified by the appearance of these strange-looking creatures, which, it seems, they failed to recognise as their own kinsfolk, betook themselves to flight in a body, and did not return to the island. It was in this numerous congregation of ravens that the white individual, of which I have already made mention, occurred, and which the people, considering it as the royal bird, regarded with a kind of superstitious reverence.

The ravens are social, and almost convivial, in their ravening. They are imagined to have some occult means of sending telegraphic despatches, or speeding the Fiery Cross along the

coast, when an opportunity occurs of banqueting on a dead cow or stranded whale. Mr Macgillivray, however, does not give them full credit for disinterestedly spreading information for the benefit of their distant neighbours. He makes the whole the result of observation, sagacity, or rather the inductive process of reasoning :—

It has seemed to me strange that, in a country where, under ordinary circumstances, few ravens are seen, so many as from twenty to two hundred or more, should collect in a few days. In perambulating these islands, one scarcely meets with more than a pair in the space of a mile or so; and in Harris, where their breeding places were pretty generally known to me, I could not count a dozen pairs along a coast-line of as many miles. In Pabbay, as mentioned above, several hundreds had come together, so that the people naturally marvelled whence they had arrived. If along a coast-line of ten miles there are ten pairs of ravens, with five young birds to each, or seventy in all, on one of a hundred and forty, there might be nearly a thousand. Pabbay is two miles distant from Berneray, and six from Harris. Even should the wind blow in the latter direction, it is not likely that a raven should smell carrion six miles distant; and in Berneray, which the effluvia might reach, there are not usually more than three or four resident pairs. The birds of the west coast of Lewis, South Uist, and Barra, could not be guided a distance of fifty miles or more by the smell. How then did they arrive in Pabbay? It seems to me that the phenomenon may be explained thus.

The two pairs of ravens residing in Pabbay itself, would, with their broods, first perceive the carcasses. Those of Berneray might stroll over, as they often do, or they might see the prey, as might those on the Harris coast. Ravens have character in their flight, as men have in their walk. A poetsauntering by a river, a conchologist or fish-woman looking for shells along the shore, a sportsman searching the fields, a footman going on a message, a lady running home from a shower, or a gentleman retreating from a mad bull, move each in a different manner, suiting the action to the occasion. Ravens do the same, as well as other birds; and so, those at the next station, perhaps a mile distant, judging by the flight of their neighbours that they had a prize in view, might naturally follow. In this manner, the intelligence might be communicated over a large extent of country, and, in a single day, a great number might assemble. We know from observation, that ravens can perceive an object at a great distance; but that they can smell food a quarter of a mile off, we have no proof whatever.

If our author does not believe that ravens can smell carrion at any great distance, still less, though a Highlander, does he believe that they

can discover disease and death in a house by smell—a common superstition in the Highlands, where ravens are regarded as unlucky or ill-boding birds.

This that follows is beautifully said, though more melancholy in tone than might have been expected from a native of the dreary region depicted. We have enjoyed many days, many tracts of weather, not merely cheerful, but brilliant, in those islands.

The character of the raven accords well with the desolate aspect of the rugged glens of the Hebridian moors. He and the eagle are the fit inhabitants of those grim rocks; the red grouse, the plover, and its page, of those brown and scarred heaths; the ptarmigan of those craggy and tempest-beaten summits. The red-throated diver and the merganser, beautiful as they are, fail to give beauty to those pools of dark-brown water, edged with peat banks, and unadorned with sylvan verdure. Even the water-lily, with its splendid white flowers, floating on the deep-bog, reflects no glory on the surrounding scenery, but selfishly draws all your regards to itself. There, on the rifted crag, let the dark raven croak to his mate, while we search for the species in distant parts of the land.

And Mr Macgillivray falls back upon his correspondent in the South, who describes the habits of the raven in the wilds of Dumfries, Roxburgh, and Selkirk shires. Here he wages fierce war with the goshawk or peregrine falcon, and the fox. He also

Plunders the nests of moorfowls, (red grouse,) and carries away the contents, whether eggs or young chicks; and, as he is strong, as well as sly and sagacious, he no doubt kills many of the moorfowls themselves after they are full grown. But the raven is a magnanimous bird, compared with the hoodie or carrion crow, which descends to the most despicable shifts, and employs the most cruel methods to support itself that can well be imagined.

It is more than time that we were drawing to a close with a work which we presume to be a great acquisition to ornithological science; and one which we know to possess the higher merit of popularizing knowledge, by combining its results with the affections, with natural piety, and elegant, refining literary recreation. This is to make science bear its appropriate fruits; and, for want of this, the bulk of scientific works have hitherto been treated by the mass of mankind, and the whole of womankind, with deserved neglect.

ADELE.*

In spite of all that sages say,
I fain with store of gold would meet;
Then eagerly I'd fly to lay
The treasure at my true love's feet.
Adèle, I'd gratify thee
The slightest wish thou mightst express:
There is no avarice in me—
But, oh, my love is measureless.

Or might it to my lays belong,
To make immortal Adèle's name,
I'd sing of Adèle till the song
Immortal memory should claim.
Our names in verse together twined,
So may futurity possess!
No love of fame is in my mind—
But, oh, my love is measureless.

* Berneray. "Beaucoup d'Amour."

Would Providence for me ordain
A sovereign's rank, and dazzling throne,
Adèle should grace the fancied reign,
And all my power should be her own.
More sure of pleasing her to be,
I'd fain see courtiers round me press:
Ambition finds no place in me—
But, oh, my love is measureless.

Song, why with vain desires art fraught?
Adèle my every wish employs;
Wealth, glory, empire, ye are naught—
'Tis love, true love, that gives true joys.
From fortune's wheel I fear no blank,
I live secure of happiness:
I have not riches, fame, nor rank—
But oh, my love is measureless.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

A TALE OF IRELAND.

CASTLE CARROL is one of the noblest spots on the Shannon. The old tower stands forth on a rocky eminence, as if the champion of the wild, rough country in its rear, against the smooth, smiling, civil-spoken plain confronting it, on the opposite shore. With all its braggartry, however, the Carrol country has the worst of it—being a barren, ill-regulated district; while the meadow-lands which it overlooks, are fine, fat, flourishing pastures, flowing with milk and honey.

Castle Carrol had not gazed upon this land of Canaan, for so many centuries, without experiencing certain sensations of ungodly coveting; and, accordingly, when, at the commencement of the present century, the thriving estate of Vale Banatha devolved upon a female heir, Castle Carrol lost no time in becoming a suitor; and, after the usual forms of courtship, Miss Florence O'Banatha became Countess of O'Carrol. The old hall rang with the gay doings of the wedding; and, soon after the close of the year, the church bells rang again, in honour of the birth of an heir to hill and valley; and as, within no great distance of time, they tolled out dolefully for the burial of the heiress-countess, no second offspring came to divide the inheritance of the young peer.

It was much about the same time that one of Lord O'Carrol's cottars (who, bearing the same name, would in Scotland have announced himself to be of the castle-clan) married, and begat a son. The bride, in this instance, inherited nothing but a pair of strong arms and strong frame of mind; and, consequently, no church bells announced to the surrounding country the birth of little Jem. The bantling struggled unheeded into life, his course through which was predestined to be a continuous struggle.

"See to him, the darlint!" cried his father, holding the roaring babe up to the sunshine, rolled in one of his own ragged shirts. "Hasn't he got the eye iv him winking up at the cruiskun already, as if he'd got a taste iv it? Och! he'll be the broth of a boy!"

And so he was!—From six years upwards, wherever mischief was to be done or danger confronted, Jem Carrol was foremost. Light-limbed, light-hearted, light-headed, accustomed to hard fare at bed and board, no danger of Jem Carrol's eating or sleeping away his faculties! He was sharp, as he was sharp-set. All his pleasures were boons of Nature's granting—exercise and free air—

"A savage wildness o'er him hung,
As of a dweller out of doors."

His face was tanned brown, his hair white; and when, with one hand holding up his tattered vestments, he skimmed the plain, or climbed the cliffs, the little animal had more the untamed aspect of one of the *feræ naturæ*, than of a Christian soul encased in a human body. Christian,

however, is a term almost gratuitous, as applied to little Jem; for, though his parents had paid their fee to the priest for bestowing upon him the name of James, which they considered the upshot of the operation that was to keep his infant soul out of purgatory, neither father nor son gave a second thought to the subject. Jem, senior, was too hard-working and hard-drinking a creature to take much account of things spiritual; and Jem, junior's, sins were at present stationary on the shoulders of his sponsors. He had been occasionally licked for "staling" apples, or "thaving" the chicken's meat, when his allowance of murphies proved too small for his appetite and virtue. But his knowledge of the iniquity of "staling" was expected to be instinctive. His sire and dam were too busy to teach—they had only time to cuff; and Castle Carrol being rigidly Protestant, and no priest resident in the district, he was brought up a heathen in all but name.

Not so, young Lord Julius, heir to the noble house of Carrol. His cradle was overhung with silks, his infancy beset with nurses. At six years old, he had scarcely the free use of his limbs, and, while Jem Carrol was clambering up the cliffs for life and death, could scarcely climb, without assistance, into an arm-chair. If "thaving" and "staling" were not more interdicted to him than poor Jem, everything else was forbidden. It was "Julius, don't do that," from morning till night; till, reared with a notion of being always in the wrong, the boy grew up in a sort of vague want of self-reliance, which gave him the air of a fool, and taught him the mean acts of cunning and lying. At ten years old, the young lord, in his velvet jacket and trowsers of spotless white, was a very dirty little fellow.

At that precise period, however, he ceased to be visible at Castle Carrol. The red velvet and white jean were exchanged for a suit of sables, while the church-bells tolled more dolorously than before, in token that the noble Earl was about to sleep his last sleep beside the noble Countess; and, lo! the chubby-faced, flaxen-headed boy, in whose person were united the honours of Castle Carrol and the wealth of Vale Banatha, reigned in their stead, and was forthwith carried off to England by his guardian, Sir Bernard Moonshine, to be made a man of.

"Long life to the lad, and God's luck ever-mor' be wid him!" exclaimed James Carrol, sen., as the carriage and four, containing the heir and executors, bowled out of sight. "A better Lard nor his Lardship's right honourable fader niver was seen at Castle Carrol—bringing a big heiress into the family, all as one as a bridge over the blessed river 'tween Vale Banatha and the Carrol country—and may his son live to walk in his shoes!"

This adjuration was shortly changed into—

"God send the young Lard's time was come for walking in his noble fader's shoes!" For, instead of the resident Earl, the tenants had now a non-resident agent to look to for justice and protection. The executors had other matter in hand. The Irish estates were allowed to go as it pleased Providence—and Providence seems rarely pleased with anything that occurs on Irish estates. The guardians took care of the young Lord, and trusted the property to the agents; the agents took care of themselves, and trusted the property to chance. The castle was allowed to go to rack and ruin: the rain rained in; the sunshine alone was shut out; floors and furniture mouldered away; the rats kept holiday in the old hall; and mildew overspread the surface of the place.

It was not till the agent, five years after the Earl's decease, sent in a demand of six thousand three hundred and seventy-two pounds, four shillings, and eightpence, for the article of repairs, that the executors appeared to recollect the fact, that, on the Irish estates, stood a castle, in which castle the Right Hon. minor had seen the light. But it did not much signify. Lord O'Carrol, who was now in the fifth form at Eton, already announced that he never intended to reside in Ireland; and money being just then highly advantageous in calling in an English mortgage, the executors decided against further reparation, and let the old house shift for itself. Next spring, there was a promising crop of grass in the western wing, unroofed by the storms of the preceding winter; and even the bats, domiciliated in the blue damask drawing-room, seemed to feel that the place was growing too damp and dismal for them. But what mattered all this to Lord O'Carrol? He was now entered at Cambridge; had a suit of rooms at Mivart's, and a bill at Adams' the coach-maker, the manifold sheets of which might have served to repaper the blue damask drawing-room.

Jem Carrol, meanwhile, had, like his noble contemporary, survived his sainted sire; but, by way of compensation for the loss, he had his mother and an infirm brother to maintain. Himself and the pig were all they had to look to; yet such was the hilarity of his nature, that, so long as the "praties thruv," and the agent who monopolized the preserves of the game and fishery, resided thirty miles off along the river, Jem Carrol continued to keep a good face upon it. No one could say the lad was out at elbows, for small sleeve it was that Jem had to his jacket; and if his comely features were more begrimed than was advantageous to the beauty of his complexion, what wonder? There was nothing about the place but the greenest of ditch water—so green that the family were "forced to quench their thirst (so they were) with buttermilk or sper'ts," and dispense altogether with personal ablution.

Dirt is the parent of disease. The green ditch water brought the fever; "and so, being laid up, kilt with typhus, at sade time," the

Carrols' acre was left to the mercy of their neighbours; and their neighbours proved too poor and too busy to be merciful. The crop failed which was to supply both rent and food. The guardian's agent's sub-agent, who inhabited the tumbledown offices of the old castle, grew turbulent and threatened; upon which poor Jem, with a sanguine trust in better times, sold off their few movables, and brought on a relapse of the fever, by sleeping on the damp floor, saturated by the oozings of the memorable green ditch.

It was not probable that the pauper Papist family should obtain much favour in the sight of the Protestant minister of the parish; but, as the present incumbent, the Honourable and Reverend Marmaduke Carrol, uncle of the late Lord, seldom visited the place, except for a fortnight's shooting, and during his residence, fifty miles off, at his deanery at Kilfisant, intrusted the cure of the souls and bodies committed to his parochial charge, to the hands of a curate having sixteen children of his own to monopolize his attention, and assist him to starve upon eighty-five pounds per annum—the case of the cottars was altogether hopeless. They might have been unconscious, indeed, that the parish boasted a dean for its rector, and the dean a pauper for his curate, but for the half-yearly visits of the tithe-proctor; and it almost reconciled Jem and the family to the one-piggedness of their farm, that no tithe-pig ever curled its tail over their threshold, on its way to the Decanatorial sty.

Judy Carrol, as we have already remarked, was a strong-minded, able-bodied woman. But her physical force had now given way under the depression of disease; and it was almost too much for her moral courage to find the utmost efforts of her noble-hearted lad scarcely sufficient to provide a bite and sup for herself and poor Maurice.

"Sure, isn't it a hard thing, now," murmured she, as she sat shivering in a corner of the damp cabin, "to fale the want of a turf, when my Lard's stacks are rotting up yon, undher the viry eyes iv us, and the agent too lazy to so much as make his market on 'em? And isn't it a hard thing, now, to see poor Jim kilt out iv the life iv him, slaving for me and Maurice, who's more helpless nor a baby this day, jist because the agent wont lind a hand to mind the drain, what's been wanting repair these tin year, and makes the cabin like a mill-pond, and brings the faver, and the faver murder and ruin? Plass God, if 'twas in the grave that Maurice and I was lying, little it is the loss iv us would be felt; and thin Jem might hauld up his young hid again, and none the warse."

It was owing to the suggestions of this maternal monologue, that poor Maurice Carrol, the hunchback, took a sudden and desperate resolution to minister, for the future, to his own maintenance. It was not much he could do. He could not dig, and, though to beg he was by no means ashamed, there was not a soul in

the country, now the mansions at Castle Carrol and Vale Banatha were shut up, to encourage beggars. A few handfuls of meal or a stale loaf were the utmost he was likely to procure from the wives of the neighbouring farmers. One only alternative presented itself. Maurice had been in his childhood too infirm to be banded into an abhorrence of "thaving and staling;" while the six miles intervening between Castle Carrol and the nearest station of his Reverence, were too long a step for the lame child to be dragged so often as his spiritual education might be supposed to require. His notions of *meum* and *tuum*, therefore, or rather of the degree of turpitude arising from the transfer of other people's property to one's self, were exceedingly vague. He knew for instance, that, in a rushy bottom of the river, in a bend about a quarter of a mile from Banatha manor-house, was the favourite breeding ground of the plovers, abounding in the district. For eleven months of the year, the spot was deserted save by himself—the desolate boy having a liking to the desolateness of the place, and a predilection for the melancholy cry of the birds frequenting the neighbouring moors. But the eggs formed a valuable object of speculation. The chief agent's wife was fond of having them for her ball suppers in Meriton Square; and the sub-agent, accordingly, made it his duty to have the nests watched in laying time. It unluckily happened at this juncture that the keeper appointed for the purpose having made it annually apparent to his employers, that the produce of the place was on the decrease, was apprised that, unless during the present season it proved as abundant as of old, his occupation would be gone. Pat Flanagan had, accordingly, no alternative but rigour or dismissal.

"Well! justice is justice!" cried he, when, gun in hand, he took up his solitary position on a misty April morning, just as daylight was breaking on the river. "How I'm to make them bastes of burds giv a bigger complement, is more than my own gumption can guess, ony way; and as to giving up my gun to the kaper, and laving my place about the Castle—Well—Hiven help a poor boy! I'll jist see the inding on't."

He had assumed his accustomed post an hour or two earlier than usual; and, having assumed his seat on the stump of an old alder-bush, around which springing suckers, already shooting into leaf, afforded him some degree of shelter, he sat musing with his pipe in his mouth, and his eyes fixed upon the stream.

It was a pleasant sight to observe the heavy overhanging mists, rendered gradually transparent by the rising sun, wreathing and circling away, till not only the ripple of the current, but the outline of the opposite cliffs became discernible. At that untimely hour no craft was moving on the river; no stragglers were discernible on the cliffs above or shores below—not so much as a truant urchin sauntering along the green strip of grassy soil at the base of the

rocks, forming a depository for things washed down by the stream from the higher country. All was solitary, all still, all silent—save that the plovers were already on the wing; shrieking and circling over the rushes, or dotting the green grass as they stood pluming themselves for the day. But, lo! Pat Flanagan's eyes were soon directed from the mists, and his spirit from its meditations, by the sight of one of the leather-covered wicker punts belonging to the Castle salmon fishery, pushing its way clumsily along the shallows of the opposite shore. The hour, the season, and the solitariness of the boat, forbade all notion that it could be occupied by one of those to whose calling it was apportioned; nor could Pat, for the life of him, discern, through the misty morning air, by whose hand it was so feebly punted along. By the stature of the boatman, it might be supposed a child—by its reckless pilotage along that perilous shore, a woman. At length, as the little barque slanted its course hazardingly across the current, Pat, who sat watching from his post, exclaimed, in consternation,—"The Lard's mercy be good to me, this day, if it ben't Widdy Carrol's lame Maurice!" At first his sole anxiety was excited by the peril incurred by the urchin in crossing the stream. But he next began to wonder what could be the urchin's object in braving such a peril. There was nothing to tempt him towards that uninhabited moor, but the plovers' nests; and in a moment it rushed into Pat's head, that the appearance of Maurice Carrol on the spot, had some connexion with the disappearance of the eggs. Instead of hailing the boy, therefore, as he had half unclosed his mouth to do, he cowered cunningly among the alder bushes, and "bided his time."

Ten minutes afterwards, when Maurice, after tethering his cockle-shell of a boat to a stump, and, half wading, half walking, proceeded to fill to the brim, with dark-spotted plovers' eggs, the moss-lined basket with which he came provided, he was suddenly felled to the ground, and deprived of consciousness. It was not till he found himself lying in the heat of the noon-day sun under the cliffs on the opposite shore, his tattered clothes covered with the half-dried mire through which he had been dragged by Pat Flanagan, and his bones and head aching with the bruises bestowed on him with the butt of the keeper's gun, that he understood the detection and chastisement which had befallen him. It was by Pat's sense of justice that the marauder was steered over the river, and left half dead upon the beach; and perhaps by his sense of compassion that not a syllable was uttered on his part concerning the transaction. "The boy's had bating enough to kape him from pickin and stealin for some time to come," was Flanagan's commentary on the business, when he resumed his place among the alder bushes; "it would be only shaming the child of honest folk, was I to make his reck'nin for'm wid the agent. But let me catch him at's thricks agin, the spalpeen, and I'll make an everlastin' warnin' on him."

That night Maurice Carrol lay moving on the

slay door of the cabin; and a sore thought it was to his mother and brother that the "fever" had again seized him, and that they were unable to pay for doctor, or doctor's stuff, to free him from the pain against which he seemed to be struggling. But the next night, he moaned no more; and the night following, unnatural lights burned in the cabin, unnatural sounds of festivity issued from its open threshold, from which the door had been unhinged to form a dead-deal to straighten the corpse of the murdered boy. The lads of Castle Carrol were waking poor hunch-back Maurice!

He had died without disclosing a word. He was too proud to own that he had been beaten for a thief; though satisfied, according to the conscience of the poor, that poaching is no thieving in the sight of God, and that the wild creatures of nature's breeding are vouchsafed as much for the food of the hungry as for the recreation of the rich. But when the wasted, deformed body of Maurice came to be prepared for the grave, his bruises and contusions became manifest; and it was clear that one of these blows, dealt by some vindictive man, whose hand was stronger than his judgment, had caused an inward injury, and ended the wants and miseries of the widow's son. The neighbours cried shame—the agent was required to appeal to the nearest magistrate for redress. But having ascertained that there existed no evidence to throw light upon the business, (the whole having been privately disclosed to his employer by poor Pat, the day of the affray, when the sub-agent sent off Flanagan with a basket of plovers' eggs, along the river, to the agent in chief, requesting that work might be found for him on another part of the estate,) he informed the Carrol family that it was useless to entail the trouble and expense of legal investigation upon the parish; that it was clear the boy had fallen from the cliffs in some wanton expedition of bird's nesting, and been afraid to acquaint them with the accident.

The pauper is easily answered—easily buried. The earth once heaped over the injuries of poor Maurice, there was nothing further to be said. Most people thought the starving family in luck, to be delivered from their burthen; and if the village did not yield implicit credit to the sub-agent's explanations, it considered the matter not worth inquiring into.

Not so, however, Jem. Young Carrol was now nineteen years of age, embittered in soul by adversity, and worn down in frame by premature labour. It was just as he was becoming conscious of the hardness of his mortal lot, as a perpetual hewer of other people's wood, and drawer of other people's water—the hewing and drawing of which, from July to eternity, would never yield him a decent maintenance—that his brother's mysterious death superadded the consciousness of injury to that of wretchedness. Hitherto, when he found the world too strong for him, he had redoubled his trust in Providence; he now began to fancy the world too

strong for Providence itself. His poor, harmless, afflicted brother, Maurice, whose hand was never raised against living mortal, had been murdered in cold blood—and there was no redress! Jem Carrol could not work for thinking of this by day; could not rest for dreaming of it by night! The cabin seemed haunted by the body of Maurice, extended upon the old door—discoloured with bruises—the countenance distorted with its death pang—the long dark hair clotted with blood! Wherever he turned, he beheld that ghastly spectacle. His dying father had committed the helpless lame boy to his charge, to be unto him as a child of his own; and now, his father's voice seemed to sound anew in his ears, bidding him arise and avenge the death of his son! In the midst of some household occupation or labour of husbandry, he would pause suddenly; and, with compressed lips, and big beads of moisture standing out upon his brow, fold his arms across his breast, and give himself up to the agonizing consideration of his brother's martyrdom.

"Niver will I hare that swate voice agin; niver will them blessed eyes, so mild and good, look out from the cabin-door, to wilcome me home," muttered the excited young man. "By God's will, my blood runs no longer in the veins of living man; yet not by God's will, (the blessed saints forgive me this day!) but by the will of the masterful and cru'l, to whose hands I seem evermore committed."

Then followed darker and more discontented thoughts; and an oath, registered in heaven, that, if ever he should discover the originator of his brother's death, a life should be taken to repay the life of Maurice. For Maurice was no brawler. His voice was soft, his arm feeble, his heart gentle as a woman's. The injury *must* have been dealt unprovoked. As Jem Carrol constantly repeated to himself, "The lad had been kilt and murdered in cold blood."

A year actually elapsed before a surmise of the truth occurred to the mind of the young man. It was not till the April following, (when—having dropped down the stream towards the moorlands, on his own account, for the provision of eggs he had long been in the habit of securing annually for his mother—he found the place guarded by an armed keeper,) that threats were uttered against himself, which brought to mind the fate of him of whose death the morrow was the anniversary!

"Murdering villin!—'twas yerself then, as shure as a blessed sky's above me, that made away with Maurice Carrol!" cried Jem, with sudden conviction, recoiling from the advancing keeper.

"I'll make small account, plase God, of making an ind iv yerself that says that same," retorted the man, flourishing his musket more like a shillelah than a fire-arm; while Jem, excited beyond all self-control, (as a thousand concurrent circumstances rushed into his mind, of a boat's having been found drifting along the current on the day of his brother's death, and the garments

of poor Maurice being stained with mire resembling that of the rushy moor,) burst like a mad-man upon the keeper, wrested the weapon from his hands, and, whether accidentally in the scuffle, or by deliberate aim, lodged the charge of the piece in the body of the offender.

It was now decreed for Jem Carrol to pursue the course previously taken by poor Flanagan. After lying concealed a day in the adjacent moor, he fled the country. The cry of blood was at his heels; and, with terror in his steps and famine in his face, he at length reached the sea-coast; and, having earned, by a few weeks' labour at some neighbouring marl-pits, the price of a passage, quitted old Ireland for ever. He was now a desperate man. He knew that his mother was penniless and helpless; with shame, and sorrow, and want to abide with her in her desolate habitation. He gave himself up to his anguish—he gave himself up to his infamy; for having accidentally learned, on his escape from the moors of Vale Banatha, that the murdered man was a stranger in the place, newly engaged as keeper by the sub-agent of the absentee Earl of O'Carrol, he found the weight of blood upon his soul, yet his vengeance still unsatiated.

The young Earl, meanwhile, was enjoying his purple and fine linen, and luxuriating in the good things of this life. All he had done to obtain the houses and lands, the hangings and plate, the horses and chariots, ministering to his daily enjoyment, was—to be born; and he appeared resolved to add very little exertion to that original effort. Though a representative Peer, he had not yet taken his seat in Parliament. Clubs, spongers, dice, and claret, engrossed his days and nights. He knew no more of his Irish estates and tenants, than the "per Messrs Latouche & Co., so many thousands" half-yearly entered into his London banker's book. He had fought a duel at Cambridge on being taxed with the brogue; and would have dismissed old Ireland wholly and entirely from his recollection, but for the excellent whisky and beautiful colts annually forwarded to his Lordship's hunting seat in Leicestershire, as a token of respect from his agent in Merriam Square. Yet O'Carrol was not a bad-hearted young man. He was weak rather than wicked; and, had his better qualities been cultivated by conscientious and loving parents, instead of a careless guardian, he might have turned out a useful member of society. As it was, he contented himself with being a man of *ton*, a member of the best clubs, an occasional visitor to the West End police offices. Sir Bernard Moonshine had every reason to be satisfied with his ward.

It happened that, one summer, a few years after his attainment of his majority, Lord O'Carrol, on his way from town to Southampton, to embark in his yacht for a cruise, with a set of his Crockfordite associates, arrived at Winchester just as the bells were ringing and trumpets braying, to announce the arrival of the judges, and the opening of the assizes. The dandy crew

in the britchs and four immediately took their cigars from their mouths, to inquire what fun was going on. They were informed that the calendar was a heavy one; that there were eleven capital cases; that the Court would be crowded with all the rank and fashion of the place; and that not a bed was to be had in the city. This was almost motive enough to determine them to stay. But Sir George Gormandize, who was of the party, having reminded the young Earl that his *chef* had been four days at Southampton, preparing for their arrival, and another hero suggesting that their valets and dressing-boxes had preceded them in another carriage, so that they had not so much as a toothbrush at command, they gave up the project, damned the assizes, and started anew for the Dolphin.

That night was a stormy night. The same winds that howled round the cells of Winchester gaol, lashed the Southampton river into a turmoil. The waves broke upon the banks, the old stone walls appeared to yield. The noble yachtsmen, over their claret, cursed the weather; the criminals awaiting judgment recommended their souls to God! Lord O'Carrol called for deviled biccuits and burnt champagne; Jem Carrol murmured, amid the watches of the night, "I have taken thy vengeance into my hands—take thou mercy, O Lord, into thine."

For Jem had now a double stain of homicide upon his hands. Jem was about to give up his life to the justice of his country, in return for the lives of his fellow-creatures. An outcast, an alien; ignorant, untamed; the better instincts of his nature unfortified by the dictates of laws divine or human; seared in soul by the remembrance of an act, the criminality of which he limited to the substitution of persons which had sacrificed an innocent man for a guilty—Jem, on his arrival in England, though relieved from want by employment in the west country, had been unable to settle himself to decent occupation. The wild habits of lawless Castle Carrol clung to him. He became a poacher, a smuggler, an habitual drunkard. Convicted on one occasion of infraction of the game laws, he expiated his offence by a year's imprisonment in Bristol gaol, and quitted it a hardened and desperate offender.

There were moments, indeed, when better impulses recurred to him; moments when, in the prosperity following a busy harvest, his renewed purse suggested recollections of home—of his early misery, his necessitous family; and but that he knew from an encounter in prison with one of the Vale Banatha men, that his mother was no more, he would almost have braved the perils of the law, and returned for her sake to the fatherland which dealt so penuriously with its children. But old Judith was gone! There was no longer a motive for regretting the tremendous barrier excluding him for evermore from his native village. He was a banished wretch—a proscribed wretch; with every man's hand against him, and his own hand embroiled in blood! Such was the state of Jem Carrol's mind.

when accident threw him into the way of a motley band, frequenting the New Forest, smugglers or poachers, according to season and occasion, and including more than one of his ill-fated countrymen. During several months, they managed to evade the detection of justice: but, the dead body of a man, unknown, having been discovered in the recesses of the Forest, precautions and inquiries were redoubled, which ended with the capture of three of the notorious gang. In course of examination, it appeared that the deceased was not only one of their victims, but one of their confederates; and, to the amazement, no less of his companions than of the examining magistrate, Jem Carrol avowed himself the assassin. Though repeatedly admonished against committing himself, he persisted in the declaration; and, on his trial, again and again reiterated the confession of his crime.

"I pursave your Lordship's good marcy in bidding me kape quite," said the prisoner, addressing himself to the learned judge—"but, if it's all the same to yer Lordship, I'd be glad ye'd shew any lanieny ye have to spare, to the boys wot was had up wid me, (though innocent of the thing as the babby unborn,) on account of ony little fault they may have committed in pint o' wagraney or sich. But for me, my Lord, (worse loock to me!) I'm a-weary o' life—long afore I fell in at Portdown Fair wid the murderin' thafe, Pat Flanagan, and heerd him tell the tale o' the Castle Carrol hunchback, as he'd stove in tin year ago, and been obliged to flee the country for that same—littile dramin', the blackguard, who was eated beside him, but the brother o' Maurice Carrol, a-takin' note of the words in his lips—long afore I up and dilt the law o' justice upon him in the Forest, as he deserved, and more—long afore *that*, my Lord, I'd made up my mind that this life was ill worth living, for the likes o' me. Sorrow the comfort I've had iv my born days!—kicked through the world like a skittle ball; cuffed here, starved there; widout a friend to say, God save me; widout a bed to lie on; often widout a bit to put betwixt my lips—except it was, maybe, afther a drap of dhrink, what comfort was there for me in life? All the land I looked on was my Lord O'Carrol's—all the little I could scrape by tilling it, wint to my Lord O'Carrol. Rint and tithes ate up all. The poor ould mother iv me was kilt wi' could and hunger—my young brother murdered outright, for birds-nesting—and myself hunted out iv the counthry, for doing a bit o' justice on my Lord O'Carrol's agent, jist as yer Lordship's about to do this day on me. So what for, I'd like to know, my Lard, would I wish to live? Yer Lordship may up and hang me to the fore; for it's no more than I've often intinded to do to myself, and the throuble 'll be spared. Only, before ye put on yer thunderin' assize-cap, as I've heerd till of, jist be pleased to take it from a poor lad like me, that thim as should ha' been in their place yondhir, in Vale Banatha, a-doing justice for their people, and seeing 'em rared in the knullidge iv right

and wrong, and to fare God and honour the king, ha' more to answer for this day than *I*, being forced, as I was, to take the law into my hands. As shure as God's above all, my Lard, they'll have to answer at *his* judgment-sate for my life, and thim lives as my hands have made away. And so, I pray God to forgive my Lard O'Carrol, for deserting his counthry, and sitting the likes of em over us, from this day forth, for evermore!—Amin!"

"O'Carrol, my fine fellow, here's something that concerns *you*!" said Sir George Gormandize, as they were taking their ease in the Southampton Inn, trying to while away a blustering afternoon, with newspapers and ecarté.

"The king!" interposed the noble Lord against whom Lord O'Carrol was playing.

"The devil!" rejoined his Lordship, giving less attention to Sir George's apostrophe, than to his cards.

"Here's an Irish tenant of yours going to be hanged at Winchester to-morrow morning. We've no chance of getting on board to night. I never saw an execution—supposing we drive over to Winchester after dinner?"

"For what?" demanded Lord O'Carrol, who had not been listening to a syllable; but who, having now lost a fourteenth game, threw the cards petulantly on the table.

"To witness an execution."

"Faith, I've had enough of executions: two this season at my house in Chapel Street, and three last," cried another of the party.

"Psha! I mean a *criminal* execution. They're going to hang a namesake of O'Carrol's, for unjustifiable homicide."

"The deuce they are!" said his Lordship. "I wish they'd let us have dinner. I ordered it at seven—'tis ten minutes past—and the Dories will be overdone. *When* did you say the fellow was to be scragged!"

Sir George replied by placing the *Hampshire Telegraph* in his Lordship's hands, while he proceeded up stairs to wash his own, previous to dinner. Extending himself listlessly on the sofa, the Irish peer began to yawn over the trial of Jem Carrol.

"The impudent rascal!" cried he, when he reached the affecting apostrophe with which the poor fellow had concluded his defence. "A poacher, a thief, a murderer, a convicted felon, and lay the blame upon me! How could *I* help having such a blackguard born on my estate? Heaven be praised! here's dinner at last."

After the first course, and second round of Champagne, his Lordship began to coincide in Sir George's scheme of amusement for the morrow. The wind was still too high for the sea; they must content themselves with an execution on land. Apprehensive of not obtaining beds at Winchester, they agreed to start at five in the morning. The bells were tolling as they drove past the cathedral of William of Wykeham. But they were too late: the last huzza of the crowd had died away; the mob was dispersing.

"At all events we'll have a look at the gal-

lows," cried Lord O'Carrol, vexed to have lost his morning's entertainment.

"Not I! I don't want to spoil my breakfast," said Sir George Gormandize. "Postboy! to the hotel."

It was only a passing glance, therefore, that Lord O'Carrol was enabled to take of the miserable body still vibrating in the air, for which a parish shell was waiting at the gallows foot. As a Papist, (born, if not bred,) Jem had declined the spiritual comfort of the Ordinary by

Government provided; and his disfigured remains were about to be consigned to the earth like those of the beasts that perish, to which the darkness of his mind had caused him to liken himself by deeds of cruelty and blood.

But there will come a time for those two sons of a common soil to "meet at compts," when the secrets of all hearts will be open, and an Almighty and All-seeing tribunal judge between Dives and Lazarus.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Portraits of the Children of the Nobility.

WE give the projector of this elegant new annual credit. He has made a hit in every sense. The work appeals to the purest affections of the human heart; and while it engages the finer sensibilities, it also enlists the taste and the harmless vanities of the public in its favour. The charm of beautiful childhood never loses its power. Children, like flowers, are universal favourites, whether the "curled darlings" of the rich parterre, or blooming wildings exhaling sweetness by a cottage door. And groups of children, quite as beautiful, and as full of life and innocent enjoyment as those before us, might, no doubt, be found in every county and neighbourhood; but the patrician specimens on which we look possess an interest, and a kind of reflected reality, from knowledge of their stock, and from historical and national associations. From these considerations, this must prove an exceedingly attractive work; and, although its artistical merits had been far inferior, it must have made its way to general favour. It is, however, eminently beautiful as a book of art. Chalon is the principal designer; but MacIse and Bostock have also contributed portraits. Though our hearts are irresistibly drawn towards the more infantine groups depicted in the series, we shall notice, first in order, *Mary Frances Elisabeth, Baroness le Despenser*. This is one of Chalon's portraits, and no jeweller subject ever fell under an English artist's pencil. The youthful baroness—we need not say, a peeress in her own right—is seen as if returned from a walk, and fondling a squirrel. Nothing can surpass the tender and beautiful expression of her sweet, guileless, and ingenuous countenance; which is that which painters seek to give to cherubs, or something more lovely and winning,—the earthly cherubic. The verses to this charming portrait are written by the editress, Mrs Fairlie. We may give them as a specimen of the literary contents of the volume, which are, in general, abundantly flimsy:—

"It needeth not the Sybil's art,
Thou fair and noble maid,
To read thy young and guileless heart;
For on thy brow portrayed
Is every pure and gentle thought,
By nature's pencil finely wrought.

"Oh, taught in early youth to know
What duties rank should grace,
What bright examples here below
The nobly-born should trace—
Be ever thine the pure delight
Which springs from actions good and right.

'So may those joyous smiles ne'er fade,
Symbols of happiness—
Meet attributes, fair youthful maid,
Thy artless face to dress!
And may'st thou, like thy noble race,
Through life incline to nothing base."

A group of three girls, the daughters of Lord Lyndhurst, seated in a garden alcove, is from the pencil of MacIse. We have seen him happier. Two of the young ladies are beyond the age of children, and look as if occupied about their expected *debut*. The third, a girl from eight to ten, has a face of remarkable intelligence. The dedicatory verses are from the courtly pen of the younger D'Israeli, who offers the widowed father, her "stately sire," as his Lordship is termed, consolation for the loss of one of these fair girls; which the world must presume he found right speedily, in the smiles of a bride. The lament comes awkwardly, and rather jars with honeymoon gratulation.

A comely, plump, and pleasing little maiden, from the pencil of Chalon, bears the name of a daughter of Lord Frederic Fitzclarence. She, however, though younger than the Honourable Misses Copely, is also beyond the age which shews to most advantage in the volume—that of either babyhood, budding into playful intelligent childhood, or, best stage of all, delightful, artless, unconscious childhood, lovely in its innocent fascinations, as beheld in the group of the Earl of Wilton's children, in the daughter of Sir William Somerville, or the two younger daughters of the Duke of Somerset, at their mimic tea-drinking. The Lady Mary Howard, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, is beyond the age of childish attraction; and Bostock's portrait of a pretty girl shews a consciousness of being sitting for its picture. The verses, which are by Captain Marryat, in imitation of Herrick, shew unexpected power and facility in the author of "Snarley Yow" and "Peter Simple." From this poetical *tribute*, we select a stanza or two:—

"From air, I could but bring thee,
A captive bird, to sing thee,
All the day long,
A plaintive song;
But his notes of grief would sting thee.

"Rare brilliants had I brought her;
Not those of brightest water
Could match the blaze
Of the joyous gaze
Of Carlisle's youngest daughter.

"Pearls from the sea's recesses,
In thy bright liken tresses—
What need of them,
Coral or gem?
Than thine, their beauty less is.

"Now pour I forth a blessing,
My soul's warm wish expressing,
That ne'er may aught
Of deed or thought,
Be to thy heart distressing."

Among the best effusions of the volume, which rests on picture, not literature, are the classic verses addressed by Mr Henry Bulwer, to his early friend, Sir William Somerville, on the sweet design of the Baronet's little daughter. She has laid aside her doll, and, by stretching on tip-toe, reached the keys of the piano-forte, on which she half-stealthily performs, evidently to her own satisfaction. This charming picture is designed by MacIac. It is full of nature, and the most captivating expression. Here are the verses of the grave bachelor who has espoused the Commonwealth, addressed to the retired gentleman, the cultivator of young oaks and of the domestic virtues and affections. An inattentive, if not positively unfaithful husband, Mr H. Bulwer has of late been, by the way.

"How many days of good and ill
Have passed, my old friend SOMERVILLE,
Since you and I, as truant boys,
Shared the same follies, fears, and joys!
Our sternest thoughts to bound the ball,
With crafty hand against the wall;
Or, careless of its groans, to glide
Across the scarcely frozen tide;
With gun and bound, by sun-rise seen,
Squidding across the dowy green;
Or creeping forth by soft twilight,
To drink milk-punch with Goody White!
Well skilled to merit or escape
The classic stroke which scores the scrape,
We did, amidst that gallant crew,
And did unscathed, what few could do.
Vain boast! They're gone!—those days of fun,
Of floggings missed, and prize-books won.
They're done! they're gone! and here are we,
As grave as wiser men should be!
I with petitions in my hand,
And, "Sir," as on my legs I stand;
You, with the most paternal air,
And, "Nurse, pray take the greatest care."
You pity me, I pity you—
That's what two friends are bound to do;
But still, I own, if this dear child
Had only once as gaily smiled
On me, as now she gaily smiles,
I might have loved her infant wiles,
And half recalled the vows I've vowed
Against that little squalling crowd,
Which, now with doll, and now with drum,
Proclaim that HYMEN's reign is come."

Heath's Book of Beauty for 1838.

There is to be no end to pictured beauty in the season of 1837-8. No sooner have we laid one splendid volume aside than another and another follows after; and, like the guidwife's daughters of the Scottish proverb, "The last is aye the bonniest." "The Book of Beauty" is in every minor respect a well-appointed volume, whether in its rich brocaded cover, its beautiful letterpress, symmetry of form, or delicacy of finish. We speak not of the engraving nor literature; for to us its dearest charm is the *real* representations of English female beauty, intelligence, sweetness, and simple refinement. Were any one to ask us in what consists the superiority of English beauty to classic models, in whatever is most perfect in the human face and figure, that Grecian and Roman art have handed down to posterity, we should point with confidence to one portrait in this volume. Miss Landon seems to have been as earnest an admirer as ourselves of female beauty of the highest order—that of intelligence—of "sweet austere composure"—the beauty

of mind-breathing expression. This portrait, which we receive as a personation of Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight," is painted by Richard; it is, like all the rest, exquisitely engraved. The portrait of the Countess of Chesterfield, by Landseer, is another beautiful subject, natural and simple, and with that air of

"Something than beauty dearer,"

which at once places the real woman above the ideal, though one and the other may be alike unknown to the spectator. Lord Byron would have been shocked at the vigour of her ladyship's hand. *Mrs Lane Fox* is another beauty, with something higher than mere beauty; and we admire the bearing of the lady under the name of *Katrina*, so much as to wish her a real existence, which, we are pretty certain, she must be, and not a painter's figure. *Rhoda* is another lovely young female. Among the best of the literary sketches, are "The Story of the Back-Room Window," by BARRY CORNWALL; an apologue by Bulwer, which, however, is deficient in clearness; and a good moral tale by Miss Louisa Sheridan. As an illustration of the degraded condition of woman in the east, *Aisha*, by the Honourable Colonel Caradoc, also deserves to be called a moral tale. *Rhoda Tracy*, by Mr Bernal, is a lively story, developing what some men are pleased to call, the caprices of the sex, but which ought to be called the sensible fits of the womankind. We have also a few romantic love-tales, not in any way striking, and many copies of pretty or elegant verses; the finest of them Miss Landon has addressed to the beautiful portrait we have mentioned.

The Book of the Cartoons. By the Rev. R. Cattermole.

Everybody has heard of Raphael's Cartoons; many have seen what are preserved of them, and nearly as many have affected to admire, and to be in ecstasy and rapture over their recondite as well as visible beauties. It is not, however, to vulgar or unpractised eyes that those beauties are all at once apparent; nor can those who, seeing for the first time, a Holy Family by the same immortal painter, at once feel its ineffable grace and loveliness thrill their hearts, perceive the beauties of the Cartoons. They, in truth, require a critic and expositor. They are not pictures, much less finished pictures, but patterns from which tapestry was to be worked; and Mr Cattermole must forgive the uninstructed if they leave them to students or prodigents in art. Of the twenty-five original Cartoons, seven of the smaller size were purchased by Charles I., and are those which still remain, after various mishaps, at Hampton Court. They have been often copied, and several times engraved. Copies of them, and also tapestry woven from them, have been exhibited in London and other places. To the engravings by Warren, done on a scale far too small, we think, to give any true idea of the originals, Mr Cattermole attaches a volume of criticism and description. His description, however, refers to the originals, which is proper; but then the distant reader, turning to his stunted plates, is at a loss how to apply many of the finest remarks. The book is, however, an elegant and tasteful one of its kind.

Morals from the Churchyard.

We have been struck with the tenderness, beauty, and originality of this small quarto for young persons. It is an allegory, and somewhat in the style of the German "Story without an End;" but less mystical, and possessing far more human interest. The graves utter their voices; they hold a solemn dispute. Yet these cheerful fables are so managed, that nothing revolting, nor even improbable, is heard. We listen to the lofty, vaunting speech of the "Proud Man's Grave," and the tender tale of the "Little Child's Grave," and the "Mother's;" and we have "Sabbath among the Graves," and "The Graves beseeching the Angels to bring them some Rain," and the "Angel of the Little Spring," which are all finely poetical, as, indeed, many of the brief chapters are. We have a sort of consciousness, though no remorse whatever, that, being very good-natured, we may, at some rare times, say more for little innocent books, whether of juvenile or senile entertainment, than they, perhaps, deserve, were all the pros

and cons weighed in the nice scales of criticism. Now, we should be sorry if this "amiable weakness" tended to impair the effect of our serious judgment pronounced on any little work, like the "Morals from the Church-yard." But why call we it "little?" It is great in every sense, save size. It may help our readers to understand its nature, if, by a short-hand process, we say, in one word, "Here is a book for the young, in the spirit in which Charles Lamb would have delighted! though, at the Suicide's Grave he would have been more gentle." It is steeped in natural pathos and delicate imagination, and in the spirit of that religion whose first principle is love. One specimen we shall give, in proof of the good grounds on which we rest our admiration of this delightful little book.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

And the Old Grave perceived how winter was passing away; yet the graves had not settled which was the worthiest. So he spoke and said, "My friends, I have contrived a way whereby ye shall discover the most worthy. I will speak to the Archangel who comes hither this eve, and he shall decide for us; for, behold! is not this eve Christmas Eve, the eve of all eves, which angels and men keep together?" So the graves agreed to what the Old Grave said, and sang thus in honour of Christmas Eve:—"Sacred is the Eve of Christmas; sacred to the angels and to man. Already hath the holly been out; the church is green with it. Wherefore hath the holly been out? Wherefore is the church green? Because it is the eve of Christ's birth, when the world grew green again; for it was old with years and crime. But when Christ came, the evergreens sprang up before him. Glory to the holly which grew up on that day! It is the same through all seasons: its leaves are not scared by the winter winds. They are prickly and bright. The beasts of the field touch them not. It grows in stony places: its berries are round and red. Thick they cluster, that they may do honour to Christmas. They are revered by angels." When the graves had sung thus, they waited for the Archangel to come with his host: nor long did they wait, for presently, in the soft rays of the moon, with low melodies hovering about them, there came down angels in multitudes infinite, with their Archangel in the midst. Bright was their presence, though men saw it not: they filled the church-yard with peace.

We must omit the figurative dialogue between the Old Grave and the Archangel, who was called upon to settle the dispute, by pronouncing which was the most worthy grave.

"Behold where the first snow-drop shall spring up in the new year: that is the most worthy grave." For three days they looked, and saw naught; but on the fourth day, behold! there was a snow-drop on a lowly despised grave which lay in a corner, and was neglected by the other graves. No tombstone it had, and no tree by its sides. So the graves were astonished among themselves, and said, "Why is the lowly grave exalted above us all? What hath it done that it should be so honoured? Let us speak to it." So they asked of the despised grave; who answered, and said "My friends, I cannot tell you this thing. Ask of the Angel of the Sabbath who lives among us all!"

The Angel of the Sabbath answered, "Have ye forgotten the Beggar's Grave which was crowned by angels when man had not crowned it? This is the Beggar's Grave. Much sorrow was in his life time, but he did not complain. He was deserted by the friends of his young days, but remembered that he had a Friend who knew no change. His faith held fast in adversity. He knelt to say his prayers on the cold stone: silent in his affliction, silent before his Saviour. Therefore when he died, he was taken whither Lazarus went before him; and this his grave is honoured with a snow-drop rather than the other graves." Thus spoke the Angel of the Sabbath; whom the other graves answered, and said, "It is a just judgment. Let the Beggar's Grave be honoured from this time. The grave of *wealth* shall hide his head: the grave of *glory* shall boast no more. Our dispute is ended. Welcome, thou young snow-drop! White thou art as the virgin snow. Thou bringest pleasant tidings of the spring." So the graves gave honour to the Beggar's Grave, and it was exalted above all the graves from that time. And when the graves had given honour to the Beggar's Grave, they spoke to it and said, "Tell us what grave we must honour next to thee; and, for thy sake, we will honour it." And the beggar's grave answer-

ed, "No kin have I. I am a solitary grave. Let the Mother's Grave—the mother of the little maiden—be honoured next to me. Also when the grandfather and granddaughter die, let their graves be honoured along with the Mother's Grave. What is so pleasant as a Christian family joined together in one hope under the same turf?" So the dispute of the graves was ended. And the little maid got well; and her brother came back from sea; and Spring came again, with its angels; and flowers sprang up anew in the churchyard. But of all graves there, no grave was so fair as the Beggar's Grave; for with the sweetest of wild-flowers, the angels planted it about. They guarded it by day and night, and moistened it with early dew.

Such is a small specimen of this sweet little book. We hail it as an omen that, though the minds of children are crammed with "Useful Knowledge," the imagination-starving system is about to give place to one permitting more generous nurture. This juvenile volume, we ought to say, is very prettily embellished.

The Juvenile Budget,

Is a collection of lively stories by Mrs Hall, superior, we think, to some of her more ambitious performances. "The English Farm-yard" inculcates an admirable lesson, and very pleasantly. So does "The Irish Cabin." This also is a nice, pretty Christmas book, with good engravings.

Southey's Works, Vol. II.,

Consists of his Juvenile Poems and Minor Pieces. It is the volume for Republicans, Democrats, and Radicals. It contains some of Southey's best poetry, and some of his worst. Save in Ebenezer Elliott's works, or the poetry of this Magazine, (to speak modestly,) we know not where to look for so much generous Radicalism in the form of poetry, nor such fervent aspirations after a higher and purer social order than is likely we fear ever to be realized by our unreformed "Glorious Institutions in Church and State." Among other things, the volume contains "Wat Tyler," un mutilated; the dedication of "The Triumph of Woman," to Mary Wolstoncroft; the "Botany Bay Eclogues," the Radical Lyrics, "The Pauper's Funeral," the "Verses to Emmet," and other pieces that harmonize but ill with later strains, which their author does not affect to consider as more honest, though more true and considerate than the opinions of his early manhood. We still miss the "Battle of Blenheim;" but we shall have it by and by. The Society of Friends ought to send this poem out annually, along with their addresses condemnatory of war. In this volume, independently of debatable effusions, there is much of Southey's most enduring poetry—such as "The Holly-tree," the beautiful verses on a "Landscape of Pousin," and the truly English lines on "Christmas Day." We expected that Southey could have helped himself over slippery ground, by the aid of a few explanatory notes. None are given. He has nothing to repent, nothing to be ashamed of in his early writings. Far are we from comparing the two men; yet, on one point, Dr Southey is singularly like the ex-Reforming Baronet, the pupil of John Herne Tooke. He, too, has "outgrown democratical opinions, and learned to appreciate the institutions of his country." Dr Southey affirms, that "He is no more ashamed of having been a Democrat, than of having been a boy." He was a Democrat considerably after the age of *boyhood*, and his conversion was critically timed. We have nothing to complain of in those who, on conscientious conviction, change their political opinions, save intolerance and dogmatism.

The Gospel History of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. By Lucy Barton; with a Preface by Bernard Barton.

This neat little volume is addressed to children and young persons. The narrative is clear and simple, and well adapted to juvenile capacities. We consider it best, in every view, to study this all-important history at the fountain-head, in the gospels, without note or comment; but that such is not the universal nor even general opinion, we must infer from the multiplicity of scripture histories that are extant. This is one of the most

lucid and well-connected among them; and, we would suggest, might suitably be read in connexion with the gospels, as a test of the understanding of the juvenile student. Several very pretty engravings adorn the volume. The frontispiece is a Virgin and infant Jesus, from a painting of *Murillo*. Holy families and scriptural pieces form admirable subjects for the painter; yet, although we are not Quakers, and admire the art of design, we cannot help thinking, that pictures representing Jesus Christ are, if not irreverent, yet injudicious. The outward and visible form of "The Man of Sorrows," of the crucified Saviour, should be left to the imagination of juvenile Protestants.

The Curiosities of Literature. Illustrated by Bolton Corney, Esq., Honorary Professor of Criticism. Unpublished.

The name assumed by the author may, for aught known in the north, be as fictitious as the office into which he has inducted himself. He is one of those troublesomely veracious and accurately learned persons, dwelling in the past, and among books, who delight in marring a good story, by some petty point of chronology or matter of fact. He sets himself in downright earnest to pick holes in the coat armour of Mr D'Israeli, until he makes out the antiquarian and literary humours claimed by that gentleman, to be little more than a "scutcheon of pretence." Mr D'Israeli has, at all events, made a most amusing book, and the world does not care to be disturbed in its enjoyment of it, whatever of inaccuracy, assumption, or partisanship, the learned may have discovered. The prefaces of Sir Walter Scott, for example, are nearly as pure fictions as his novels; yet who would gravely sit down to disenchant the reader of them, with the representation of naked, barren truth. Yet we thank the Honorary Professor for his generous vindication of Raleigh, Shenstone, and even old Stow.

In the meanwhile, Moxon has put forth a new edition of *THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE*; being a tenth. The work is nearly half a century old! the honorary professor is consequently forty-five years too late with his criticism; for, as Mr D'Israeli remarks, "The writer of half a century has outlived his critics. . . . Praise cannot any longer extend his celebrity, and censure cannot condemn what has won the reward of public favour." The new edition is in what we call the *Radical form*—that size of which the modern example was set by this Magazine—the cheap or *People's size*, which Mr Murray has adopted for Byron's whole poems, and now for his *Life and Letters*, and in which we expect to see many more works. No books are more handy or portable.

Winter. By Robert Mudie.

Mr Mudie has "rounded the revolving year," by the publication of the last of the seasons. This, volume, as befits the subject, seems to us graver in character, and more didactic, than those on Spring and Summer. The series, as a whole, is instructive, and the fruit of a highly cultivated and matured mind.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

A new edition of our old favourite has just appeared, with an original memoir by Mr St John, whose devotion to standard and homely national works—those drawn from the undefiled well—is worthy of all praise. A key is given to the Scriptural doctrines and texts of Scripture allegorized by that

"Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail."

Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education; being a Supplement to "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century."

This Supplement is, in one important respect, different from the preceding work. Subsequent investigation, or rather intuitive feeling and conviction, has converted Fitzcarrine from a sceptic into a believer, after the fashion of the German Mystics or Transcendentalists; though, to own the truth, we do not pretend to understand either the ground-work or exact nature of his new belief. The speculations upon morals, religion, education, and social interests, are distinguished by the same

philanthropic spirit that marked the previous lucubrations of the author. He does not like the modern Political Economists, nor yet those Educators or legislators who recognise competition and emulation as the animating springs of action, any better than he did before. He admires the London University no more than Oxford; and he fancies Dissenters fully as intolerant and uncharitable as Churchmen. Of the *Radicals* he speaks almost as an alarmist. They are *Destructives* at the best; and his principal hero considers it fortunate that there are Lords to oppose the reckless enterprises of some of them. It is not among the Reformers that the *Transcendental* is to be found. Owen and Chateaubriand are greater men in his eyes than Malthus and Paley; and the Bishop of Exeter, in at least one instance, than the Bishop of London. That which is given is curious enough. In a debate on the Poor-Law, the latter Prelate said—"The Right Rev. Prelate (the Bishop of Exeter) had said, that the laws of a Christian country ought to be a transcript of the laws of God. He (the Bishop of London) wished they were so; but it was quite clear that, so long as human nature and human society were constituted as they were, it was impossible that should be the case." [Debate on the Poor-Law, July 29th 1834.] A strange admission this for a Christian Bishop. If the constitution of human nature is not in the power of man, there is religion to correct it; while the constitution of human society is surely entirely in the hands of that society, and whatever is evil must proceed wholly from disregard of those heavenly laws which the Bishop tells us it is visionary to think of imitating upon earth. One of the chief merits of this visionary author's writings, arises from the copious and apt quotations supplied by an extensive and peculiar line of reading.

The Heart's Ease; or, a Remedy against all Troubles.

This is a neat reprint of a popular religious work, by Dr Symon Patrick, the pious Bishop of Ely, and the well-known author of a Paraphrase on the Books of Job and the Psalms. He was in the church throughout the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and died, at the age of eighty, in the reign of good Queen Anne. He refused to become a convert to Popery, when James himself took pains for his conversion—saying, "I cannot give up a religion so well proved as that of the Protestants." After the Revolution, Patrick was appointed one of the commissioners for reviewing the Litany, and drew up new collects. At an early part of his career, he was appointed to the Rectory of St Paul's, Covent Garden. The plague broke out; but he refused to quit his post, when the Court, and all who could get away, deserted London. "Somebody must be here," he said to an expostulating correspondent; "and is it fit I should set such a value upon myself as my going away and leaving another will signify?—for it will be to say that I am too good to be lost, but it is no matter if another be." He avowed that he had a great passion for his friends, and to live to embrace them once again; "but I must not take any undue courses to satisfy this passion, which is but too strong in me. I must let reason prevail, and stay with my charge, which I take to be my duty, whatever come." The Church of England requires, at this time, to muster her worthies; and Bishop Patrick, if not of the foremost rank, well merits a place on the roll. Yet, what were his labours or sacrifices, or those of ten such dignitaries, to those of one poor curate in Wales, or a single priest in Connaught, or the wild parts of Munster?

Smiles on the Physical Education, Nurture, and Management of Children.

We have here a practical and sensible little treatise upon a subject so common that those interested are apt to lose sight of its paramount importance. Mr Smiles has been a diligent student of the works of the great recent lights and authorities of his profession—such as Combe and Paris, Copland, Caldwell, and Brigham; and he has methodized much useful information, in a simple and clear manner, and without any tincture of professional pedantry. Children should like his work, because it so happens that, in telling what is good for

them, he also permits them nearly everything they like best. Little medicine or none, is one of his rules; and another is, a plentiful allowance of fruit, with play, *ad libitum*, out of doors; or, in other words, abundant exercise. Sleep in large doses, and lessons as few as possible, is another excellent doctrine. The children are also allowed or encouraged to shout and roar as much as they please; so that Surgeon Smiles, however it may be with the profession, may be certain of becoming very popular among little patients. The most valuable part of his work, in our estimation, is that which treats of the effects of cold on the infant system. There are more fatal errors committed in the mistaken process of bracing and hardening infants and very young children, in our chill, uncertain climate, than in diet, clothing, or all the other departments of nursery economy taken together. The medical profession were here the first in fault. Common-sense and the natural instincts of mothers and nurses shrank from their foolhardy experiments; and they naturally went occasionally into the opposite of the extreme recommended. Now the profession condemns the barbarous process of exposure to cold, and rests in the just medium.

Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanac.

It may seem odd to review an Almanac; but this, we are assured, is the paragon of Almanacs; the WONDERFUL WONDER among Almanacs; a something new under the sun; and as great an advance upon the fourpenny article of Ruddiman, first published about a century or so ago, as the spinning-jenny is upon the primitive distaff. However this may be, "The Scottish Repository" is a very useful volume, full of the sort of information that is required every day and hour, accurately and clearly arranged. We notice one obvious improvement in the head-lines. Last year they were ornamental; this year they are useful in pointing out the contents of each well-filled page. In short, in Almanacs, perfection can no farther go.

FINE ARTS.

Le Keux having completed the voluminous "Memorials of Oxford," has commenced MEMORIALS OF CAMBRIDGE in the same style, but upon a smaller scale. The two numbers of the series which we have seen, promise well, especially for the letterpress and woodcuts.

The Churches of London,

Is a new serial work, in which several eminent artists and architects are engaged. It is executed in the same style as the Memorials of Oxford; and, though by no means a remarkably cheap work, is one of interest, especially to Londoners.

Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain.

The first volume of this interesting work is just com-

pleted. It contains fifty engravings, all of views on the English coast, and many of them either picturesque or exceedingly beautiful. Among the latest are the views of *Brighton, Plymouth, Mount Edgcumbe, Southampton, and Dover*. Among the most exquisite, are *Folkstone*—a lovely vignette, from a drawing by T. Boyes—*Yarmouth, and Cowes*. This is the most interesting work of its kind which has appeared since Daniell's *Coast Views*, now about twenty years old we should think.

THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY is closed, we cannot say very satisfactorily. *Joan of Arc*, we have as a soft and very beautiful young lady, masquerading in steel armour, and in the midst of the heady fight looking perfectly undisturbed, as she bids defiance to Talbot. *Portia*, the wife of Brutus, is a lady with a Roman profile in a classic costume. The *Princess Katherine* in Henry V., is the most natural-looking personage of the last three, and shews some character. But the series contains many better imaginary portraits than those, and the volume will form, altogether, a handsome book of Shakspearian illustrations.

Medal of Queen Victoria.

That memorable event, the visit of *Queen Victoria* to the city of London, has been commemorated by the issue of a bronze medal, from the house of Griffin & Hyman. It forms, in its Morocco case, a handsome and substantial memorial of the mighty event, and is well executed. The resemblance of the countenance to that of her Majesty's excellent royal grandfather, in some of the leading features, is striking. The reverse exhibits the Lord Mayor presenting the keys of the city to the Queen, with a variety of emblematic figures.

A FAC-SIMILE of the Poem of the JOLLY BEGGARS as Burns originally wrote it out, has just been published in Glasgow. It is a great curiosity in its way; and even an object of interest to the admirers of Burns. No one who has ever seen his hand-writing, can doubt of its authenticity, although the name of the publisher were not a sufficient guarantee. A preface, written in a genial vein, and a frontispiece, by William Allan, are prefixed to the engraved writing, which fills a good many quarto pages.

Among the new works which we cannot overtake in the present month, we especially regret FISHER'S HIMALAYA TOURIST, a splendid pictorial book, illustrated by Miss Emma Roberts, from the journals and tours of gentlemen who have penetrated into the sublime fastnesses of the Himalaya. This work, as elegant as any of the first-class Annuals, is got up at great expense, and is well calculated for a gift-book of abiding value.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

THE events of the month have been important, only in as far as they indicate the future policy of the Government and the state of parties. It is now impossible to doubt that the aristocracy, Whig as well as Tory, have come to the resolution to resist all farther Reform in our institutions, and that they in future will unite, if not openly, by a coalition, at least virtually, by advocating or opposing the same measures, in the endeavour to make head against the democracy. It is in vain to represent Lord John Russell's declaration of Conservative principles, and his doctrine that to concede the question of the Ballot, the Extension of the Suffrage, and Triennial Parliaments, would be to repeal the Reform Act, as an outbreak of passion; for he repeated his declaration, in equally decided terms, the following evening. That, in expressing his own opinions, he also expressed those of the Ministry, may be inferred from the speech of Lord Ebrington, that great patron of Whiggery, about the finality of the Reform Bill, some weeks before the meeting of Parliament; and from none of the Members of the

Cabinet having taken an opportunity of declaring what were their real sentiments—a course they would unquestionably have taken, had Lord John Russell's declaration been unauthorized. Considering, indeed, the injury which the declaration has caused to the popularity of the Ministry, Lord John Russell must ere now have resigned, had the common opinion of his colleagues differed materially from his own. Much credit is, we think, due to Mr. Wakley, for not losing a single day in forcing the Whigs to demonstrate their real intentions, and thus putting the country on its guard; for, otherwise, half the session might have passed over before the real situation of matters had been discovered. We think the sooner the Whigs and Tories are driven into a coalition, the better. We shall then have the truth demonstrated, that the aristocracy have an interest adverse to that of the People; and the latter will be taught to rely on themselves, and not on any section of the aristocracy, for the attainment of good government. Already have several lists of a Radical Cabinet been published; and we defy any one to deny, that the members

are at least equal in talents and integrity, if not in rank and fortune, to any Cabinet we have ever had. It is needless now to fear that opposition to the Whigs will restore the Tories to power. The Whigs in office, backed by the Tories in opposition, are much more efficient for evil, than the Tories in power opposed by the Whigs. The Tories in office, could never have carried the Irish or Canadian Coercion Bills; and we doubt if they would have attempted to increase the Duchess of Kent's annuity, or defend the continuance of the allowance to the King of Hanover—two acts which, we regret, our limits do not permit us to expose and characterise in the terms of reprobation they deserve. The only plausible excuse for longer supporting the Whigs, is the state of Ireland; but we doubt much whether the Tories would attempt towards that country anything so despotic as the Whig Coercion Bill. Had the Whigs really the interest of Ireland at heart, they would, long ere now, have repealed the atrocious statutes which had, during centuries of Tory rule, been enacted to oppress the People of that country; but all these acts stand on the statute book un repealed, ready to be put in force whenever any tyrannical ministry thinks proper to resort to them. And not only are the oppressive regulations regarding Ireland kept in full force by the Whigs, but even Castlereagh's Six Acts—the Coercion Code of Britain—remain un repealed, though nothing could exceed the pertinacity and zeal with which their enactment was opposed by the Whigs, then seated on the opposition benches. Instead of giving to Ireland good laws, which would protect the People against rulers, however despotic, they have allowed tyrannical laws to continue, and have only sent good administrators of them, whom an accident may remove in a single day, leaving the Irish as much exposed to oppression as ever. While all changes in the representative system are to be opposed, and not even protection for the safe exercise of the franchise given to the voter, we do not see any measure of real utility likely to be obtained. The repeal of the Corn Laws will, no doubt, as heretofore, be strenuously opposed; for it is only by such a demonstration as that which carried the Reform Act, that the free importation of food will ever be permitted. The Whigs refuse what the Tories would, we firmly believe, give us—a reduction of all postages to a penny—a measure, the value of which can hardly be exaggerated in its direct and indirect effects.

In the impending struggle between the privileged orders and the People—between the tax-fed and the tax-starved—it is gratifying to know that, if we have lost Lord Durham, we have gained Lord Brougham—a more effective ally. He has at last, though reluctantly, declared for the Ballot, Extension of the Suffrage, and shortening the duration of Parliaments; and his recent skirmish with the Premier, which it would be affectation in us to say we regret, will tend to confirm him in his newly adopted opinions. We rejoice to think that he has no chance of admission to office so long as either mere Whigs or Tories are predominant. It is only as forming part of a really Reforming, or Radical Administration that he has any chance of the resumption of power.

ENGLAND.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL's declaration regarding the finality of the Reform Bill, and that it was intended to give a preponderance to the landed interest in Parliament, has roused the country from end to end, and has greatly advanced Radical opinions. If it has not made converts to the Ballot, it has at least forced many to declare themselves favourable to it who thought it might be delayed for an indefinite period; and meetings, either for the Ballot alone, or for the Ballot in conjunction with Extension of the Suffrage, or the Repeal of the Corn Laws, have been held, and are still holding, throughout the country. The Birmingham Political Union has published an address, containing a resolution "that the necessary steps be immediately taken to procure the co-operation of the Radical Reformers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the purpose of removing from the councils of the Queen an Administration who have avowed their hosti-

lity to the only improvements in the Reform Bill which could give satisfaction to the country, and which it has an unquestionable right to demand." The Liberals of the Metropolis met without delay to denounce the declaration, and no one but Mr O'Connell attempted to defend Ministers.

MIDDLE-CLASS GOVERNMENT.—This phrase, if not invented by the Tories, will soon be adopted by them, for the purpose of dividing the Liberals; and, by opposing the working [to the middle classes, enable the aristocracy, as they have hitherto done, to trample on both. The policy of tyranny—that is, Toryism—has been, in all ages, to divide and govern; and this is so obvious, that we must confess we have great doubts of the political honesty of any one who attempts to sow dissension among those who are really Liberals. If they are not Tories, they are serving Toryism in the most efficient manner that it is possible to conceive. What renders the cry of danger from "Middle-Class Government," the more suspicious is, that it is raised by precisely the same persons who have been labouring to convince the working classes that the Repeal of the Corn Laws and Free Trade would be injurious to them, until Universal Suffrage be obtained. Cheap food would raise profits; and higher profits would cause more demand for labour, and that, of course, would raise wages. It should never be forgotten that wages are not to be estimated by the number of pieces of silver which is required to pay them, but by the quantity of food and raiment it is possible to purchase with them, whatever may be their nominal amount in current coin. In a letter from the Working Men's Association of London to the chairman of the meeting held there to consider Lord John Russell's declaration, we find the following passage:—"Our objection to the Ballot, unaccompanied with an Extension of the Suffrage, originates in a conviction that the present constituency only seek to legislate for their class, and not for the multitude; that they seek to monopolize within their own circle the power of sending Members to Parliament, and to selfishly benefit, by selecting the rich rather than the honest and the competent." In our opinion, the attempt to contradistinguish the working class from the middle class is perfectly absurd. It is easy to distinguish the landed interest from the other classes; but which of the middle class is it that does not work? Many of them work much harder than the majority of mechanics. Take, for example, a clerk who copies papers for twelve or fourteen hours a-day, and compare him with an artisan. How has the one any interest in bad government more than the other? But to take the whole middle class—professional men of all kinds, shopkeepers, artists—have they not the same interest as the poorest man in the country, to have cheap food, few taxes, high profits, high wages, for what but wages are the fees or emoluments of the advocate, medical man, or artist?—and free trade, that they may buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. The stockholder and the capitalist living upon the annual proceeds of their capitals, have the same interest as the working man, that profits may be high, without which wages cannot be high; for, unless profits are high, the interest of money of which the income of the stockholder and capitalist consists, must be low. There is only one class in this country which has an interest adverse to that of the masses—the landed interest; for the lower the general rate of profit in the kingdom is, the higher will be the rent of land, of which the income of that class consists. We have demonstrated this position in former numbers of this Magazine, and have not space here to resume the demonstration; but a little reflection will convince any one of its truth—and a most important truth it is.

False teachers have been abroad. The notion that capital and labour, the middle and the lower classes, are natural enemies, has been zealously propagated. The moneyocracy and the shopocracy have been denounced as the worst of all aristocracies; until many of the working men have believed that these abominations are undeniable truths. And the middle classes do not allow the working classes to enjoy a monopoly of prejudice and absurdity. They, too, have their prejudices. Many of them think

that there really is a great difference between party Whigs and Tories; that the working classes, if enfranchised, would sell their votes, &c. &c. Of the ability and good intentions of the Working Men's Association of London, we have a high opinion. In their admirable Addresses to their brethren throughout the country, with much truth, there is mixed up some error. But the truth will remain; while the error, we are confident, will, ere long, be seen; and, when seen, instantly abandoned.

SCOTLAND.

THE BALLOT.—On the 6th December, a numerous and highly respectable meeting was held in the Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, for the purpose of petitioning the House of Commons for the Ballot. The Lord Provost was in the chair, supported by some of the oldest and most respectable of the Whig party in Edinburgh, and also by the Radical electors. Some confusion arose towards the end of the meeting, by the Lord Provost refusing to hear a deputation from a meeting of the working classes, held the preceding evening, who appear to be hostile to the Ballot unless united with an Extension of the Suffrage—a notion which, we observe, has led to confusion in other meetings, and which, in our opinion, will operate to prevent either the Ballot or Extension of the Suffrage being obtained. It is only by means of the present constituency, and the House of Commons, as now constituted, that any Extension of the Suffrage can take place; and the first step appears to be to render the representation of the people as liberal as possible, by protecting the electors in the exercise of the franchise. That this will be the effect of the Ballot, we wonder that any one can doubt. Let those who doubt consider why the Tories, to a man, are opposed to secret voting. We are glad to observe that the best-informed organs of the working classes are opposed to the doctrine, that the Ballot, without Extension of the Suffrage, would be pernicious. *The True Sun*, after remarking that the monarchy of the middle classes would be a bad thing, proceeds—“At the same time, we allow that it would be a better thing than the present plan of government, through the nominal representation of the middle classes, but really by the influence over them of aristocratical corruption and intimidation. The real opinions of the present electors are better than their biased votes. Avowedly vested with the suffrage, they have a just claim for the freedom of its exercise. We therefore say, let us get the ballot alone, if we cannot at present obtain anything else.” *The Leeds Times*, a paper with a weekly circulation of 3400, chiefly among the operatives of the West of England, remarks, “It is a great mistake, though an honest one, to tell the working classes that the Ballot will do them harm. We, who have had pretty extensive opportunities of estimating the character of the bulk of the constituency, which even the ballot alone would realize, tell the working men, that the Ballot, even of itself, will return such a Parliament as shall render the adoption of extended franchise irresistible in the very first session of its existence.”

SHORT PARLIAMENTS.—With regard to shortening the duration of Parliaments, we think the constituencies have an effectual remedy in their own hands—viz., not to return any candidate who will not pledge himself to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, when required by a majority of his constituency. At all events, the electors should insist, not only for Short Parliaments, but for the power of dismissing their Members at pleasure.

CORN-LAW ASSOCIATIONS.—We are glad to observe that associations have been formed in the west of Scotland, for the repeal of the Corn-Law. We have been favoured with a well drawn-up “Address of the Central Anti-Corn-Law Association for the West of Scotland,” over which Mr Weir, the able editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, presides. We beg to direct the attention of these

societies, not only to the Corn-Laws properly so called, but to the other laws restricting the importation of other sorts of food, and, in particular, to the laws prohibiting the importation of oxen, cows, sheep, lambs, and fresh meat of all sorts. The injury inflicted on the People by these prohibitions is a great addition to that sustained by the Corn-Laws; for while grain is from 50 to 60 per cent. cheaper on the Continent than in Britain, butcher meat is from 80 to 100 per cent. cheaper. We have often heard it remarked that butchers were much seldomer attacked with fever than any other class of men; and this remark has been confirmed, by Dr Hannay, who, in his lectures on physic in Anderson's University, has shown that the prevalence of the epidemic typhus fever of our great towns is entirely owing to the want of a regular supply of fresh animal food, as an article of regular diet. He has adduced numerous facts and arguments in support of this opinion, which we regret our limits do not enable us to give. We hope that this fact will not be overlooked. Nothing can better shew the selfishness, we may say the atrocity of the landed interest, than these starvation laws; and it is a remarkable circumstance that, although societies having for their object the improvement of cattle and sheep exist in almost every county, and though many of the members must be well aware that most valuable breeds exist on the Continent, no attempt has ever been made to introduce any of them into this country. We hope the Highland Society, which affects so high a character for patriotism, will take up this matter.

LAW.—The Lord Advocate has again introduced his Bill for regulating the business of the Court of Session; but so few of his Lordship's Bills pass, that they have ceased to excite interest. The greatest improvement which could be made in the Court of Session, would be to abolish the Second Division, and to make the judges sit nine or ten months, instead of 114 days in the year. Unless some reform take place speedily in this Court, it will be found necessary to abolish it altogether; for its business is decreasing every year, and at present the salaries drawn by the Judges and Clerks, and the fees of the other officials, nearly equal the whole value of the same in litigation before it. Were the salaries and emoluments of the clerks and other officers reduced one half, the printing of masses of useless rubbish or mere formal applications abolished, and counsel employed only when the agents found themselves inadequate for the management of a case, the business of the Court would revive, and the singular spectacle would not be presented of the Supreme Court of Scotland—although the jurisdiction of two other courts, the Admiralty and Consistorial, have been united with it—having only two-thirds of the business it possessed forty years ago. Not above two thousand cases are brought annually into Court: one thousand of which pass in absence, the Judges never looking at the proceedings; and to decide the other thousand, costs the country, for judges and clerks alone, to say nothing of the continual additions to and alterations on the Parliament House itself, about £50,000 per annum, or £150 for each case. But no alterations, on the mere forms of proceeding can remedy the evil. The law itself must be remodelled, and a new code enacted, fitted for the necessities of a civilized age; the barbarism of the feudal forms must be swept off, and common sense introduced. The complexity of the law, and the impossibility of even lawyers having a complete knowledge of it, may be inferred from the circumstance, that “A Manual of the periods of time established by Statute and Usage in the Law of Scotland,” has just been published by Mr James Scott, solicitor; and, though it is in the tabular form, and most concisely expressed, it extends to 52 pages 8vo. It is a compilation much needed, and which we can confidently recommend, not only to every practitioner of the law, but to mercantile men and others engaged in business of any kind.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1838.

CANADA.—POLITICAL JUGGLING.

HERE mechanical sleight of hand, even that of the immortal Ramee Samee, is little wonderful in our estimation. The juggler only cheats others—that is a trifle. Commend us to the man who can cheat himself. And, in the political world, just fix upon the first man you meet, and it is ninety-nine chances to a hundred but he is up to this trick. The best way of shewing how people accomplish this, is to describe a few examples.

In 1815, the Polish nation was assigned to the Emperor of Russia; he pledging himself to preserve their nationality, and respect their peculiar laws and customs. Many years earlier, the Canadians were assigned to Great Britain; and, in addition to sundry and divers royal edicts, an act of Parliament, passed in the year 1791, pledges the governing country to preserve the nationality, and respect the peculiar laws and customs of the governed. By both the Emperor of Russia and the government of Great Britain, these solemn pledges have been violated. By both the Poles and the Canadians of French extraction, recourse has been had to arms, when it was plain that nothing else could avail them. The Poles have been subdued and punished as felons. According to the latest accounts, the Canadians are on the eve of being subdued, and are about to be punished as felons. The nationality of the Poles has been abrogated—they have been forced to adopt the laws and institutions of Russia. The constitution of the Canadians is abolished, (or, to use the Jack-Ketch-like phraseology of diplomacy, *suspended*,) and the laws of England are to be forced upon them. No two cases can be conceived more exactly parallel. Yet the identical "prim praters," who have been making every town and village ring again with well-mouthed denunciations of the Emperor of Russia, and glowing eulogiums of Polish heroism, are encouraging Ministers in the crusade against Canadian liberty. "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote

out of thy brother's eye." Lord Durham is not the only British statesman who has been taking lessons in the school of the Emperor of Russia.

Again, some years back, a political adventurer (we use the word in its dyslogistic sense) was clever enough to gull the electors of Westminster, for two years, into the belief that he could represent them in Parliament, and at the same time play at soldiers in Spain. It is not, however, to him, but to his ministerial eulogists, that we wish to direct attention. *The Globe*, and all its tribe, were in ecstasies at the heroism of the man who allowed himself to be shot at, for the interests of humanity—and a large sum of money. They indignantly repelled the epithet "mercenary," when applied to him. But no sooner is a hint given that American riflemen may take a part in the disturbances of Canada, than a volley of abuse is opened upon these adventurers *in posse*, by the eulogists of Evans. And yet the parallel between the cases is tolerably exact. In Spain, one portion of the community is for a Constitution, another for Don Carlos: in Canada, one party is for a Constitution, another for British supremacy. In Spain, the Carlists are upheld by the Legitimists of Europe: in Canada, the faction which arrogates to itself the title of the British party, is upheld by the forces of Great Britain. In Spain, the Constitutionals accepted the services of a foreign legion, and the legionaries were vouched to us as being "all honourable men:" why should not the Canadian Constitutionals accept, in like manner, the services of an American legion? or why should the circumstance of serving in such a legion, be accounted dishonourable by those who defended and lauded Evans? We admit that the cases are not exactly parallel. There is no necessary community of interest between Great Britain and Spain: on the other hand, it is the interest of every native American, that no spot of that great continent shall be a servile dependency of any European State. The American volunteers in Canada, will be men each acting on his own impulse—lovers of democracy, who come to aid in rearing a new democratic government, and to settle under its protection—"to win a country, or to lose themselves." The legionaries of

Evans were men of a very inferior description ; allured by the prospect of pay and plunder, to fight for a time on a foreign soil, for the glory and emolument of an individual, rather than from devotion to a sacred principle. If there be any difference between the be-praised Spanish Legion and the reviled contingent American Volunteers in Canada, that difference is favourable to the latter.

Yet, again :—" The cause for which Hampden bled on the field, and Sydney on the scaffold," is a standing toast with those very Whigs who are denouncing scaffolds and gibbets to the Canadian patriots, and justifying the burning of their stores and houses. Yet John Hampden refused payment of a tax illegally imposed ; and the Canadians declared their resolution to resist the unconstitutional transference of the power of taxing them from their own Territorial to the Imperial Parliament. John Hampden called out the militia of Bucks ; and Papineau organized the Six Counties. And as to the bugbear of republicanism, what were the political tenets of Algernon Sydney ?

It is melancholy to see men playing such tricks with themselves, and loving or hating the same thing, not according to its own merits, but according to the name which they arbitrarily choose to apply to it for the time being. There is but one remedy for it—let in more light upon them. The juggler plays his tricks with most effect in an uncertain light ; the self-deluder bewilders himself most effectually in the dim twilight of half knowledge. A few days' study of the " Principles of Morals and Legislation" might serve to steady these waverers between right and wrong, whose feelings are at the mercy of names, and whose election of the just or unjust side of a question depends upon accident. We have thrown out these hints, in the hope that they may excite some to reflection ; and we now proceed to a more serious question, connected with the troubles in Canada.

In the month of March last, certain resolutions relative to Canada were submitted to the House of Commons by Lord John Russell, and, after protracted and vehement debates, approved of by an overwhelming majority of that independent and enlightened body. The third of these resolutions affirmed that the House of Assembly of Lower Canada had declined to vote the supplies necessary to carry on the civil government ; and the eighth provided—" That, for defraying the arrears due on account of the established and customary charges of the administration of justice, and of the civil government of the said province, it is expedient that, after applying for that purpose such balance as shall, on the said 10th day of April 1837, be in the hands of the Receiver-General of the said province, arising from his Majesty's hereditary, territorial, and casual revenue, the Governor of the said province be empowered to issue from and out of any other part of his Majesty's revenues, in the hands of the Receiver-General of the said province, such farther sums as shall be necessary

to effect the payment of the before-mentioned sum of £142,160:14:6." By the constitution of Canada and our own, the only safeguard provided against the assumption of arbitrary power by the Executive, is the power of stopping the supplies. The money necessary to defray the expenses of civil government, is voted from year to year, in order that the representatives of the people may be able to arrest the career of any Executive which uses the power with which it is entrusted to subdue, not to protect the People. The eighth resolution of Lord John Russell deprives the representatives of the people of Canada of this, their only safeguard against despotism. Ministers were aware of this : we have it under the hand of Lord Glenelg. His Lordship writes to Lord Gosford, on the 22d May 1837 :—" To avoid the necessity of violating one of the great principles of the Canadian constitution, we have been willing to make every sacrifice, excepting that of the honour of the Crown, and the integrity of the empire." " The honour of the Crown," means the Crown's having its own way in the dispute with the Canadians, instead of yielding to them ; and, to ensure this subjection of the Canadians to the will of the Crown, Ministers declare themselves prepared to " violate one of the great principles of the Canadian Constitution." What is this but despotism ?

Ministers were, from the very first, aware of the indignation felt by the Canadians at this arbitrary stretch of power. On the 25th of May 1837, Lord Gosford writes to Lord Glenelg :—" I must, however, here observe, that the feeling against the Imperial Parliament authorizing the taking of the money out of the chest, is very strong ; and even those who reprobate the withholding of the supplies by the Assembly, cannot refrain from an expression of disapprobation of this part of Lord John Russell's resolutions." In the course of the month of August, Lord Gosford received ample corroboration of this opinion. The House of Assembly, a body elected by almost universal suffrage, met on the 18th of that month. Attempts had previously been made to tamper with the more moderate members. The names of some of them had been forwarded to Great Britain, with a recommendation that they should be nominated members, some of the Executive and some of the Legislative Council. The bait did not take with all. On the 26th of June, Lord Gosford writes :—" With reference to the list of those whom, in my despatch of the 26th April 1836, I recommended for seats in the Legislative Council, recent events have led me to doubt the propriety of placing some of them in that branch of the Legislature." Notwithstanding this and other insidious attempts to " divide and govern"—the tyrant's never-failing refuge—an overwhelming majority of the House of Assembly resolved :—" We have not been able to derive from your Excellency's speech, or from any other source, any motive for departing, even momentarily, from our determination to withhold the supplies until the grievances of the country are redressed."

That, in coming to this resolution, the House expressed the sentiment of an immense majority of the Canadians, a sentiment rooted and enduring, is clear from a despatch of Lord Gosford, dated 12th October 1837:—"A dissolution offers no prospect of a more reasonable House of Assembly, nor any hope that the new House, which would be composed of a majority of the old members, would recede in any particular from the demands so pertinaciously insisted on by the present body."

In all these proceedings, the deportment of the House of Assembly was alike within the letter and the spirit of the constitution. But Ministers had, from the first, resolved to carry their point, "by violating one of the great principles of the Canadian constitution." They were, from the first, prepared to effect that violation by military force. On the 6th of March, Lord Glenelg writes:—"I trust there is no danger of any public commotion, still less of any armed resistance. But, as a measure of precaution, we shall probably strengthen the military force very shortly, by the temporary addition of two regiments; and the 'Inconstant' frigate will appear in the St Lawrence as soon as the navigation is open." On the 22d of the same month, Lord Glenelg writes again, authorising Lord Gosford to draw troops from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. On the 8th of September, Lord Gosford writes:—"Had the executive the power of suspending the Habeas Corpus, it would be in a better position to meet the difficulty." On the 12th of October, he writes:—"The law fails to afford its support; the civil authorities become therefore impotent; the Habeas Corpus Act cannot be suspended." Then, after announcing that a new House of Assembly would be as unmanageable as the old, he proceeds:—"In such circumstances, and seeing that the Imperial Parliament has solemnly and unequivocally stated that it will not accede to the Assembly's demands, I am forced, however reluctantly, to come to the conclusion, that the only practical course now open for conducting the affairs of this province with any benefit to the inhabitants generally, is at once formally to suspend the present constitution, which both parties unite in confessing cannot now be worked, and which has, in fact, for the last twelve months, been virtually suspended; to increase the military force, and to strengthen the hands of the executive, now almost impotent for any good or useful purpose." Nine days later, his Lordship, in order to strengthen himself by "a multitude of counsellors," takes the advice of the Executive Council on this point; who unanimously declare themselves of opinion—"That there is no hope, under existing circumstances, to re-establish the equilibrium of the component parts of the constitution, without the intervention of Parliament." The chain of evidence is clear and unbroken. From the very first, Ministers had resolved, not only to evade the right of the House of Assembly to stop the supplies, but to have themselves future trouble, by de-

priving it of the power of stopping them. They had resolved to suspend and remodel the Canadian constitution, and put down all remonstrances of the Canadians, by an array of military force. This plan is announced by Lord Glenelg on the 6th of March; this plan is urged by Lord Gosford and his tail on the 19th of October; and every despatch, from either side, during the interim, bears evidence that this plan was unceasingly, coolly, and resolutely kept in view.

The attempt has been made, and will be persisted in, to divert attention from this unjustifiable and pertinacious resolve, to put down the constitution of Lower Canada, by pointing to cotemporary disturbances. Even though these disturbances had been unconnected with the unconstitutional projects of the British Government, and unprovoked, they would afford no palliation for a crime projected previous to their occurrence, and carried into execution without reference to them. But these disturbances were all of them the necessary consequence of the unconstitutional proceedings of Ministers; and those of them which are made the pretext for calling out the military, were deliberately and intentionally provoked by that faction to which are delegated, by our precious rulers, the functions of government in Canada.

The People of Canada felt that their well-grounded complaints had, for a long series of years, been in vain urged upon the home government; they felt that the stoppage of the supplies was the only means they had of enforcing attention, and that they were entitled to use it; they saw that the British Government was resolved not to grant any real redress; and they naturally feared that means would be employed to wrench their constitutional weapon from their hand. It was natural, under such circumstances—the House of Assembly being incompetent to oppose any other than a passive resistance to the Government—that public meetings should be held, and that pretty strong language should be used at these meetings. These constitutional meetings drew forth a proclamation from Lord Gosford, on the 15th of June. In this document his Lordship modestly tells the aggrieved and complaining parties, that their complaints are "untrue and mischievous representations," and "solemnly exhorts" them "to discontinue all writings of an exciting and seditious tendency, and to eschew all meetings of a dangerous or equivocal character." He also calls upon all magistrates, and military officers throughout the province, to be on the alert. This insolent address naturally excited a strong and general feeling of indignation. Many magistrates and officers of militia refused to read it. All who did this were deprived of their commissions. In the beginning of September, legal prosecutions were commenced, with a view to intimidate the Canadians. The Attorney-General, by direction of the Governor, preferred bills of indictment in the Court of King's Bench at Montreal—one against a Dr Duchesnois, for publicly tearing and

treating with contempt the proclamation issued on the 15th of June. Subsequent events have proved that Montreal is a stronghold of the misgoverning faction—that there (as at Birmingham in the days of Priestley) the wealthy and the mob make common cause against the independent of the middle class; but even in Montreal a grand jury could not be found base and servile enough to pervert a court of justice into an instrument of tyranny. The Attorney-General's bills were ignored. In defiance of every dictate of common decency, that functionary immediately filed *ex officio* informations against his victims. The public meetings now began to assume another form. The prorogation of the House of Assembly; the concentration of military force in the province; the dismissal of every popular justice of peace and militia officer; the attempt to stretch legal forms, with a view to attach disproportionate punishments to trifling offences—all contributed to warn the Canadians what they had to expect at the hands of Government. It is not very likely, either, that the recommendations of the Governor and his Council, to "suspend" the constitution, had been kept altogether so secret as such a nefarious project required. On the 1st of October, the Permanent Committee of the County of Two Mountains met, to concert measures of protection and self-defence. On the 4th, the "Sons of Liberty" in Montreal issued an address to the young men in the British American Colonies. On the 22d, delegates from the Six Counties in the district of Montreal, south of the St Lawrence, met, to concert a plan of co-operation; and on the 31st, this confederation issued an address to the People of Canada. These measures were forced upon the Canadians by the Government. Mutual distrust, mutual hostility, was now unequivocally declared. It mattered little, save as a theme of declamation, which party struck the first blow. Even that was done by the Government; it had not even the decency to wait a pretext for aggression. On the 27th of November, Lord Glenelg wrote to Lord Gosford, intimating his recall, and the appointment of Sir John Colborne, as Coercer-general of the colony. It was not till the 5th of November that any hostile collision took place between the Patriots and the retainers of Government. Ministers could not have heard of that collision, when they handed over the colony to the tender mercies of military law. Nay, more than this: the Government mob, screened by the force of Government, was the aggressor in that collision. A procession of the "Sons of Liberty," in Montreal, was prohibited by proclamation. The members of the club obeyed, and held, instead, on the 5th of November, a private meeting in an inclosed inn-yard. The following is the narrative of Michael O'Sullivan, Solicitor-General:—"The *Patriots* met, to the number of about 350, in a large yard, opening in Great James' Street, near the American Presbyterian Church. They had their speeches, and their huzzas, and their treason, in private, the gate of the yard being shut. A number of Constitu-

tionalists were outside. Stones were thrown into the yard; and, towards the close of the meeting, grown-up boys were seen pushing sticks under the gate. An English flag was also carried about. The *Patriots* broke out, and drove the Constitutionalists towards the Bank." This is the narrative of the second law officer of the Crown, in the colony: let its temper speak for that of the Government he serves. The Constitutionalists rallied, and in turn drove back the Patriots. The military were called out to assist the Constitutionalists in dispersing the latter, and then sent to their barracks; and their allies were left unmolested, while they were destroying and gutting the *Vindicator* office. We charge the official authorities of Montreal with being art and part in the perpetration of these outrages. It was the Constitutionalists who began the affray; it was the Constitutionalists who, under military protection, effected the destruction of property; but it was the Patriot leaders who were arrested—and the pretext was high treason. The arrests in Montreal were easily effected; not so those in the country. At Longueuil, the peasants ran to arms, and rescued the prisoners. Shots were interchanged between the *habitans* and the soldiers—and the civil war began.

It was begun under great disadvantages on the part of the Canadians. The government party succeeded in goading them to acts of insurrection before the province was thoroughly organized; before they had provided themselves with the means or sinews of war; at a time when the Assembly was prorogued, and incapable of supplying a central authority. The soldiers who command the troops of Britain at present, are of a very different kind from those who commanded them in the year 1775. The troops themselves are infinitely superior, both in their individual morale, and in their organization. This has been shewn by the promptitude and (as far as we yet know) the success with which the authority of Britain has been enforced in Lower Canada, since these rude events shoved the imbecile Gosford aside, and placed a man, Sir John Colborne, at the head of affairs. The Canadians in arms seem to have been unprovided with supplies, and totally destitute of officers. The suddenness of the affray, startled for a moment, and made them stand irresolute. The advantage was skilfully seized upon by Sir John Colborne, who seems to have succeeded in paralysing the insurgents. It is easy, however, to say, that this circumstance proves the insurrection to have been rash, and therefore unjustifiable. The Canadians had seen their wrongs undressed; their constitutional means of defending their rights evaded; their best patriots deprived of their commissions as justices of the peace and militia officers; the verdicts of grand juries set at naught by the officers of the crown; preparations made for suppressing their legislative representatives; houses in Montreal plundered by rioters under military protection; and now they saw the arm of power stretched out to in-

carcerate the very men upon whom they depended for the assertion of their rights. Who is there among us who can say that he would have stood tamely by under similar circumstances, and, coldly calculating every contingency, allowed such an infamous act to be perpetrated under his very eyes? The prudence or imprudence of the Canadians, (and, in some cases, imprudence is a virtue) does not alter the merits of the question at issue—the right arrogated by the British Government to put down the House of Representatives in Canada, for the exercise of an undoubted constitutional right. And, if it did, the criminality of the insurgents was nothing compared with that of the abusers of power, who premeditatedly and unrelentingly goaded them to insurrection.

The progress of the drama's *dénouement* now carries us to the House of Commons. On the evening of Tuesday, the 16th ultimo, Lord John Russell announced his intention to introduce a bill, suspending the House of Assembly of Lower Canada from the exercise of its functions. The wretched sophism by which Lord John sought to palliate this violation of all constitutional law, was to this effect:—"In a constitutional government it is quite impossible, if the supplies be refused year after year, that the machinery of Government can go on. Well, then, what was to be done on the refusal of the supplies by a provincial Parliament? There could be, in such a case, but one of two courses to adopt—either to accede to all demands, or to take some means by which the mischief might be remedied. I stated to the House that it was impossible to adopt the former alternative. . . . And, as the demands of the Assembly were declared repeatedly to be the only conditions on which they would consent to carry on the ordinary business of the Constitution, I say, by their own act, and without any interference of the superior power, the Government was, *ipso facto*, suspended by themselves." Can there be a more unblushing avowal of barefaced tyranny? Suppose the case our own—suppose that the British House of Commons should refuse the supplies; according to this new constitutional doctrine, the minister of the day will, upon that event, only need to say:—"Executive government cannot be carried on without supplies; the House of Commons, by refusing the supplies, renders it impossible to carry on the executive government: *ergo*, the House of Commons has committed *felix de se*, and we may go on as if no such body existed." Yet, whatever faction may be in power when this happens, they can now cite the precedent furnished by a Whig Minister—by "a son of the illustrious house of Russell"—by the little gentleman upon whom devolved formerly the somewhat incongruous duty of carrying the Reform Bill through the House of Commons. And a reformed House of Commons listened patiently, and, to all seeming, approvingly, to this degrading doctrine! The debate on the servile address to the Queen, regarding Canada, was abruptly terminated; only twenty-eight

voting for further discussion, and time for reflection. Next night, leave was given to introduce the unconstitutional bill—only seven Members voting against its introduction. The petitions from Westminster, Mary-le-Bone, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and other places, deprecating the coercion of Canada, were received with "hear and a laugh," or "hear and laughter." The minds of Members were sufficiently at ease, to waste their time in laughing at the ponderous wit which Sir Robert Peel substituted for a discussion of the question before the House. The strangling of a constitution, purchased on the part of the Canadians by the cession of broad and fertile lands, guaranteed by the honour of the legislature and executive of Britain, was voted in an indolent, chatting, laughing mood, as a mere matter of routine. The scene in the House of Lords would have been exactly the same, but for the indignant eloquence and cutting sarcasm of Lord Brougham, the sole defender of Canadian liberty in that House.

And Lord Durham has accepted the office of *autocrat* of Lower Canada! We are told that the selection of his Lordship for this office, is a proof of the good intentions of Ministers. We, on the contrary, hold that his Lordship's acceptance of power erected on the ruins of a constitution, is a proof that he himself is not to be trusted. Had his Lordship really entertained the Liberal sentiments he once professed, he would not have undertaken an office, the first act of which is, to overturn a representative constitution. No honest man will do evil that good may come. Ministers and Lord Durham may say that they only suspend the Canadian constitution for a time. They have the power to suspend it: how do they know that they shall possess that power long enough to restore it? They begin the work: what guarantee can they offer, that the Duke of Wellington will not conclude it? They put down the Canadian House of Assembly, either as an accomplice of the insurrection, or not. If the insurgents are (as Ministers pretend to believe) merely a small body, why suppress one of the constituted authorities for their fault? If the insurgents and the House of Assembly are identified, then do Ministers and Lord Durham, by suppressing them, place themselves in the identical position occupied by Charles I., when he displayed his banner, and levied war against the Parliament. Strafford and Charles were brought to the block, for less direct and tangible infringements of the constitution than their modern imitators are now perpetrating.

With those men, however, and their servile abettors in either House of Parliament, it is in vain to remonstrate. They have passed the Rubicon. We appeal to the country. If this crime is allowed by the British People to be perpetrated in their name, the shame and guilt, and the retribution too, will rest on their heads. What the King is to us and our House of Commons, the nation at large is to the Canadians and their House of Assembly. The colonies belong to the incorporated nation—not to the Crown.

We, by our representatives, must concur, before the Canadian constitution can be suspended; we and our representatives must concur before the supplies can be obtained for paying the red-coated ministers of the behests of despotism. Ministers cannot stir one step in their crusade against constitutional liberty, without the assent of the House of Commons; and its Members will not dare to give that assent, if their constituents raise their voices to forbid. Not a man among us but will share the guilt, if Lord John Russell's infamous bill be ever carried into execution. The retribution, too, will fall upon us. Who can count, beforehand, the costs of the war into which we are plunging? Lord Gosford confesses that all classes were indignant at Lord John Russell's resolutions of last year: how will they brook the bill of the present? That bill will make of the Canadians a united People. That bill will render it impossible for any American government to keep back its young and ardent spirits from Canada. That bill will be a spell-word to conjure to the banks

of the St Lawrence every adventurous spirit from the Continent of Europe. We have, in addition to the blood-guiltiness we are meaning, to look forward to the alternative of war-taxes, or an increase of our national debt. Do our fundholders think that the security of their dividends will be increased by such an augmentation? Is there one man in the country who complains of being too lightly taxed? Will the Society of Friends allow a new war to be begun, without remonstrance? Will not the peace societies bestir themselves? Will not the religious professors of our land shew that the peaceful spirit of Christianity really animates them? Is there sympathy for black slaves alone? Are military executions less revolting than hangings at the Old Bailey? If there be, indeed, prudence, philanthropy, and religion in the land, and not a mere parade, now is the time to shew it. Let the nation protest, as one man, against the unjust and forcible suppression of Canadian liberty.

THE LONDON PERIPATETIC; OR, SKETCHES ABOUT TOWN.

No. II.—KENNETH'S CORNER.

"The place where" actors "most do congregat."

It is no matter whether a performer exercises his energies under the "ursa major" of Drury or the potentate of the Pavilion; he is sure to take his daily walk of contemplation at the region aforesaid. It is two by the clock of St Paul's, Covent Garden; the rehearsals are over. There—in a dark blue suit, and a rather broad-brimmed hat, with a yellow cane, and, if it be cold, a dark bottle-green great-coat, exceedingly long—sidles Macready, bending inwards to the wall; his complexion bearing evidence of illness, and betokening the gloomy habit of his mind. You seldom see him otherwise than *solus*. He glances hurriedly at the prints, and proceeds. In a surtout, and under a white hat, saunters a little, pale man, whose visage is disproportioned to his frame; his eyes are very light, and have a strange stare, for he labours under defective vision. He wears a ribbon round his neck instead of a stock, and ever and anon raises his eye-glass. He is Jerrold, the most original story-teller of the time. That scholar-like man in a blue coat and bright buttons, who carries an umbrella, though the sun is high in heaven, and the day is bright, is Settle. His smile almost amounts to a laugh. He jerks his arm forward, and catches his brother dramatist by the hand. There!—I knew it—they have stopped at the corner. He who bows as he passes them, is Bartley. Attired in mourning, and evidently in thought, he trudges on; you would take him for the holder of a small living, if you did not know him to be a comedian. He has passed the authors; but he is stopped

at his button. Their heads come in contact. Something of import is on the tapis at Drury, for that gentleman is Drinkwater Meadows. Down Bow Street, dropping in at Harris the bookseller's, comes a pale-faced gentleman, who ambles rather than walks; whose pace evidently would be a run if it could. He nods to everybody—actor, author, critic, call-boy. There he crosses; now he nods to the cab at the coach-stand—they are acquaintances from two-and-twenty years' promenading, on the part of the performer, in this vicinity. He gives one look at Drury, as much as to say, "How are you?—I'm a St James' boy, now," and ambles on: that is Harley. With his head thrust forward at the top of his spare form, comes Farren; his face wearing a raw and scraped look; his figure that of a man of five-and-twenty, but his snowy brow, pointing at full fifty. He has stopped to speak to that lady with a presence. She laughs and heaves convulsively. That little boy that has walked round her, looks fatigued. She proceeds—"Earth does not bear alive a stouter" lady, or a better comic actress: that is Mrs Glover. Walking as if the bearer of an express, see that little man, who stands about five feet five. He has small quick eyes, close together; he lifts his hat to Mrs G. He is bald. His blue surtout is faced with velvet, and the cuffs are of the same material. He darts towards Drury, nodding at his mandarin, on each side, as he goes: it is Planche. That tall and powerfully-built man, to whom Kenneth is speaking, and who looks like a captain of a trader, is Forrest; and the equally tall gentleman, with a severe coun-

tenance of the Kemble school, but with very small and jet-black eyes, is Hamblin, whom the New-Yorkites call the Anglo-American. The strange-looking individual in the white hat, immediately behind them, is Allan, secretary to Mr Forrest, and his warm adulator. That four-wheeled vehicle that has stopped, contains two gentlemen in black. One who, though a play-man, is not a performer, remains there. The other steps out; he encounters nods, right and left. Jerrold does not notice him;—hum! thereby hangs a tale. He talks eagerly to Kenneth. He is a Somersetshire man, for a hundred. Hark! hew his words come out—you can just catch “second heavy”—“some star”—“after the Adelphi people.” It is Davidge of the Surrey theatre; he is looking out for fresh attractions. That lady, in a black silk cloak, with a beautiful complexion and exquisite profile, but who looks as if sorrow, rather than time, had marked her brow, is Mrs W. West. That fine boy is her son. They are met by a lady, tall and of a certain age, yet with fair hair and a smiling brow—Mrs Orger, for a thousand. They talk a moment over the then and now state of the drama, and part. That showily-dressed person with a strange expression of eye, and a hirsute countenance, is Pritchard. He rolls a brigand. He is stopped by a rather stout man, in a green Mackintosh. Who can the old fellow be? He walks like a pantaloon. Old!—why he is but little over thirty: ’tis Mr Dennett Tilbury. On the crown of the road is a chestnut horse, nearly seventeen hands high; and on the summit of the quadruped’s back, sits a little, plump, rosy, red-haired individual; if you can see at such a height, you will perceive the marks of gunpowder in his face—it is little Keesley. That young man, in the very short surtout, who nods to him, is William Wood, (not the singer,) late of Drury, who, by accident, shot K. in the face, whilst acting in a farce at the Victoria. In a long-haired, olive-coloured, fear-nought coat, comes briskly forward a very pale-faced, dark-eyed, and remarkably short-necked man; his limbs bear little proportion to his square and massive shoulders. How nervously he jerks his way forward, saluted on all sides! Hail to the Manager of the Adelphi!—for ’tis Yates. Look at yonder couple—a little man in an olive surtout, French-grey trousers, a hat curled at the sides, and shoes and pumps of exquisite neatness; his steps betray the dancer. The lady beside him is taller than he is; she is stricken in years, but bears them well; time has not yet reduced her amplitude of figure. They are the father and mother of Oscar Byrne. There goes the man who has danced an hundred times before the British Roscius. Old Seythe and Hour-glass, you have laid your hand lightly upon the father of Terpsichoreans. In a suit of black, covered by a very small white great-coat, with a cape, comes Bayle Bernard, stalling, and whirling his stick as he goes, to the endangerment of diverse wayfarers. That sturdy-looking old man, in a brown coat, plaid-trowsers, thick-soled shoes, a very broad-

brimmed hat, and a brown George wig, who walks as if he indented the pavement at each step, is Downton; and yon Macintosh-caped, over-dressed, spectacled gentleman is Perkin, whom the *Age*, by a wilful misprint, called the largest *Gherkin* ever grown. The lady that steps out of that green, old-fashioned vehicle, and springs to the ground, is Mrs B——; she is dark almost as a gipsy, and wears a crop: she bounds into Kenneth’s. A lady, rather *en bon point*, remains in the questionable carriage; she is attired in rose-coloured silk, wears a white satin hat, and dove-coloured boots; the door of the carriage is open, and you see her entire figure: she is delicately fair, with indifferent features, and a strange expression of eye; but the *ensemble* is that of a fine woman: that is the best ballad singer of the day, Mrs Waylett. A dark, flat-faced man stops at the carriage door; he has a blue surtout, buttoned to the neck, and very much padded over the breast, (*d la* cavalry undress;) he carries an ashen stick, and walks rapidly; his face is half Jewish, and he is always alone: it is Harry Philips. As you get nearer to him, you observe his complexion, though dark, is like enamel, and every particular hair of his beard and moustache stands out in relief, as in a wax-work figure. He is joined by a taller and thinner man, whose nasal organ is largely developed. They leave the carriage-door. Mrs W. kisses the tips of her gloves, and Messrs Philips and Seguin wend towards the Haymarket. In dark garments, and with a sort of stealthy pace, goes a middle-sized, bilious-looking gentleman, whose face appears as if it had been tanned first and freckled afterwards. He turns into Broad Court, and from thence to the Wrekin: it is Warde. In light trousers, shoes, an ill-made brown surtout, and with an eye-glass swinging loosely from his neck, comes a man evidently bowed by years, and stooping so much as to appear shorter than he really is. His shoulders are expansive; his face is large, uncommonly so, and his features massive. He drops forward upon his feet as he goes. Can that be the gay, chivalrous Charles Kemble? Even so. To this complexion has he come at last.

Two persons approach from Charles Street; the first is about five feet ten. He wears large-checked shepherd’s-plaid trousers, a ditto waistcoat, and a merino shawl, (crimson,) folded *d la* under-vest. He has a pilot-cloth surtout and a stick. His hat is curled at each side, and he has a “shaunty swing” as he goes: it is Wrench. Beside him is a pale, dark-haired man, about five feet six, in a bear’s-skin black coat, talking earnestly to the comedian. Actor and author are probably discussing the points of a new farce; for the second individual is Leman Rede. In a close green carriage you can just see a fair face, with lustrous eyes, dark ringlets, and borrowed roses; it peeps from out a small, drawn, silk green bonnet, with a profusion of cheek-adorning lace. Beside her is a slight, small-headed, light-haired, and remarkably thin young man. The carriage turns down Hart Street, to the stage-door of Covent Garden, and Mademoiselle Vestris and

(Charles Mathews step out of it. Another carriage, from which emerges a remarkably well-built man, dressed in mourning, but in a black velvet waistcoat, and a dark purple neckerchief, with a black spot. The face of the individual is a strange mixture of the melancholy and the ridiculous. It is deeply marked by the small-pox, a scar of which communicates a ludicrous expression to the mouth. He enters the door: "That's Liston," bursts from half-a-dozen lips; and the carriage rolls away.

But who is this, dressed in a blue surtout, a black waistcoat redolent of sauff, stone-coloured trousers, and Blucher shoes, with grey locks hanging over his brow and over the collar of his coat? He totters by aid of a stick, and the arm of a guide. His eyes, once remarkably brilliant, glare vacantly. He lifts his eye-glass continually, and by his manner you perceive he is nearly sightless: 'tis Monciéff, once the merriest of our farce writers. He speaks to Serle, to Wrench, Leman Rede, to all; but, as he approaches each individual, places his glass to his eye, and inspects every one within six inches of their faces, ere he can recognise an acquaintance. That large-boned man in black, with the sea-worthy face and rolling gait, is the heavy man of Covent Garden, who, from his peripatetic propensities, has acquired the cognomen of *Omnipresent* Thompson.

That little creature, (with a face like wax-work,) enveloped in an ermine tippet and black satin dress, is Miss Vincent; and that large featured, dark-complexioned, black-eyed, stout lady, is Miss Betts. That slight, girlish-looking creature, with a laughing Bacchante countenance, is the pretty Miss Fitzwalter. In a purple velvet dress, and a very flat (shell-shaped) bonnet, see Mrs Honey, accompanied by her mother; and in a coloured muslin gown, a party-coloured straw bonnet, and a small shawl, with the ribbons of her bonnet untied, comes Mrs Fitzwilliam. Beside her is her liege lord, in a black surtout, with a ribbon round his neck, and looking like a broad copy of Douglas Jerrold.

But see, coming yonder from the Garrick Club, through the piazzas, towards the corner, a stoutly built man of about five feet six in height. His years may be fifty. He looks like one who has "gone down to the sea in ships." He wears a blue checkered shirt, a bright brown coat with metal buttons, and blue trousers. His face is embrowned. His eyes, though sunk, are expressive. He is unshaven, and wears no gloves. His gait is slowly, and few would suppose him to be either actor or dramatist; yet that man is Sheridan Knowles. He is stopped by a tall, dressy man, in a blue coat with club buttons, and a white overcoat; it is Charles Dance, author of a farce or two. That person-looking personage, in a pilot-cloth great-coat, and a broad-brimmed hat, is B. . . . a dramatic critic in the leading journal; and that small-eyed, reddish young man, that speaks to him, does the theatricals for the *Evening Journal*. The tall and rather robust man, in a black surtout, and shepherd's-plaid trousers

and waistcoat, with a ruddy complexion, but very grey hair, is Charles Baker; and the diminutive creature, with large eyes, and his head turned upwards, to enable him to see the faces of his fellow-creatures, is the notorious and celebrated Phil. Stone, the property man. The portly man, with but one leg, is Wilmet, the prompter of Drury; and the pallid young man, with but one eye, is Parsloe, the prompter of Covent Garden.

But why linger? We might end our days, and never turn the corner; for, even as the billows come booming to the sands, do the anti-Prynnytes gather about the post at the end of Bow Street. Harlequin and Heavy Man, Singer and Soubrette, Comedian and Call-boy, are "jumbled antithetically;" and we desert our post in pure despair of enumerating one-fourth of those who daily congregate around it.

There is another class of persons frequently—too frequently—to be met about London streets, that never fails powerfully to interest my feelings, as, indeed, it must those of every man who can boast of feeling. I mean the poor, pale, worn-out milliners' fags, that you will see plodding their way, heart-weary and foot-sore, laden with their wicker baskets, lined with black leather. Early and late, but more particularly in the dusk of evening, during the fashionable season—in all parts of town, but especially westward—will you see these girls; and, if you think for a moment on their situation, you will find it, indeed, a pitiable one. Their ages generally average from thirteen to sixteen—precisely the period of life most critical, in a moral sense; yet they are thrust unprotected, uneducated, unadvised, into the very jaws of temptation, and the heart and centre of a corrupt and populous metropolis—the most perilous, in a physical sense; they are exposed to the damp, the wind, the cold, the rains, of our variable and harsh climate, in all hours and in all seasons. Scantly clad, and oftentimes scantily fed, they must brave the storm which makes the hardy and robust man shiver and wince, even under all the defences which art can devise, or money purchase, for his protection from its severity. Nor is it these poor creatures alone that engage my attention; for, even while I look upon them, my thoughts proceed, by a very natural transition, to others of the same class—the crowds of young women who are imprisoned in unwholesome work-rooms, for sixteen, eighteen, ay, twenty hours at a stretch, with scanty snatches for their joyless meals; whose routine of slavery commences at six, or seven, or eight, in the morning, and terminates at eleven, twelve, or at one or two; or is continued through the live-long night, as the caprice or business of the mistress may dictate. Oh! we have legislated for the black slaves in the West Indies; we have partly legislated, and must still more, for the white slaves in our factories at home. But here, also, is an evil and an oppression which loudly calls for the strong arm of power to

interfere and crush it: a system of *feminine* tyranny as odious as the lash of the planter, or the despotism of a factory overseer. The health of young women must not be sacrificed, their comforts must not be wholly immolated, nor their minds left barren wastes; their liberty given up, nor their chastity held as dust in the balance—all to gratify the rage for fashion and finery which possesses the daughters of aristocracy and affluence, and the avarice of those whose profit it is to supply the demands of extravagance and luxury.

Yes; I repeat my words, and advisedly—"their chastity held as dust in the balance." Are we to be reminded that the ranks of these unhappy females who crowd our streets, are fearfully swelled by recruits from the work-rooms

of the milliner and the dressmaker? And miraculous, indeed, would it be, were the case not so.

But I have lightly, and almost unconsciously, touched upon two subjects of overmuch importance to be considered in a paper—rambling, too, and desultory, like the present. It is, moreover, time that we begin to arrange our London scenes and sketches into something like form and system. With your permission, therefore, gracious reader, the next paper shall be an attempt to provide you with a pleasant residence in the capital: though I should premise that it will be addressed to one section only of society; a section, however, which I considerably esteem, and have the honour to belong to—

SINGLE GENTLEMEN RENTING CHAMBERS.

THE BOOK OF BRITISH FIELD SPORTS.*

RIGHT worthy of the noble theme is the stately volume spread on our table. It combines the literary contributions of the best contemporary sylvan sketchers and sporting writers, with numerous engravings from original paintings, by the most eminent artists that have devoted their talents to illustrating Field Sports. The forms and habits of animals of the chase, of gamekeepers, huntsmen, horses, asses, "mongrel, puppy, hound, and cur," of "the doe and the roe, and the hart and the hind;" with hunting and coursing, from rat-hunting to deer-stalking; races of every kind; and, in brief, all the shifting scenes of rural or out-door life, connected with field sports—are found here. Among the artists are LANDSEER, COOPER, CHARLES HANCOCK, and BARBAUD; and there is one engraving from *Gainsborough's Ass Race*, of which Hood tells the story in his richest style, and to which his comic pencil supplies the *tail-piece*. The author of "Tilney Hall" ought to know something of hunting.

The introduction is written by NIMROD, and abounds in those illustrative anecdotes which give so much reality and relief to all his sketches. In speaking of dogs, he expatiates upon their capacity of understanding what is said either to themselves or in their presence, and especially on any matter important to their own interests and feelings. He might, with entire propriety, have claimed much more for man's companion, at least if the dog be one which has had its kindly education by the fire-side, as well as in the field. Dogs not only knew our language—of which we, who have lived upon very familiar terms with a long-lived succession of them, have had many convincing proofs—but they can adroitly read signs; and, on particular occasions, almost divine one's thoughts. We have never known a well-conditioned dog—and the temper of the dog almost always depends on his master's treatment of him—who was not feelingly alive to the sense of honour and shame; and amenable

to reason, when his master's opinion respecting his conduct was stated in a few distinct words, and an appeal made to his sense of fitness and propriety. How often have we seen the slowly wagging tail speak gentle acquiescence and resignation to the master's wishes, when temptation set in strongly in the opposite direction, and when no stronger argument was used than a few affectionate words and kind demonstrative gestures.

Particular attention is paid to dogs in a work devoted to those pleasures in which they are indispensable—if the greyhound in coursing, and the pack in a fox-hunt, do not, indeed, constitute the principal feature of the pastime. The dogs portrayed in Nimrod's volume are no fancy figures. The *pug*, which forms the vignette to the Introductory Chapter, and which we at first glance mistook for the celebrated toothless mastiff of Coleridge's Sir Lionel, Landseer must have met with somewhere in nature. She is as true after her kind, as the deer-hound and cocker of Glenfeshie, as the portrait of Lord Middleton's bloodhound, or the uncouth and wiry Russian setter, in the picture of the Scottish gamekeeper's fireside. *Bravo*, an English setter, the property of a gentleman of Berkshire, is a beautiful animal, happily delineated by Cooper. He is just on the point, and the grouse shily shewing their necks above the heath.

An article on Deer-stalking is contributed by the author of "The Shooter's Companion." The scene is Glengarry, or as probably some of the smaller glens opening upon that beautiful valley. The engraving of the *Deer-stalker at Rest*, under a rock, and his hound slumbering on his knee, with the fallen hart at his feet, is a good composition, by Cooper, but without any character to mark the local genius of the scene. *A Spaniel and Pheasant*, which is illustrated by, or illustrates Nimrod's pleasant short paper on pheasant shooting, is, on the contrary, full of character. The dog, a springing spaniel, is all but alive after the noble bird which is just flushed. In this paper, an anecdote is told of a John Bull of the true

* The Book of British Field Sports. Edited by Nimrod, Esq. M.A. London: Dilly & Co.

old breed, an innkeeper, and the holder of a large farm on the estate of an anonymous sporting Earl in one of the midland counties. At the time the farm was taken, there were six or eight coveys of partridges upon it, and a few hares, but not one pheasant; and his Lordship, who was probably one of those *battus* men whom Nimrod denounces, gave orders that it should be stocked with this species of game. At the end of three years, the farm so abounded with pheasants and hares that the tenant threw up his lease, and challenged his landlord to come into court. He had the grace rather to put up with the loss of his tenant, who, had he gone into court, would, we fear, have been cast.

What aggravated the tenant (says Nimrod) beyond the mere loss of his own crops, was the fact of being forbidden to shoot over his farm himself, although it was one which neither his landlord nor his friends ever set a foot on for that purpose. I entertained a great respect for this noble Lord, one of our leading sportsmen; every one who knows the tenant respects him; and all who were acquainted with the circumstances, applauded his independent conduct on the occasion. "Had his Lordship shot himself over the farm," said he to me, "I should not have minded the damage; but I shall not preserve game for any man's keepers, who forbids me to carry a gun on the land I am paying rent for."

The modern game-laws—and the game usages, as strong, with a struggling and dependent tenantry, as laws—are more tyrannical, and, in their caprice and insolence, far more galling than the ancient forest laws of our Norman conquerors. Nimrod gives here some remarkable anecdotes of the daring and skill of poachers. From the pen of the author of that right pleasant book, the "Oakleigh Shooting Code," there is a sketch, entitled "Andrew Gunthorpe, the Hermit of the Hills," which shews that the writer knows much more of shooting than of Celts. Woodcock shooting is undertaken by Nimrod himself, who pretends to no acquaintance with Highland grouse-shooting, though he has pursued the pastime in the North of England, and in Wales. He therefore consigns this important department to the author of the "Sportsman's Cyclopaedia," who has handled his tackle like a true shot. There is no finer engraving in this splendid volume, than the *Warrener*, by Hancock; for the *Rabbit* is not disdained by Nimrod, though his whole strength is reserved for "Fox-hunting," which is the best article in the book. The whole business of the day is gone deliberately over, with a glance backwards to the previous day, when the horses are thought about, and the pack is "drawn" and fed. In these degenerate days, few packs meet before half-past ten or eleven o'clock, and after the modern fox-hunter—most unlike the jolly squires, his ancestors!—has breakfasted with his family on tea or coffee slops, instead of attacking a huge pasty and cool tankard, at five in the morning.

The equipments and habits of a thoroughbred Meltonian, are thus described by a very competent authority:—

The Meltonian never takes the field without having sent two hunters to the place of meeting; one of which he rides the first burst, whilst his post-groom, on the other, contrived to select him at some point, should the

course of the chase admit of his doing so; or to follow in his wake so judiciously as to bring him a comparatively fresh horse to mount, at the first or second check. This it is chiefly in his power to do, by having the fences broken down for him by the crowd which has preceded him, as well as his quiet style of riding. . . . The stud of the Meltonian averages twelve hunters, and two hacks, (although in the stables of a few, double the number of the former may be found,) the average annual expenses of which amount to about £1000 per annum. All those gentlemen, however, whose weight, with their saddles, exceed twelve stones, cannot be said to be well horsed, unless they have fourteen or sixteen seasoned hunters in their stables. . . . The style of living of the Meltonian varies with his situation in life, more than with his means, because, without ample means, he cannot long enjoy that distinguished appellation. If a single man, he is either a member of one of the clubs, or keeps house himself. In the first case, his in-door establishment consists of merely an accomplished valet; in the next, of a first-rate man-cook. Should he be married, and, as in many instances at Melton Mowbray, be accompanied by his lady, there is no lack of good society in the town of Melton and its neighbourhood; or of houses equal to the accommodation of families of the first-rate rank and distinction. There is no error more common than the association of dissipation with fox-hunting, although it cannot be denied that, in part of the last century, they were too closely allied, but chiefly as related to hospitality and the bottle. In fact, the fox-hunter was little more than a brute in the morning and a sot in the evening; and, after a certain hour, utterly unfit to be introduced into good female society. A most beneficial change, however, has been wrought in the manner and habits of this class of persons, and in some measure effected by the very permit itself. A Meltonian cannot be a very dissipated man, for any length of time at least, if he were disposed to be so; for his severe exercise obliges him to be temperate and take his natural share of rest. Let any one visit Melton Mowbray at midnight, and he will find the streets as quiet, and as many houses shut up for the night, as he would find in the most obscure town of Great Britain. Let him also, if he should be so fortunate as to have the *entré*, observe the generally elegant and always correct deportment of the parties assembled at the various dinner parties of the day.

Nimrod carries this complimentary strain the length of praising the after-dinner conversation, which embraces many topics remote from fox-hunting, dogs, horses, and huntsmen. Whist and ecart form part of the evening's amusement at Melton, and occasionally for rather high stakes; but "the detestable vice of gambling is far from being the characteristic of the Melton Mowbray community."

Nimrod's admiration of the fox, is only secondary to his admiration of the fox-hunter, the hound, and the horse. The fox lives like a sage, and dies like a hero.

The cries of the hare, (he says,) when in the power of man or dog, are pitiable, resembling those of an infant child in distress; but the fox dies in silence, like the boxers of old; and like the sheep, a circumstance noticed by Homer at the funeral of Patroclus. In the numerous deaths of these animals which I have witnessed in my time, I have never heard the sound of their voice, or a complaint, although, as may be supposed, they defend themselves with their teeth in their struggles, and, when at bay, open their mouths wide, making a faint noise, resembling a child breathing on a plate of glass, to enable it to write its name in the steam.

Continental sporting finds a place in Nimrod's treatise, and Chantilly as the head-quarters of horse-racing and of French sporting gentlemen. The French employ English jockeys, or as many of *la grande nation* do so as can afford the

luxury; and their racers are often of English blood. The English nobility, who make Paris and its vicinity their principal residence, are the leading men of the turf in France, though the amusement is warmly patronized by the Duke of Orleans. Races are also frequent at Brussels, Boulogne, and St Omer. At all these places the English figure; and, indeed, English industry, and its rich accumulations, support half the extravagance and dissipation of the Continent. Nimrod displays true knowledge of the principle which regulates supply and demand, when he scouts the idea of horses either degenerating in England, or of injury to the breeds from the continental demand.

One of the most remarkable of the late continental Nimrods was a lady, or Nimrodesse, Madame Drack, who resided in "a rich well-timbered country," about sixteen miles from Calais, and in which Henti Quatre once had a hunting seat. This lady died in 1823, very aged, and a widow. Though her fortune would seem trifling to a Meltonian, she pursued the chase constantly, and was kind and hospitable. To Nimrod, "her old servant spoke of her in the highest terms of praise, not only as to her accomplishments of field and flood, but of her kindness to her servants, and great care of the poor." He continues—

Of her person, I am unable to say much. She had rather a masculine appearance; and her face was distinguished by a large wart. The domain—including the house, stables, and offices, a small flower-garden, a kitchen-garden of five acres, in which there were some peculiarly fine orange trees, and a paddock in front of the house—was enclosed by a high wall, and entered by a double set of large-panelled gates, the whole together not covering an extent beyond ten acres of ground. As for the house, it has no pretensions to architectural ornaments; but its means of affording accommodation may be imagined from the fact of my having stepped thirty paces on end, a good yard to a step, through the rooms and passages of the first floor. I must, however, be a little more minute in my description of the interior of this chateau. On the left of the entrance-hall, is the dinner-room; in which, amongst others, is a figure of Madame with the hounds. She is mounted on a grey gelding, said to have been her favourite hunter, and is thus equipped:—a green coat, with a gold band round the waist, hat with high crown and a gold band, her hair appearing behind in rather large curls, *leather breeches*, and boots, and seated, of course, *à la Nimrod*. In addition to all this, she has the *couteau de chasse* by her side, and the figure of the wolf on the buttons of her clothes, denoting the *chef d'œuvre* of her pursuit. Her best hunting dress, richly ornamented, cost 1200 francs.

Her drawing-room was ornamented with paintings of hunting the wolf, the boar, the fox, and the stag; in all which Madame was conspicuous. She was also fond of fishing, and her favourite *pocheur* and huntsman figured in the paintings. The kitchen of Madame *la Baronne* was worthy of feudal times. In it, besides a large fire-place and ovens, there were six large hot hearths; and, even in her widowhood, she had three dinner parties every week, but always after the chase was over. This she followed on alternate days. The head of a gigantic stag adorns this hospitable kitchen. The antlers were three feet and a half in height. Madame shot the animal before her hounds, when

he was nine years old. This must have been one of her most memorable fields. This lady hunted all the year round, and in all weathers; for, when the boar and stag were not in season, the wolf and fox might be found. She also hunted badgers with a pack of beagles trained to this novel sport. She was a cock-fighter, and had an apartment for the purpose.

It was the custom of Madame Drack to go occasionally to a distant part of the country, when game in her own neighbourhood was short. Her return from one of these excursions was thus described by the gardener:—She passed through St Omer with some wolves' heads about her carriage, exposed to public view; blowing the horn herself, and thus attracting notice. So rich was her hunting dress, on the occasion, the chasseur's belt being ornamented with gold tassels—that the soldiers at the gates presented arms to her, mistaking her for a general officer. . . . Perhaps, (says Nimrod, in closing his account of this modern Camilla,) a more universal follower of, and adept in field sports, than this celebrated woman, is not even at this time to be found; and it is to be lamented that she died without perpetuating her breed. Of the total amount of her prowess, I have not the means of being informed; but she is known to have been at the death of six hundred and seventy-three wolves in her time, besides stags, and other inferior quarry; and it is singular, that the first wolf she killed, her hounds ran into a village where there was a wake, and she shot him in the midst of the people.

This lady eclipses Squire Osbaldtston; and a Miss Burgany, who, for many years, hunted in Cheshire, appears but as a foil to the French female Nimrod. Miss Burgany was rather reserved or prudish in her fields, and generally, after riding to cover, kept aloof from the crowd until the critical moment, and, after that, her admirable horsemanship, and skill, and courage in clearing a fence, left the crowd far behind. We hear of another lady, a Miss Richards, of Compton Beauchamp, who seems to have been a volunteer member of the Ashdown Coursing Meeting, and in whose kennel the best greyhounds of the County of Berkshire were bred. This lady possessed a good estate, and was well connected. She chose celibacy and coursing, and wilfully preferred greyhounds to those animals reckoned nobler, who hunt with them. On hiring a cook, her first question was, "Young woman, do you love dogs?" The qualified answer would be, "Yes, please your Ladyship, in their proper places." Then, quoth Miss Richards, gravely, "If you are disposed to stay with me, their place in my house is wherever they choose to go." The dogs accordingly had their appropriate bed, or ottoman, in every sitting room of the house; and, at their mistress's death, they were left, together with the estate of the eccentric lady, to an adopted child. Miss Richards wrote her own epitaph, in the following lines, which are not much worse, we should imagine, than the compositions of the majority of her brother sportsmen, bred at either of the Universities:—

"Reader, if ever sport to thee was dear,
Drop on Ann Richard's tomb a tear;
Who, when alive, with piercing eye
Did many a timid hare decry.
Well skilled and practised in the art,
Sometimes to find, and sometimes start;
All arts and sciences beside,
This hair-brained heroine did decide.

An utter foe to wadlock's noose,
Where poaching men had stooped the mouse,
Tattle and tea, she was above it,
And but for form appeared to love it."

This lady would course on foot twenty or twenty-five miles in a morning. She managed her affairs well, and exercised a substantial old-fashioned hospitality, of which man and horse, rich and poor, partook at all times. No one came to the mansion-house without receiving the refreshment of a meal, and a tankard of home-brewed ale. She drove her coach and six; and her venerable servants, fixtures for life, were stiff with the lace garnitures of the menials of the olden time. At Compton, there is still an avenue called the Wig Avenue, where her dinner-guests and admirers, the gentry of the Vale of the White Horse, laid aside their riding-wigs, and donned the flowing perukes, brought hither in band-boxes by their attendants, to be set at the eccentric but sensible heiress.

Two superb heads of *Fox-hounds*, in the pack of J. C. Bulteel, Esq., M.P., sketched and engraved by Lewis; and *Red-deer Shooting* in the Irish Highlands, painted by Cooper, are admirable engravings; to which are wedded, clever illustrative sketches in prose and verse. The *hounds* makes as good a figure here as the dog. We have the noble animal in its best state, and of all

varieties, from the high-mettled racer to the shaggy-coated *sheltie*. In the exquisite picture of *The Warrener*, the pony, full of untamed spirit, and wildly luxuriant in its shaggy beauty, is the principal object. We have, besides, portraits of *Thorngrove* and *Sir Hercules*, both celebrated racers; of a beautiful brood-mare and her foal, by Laporte, and several more horses of distinction; while animals of the more picturesque kind, both of the horse and dog species, often form picturesque tail-pieces.

Bay Middleton, whose portrait we have from the pencil of Cooper, is considered by Nimrod, if not the best-bred, as one of the best horses in England; and, in some, more brilliant than the famous *Plenipotentiary*, since "he has never been beaten, either by fair means or foul." His career has been one of continuous victory. This fine animal was lately purchased from the Earl of Jersey, by Lord George Bentinck, for £4000; but, in one season, he won £10,000. *Plenipotentiary* himself figures among the engravings; and both portraits have been recently taken by Cooper for this work. For the latter horse, £7000 have been refused.

We must now take abrupt leave of *Nimrod*, whom we have seldom found more entertaining, and never before half so well appointed.

THE TRIAL OF THE GLASGOW COTTON-SPINNERS.

We have no ambition to emulate the eloquent invectives against the proceedings of the Glasgow Cotton-Spinners' Union, in which a large portion of the press has been indulging. Their proceedings have been bad enough, to be sure; but we cannot exactly see the parallel between them and the crimes of Burke. Neither can we see in them any trace of national demoralisation. Comparatively speaking, there are few, even of the working-classes, implicated in these transactions; and, as to their enormity, "let him who is without sin throw the first stone." When "their betters" cease to set the working classes the example of seeking to monopolise a good thing—after the fashion of "the landed interest," with their corn-laws, or the "colonial interest," with their monopoly in favour of colonial produce—"their betters" may, without incurring the charge of hypocrisy, turn up their eyes in horror at the idea of a monopoly of cotton-spinning; and when "their betters" abandon the brutal and insensate appeal to the *duello*, or grow ashamed of putting down the Canadian House of Assembly, by red-coats, for asserting its constitutional rights, we will not hint a word about taking the mote out of their brother's eye before they take the beam out of their own, when they denounce the maiming and murdering of "nobs."

Let us not, however, be misunderstood. It is neither our intention nor our wish to say one word in palliation of the crimes brought home to certain members of the Glasgow Cotton-

Spinners' Association. We reprobate them, both on account of their direct and immediate mischievousness, and because of the difficulties they interpose in the way of that thorough and searching regeneration of our institutions which is necessary to the comfort and the safety of all. But in reprobating them, we wish at the same time to protest against the abuse of the proof of these crimes, to whitewash their real originators. We wish to call attention to the true root of the evil—to point out its wide and vital ramifications—to rebuke crime in purple as well as in rags.

There are two topics suggested by the result of the Cotton-Spinners' trial:—The distorted feelings and opinions out of which the outrages which occasioned it sprang; and the use to which it has been sought to be turned. The *Leeds Times* has wisely and timeously reminded the working-classes what sort of persons they were who, on former occasions, advocated recourse to violence under suffering. We do not mean to insinuate that Richmonds, Castles, and Olivers, are now abroad. But we do unhesitatingly say, that doctrines as mischievous as those which were preached by the worthies we have named have of late been industriously disseminated by men who combine natural fluency and practice in public speaking, with shallow intellect, limited information, and excitable temperaments. These men may, under certain circumstances, possess the power of goading to destroy; but they are not able to point out to any man a way of really

and permanently bettering his condition. They lack knowledge to see what ought to be removed and what established. They lack fixedness and continuity of purpose to organize for a great undertaking—to work perseveringly without as with the stimulus of the sympathizing plaudits of admiring crowds. They lead men into scrapes, and then get out of them themselves as best they may. While young, and with their passions sensitive and excitable, they are as much the dupes of their own emotions as those that listen to them; but, when the rich sap of youth dries in their veins, having no substance, they shrivel up. They cease to be anything, or they become the heartless stuff out of which spies and informers are made.

We think it unnecessary to do more than warn the public at large, and the working-classes in particular, to beware of false prophets; for such are abroad. Their own good sense will teach them to recognise the symptoms, and detect individual instances. The exhibitions of such persons as we have been alluding to, have been productive hitherto of nothing beyond local and evanescent excitement. The great mass of the working-classes are healthy at the core, in as far as any evil flowing from such a source is concerned. If it be true—and we have heard it confidently asserted—that pre cognitions have been instituted, and warrants issued for certain itinerant orators, we regret it. They have done no harm as yet; but we will not pledge ourselves that they shall continue equally impotent, if elevated into factitious importance, by being made the objects of an unwise and uncalled for persecution, which some of them court.

We dismise, therefore, this topic, as demanding no more lengthened or serious notice. Of these mistaken views and reprehensible feelings, however, which gave birth to the outrages that led to the late trial, we would speak a little more at length. We would speak of them as a theme which interests all classes—the rich, who fancy themselves wise, as well as the poor, who are acknowledgedly imperfectly instructed. The moral (let not the proud and wealthy wince) needs to be laid to heart by all. We would speak as sincere and affectionate friends of the working-classes; as believing that the greater number of them are innocent of all participation in or approbation of such outrages; as feeling, even with regard to the deluded perpetrators and approvers of these outrages, that there is much in the existing circumstances of society to palliate and extenuate their guilt.

It has been proved, on the trial, that the members of the Glasgow Cotton-Spinners' Association were bound by an oath, or obligation, to keep its secrets, and obey the mandates of a majority. The witnesses for the Crown swore to this fact, and some of the witnesses for the declaration had a convenient memory on this subject, while one of the panel refused to declare. In addition to this evidence, the report of a Committee on a plan of "Home and Foreign Emigration," which two of the witnesses for the defence proved to have

been acted upon, and which was found in the safe of the Association, establishes the fact that an oath, or obligation of some kind, was imposed upon members:—"We propose to embody this law in the obligation." The great object of this Association, as appears from its regulations, and the Report to which we have referred, was to keep up the wages of cotton-spinning in and around Glasgow, by producing, artificially, a short supply of that class of labourers. No cotton-spinner, even, was admissible into the Association who did not belong to the district in and immediately around Glasgow, with the sole exception of members of the Renfrewshire Association. The Association "binds and obliges every one of its members to refrain from instructing any individual in the art of spinning, except such as are sons or brothers of a spinner, who may have been, or is a member of the Association." And when, notwithstanding these precautions, their numbers were still deemed excessive, they sought to diminish them by "Home and Foreign Emigration;" that is, they gave £10 to every individual member of their body who was willing to emigrate, or remove to another district, or merely to give up the employment of cotton-spinning. They took measures for enforcing the obedience of members, as well as of non-members, to their injunctions. Members were obliged, on various pretexts, to grant bills, or to allow a decree to be obtained against them for certain sums. These bills or decrees were held by the Association, and diligence obtained, as occasion required, against refractory members, in order to enforce obedience. New members were slandered out of employment, or intimidated, by acts of violence against themselves, or others in the same situation, into a relinquishment of employment. It has been proved that an individual convicted of an assault tending to promote the objects of the Association, was pardoned, upon the office-bearers pledging themselves to withdraw their "Guards" from a mill; and it has been proved that other individuals guilty of assaults under cloud of night, were sent out of the way of justice by the office-bearers, with recommendatory certificates.

The existence of this Association, the objects it contemplated, the practices it resorted to, in order to enforce these objects, have been proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, in a court of justice. Glimpses of similar organisation, among various bodies of workmen, have been obtained, from time to time, in the progress of strikes, or in the proceedings of courts of justice. The objects of these associations (as we shall proceed to shew immediately) are an encroachment upon the just rights of the industrious classes; and the power of punishing such as refuse obedience to the laws of these self-constituted Associations, arrogated by their office-bearers, is incompatible with the existence of civil society. That these Associations are too numerous to be overlooked—that the erroneous opinions and bad feelings they foster and give effect to, are of a nature which must be eradicated—these certain we believe, however, that it is only a comparatively

small portion of the working-classes that are implicated in them—those only who belong to the more favoured class of skilled artisans. We believe that, even among this class, there are many who feel themselves embarrassed by the ill-judged regulations of the Associations, and revolted at the measures to which their more reckless members have had recourse. The strength of these Associations lies in two misapprehensions—First, on the part of their members, that they can be benefited by them; second, on the part of the great mass of unskilled labourers, that they have an interest in upholding these close corporations. We believe that correct views on these points would disarm these unions of their power to do mischief, and would unite the People in support of measures that can benefit them. It is with a view to diffuse such views, that we now offer a few observations to the working-classes, in a spirit of earnest friendship, alike to those who have had no participation in the unions, and even to the most deluded mis-guiders of the energies of these Associations.

We see the motive which led at first to the formation of these associations—it is one of which their members have no reason to be ashamed. There exists a fearful amount of want and privation among the unskilled labourers, and even among that class which can scarcely be called unskilled, but whose individual efforts are vain in competition with the gigantic efforts of machinery. But there is nothing to prevent the unskilled to learn the trade of the remunerated artisan, and, by inundating his province with their hungry shoals, to drag him down to their own level. To prevent this consummation was the original object of the associations. We shall shew presently that the means they adopted—admitting, for argument's sake, that they were justifiable—were inadequate to their object: we proceed to trace the career of the associations. They found, as they might have anticipated, that, as mere self-constituted bodies, destitute of civil authority, they could not enforce the obedience even of their own members longer than suited their interest and convenience, and that they had no hold whatever upon those who were beyond their pale. They had no alternative but to relinquish their object, or have recourse to intimidation. It is most probable that their sense of what was fair and just to others, would have prevented them from having recourse to the latter alternative, for their own individual purposes; but they reconciled themselves to it, by the sophistical palliation, that it was for the general body, not for their own selfish ends. But indirect practices and violence, become, by habit, as demoralising when undertaken under the delusive belief that they are public-spirited, as when undertaken for mere selfish purposes. In either case, the habitual practice of violence degrades the man to the tyrant and the ruffian. Unwise legislation lent its aid to increase the evil: not only acts of violence were forbidden, but the mere act of combining, which might be innocent or praiseworthy, and which, even when mis-

directed, was harmless, so long as terrorism was restrained, was prohibited under penalties. The inevitable consequence was—secret associations; the further perversion of the moral sense, by the abuse of the religious sanction; the hardening in error, by enabling men to gild their worst outrages by the conscious pride of martyrdom; the more thorough enthralment of the good men of the associations to the bold bad spirits among them. This was the mixed frame of mind produced among members of these associations, by the dread of destitution and the combination laws. The mischief done by a bad law long survives its repeal, as may be seen in the present instance. The Cotton-Spinners' Association of Glasgow dates from before the repeal of the combination laws, and much of what is bad in its practices is attributable to them.

We have endeavoured thus to analyse the feelings of the associators, for two reasons:—First, we wish to let the active members of these associations see that, if our eyes are open to their faults, they are not shut to their virtues. We see that their motives and intentions are like those of all mankind—a mingled yarn. We would have them to look as we do at their minds; to recognise their errors, and to weed them from their more generous principles of action, of which we acknowledge the existence, and of which they are justly proud. In the second place, we would request those who are naturally alarmed at the proceedings of these associations, to recognise what is good in their members as well as what is bad. Let them beware, in their legitimate anxiety to disarm them of evil, of trampling down that living spirit of man within them which may be purged to good. In the proceedings of these associations, we see disregard of truth, reckless infliction of suffering on others; but we also see fidelity to their associates, energy and business talent, a sense of honour, (however misdirected,) and self-reliance. There is something there that good may come of, if rightly dealt with. The evil must be repressed; but let us try to preserve the good.

Our remonstrance with such of the working classes as are deluded enough to believe that associations, organized like that of the Glasgow cotton-spinners, and adopting similar means to attain their ends, can help them—is as follows:—The greatest success which these associations might meet with, could not remove the cause of the evil. There would still be, as before, a deficiency of employment and remuneration for the masses. The wild and blind struggles of such associations, are like the angry contests of men in a beleaguered town, for the last morsel of food. They may succeed in snatching the miserable pittance from the mouths of these more destitute and weaker than themselves; but even this melancholy triumph will only enable them to protract their own sufferings. The real cause of the misery of the working classes, is a short supply of food and employ-

ment, occasioned by artificial means, and an unjust appropriation of a portion even of what exists, by the privileged classes. The corn-laws and other restrictions on commerce, diminish the supply of food, diminish the demand for labour, diminish the remuneration for what labour is required. The irrational and unpractical nature of our civil institutions, forces what benefits we do derive from social organisation to be purchased at an exorbitant price, and facilitates a swindling conveyance of a large amount of the produce of honest industry to state paupers. These are the causes why there is not enough of employment, and food, and clothing, in the land, for every man willing to work, and for those dependent upon him. Not only do the selfish struggles of the few associated trades leave these evils undressed—by diverting public attention from them, they strengthen and perpetuate them. The associations of the skilled artisans do not work harmoniously even with each other. They do not, they cannot, form a nucleus for an enduring combination of all the working-classes struggling for one definite end, of common utility. They dissipate the strength of the working-classes; enfeeble them, as well as misdirect their efforts. They further weaken them by forcing the industrious capitalist, whose interest, rightly viewed, is the same as theirs, to stand aloof. We do not claim for the capitalist any imaginary benevolence; we do not say that he wishes to give higher wages than he can help; but we say that the fixing of the rate of wages is no more in his power than it is in that of the workmen. When profits are high, there is competition in his line; more workmen are required, more is bid for their service. When profits are low, capital is withdrawn, fewer workmen are employed, and the necessities of the employer, as well as the competition of the employed, beat down the rate of wages. The true way to increase employment, to increase the rate of wages, is for all classes of *hand labourers*, and for the capitalists, (the *head labourers*;) to combine in one united effort—firstly, for the abolition of all laws which, by artificially narrowing the field of industry, diminish at once the supply of food and other comforts, to be distributed among the whole, and that industry by means of which the distribution is effected; secondly, the abolition of all those institutions which take the bread out of the mouths of the honest and industrious, to feed luxurious and dishonest indolence. But such a combination is impossible, until all associations, having for their object the interests of a few, are abandoned, and until violent and fraudulent means of effecting any purpose, which, by engendering mutual ill-will and distrust, unloose the bundle of rods, and enable the oppressor to break them one by one, are relinquished for ever.

We have addressed the working-classes; but they are not alone, nor are they so much to blame as the wealthier. That they distrust the already enfranchised classes, is a melancholy fact; but have they no cause for that distrust? Have

these classes, by the use they have made of the franchise, shewn that they have at heart the general interest?—that they possess sufficient wisdom and fortitude to use the power they have obtained for the common good? Have they deputed themselves towards the unenfranchised classes with that frank urbanity which proves the inward consciousness of good intentions? Have they, in virtue of the superior knowledge they arrogate to themselves, acted so as to disabuse the blind confidence reposed by the working-classes in special unions of particular trades? Truth forces us to answer each and all of these questions in the negative. The enfranchised classes, instead of returning a House of Commons which would set to work to effect substantial reforms, have sunk into the miserable contest of two great aristocratic factions; they have most deservedly incurred the distrust of the non-electors. The enfranchised classes have borne themselves with repulsive superciliousness towards the non-electors. They have availed themselves of the assistance of the non-electors; but whenever a difference of opinion arose, instead of calmly arguing it, they have drawn back and vituperated them. The enfranchised classes, by upholding corporations, by tolerating Corn-Laws, and by allowing colonial and shipping monopolies to endure, have naturally led the working classes to believe that there is virtue in exclusive privileges. The principle of corporations and agricultural or trading monopolies is the principle of Trades' Unions. With what face can Lord John Russell blame trades' unions, when he declares that the House of Commons is nothing but a great landowners' union? With what face can he and his colleagues talk (as they are doing) of legislative measures to prevent violence and intimidation by trades' unions, when this, their own landowners' union, is preparing violence and intimidation for the Canadian "nobs" who dare to disobey its mandates?

The truth is, that there are folly and faults—grievous faults—on both sides. Neither side can gain by sullenly holding out. The idle and dissipated, or the avaricious and jobbing, who benefit by bad government, will avail themselves of the continuance of the feud, to plunder and oppress both. A thorough revision of our laws and institutions is necessary; and this can only be obtained by a thorough reform of our representative system. We repeat Bentham's prescription:—Universal Suffrage; Equal Electoral Districts, on the Basis of Population; Vote by Ballot; Annual Parliaments; No Property Qualification; Paid Members of Parliament.

Gentlemen of the educated and enfranchised classes, will you make the first overture for union? No? You shew little of that superior wisdom you boast of. Gentlemen of the unenfranchised and unwashed classes, will you? No? Upon our words, we are ashamed of you; you are almost as bad as "your betters." Well, the misgovernment of your rulers will whip both parties into a wiser temper in time.

WOULD I HAD BEEN A GRECIAN YOUTH !—AN ODE.

BY T. MACMAHON HUGHES.

WOULD I had been a Grecian youth,
 Born in the days of yore,
 When men were bold to speak the truth,
 Not Falsehood to adore—
 That harlot of this modern time,
 Worshipped by men of every clime,
 Whose tongues are shaded o'er,
 As various as the peacock's wing,
 For lying's a familiar thing !

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 With unrestrained limb,
 To tread the fairest soil on earth,
 And tune to Freedom's hymn
 The golden lyre, 'mid marble shrine,
 Altar, and column, all divine ;
 Then sound its praise to Him
 Whom Greece, alas ! but faintly knew—
 The living God—the just—the true !

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 To steep the crimson sword
 In blood of tyrants to the hilt,
 And own no human lord ;
 Strike magisterial villains dead,
 Enthroned fair Justice in their stead ;
 And, if a foreign horde
 Dared to invade my father land,
 Thermopylæ, to swell thy band !

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 Of the three hundred one,
 Whose dripping swords clove thousands down,
 Or ere the fight was done ;
 Who closed their ranks fair Greece to save,
 (A living bulwark of the brave !)
 The Persian host to stun,
 And scare with godlike valour back
 Whole millions lashed to the attack.

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 Trained to the blood-red fight ;
 With every muscle lion-strung,
 And every limb aright !
 A breast of symmetry like those
 Thy friezes, Parthenon ! disclose ;
 Beins as the greyhound's light ;
 And sinewy knee, and stalwart arm,
 And heart for the stern conflict warm !

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 What time the Persian hordes,
 Upon the plain of Marathon,
 Claimed Hellas as its lords !—
 Then gore had o'er my pathway gushed,
 As with a bridegroom's fire I rushed
 In transport on their swords !
 My brand had been my blushing bride ;
 Torrents of blood its sheen had dyed !

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 When war's alarm was o'er,
 To shine in the peace-loving arts
 That graced the Attic shore ;
 To sculpture beneath Phidias' eye
 Those classic forms that ne'er shall die,
 Catch all his matchless lore,
 And mark how, when the work was done,
 He eagle-eyed his Parthenon.

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 To daunt the Olympic crowd
 With feats of godlike power, and hear
 Their " Ios ! " swelling loud !
 To wrestle, or the chariot guide,
 Or o'er the Athenian stadium glide,
 Proclaimed the victor proud ;
 And on my head receive in showers,
 Ilyssian bank, thy waving flowers !

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 The honeyed store to sip,
 In Academus' palmy groves,
 Distilled from Plato's lip ;
 Or, seated in the Porch, to hear
 The words of Zeno, sage austere ;
 Or, from each sophism strip
 Its tinsel, taught to reason right
 By the commanding Stagyræ !

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 To hear the Theban lyre
 Struck by a Pindar's dashing hand,
 Tuned to his tongue of fire ;
 Or, 'neath some myrtle's tender shade,
 To hear the glowing Lesbian maid
 Breathe o'er the golden wire
 Her burning spirit, thrilled with love,
 Keen as the fire of mighty Jove !

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 With awe-suspended breath,
 To see Melpomene diffuse
 Destruction, horror, death !
 To mark the Titan, thunder-riven,
 Send his defiance up to Heaven,
 And dare the Thunderer's wrath ;
 Then, deeply worshipping, regard
 Old Æschylus, the warrior-bard.

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 To mark when Jason's bride,
 Pregnant with vengeance, brooded o'er
 Her stern infanticide !
 Would I had watched, with eye dismayed,
 Beneath the parricidal blade
 When Clytemnestra died ;
 And when the Furies, screaming wild,
 Pursued her horror-tortured child !

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 To mark the speaking frown
 Of Pericles, when, lightning-eyed,
 He awed oppressors down !
 Or when the might of Æschines,
 With torrent-tongued Demosthenes,
 Contended for the crown—
 To hear from one those words of wonder,
 That in the other waked the thunder !

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
 When Greece her might put forth ;
 Her sons the bold, the sage, the free,
 Her daughters first on earth !
 Were I a Grecian in these days,
 My prostrate countrymen I'd raise,
 And new-sprung Freedom's birth
 Hallow with yearnings of the brave,
 Or seek and find an early grave !

London, 10th January.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMORANDUM BOOK OF THE LATE PASTOR OF ST LEONARD'S.

NO. I.—THE SOMNAMBULIST.

28th March 18—.

Ex die.—HAVING been informed, by George Anderson, the clerk, that Walter B—, the proprietor of the estate called Dowielee, had been sorely tried—that, like Habakkuk, his lips quivered, that rottenness had entered into his bones, that he trembled and prayed to be at rest in the day of trouble, and wished to see me—I resolved to visit him. After all my labours, how little good, alas! do I do, unless I am aided by the powerful mean of Heaven-sent affliction! Yesterday I did no service to heaven, for the individuals I attempted to benefit were steeped in the drunkenness of worldly prosperity. These are strange times in which we live. They are like those mentioned by Esdras—"When men hope, but nothing obtain; and labour, but their ways do not prosper." It is necessary, however, that our energies in the good cause of salvation be doubled. I hope this day may not be like yesterday—a barren field in God's kingdom on earth.

I called at Dowielee. Though in the neighbourhood, I had never even seen the house, which lies deep in the birchwood that surrounds it, and conceals it from the eye of the passer by. The proprietor never before solicited either my friendship or my professional aid—preferring to struggle single-handed with his sorrows and misfortunes; but it is not good that we should stand by and wait till we are called; for, while we wait, the soul perisheth; therefore do I blame myself for not having waited on him before. Walter B—, to whom the servant introduced me by name, received me kindly. He is about seventy years of age; has been a good-looking, and is still an intelligent, though grief-worn and miserable individual—bent, broken down, and carrying on his aged shoulders a dreadful load of disease and sorrow. As the proprietor of so fair an estate, he must have "enjoyed" in his day; but he is receiving now in this time "an hundredfold." He could not rise to receive me—being bound, by his innumerable infirmities, to an old high-backed chair, elaborately carved and stuffed with cushions, but a faint smile, which struggled with difficulty through wrinkles, deep furrowed by age and sorrow, made ample amends for the want of the accustomed forms of reception he had been necessitated to renounce.

Having sat down, I told him I had called in consequence of his own request, communicated to me through the session-clerk.

"And I am glad," he replied, "that you have so quickly complied with my wish; for, though I have suffered as no man hath suffered, my affliction hath wrung from my heart, along with my pain, but too little of a balm that is said to be secreted there, and which, if brought forth and

properly applied, is capable of not only assuaging our sorrow, but making us love it. Nor have I inquired for good means to produce this effect."

"It is not too late," said I, "for the final good, though it may be for the temporal benefit, of your mind and body, which, I daresay, you acknowledge to be of no great importance, when compared with that which awaits us; for none of us are long in this world of trial till we are compelled to pray, as Tobit prayed, that we may be 'dissolved and become earth.' Experience, common sense, poetry, and revelation, all agree in the conclusion, that the portion of man in this world, is suffering."

"Ay, but it is not even in the power of poetry," said he, smiling painfully, "to shadow forth suffering like mine. What I have borne, I have concealed; but I have latterly thought that, if I were to unburden my mind of the secret of my misery, I might, from such a person as you, receive the aid of a sympathy which would not stop to assuage my temporal sorrow, but lead and accompany my mind in an endeavour to turn that sorrow to account in the place where it may be of proper avail."

I expressed myself well pleased with his intention, and described to him many advantages that I had known to result from unburdening the mind of secret causes of grief, besides that of enabling a person in my situation to enter into the same train of thinking and feeling, and thence to lead the mind from thoughts already ascertained, to others, in the gradation and progress of a proper regeneration. He accordingly proceeded with his narrative.

"I have said that my sufferings are beyond the descriptive powers of the poet; but, indeed, no invention of man in weaving together the incidents of life, by the powers of a fertile imagination, ever can accomplish a work combining so many ingenious modes of misery as may be found in actual operation in the mind and body of a man engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life. The dramatic poet has, especially in Greece and in our own England, done perhaps all that can be done, to shew how far the invention of man can go, in making the ideal elevated and intensive; yet, on a comparison of these grand and immortal efforts of inspired genius, with one single hour of the life of any man that has lived long enough 'to know what it is to live,'—occupied, as that brief span may be, with ten thousand successive ideas and emotions, following and crowding on each other with a celerity equalled by nothing that is palpable to man's senses, and yet, every one of them loaded with its appointed portion of human suffering too fine and too acute for being expressed by the clumsy apparatus of language—

how far short do they fall of a portrayal of pure moral truth! Your own individual sufferings—for all men consider their griefs to be great, each indeed conceiving his own to be the most acute and unmerited—will secure for me an admission of the correctness of what I now advance. In the expression of the real suffering of life—at least of what I have felt of it, and I think I excel all in my experience of misery—a man can scarcely stumble on the province of paradox; and, taking refuge under that sentiment, I could say, in sober earnestness, that I have experienced more pain in one minute of time than all the splendid and magnificent language of *Æschylus* in his ninety plays, or of *Shakspeare* in all he wrote, is capable of conveying to the mind of man. But, in this impotency of language, we may discover the traces of the merciful finger of God; for, if it were possible for man to communicate to his brethren the real *felt* nature of his sufferings, the misery of our condition would be multiplied a thousand millions of times, and the heavens would be filled with the lamentations of mortals.

"Were it not for the reason I have already mentioned, you may be well assured that I would not, I could not, have prevailed upon myself to lay open, so far as our gift of language, inadequate as it is, might enable me, those dark recesses of my mind, where Sorrow, in her long dreary residence, has generated forms which I cannot contemplate without terror, and from which I can get no refuge. It might, indeed, have been well for me if I could have, long ere this, communicated, partially at least, my knowledge and sentiments to sympathizing friends. My sorrow might have been alleviated; but Nature hath said to man, 'Whilst thou sufferest, thou shalt not have the power of communicating thy woes, till time hath taken that sting from them which would poison the happiness of thy neighbours; doubtless a good final cause, which, in our voiceless grief, we dare not impugn.

"You know, I believe, my parentage, from your having been brought up in the neighbourhood. This property of Dowielee, which I got from my father, was a gift to one of my ancestors by King James VI., in consideration of services done to the State. It is, as you must have observed, one of the most beautiful and romantic estates in Scotland; for it is ornamented by thick umbrageous woods, through which a noble river rolls its majestic stream—roaring, in some places, with the voice of the dashing cataract—in others, singing like a blythe maiden on her way to be married—and, in some, sleeping with the placidity and the latent power of the infant *Hercules*. This house, called Dowielee House, was built by my great-grandfather. It is old, but on that account the more romantic and interesting; for it is associated in my mind with a host of historical family occurrences, which exhibit, in a strong light, the virtues of my ancestors—though sometimes I am forced to confess their crimes, and, I may add, mournfully, their misfortunes, which, alas! are all shamed by my own. In this last respect, I have been fated to contribute to

the old mansion an interest which, in after times, when my griefs shall have darkened the page of our family annals, may raise an unavailing tear to the eye of a remote descendant, as he lifts it to those moss-covered walls which have witnessed scenes that lend, says holy writ, an eloquence to stones.

"I came by far too soon to my property and power; for I was scarcely twenty when my father died intestate, whereby, being put under no salutary restraining fetters of testamentary guardianship, and no legal curators being deemed necessary for a nine months' non-age, I became possessed of a power of which I did not know the value, and a forward status in society, without experience to guide me in the affairs of life. But power and opportunity are divested of their danger, when the heart is happily free from a propensity to evil. Yet weaknesses, which are often fostered by riches, may generate misfortunes as gigantic as the consequences of vice; and we get little consolation from our own consciences, in the midst of self-caused suffering, from any fine-spun distinction between blind error and voluntary crime. While I have God to thank for keeping me free from the contamination of serious evil, I have myself to blame for the consequences of faults and follies as pregnant as crime itself of unhappiness to man.

"Inheriting, from weak and nervous parents, feelings of extreme sensibility—ready, on the slightest touch of an exciting cause, to burn into love or shame, or to thrill with disappointments, fancied slights, and imaginary insults—I soon found myself unsuited for general society. I sometimes fancied that this itself was an imagination, and, for a period, struggled against the irresistible constitution of my nature, only to be made more certain that my happiness lay among my own beautiful woods of Dowielee; though, alas! my certainty was only that human confidence which, like the mists that conceal the shelving rock of a lee-shore, prevent us from seeing the dangers that almost infringe upon our very organ of vision. As it is easy to argue ourselves into a belief of the truth of our wishes, especially when they seem pointed by original constitution and natural bias, I arrived early at the conclusion that the best life for a man of morbid sensibility was a rural one. The woods, and bosky dells, and green schaws, and running streams of my paternal inheritance, had an eloquent language of their own, which went to the heart of the worshipper of nature, without carrying with it personalities to wound his pride, or excite his fevered emulation. They possessed inhabitants too corporeal to satisfy the inquiries and engage the attention of the scientific and the unlettered naturalist; and incorporeal, to respond to the inspired invocations of the poet. What more did I require? Yet more was to be found in these sweet retreats, and that, too, I was fated to discover; for who is so ready to meet with misfortune as he whom nature has made incapable of bearing it—the man whom sensibility makes a lover of pleasure,

and forces to seek it in the state in which it comes from the womb of Nature.

"There are few in these parts whose ears have not been often saluted by the perhaps exaggerated—though that was scarcely possible—description of the rare, almost angelic beauty of the young female who, for a long period, bore the charmed name of the Beauty of Dowielee—an appellation by which she was far better known among the people than that of Lucy Oliver, given to her by her father, David Oliver, the humble cottar of Broomhaugh, part of my property. This simple girl had, for a number of years, been residing with an uncle at a place in the western parts of Scotland, and had returned to Broomhaugh, bringing with her those improved and now perfect charms, which afterwards rendered her so famous in parts much more distant than a cottager's beauty is generally carried. I had heard generally that David Oliver had a pretty and an interesting daughter; but her residence at a distance had prevented me from seeing her; and I felt no interest in a matter which apparently concerned me so little as the alleged and unseen beauty of a cottager's daughter. My fancies, fortunately, did not run in that direction. I was then merely an ardent lover of nature, whom I courted in places the farthest removed from the haunts of disagreeable man or beautiful woman—creatures whom, in the refined society I had left in disgust, I had found embued with qualities repugnant to those sensibilities which shrunk at the touch of the familiar badinage of fashion.

"Not long after the arrival of David Oliver's daughter, I one day sauntered down to Holy Well, the limpid medicinal spring that bubbles up from the moss-covered ground of the retreat that goes under the name of the Fox's Glen. My grandfather erected there a pretty little figure of Niobe, executed with some classical taste; and my father, with that love of refined sentiment by which he was distinguished, planted at her back a willow tree, which, growing more rapidly than his son, had now arrived at an extreme height, sending down over the face of the figure, long weeping tendrils, that, in the winds, moaned in suppliance of the expression of sorrow of the bereaved mother, and, in summer showers, sent drops simulating the tears that are feigned to flow incessantly from the stony eyes of the mournful victim of maternal grief. I sat down under the tree, and was meditating on the character and virtues of these ancestors, who were, by their time-extended acts, exciting in me, their descendant, those sentiments and feelings with which they were themselves, in the very spot I now occupied, inspired. I looked up in the face of the statue, to realize the idea which that same countenance had produced in their minds. There were two faces there—one beside that of the figure, of flesh and blood, so beautiful, that I had never seen anything on earth, or imagined anything in heaven, more fair. I felt, in some degree, alarmed. I had never seen mortal in that spot. I had heard no noise of one approaching. There could

be no person with so heavenly a countenance in these parts unknown to me. My nervous sensibility received in an instant the impression of a mysterious awe; and Fancy, lifting up her magic wand, was on the eve of realizing some immaterial creation, when Perception, vindicating its truer and more natural authority, detected the figure of a female softly yet quickly retiring behind the trunk of the willow. I followed her; and, as she had only tried to secret herself by the cover of the tree, I discovered a young woman, simply, but gracefully attired, standing, overcome with shame, and endeavouring to conceal the beautiful face I had already been so much struck with, by holding up her two hands, through the half-opened fingers of which her dark-blue eyes shone with the lustre of excitement. I stood before her silent, indulging the fanciful humour of testing her fortitude and her patience, by ascertaining how long she would keep her position and attitude, in which I thought she looked more interesting than if the full beauty of her countenance had been entirely exposed to my impassioned gaze. When she saw me in this playful humour, her confidence enabled her to take down her hands; but the blush remained, colouring her temples with a vermilion tint, as beautiful as that which Diana exhibited, as she returned from the stream in which she bathed.

"Who are you, and whence came you, fair maiden?" said I. "These retreats have heretofore been sacred to me, and to those songsters whose voices fill the air with their music. If such as you frequent our solitudes, I fear they will soon become thoroughfares."

"I am the dochter o' David Oliver o' Broomhaugh," said she, simply. "He is ane o' yer Honour's cottars."

"Then you know me?" said I.

"My faither pointed ye oot to me ae day as ye passed oor cottage," replied she. "But I didna ken that ye was at the Holy Well when I looked owre the back o' the stane leddie. My faither drinks the water o' the spring for his health—and my pitcher is yet empty."

"She accompanied these words with a deep curtsey, and a motion to seize a pitcher that lay at her feet. With a quick step she hastened down to the spring, and, taking a supply of water, turned to proceed homewards. I said I would accompany her; but the proposition startled her, and, like the frightened roe, she bounded away over the greensward, with as much quickness as her burden, bearing lightly on the springs of youth and health, would permit. I stood and looked after her. It was the first time I had seen in perfection that wonderful combination, so irresistible to all sensitive hearts—and, to those who are sick of the painted faces and conventional forms of refined society, so fraught with a mysterious power—the most complete beauty and the most natural manners. The effect produced upon me was intense and instant, proportioned to my sensibility to the charms of pure nature, and my disgust of the

artifices of factitious society, that, like an olio of foreign and heterogeneous ingredients, requires strong spices and nauseous stimulants to bring the competing flavours to the just mean of the gourmand's depraved taste. From that moment my feelings took on a new character, and pointed to a new object. A few minutes—I speak not paradoxically—deprived the living scenes around me of one half of their life and charms. My burning fancy deified unconsciously the most beautiful of the forms of God's fair works. I became a worshipper at first sight, and, with downcast eyes, sauntered slowly home to Dowielee, a changed man, stricken by a power that was busy bringing out of the electric effects of its first access the intoxicating feelings of Nature's strongest and most elevated instinct.

"I do not require to tell you the progress of love, or how the mysterious power of imagination weaves round the object of affection the thousands of indescribable charms which the very judgment of the lover impresses with the seal of the sacred reality of truth. All this has been described by every inspired pen, and by the inspired lips of those who lived before the art of writing was known. I followed the steps of stronger and better men, and resigned myself to the power I could neither resist nor understand. I found myself often walking on the banks of the river which flowed past the cottage of Broomhaugh. For a time, a single look of the simple cottage maiden satisfied a week's longings of the master of Dowielee. Her bashfulness and modesty, which made her fly my approach, almost as timid as her flight, riveted my passion; but her timidity did not prevent her from ministering to the wants of her parent; and I feasted my eyes on her, unobserved, as she daily filled her pitcher at the Holy Well, which she accomplished in the manner of the frightened and fluttering bird that, after a flight, wets its little parched throat in the mountain stream. I do not know how long my peculiar nervous temperament forced me to this timid mode of satisfying a passion that increased every hour; but, one day, with a courage unusual to me, I left hurriedly my hiding-place, and fairly seized in my arms the flying object of an affection that could brook no longer delay. She struggled to get free from my embrace; but I overcame her with my entreaties and my tears, and, acquiring some confidence, she renounced her efforts to escape. Next day I saw her again; her confidence in me was increased; and thus, from small beginnings, and an almost imperceptible progress, an intimacy grew up between us which became stronger and less reserved at every subsequent meeting.

"The second happiness of a lover soon awaited me—the consciousness of being beloved by the woman he holds dearest on earth. I am afraid of falling into the hackneyed, and now almost distasteful language of truth, when applied to an affair of the heart; and I acknowledge it true that, when nature far transcends description, the effort to portray is ineffectual and unpleasant.

Lucy Oliver was clearly all my own. I had awakened the first interest of affection in her virgin heart. She exhibited all the strongest symptoms of love: her eyes sought mine as if they acknowledged a secret charm; her thoughts followed the train of my ideas; her feelings were gratified only by a sympathy which she drew from my thoughts, words, looks, and sighs; her emotions burst the bonds of a natural bashfulness; and her trembling arms hung round my neck, while the gushing tears of gratified rapture fell warm on my cheek. This absolute satisfaction, in so far as respected a consciousness of being beloved, was, however, a resting-place; it was a termination of one—the first vista of the view of the inspired heart; arrived there, the mind, framed by God to be ever on the movement forward, required to look to the next stage of the heart's progression. It was here that I felt the first whisper of prudence; and the question, What am I to do with this doating, resigned, conquered, love-distracted girl, the daughter of my own cottar? rose upon me, and demanded an answer. In the very midst of our chaste dalliance, when I kissed away with my burning lips the tear that flowed down her cheek, as she lay yielded up and nestled in my bosom, with her angelic countenance, beaming love's unutterable thoughts, turned up into my face, a sickness came over me when I contemplated the conquered being whose fate was in my hands. The torturing question agonized me; and the tears of sorrow were mixed with those of 'love's sweet dream.'

"But it was at home that this train of thought produced in my mind the most startling array of difficulties. It kept sleep from my eyes. I could arrive at no conclusion. My love was pure and impassioned; my pity was choked with tears; my prudence, strengthened by the necessity of keeping up the honour of the house of Dowielee, would not yield. In the midst of this painful conflict, my mother's brother, Frederick Gordon, of Kelpieford, returned from France, bringing with him his only daughter, Amelia, a lovely young woman of eighteen years of age, highly educated, with refined sentiments—which had passed, with safety and even improvement, the fiery furnace of the example of Continental licentiousness—and a noble pride of the honour of her family. Her mother, a noble-minded woman, had the merit of the training of her elegant and virtuous daughter. I was necessarily a frequent visiter at Kelpieford; and my uncle and aunt, as my nearest relations, conceived they were executing the work of duty and affection in mixing the kindness of friends with the admonitions and advice of relations. I will not absolve them from the charge of an excusable selfishness. I do believe they wished me to wed Amelia; they wished me to seek my good where it was proper I should seek it; they wished me to be happy, as they wished their daughter, who was courted by richer men, to be happy. I do not, and never did suspect that they knew of my affection for Lucy Oliver; but their conduct was the same as if they had. They

were prudential people, and saw that my exquisite sensitiveness might make me an easy prey of a low affection. By praising the honour of my house, and drawing high-tinted pictures of the effects of unsuitable marriages, they fortified the prudence I had already, in some degree, opposed to my passion. Meanwhile, Amelia's beauty—of a different style from that of Lucy Oliver—set off by accomplishments of the highest order, and rendered irresistible by manners as sweet as they were refined, and free from the taint of affectation or artifice, began to make upon me an impression which, I confess, I favoured, to aid the resolves of a prudence that yet shook at the dreadful prospect of the application of its energies, in the separation of two hearts so firmly united as mine and the poor victim of a virgin passion. Sensitive people are often wonderfully strong in their moral resolves, as nervous hands have sometimes the greater power of grasp. I resolved on renouncing for ever Lucy Oliver; but my resolution was accompanied by the manly determination of justifying to her face, if that, alas! were possible, the step I had been forced to take.

"The regularity of my visits to the Holy Well had suffered some interruption during the continuance of my irresolution. I now sought it with a step which owed its firmness to a high-wrought resolve. She was there, waiting for me in anxiety, and, as I approached her, searched my countenance with the eye of suspicious affection. My first look, which was only less kind than it was wont to be, struck her to the heart, and tears, anticipative of a coming evil, nearly unmanned me. My safety lay in a quick and immediate execution of a purpose that would have broken down amidst the wails of the misery it produced. I told her, at full length, my sentiments and resolution. She fainted. I awaited her recovery. She spoke; and my surprise at what she said equalled the love I had borne to her, and the sorrow she had caused me.

"'It is owre—it is owre,' she cried, as she rubbed her eyes, and looked calmly in my face. 'What I hae lang looked for, is owre and past. You will hear nae complaint, nae blame frae me. I kept my heart frae you as lang as the strength o' a weak maiden wad enable me. I guarded it wi' fear, and parted wi' it wi' a' the misgiving o' a suspicion that's now fulfilled. Nae doubt ye sought me first, but I sought ye last; and, if I hae noo to regret a partin' where there should hae been nae meetin', I canna say that honour has been broken where nae promise was ever given. It's better, it's better—God mend my broken heart!—that you should wed Amelia Gordon than Lucy Oliver. Leave, leave me, wha has equals, but nae lovers in thae glens, and hasten to her wha is *your* equal as well as your lover; but let me tell you, afore ye depart, that it will gie me mair pleasure to hear, after ye are married to Amelia Gordon, that ye hae forgotten Lucy Oliver, as she will try to forget you, than that you should mak' yoursel' and a gaid wife miserable, by thinkin' o' her ye hae

nae right to think o' as she has nane to think mair o' you. Ay, even if this puir heart should break in the struggle that waits for it, ye shall not shed a tear for Lucy Oliver. Farewell! farewell!'

"There was no anger observable in the conduct of the extraordinary girl. I kissed her as she departed, and she met my embrace with an appearance of sorrowful reconciliation. If I was surprised when I first saw her, I was more astonished at our separation. I was also pleased; for her calmness satisfied me that she would forget me. 'Good, kind creature!' ejaculated I, 'what a sacrifice have I made to feelings generated by those factitious forms I once despised! What a contradiction is man! How steadily faithful, noble, and forgiving is woman!—and what heroine hath ever acted as this humble cottage maiden!' I walked home, and forgot the admiration of conduct I did not think was to be found in fallen human nature, in my new love for Amelia Gordon, whom I married within a month after the extraordinary scene I have now inadequately described.

"If I had reason to admire woman, in the matchless beauty, grace, and noble-minded generosity of the humble cottager of Broomhaugh—who had, in exchange for the greatest insult and injury that could be offered to her sex, awarded forgiveness, along with even a fervent wish for the happiness of her rival and the destroyer of her peace—I did not want good grounds for an equal admiration in the qualities of my beloved wife. I had happily secured her affection before our marriage; and she was capable of reproducing in me that fervour of elevated passion which had burned so brightly to the trimming care of a meaner hand. Our mutual confidence was unbounded. We resigned ourselves, heart and soul, to the enjoyment of each other; and so selfish were we in our loves, that we could hardly bear that temporary suspension of our heartfelt intercourse and communion of sentiment, which the forms of society, and the obligations of hospitality, imperiously demanded. We were each to each alone, and all the world to each; and so luxurious were we in the gratification of our tastes and perceptions of matrimonial bliss, that we not only enjoyed as no mortals ever enjoyed it, but we discoursed of it, and contemplated its characters, and compared it with all the other modes of earthly enjoyment. We were idolaters—worshippers—even the interests of heaven were in danger of being sacrificed or overlooked, in this harvest-home of our earthly happiness.

"Within a year my wife bore a son, who was named after me. I would have become altogether oblivious of Lucy Oliver, had I not, on several occasions, met her in places where I would have been as well pleased not to have seen her. I noticed that she sometimes frequented Dowielee House—a circumstance which appeared to me somewhat extraordinary. Will it be believed that it hurt my pride, to think that the first object of my affections could have so far overcome her feelings, and the very recollection of her

feelings, as to frequent my house, and to meet me with apparent indifference? But the accompanying sensation of satisfaction, that she had mastered her passion, survived her injury, and rejoiced in the continuation of her forgiveness, reconciled me to the extraordinary apparition, who thus, without pain, haunted the mausoleum of her incorporated happiness. I discovered from Amelia, that, as she said, a beautiful and interesting creature, called Lucy Oliver, the daughter of one of my tenants, had introduced herself to her, and seemed anxious, in any way that lay in her humble power, to contribute to her comfort and that of the family of Dowilee.

"Have you known this beautiful cottager long, Amelia?" said I.

"For six months," replied she; "and the longer I know her I love her the more. Her beauty, her simplicity, her kindness, her conversation, delight me. She is mistress of all the fairy legends of the neighbourhood, which her romantic imagination weaves into new forms; yet so gentle, so bashful, so modest, that you would think she could not speak beyond the sound of a whisper, or tell more than a child. In imagination, she has carried me where my feet have not yet wandered; by the Fox's Glen, the Holy Well, and the Weeping Mother, where strange doings are done in the light of the harvest moon."

"I looked at Amelia, but not suspiciously. She had heard nothing of my intimacy with Lucy. She was beyond my suspicion. Her open and generous soul despised secrecy.

"What is her object in calling, Amelia?" continued I.

"Kindness, pure kindness, beloved soul," replied my wife. "She is not happy at home, and I think she would be well pleased to be my lady's maid, a situation for which her kindness and obliging disposition, as well as her little self-taught accomplishments eminently qualify her. I have a strong desire to comply with her wishes, and then," (embracing me, playfully) "my servant and my lord will be equally delightful to me."

"This arrangement did not please me; but I had already committed myself. I had wronged my dear confiding Amelia in not opening my bosom to her at the beginning. I could not now unburden myself: my confession would be merely the result of necessity and compulsion. I must now contrive to keep my secret at the expense of my peace. Thus does secrecy degenerate into deceit. I had never interfered hitherto in the choice or direction of female servants; and, if I wished to keep consistent, and preserve my secret, I behaved to leave the matter of Lucy's engagement to the free will and judgment of my wife. In a short time I saw my former love—her for whom once I could have died, who first lighted up the flame of passion in my bosom, whom I had renounced, who by her generosity had obtained over me and her own heart a victory beyond the conquests of kings—going through the servile details of the waiting woman of my wedded wife. Beyond all, I was struck with the coolness and propriety of her deportment. She never, not

even when together alone, recognised me as her lover of the Holy Well. She treated me simply as the husband of the mistress she was bound and willing to serve—as her master, whose commands she waited, with the servility of an ordinary servant, to receive and to execute. I gradually became reconciled to her; and gratitude for the persevering constancy of her faith, in keeping our secret, lent its acclaim to this additional feature in her extraordinary character.

"In a short time my beloved Amelia gave me another pledge of an affection which increased with the time of our fortunate union. It was at this period that the attentions of Lucy to her mistress were most marked and unremitting. Amelia expressed her gratitude towards her as her benefactor—as one sent from heaven to administer to her all the comforts which her situation demanded. In two days after the birth of the child—a female—the mother fevered. The medical man detected by the eye of professional experience the nature of the complaint—a puerperal fever; and pronounced a prognosis of a dubious character. I became alarmed, but not unfitted for acting as my wife's nurse—an occupation in which I took delight. I watched at her bedside. My assistant was Lucy Oliver; she seconded all my efforts with an assiduity and kindness even transcending my own. The fever proceeded to a crisis. As it advanced, my situation was indescribable. I slept almost none—my vigils, my solicitude, my anxiety preyed on my weak nerves, and produced tremors, morbid terrors, and, during the moments I slept, night mares. My time was spent at her bedside, in attentions, watchings, and secret prayers; yet, in the midst of all this devotion, I could not but observe, admire, and be grateful for the extraordinary conduct of my fellow comforter. Lucy Oliver vied with the man who had courted and deserted her in the extent of her sacrifice of time, health, and happiness, for the recovery of her successful rival. Good God! when I look back to that awful scene—my wife in the grasp of one of the most dangerous diseases incident to mortal; her nurse, my former lover, watching her every motion, anticipating her every whispered want; and I, with racked nerves, and my sympathies wound up till my heart-strings seemed on the eve of cracking—the witness of all that, and distracted with hopes, fears, gratitude, love, I wonder how my feeble frame could have withstood such a fearful combination of torturing causes. Many days and nights were thus spent. The crisis approached; my wife passed the dreadful ordeal. On the announcement of the happy tidings, I fell on my knees; Lucy Oliver followed my example. We offered up thanks to Heaven for the awarded mercy.

"Alas! alas! our thanks were a vain offering. Overcome with watching, I retired to a couch, to seek a few hours' repose. My dear wife relapsed during night. Lucy approached me, with trembling steps and timid voice, to announce to me what the doctor had not fortitude to do. I rose, and hastened to the scene of suffering. The

lovely victim was in the firm grasp of the grim Destroyer. Her bosom heaved with the weight of death ; her mouth was open as she gasped for breath ; her eyes were fixed ; her consciousness gone ; she knew not her husband—her miserable, distracted husband—who bent over her stiffening body, and clutched her in the agonies of despair. She expired in my arms.

"I cannot continue these details. My wife was buried in the family vault of Dowieles. Who should have taken charge of my pretty pledges, but she who had attended and watched their dying mother with such unparalleled devotion ? Time passed on, and partially alleviated sufferings that brought me to the brink of the grave ; where, indeed, I often, in my agony, wished myself quietly deposited, by the side of her who taught me happiness, transcending all other modes of pleasure, as much as my misery exceeded all other kinds of pain. During this period of trial, my good angel was Lucy Oliver. She it was who administered to me the only relief that remained for me on earth. She tended, with a mother's care, my children, and, with a wife's devotion, their father. My wants were supplied, my wishes anticipated, my whispers, my looks, my signs watched with the solicitude of one whose own happiness depended on my recovery. Yet was there never an allusion to our former intimacy ; it seemed to be erased from the tablets of her memory—to be obliterated from Time's records ; so effectually did she avoid every allusion to it, and conceal every thought or feeling connected with it.

"Time, aided by the unremitting endeavours of my benefactress, performed his usual wonders. I slowly recovered my health. My establishment had been under the charge of her who had exhibited so much fidelity. My dear children looked upon her as their mother : she had become necessary to them. Was she not also necessary to their father ? As time softened the recollections of my wife, my old feelings towards my first love revived. I need not describe the rise of a passion, whose progress to the greatest height of human emotion I have already detailed. What use is there for more ? The prudence that opposed that passion before, would now have been imprudence. The situation of matters was changed. I married Lucy Oliver at the end of the second year after the death of my Amelia.

"I again experienced human happiness greater than mortals generally are destined to enjoy in this world. My Lucy seemed all to me that my Amelia had been ; and the love which the two bore to each other sanctified my affection for my second wife, while it embalmed in my recollection the feelings I entertained for my first. The bereavement to which I had been subjected by death, made me tremble for the health of her who was now my last, as she had been my first love. In a short time, she was to give me a pledge of affection—a pleasure which the recollection of a former experience turned into a terror and a pain. If it had been a legitimate

subject for an address to the Almighty, I would have prayed for barrenness to the wife of my affection, and sacrificed the all-powerful feelings of a father, to the certainty of an avoidance of a repetition of that dreadful calamity that had bowed down my head to the earth, and stretched my heart-strings to breaking. But these things are not in the hands of man, and I checked my impious aspirations, by enforcing resignation to the will of Heaven. My Lucy bore to me a son. She escaped the dangers incident to her situation ; but she recovered tardily, in spite of my devotion to the supplianee of her wants, and of everything that could contribute to her safety and restoration to health. A general weakness hung about her long after she was able to walk. An atrophy reduced her body ; and neuralgic pains shot through her, forcing her often to cry aloud. At night, she was visited by troubled dreams, in which nightmares and all the hags generated by morbid fancies, followed her, and jabbered, and louted, and hugged her, terrifying her, and forcing herself to nestle closely in my arms for protection, and often wakening her with a loud scream of horror, which, in its turn, roused me from my own troubled sleep, in fright and anxiety. This state of mind and body continued for a considerable time ; and the recollection of the noctuary of these horrors carries with it to this hour an insufferable pain.

"A change now came over my dear Lucy, whose sufferings increased, if that was possible, my love and tenderness. The horrors of nightmare, in some degree, left her, and she slept with apparently more composure, drawing, however, at short intervals, long sighs, accompanied with mutterings and broken unintelligible speech. I wakened one night about the hour of twelve, and was surprised and alarmed to find her place by my side empty. The weakness she had laboured under for a time rendered it difficult for her, even in the day time, to rise and walk ; and I could not conceive how she was able to have risen and left the bed. I called out, and received no answer. All was dark and silent. I perceived, by the dim light reflected by her white night-dress, my sick wife walking softly and silently along the room, headless, because unconscious of my presence, and deaf to my sympathetic inquiries for explanation of her extraordinary conduct. I flew and seized her in my arms. She uttered a loud piercing scream, and, escaping from my grasp, fell senseless on the floor. I called the servants, and procured light. She had partially recovered, and, on being put to bed, I asked her why she had left the bed, and why she had screamed when I approached her. She seemed to feel uneasy under my questions ; and I did not press her farther on a subject which gave her pain.

"On the following night I took the precaution of having a taper in the room, in case of a repetition of the scene which had produced in me so much alarm ; for I was inclined to think that she had become a somnambulist. I slept little, for my fancy was busy with my misfortunes, and

my heart occupied with sympathy for the sufferings of my wife. At the same hour she rose and left the bed, walking erectly and firmly, as if her weakness had suddenly left her, and she had been restored to health. She went to a small rosewood cupboard that stood in the end of the room, and opened it, taking from it a small bottle, which she folded in her hands and pressed to her bosom. She then held it up to the light of the taper, and sighed deeply as she looked through it. She turned her face to the bed, and stared at me with open lack-lustre eyes for several minutes. Keeping this frightful attitude, with the bottle held up in her hand, she spoke:—

“‘She is past danger now, and will recover.’ (A pause; and listening.) ‘That breathin is lighter—no sae like death—her mains and grains are gane—the struggle’s past, and, when she recovers, I maun continue to dress her for his eye and undress her for his embrace. Shall that be guid help?’ (Looking through the vial.) ‘Na, na, she has had her time, and mine waits me. A revivin’ patient needs a cordial. Hark! he comes from the couch in the next room.’ (Listening again.) ‘It is the winds o’ the woods o’ Dowielee. Quick—quick!—his twa hours are oot, and he’ll hae a brow wakenin; she canna refuse a cordial frae the hands o’ Lucy Oliver.’

“She now approached the bed where I lay in a state of horripilation. My mind denied me thought. I could not think; a general sensation of indescribable horror, which ran through my veins, was the only symptom of consciousness I felt in my mind or frame. I lay, bound to the bed, without power to move, to think, to speak. She approached silently and fearfully, looking back to the door at intervals, and listening; then progressing a step, then pausing and listening again—motions and attitudes she repeated till she arrived at the bedside. She now seemed to recollect herself, turned suddenly, and flew quickly, hurriedly, and tremblingly, for the taper, which, taking up, she held in her left-hand, while her right grasped the vial. She then approached the bed by four or five long rapid steps—her white gown flowing behind her, and her hair, which had come down, streaming over her shoulders. She stood for a moment at the bedside, looking, with staring orbs, into my face, and holding, before my eyes, the taper, which she moved backwards and forwards as if to perceive whether my gaze followed it. She then laid down the taper on a chair at the bedside, and applied her left-hand to my brow. She spoke again:—

“‘You are warm, dear leddie; but there’s a dew on your forehead—a good sign. Your breathin’ is freer, and the weight is gane frae your breast. ‘When thae signs come,’ said the doctor to me, ‘gie her this.’ (Holding up the vial in my face.) ‘It is a cordial I hae tasted wi’ my ain lips, and what is sweet to Lucy, canna be sour to her she luves abune a’ mortals. Drink, my dear leddie—health is the queen o’ blessings, and wha wadna wish to be weel wha has Dowielee for a husband? Quick, dear leddie—ay, ay—

there, there—a drap still remains, it’s awa’ precious to be lost. There—you will asleep now; and, when ye waken, Dowielee will kiss ye in joy o’ your recovery.’

“She now took up the taper, and with a rapid hurried step hastened to the cupboard, opened it, put in the vial, closed it, locked it, placed the taper on the table, blew it out, and came to bed. When she lay down, she sighed deeply, and shook so that the bed moved. I tried to calm my mind, and think of the strange scene I had witnessed, of the strange things I had heard. I had never known of any draught given to my wife on the morning of her death; but she might have got a cordial administered to her. Was there anything in Lucy’s words that indicated more. I could not answer my own question; my mind reverted back to Lucy’s extraordinary conduct and character. She was not like other women. She had acted as no other woman could act; but had she not acted nobly and generously?—Why, then, draw evil from good. But to what did my doubts point? I could not mention it. The thought was not recognised by me as an act of my conscious mind. It was a rebel. I quelled it, and tried to sleep; yet I could not. I lay awake during the whole night; my mind turned against itself; my fancy bounded by my judgment; confidence warring with suspicion; doubts struggling in the grasp of a determined but generous dogmatism. During the following day, I observed the same conduct to Lucy; for I had, to a great extent, banished from my mind every reflection suggested by the scene of the previous night, except the conclusion—that somnambulists do strange things in their nocturnal vocations.

“Two nights afterwards, my wife rose again. I watched her motions. She repaired to the cupboard, in the same way as formerly, took out the vial, lifted up the taper, and approached the bed. Her manner was more confused on this occasion; for she approached and receded from the bed; walked along the room with a rapid step; repeated these motions eight or ten times; and, at last, stood still in the middle of the apartment, pronouncing this monologue in a distinct and impressive manner:—

“‘Lang, lang hae I suffered. By the Holy Well I suffered; in my father’s cottage I suffered; beneath the window of this bedroom, on his marriage night, as I sat shiverin’ in the cauld winter blast, I suffered; as I undressed his wife for his bed, and retired to my ain, to think o’ their happiness, and greet myself asleep, I suffered. Yet, a’ this time, he thought I had forgotten him. I loved him still the mair; and my love and my sufferin’ hae come to a height. I can wait nae langer. This chance has failed. Her bairn’s born, and the fever has passed its dangerous hour. Now or never! Lucy Oliver or Amelia Gordon maun dee. She or I maun drink this black death, to the health o’ Apothecary Watson, wha, silly man, refused at first to gie me’t. Come, come, my time is short; he will be here anon.’

"She rose, and again approached the bed, holding up before my eyes the light, laying it down, passing her hand along my brow, and going through the same series of movements, and using nearly the same words, as on the previous occasion. She at last came to bed, and lay down, sighing and uttering deep groans.

"My mind was again in a state of confusion ; but my horror was, if possible, increased. Her tale was now more connected, and filled with an import more dreadful. It bore a character of waking reality—borrowing, from the daily occurrences of life, facts—undeniable, melancholy truths—turning them to a rational account, and explaining even those very parts of her conduct which never, in my estimation, quadrated with human nature. My mind tried to escape from the fearful, connected, rational sense of her monologue. Its truth horrified me. I scrutinized the nature of my own dreams, which, I acknowledge, were wild and fanciful, having seldom any verisimilitude to the rationale of life. But I was forced to distinguish between mere dreaming and somnambulism ; a state of the mind in which certain of its faculties are even improved, and vested with powers sometimes considered nearly supernatural. Was I bound or entitled to *disbelieve* a rational tale of personal experience, merely because some of the faculties of the mind, not necessary to the reminiscence or the narration, were in a state of inactivity ? My inability to answer this in the affirmative, increased my difficulty, and added to my horror. Yet, was I bound or entitled to *believe* the connected, rational tale of a somnambulist ? Neither could I answer this. I was on the eve, I thought, of becoming a madman—an opinion which a strong inborn sense of total inability to bear the force of a discovery which I conceived awaited me, confirmed. I sickened and sunk, as the necessity of an investigation rose upon me. The prospect of being compelled to search for proof that my wife—the creature on whom I leant for support, to whom I looked for consolation, in whose love lay my only happiness on earth—was guilty of a crime sufficient to call down the vengeance of heaven, made me almost delirious. Yet the prospect of remaining wilfully in doubt ; of being placed on the rack of suspicion ; of having all my confidence, all my love, all my converse, all my intercourse with her who slept on my bosom, and nestled in my arms, mixed, qualified, tainted, and poisoned by the thought that she *might have*, that it was *doubtful* whether she *had not*, murdered Amelia Gordon—was that a better one—was it preferable to the killing certainty itself—the last, kind, unqualified, finishing horror, that would admit of no lingering, no torturing, but finish at one stroke, grief, and doubt, and life together ?

"This night was also restless. I slept none. For three nights I had not closed an eye. My brow for all that time had been burning. My constitution felt the stroke. I was seized with a fever, and removed to another apartment. I can say little of this period of my suffering ; but

I saw often, at my bedside, Lucy Oliver, my wife, who administered to me medicine—*cordials*—restoratives. O God ! what were the thoughts which, suggested by her image, changed and coloured by a maniac fancy, mixed with the recollections of Amelia Gordon ! Suspicions, hatreds, love, and pity, careered through my fevered, maddened brain ! Yet I weathered this pitiless storm of fate. I recovered from the fever ; but I convalesced with poison on my mind. Oh, had I then died !

"I left, at last, my sick chamber ; but my suspicions accompanied me. All my efforts were not able to conceal a change. For a time I struggled on, endeavouring to master my feelings, to look with a steady eye on Lucy, to embrace her without trembling. It would not do. The pain was unbearable. I started up in the midst of an accession of my agony ; I walked out ; and, scarcely knowing whither I was wandering, found myself in the shop of Nicholas Watson, the village apothecary. I put the question to him whether any of my domestics had bought poison from him for a length of time back.

"‘Yes,’ said he, ‘I sold, with reluctance, and after much questioning as to the use to which it was to be applied, an ounce of oxalid acid to Lucy Oliver, then your lady’s waiting-woman, now your wife.’

"‘What more did I require ? Yet I got more. My wife was unable to stand the change that had come over me. She had suspected the cause—for I noticed that she never would speak of her dreams or night-walking. Our eyes became eloquent of mutual suspicions, sometimes of mutual horror, though our mouths were dumb. The disease that already lurked in her system—and all hope of its removal was now gone—would have been sufficient of itself to dissolve her frame ; but the accession of a new mental agony, transcending all bodily diseases and pains, accelerated what, though inevitable, might have been long kept off by remedial means. She was soon confined entirely to bed, and reduced to the extremity of life. Her struggles were too painful for me to witness, and I left her to the charge of her attendants. One evening I was called by an urgent express. I approached her bed. She waved her hand to the attendants, to retire. She looked up in my face with a placidity which surprised me. As I gazed on her, her eyes filled with tears.

"‘It is true—it is true !’ she said, and expired.

"‘What I have experienced since would take years to tell. Have I not suffered as no mortal ever suffered ?’

"‘Your story, Mr B——,’ said I, ‘is a remarkable one. I will meditate upon it, and, when we shall have more time, endeavour to extract from it the evidences of the touch of the finger of the Almighty, which, be assured, may be traced, by an eye anxious to find it, in all the sorrows of mortals.’

Having prayed with this heir of sorrow, I left him, to return next day. Nothing else must be allowed to interfere with this duty.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—VOLS. V. & VI.

THE Sixth Volume of the Scott Miscellany is the most interesting of the series to the feelings of the reader, with, perhaps, the exception of the first. Mr Lockhart is a knowing artificer of books. Either he has been a laggard in his task, or he had entered upon it without proper preparation; and now, in announcing a seventh volume, (which will, in all probability, stretch to an eighth, by way of an appendix,) he dexterously appeases impatience and muttered wrath, by bringing forward, as a *bonne bouche*, a portion of a diary kept by Sir Walter, during the most trying and painful period of his life, the winter of 1825-6. The happy accident which prompted the best portion of Scott's private writings—and we do not except either the truest and most confidential of his letters, or the early autobiography—was accidentally reading Byron's *Ravenna Journal*, which, as far as the different characters of the men permitted, has been the model of Scott's Journal. To his wellum-bound confidant, secured by a good lock, he almost daily entrusted his inmost spontaneous thoughts and feelings, on the good and ill of his troubled life; together with anecdotes, criticisms, and freer opinions than so cautious a man was in the habit of expressing, in the most intimate social intercourse, and in his most unbending moments. The *Gurnal*, as he humorously calls it, was also the safety-valve of his excited mind; and it cannot have failed to minister that soothing relief which Scott, it is plain, could neither seek nor accept from wife, child, or friend. Every page of these memoirs shews how entirely, throughout the whole of life, he felt and suffered alone; in its most important affairs, admitting sympathy with indifference, and, in the time of trial, with impatience, and something like jealous scorn of those who poured condolence upon him, and, as he says, "poor-manned" him. It is with his prosperity that he almost uniformly, and, at times, in a tone approaching mock humility, calls upon his correspondents to sympathize. At no period of life did Scott "wear his heart upon his sleeve," and, latterly, he shrank altogether into himself. His correspondence became less extensive and free, and he betook himself to the Journal, and sought relief in confessing there as much as he chose to confess. It contains the truth, and nothing but the truth; but no more the whole truth than the similar self-revelations of great authors of sound mind, not devoured by egotism. One use of the Journal was, undoubtedly, to set himself right with posterity, and to exhibit his character and feelings, at a most important crisis, in what he considered the true light—and which was the true light. The Journal was a happy relief to his solitary ruminating mind; and, at the same time, a picture of that over-tasked and mortified mind, such as he did not shrink from giving to the world. Nothing is more prominent in his Journal, than how

justly Scott could estimate the real good and true happiness of life, miserably as with open eyes, he had allowed himself to be allured and cheated by their counterfeits. But, as we have a goodly couple of volumes to traverse, and as the Journal occupies less than a fourth of this space, and its vital confidings not a tenth part, it may be as well to take matters a little in order.

Volume Fifth opens in the summer of 1820, when Lockhart, not long married, went to Abbotsford on a visit of some weeks, and first became familiar with the routine of Scott's daily life in the country. With considerable parade, Mr Lockhart marshals, before the reader, the principalities and powers, dignities and dominions, that repaired to Abbotsford as to a shrine. These amounted, it is stated, to one individual in every six in "Lodge's Compendium of the Peerage." One half of all the foreigners that crossed the Channel at this time, were brought over by the attraction of Scott's writings, which is a large estimate; and a fourth part, in the hope "of beholding him under his own roof." Abbotsford was also the head-quarters of the head Edinburgh lawyers—"their *villa*, whenever they pleased to resort to it;" and they were neither merciful nor considerate, as "few of them were ever absent from it long." Besides these inroads of Philistines, from the peerage and the Court of Session, all the provincial gentry, cater-cousins, and Dandie Dinmonts, were to be entertained, together with artists, and poets, and all manner of comers and goers, continually crowding the Sheriff's caravansary on the banks of the Tweed. Without adopting Mr Lockhart's round estimates, there can be no reasonable doubt that Scott's patience, and fortune, and quiet of mind, and precious time, were often sadly taxed; and that he endured with fortitude the self-incurred infliction, which would have done honour to a better cause than this ostentatious and promiscuous commerce. That he grumbled in his gizzard, and sometimes broke away in impatience and displeasure is not wonderful; nor are we disposed to rate these sacrifices to second-hand popularity very highly. The courage and merit would have been, instead of entertaining these successive hordes with smiling patience and under-boiling spleen, to have done what misfortune, luckily, and to his great comfort, did for him, for a season—shut his doors against them. Mr Lockhart lauds his good-humour, his tact, his indulgence of all manner of bores, and his easy and happy adaptation to the varying tastes and characters of his guests; yet in other places he confesses that Sir Walter, being merely mortal, was, after all, vulnerable to the gnat-like annoyances which indiscriminate hospitality entailed upon his family. This persecution, or rather weak submission, was the more tormenting as he really loved solitude and self-communion. In one place he says:—

"From the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to wishing for visitors, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood, I saw this would not do; and that to gain a place in men's esteem I must mix and baste with them. Pride, and an exaltation of spirits, often supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society; yet mine certainly upon many occasions was real. Still, if the question was, eternal company, without the power of rething within myself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell!'"

And in another:—

"The love of solitude was with me a passion of early youth; when in my teens, I used to fly from company to indulge in visions and airy castles of my own, the disposal of ideal wealth, and the exercise of imaginary power. This feeling prevailed even till I was eighteen, when love and ambition, awakening with other passions, threw me more into society, from which I have, however, at times withdrawn myself, and have been always even glad to do so. I have risen from a feast satiated; and unless it be one or two persons of very strong intellect, or whose spirits and good-humour amuse me, I wish neither to see the high, the low, nor the middling class of society."

In the following summer, Mr Lockhart occupied the cottage of Chiefswood. He says:—

We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant and constantly varying society; yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit which the daily reception of new comers entailed upon all the family, except Sir Walter himself. But, in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open house-keeping. Even his temper sank sometimes under the solemn appliances of learned dulness, the rapid raptures of painted and periwigged dowagers, the horse-leech avidity with which underbred foreigners urged their questions, and the pompous simpers of condescending magnates. When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate, and, craving the indulgence of his guest overnight, appear at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sybil Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of *revêillée* under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils and meant for that day to "take his ease in his inn." On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe for himself, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast, he would take possession of a dressing-room up stairs, and write a chapter of "The Pirate;" and then, having made up and despatched his packet for Mr Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work—and sometimes to labour among them as strenuously as John Swanston himself—until it was time either to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage.

Of a grand entertainment and ball at Abbotsford upon a New-Year's eve, Captain Basil Hall has given an account, which shews that even Sir Walter possessed not the power vainly desired by the King of Ethiopia, and by every rich man who, commanding pleasure, inevitably fails, and, by a just retribution, becomes the victim of his own despotism.

"As my heart was light and unloaded with any care, I exerted myself to carry through the ponderous evening—ponderous only because it was one set apart to be light and gay. I danced reels like a wild man, snapped my fingers, and hallooed with the best of them—flirted with

the young ladies at all hazards—and with the elder ones, of which there was a store, I talked and laughed finely. As a suite of rooms was open, various little knots were formed, and nothing would have been nicer had we been left alone; but we must needs be dancing, singing, playing, jesting, or something or other different from that which we might be naturally disposed to be doing. Wherever the Great Unknown went, indeed, there was a sort of halo of fun and intelligence around him; but his plan of letting all things *bide* was not caught up somehow, and we were *shoved* about more than enough.

"Still, still it was ponderous. Not all the humour and miraculous vivacity and readiness of our host could save it—long blank pauses occurred—and then a feeble whisper—but little more, and the roar of a jolly toast subside into a hollow calm. I dwell upon all this merely to make people consider how useless it is to get up such things nowadays—for if Walter Scott, with all appliances and means to boot—in his noble house—surrounded by his own choice friends—full of health and all he can wish, is unable to exempt a Hogmanay party from the soporific effect proverbially attendant upon manufactured happiness, who else need venture on the experiment! At about one we broke up, and every one seemed rejoiced to be allowed to go about at pleasure: while the horses were putting to, to carry off our numerous company, and shawls were hunting for, people became bright again, and not being called upon to act any part, fell instantly into good-humour! and we had more laughing and true hilarity in the last half hour than in all the evening before. The Author of 'Waverley' himself seemed to feel the reviving influence of freedom, and cruised about from group to group, firing in a shot occasionally to give spirit to what was going on, and then *hauling off* to engage with some other—to shew his stores of old armour—his numerous old carved oak cabinets, filled with the strangest things—adder-stones of magical power—fairies' rings—pearls of price—and, amongst the rest, a mourning ring of poor Lord Byron's, securely stowed away in one of the inmost drawers!"

The morning of the same day had been better. In the journal of the indefatigable Captain Hall, it is set down—"In the morning, yesterday, I observed crowds of boys and girls coming to the back door, where each one got a penny and an oaten-cake. No less than 70 pennies were thus distributed—and very happy the little bodies looked, with their well stored bags."

This seems a niggardly Christmas dole, compared with the roast beef, plum pudding, and flannel petticoats of the Southron Squires and Baronets, and their dames; but we question if one-third of either the Laird Nippies or Laird Spendthrifts of Scotland do half as much. Since we are at Captain Hall's journal, we may notice this national and amiable trait—and all that was natural in Scott's feelings was most amiable. They were walking in those woods which he loved so much, because they were, in Scotch law phrase, his own *conquest*, and the creation of his energies and taste. He observed—

"Nothing on earth would induce me to put up boards threatening prosecution, or cautioning one's fellow-creatures to beware of man-traps and spring-guns. I hold that all such things are not only in the highest degree offensive and hurtful to the feelings of people whom it is every way important to conciliate, but that they are also quite inefficient—and I will venture to say, that not one of my young trees has ever been cut, nor a fence trodden down, or any kind of damage done in consequence of the free access which all the world has to my place. Round the house, of course, there is a set of walks set apart and kept private for the ladies—but over all the rest of my

land any one may rave as he likes. I please myself with the reflection, that many people of taste may be indulging their fancies in these grounds; and I often recollect how much of Burns' inspiration was probably due to his having near him the woods of Ballochmyle, to ramble through at his will when he was a ragged cadient."

This, among a hundred other matters, we select, as similar in spirit:—

"Some one talked of the pains taken to provide the poor with receipts for making good dishes out of their ordinary messes. 'I dislike all such interferences,' he said—'all your domiciliary, kind, impertinent visits—they are all pretty much felt like insults, and do no manner of good; let people go on in their own way, in God's name. How would you like to have a nobleman coming to you to teach you how to dish up your beefsteak into a French kickshaw? And who is there so miserably put to his wits and means that will endure to have another coming to teach him how to economize and keep his accounts? Let the poor alone in their domestic habits, I pray you; protect them and treat them kindly, of course, and trust them; but let them enjoy in quiet their dish of porridge, and their potatoes and herrings, or whatever it may be—but for any sake don't torment them with your fashionable soups.'"

Captain Hall adds his quota to the vulgar marvels propagated about the Great Unknown, when he states—"He never corrects the press, or, if he does so at all, it is very slightly, and, in general, his works come before the public just as they are written." James Ballantyne could have told a more reasonable and creditable story.

The arrival of guests, such as any man could cordially welcome and be proud to receive, occasionally indemnified Sir Walter for the inroads of interlopers. Mr Lockhart commemorates a day spent in the open air, a white-stone day; upon which Sir Humphry Davy; Dr. Wollaston; Henry Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling, then an octogenarian; and Mr Rose—were his guests. They made a pilgrimage to Yarrow, and lunched upon the mossy rocks bordering Yarrow's stream. Mr Lockhart, who apparently possesses the love of humour, without an atom of natural comic power, and who is continually spoiling his narrative, by straining after the ludicrous, concludes the gleesome mishaps of the Yarrow chase, with a joint eulogium upon Scott and Davy, who, it seems, talked better to Scott about science, of which Scott knew nothing, than at any of the brilliant dinner parties which that philosopher frequented "in town," until he, too, found the profitless life, as much "labour dire and weary wo," as did his friend open house-keeping at Abbotsford. As a specimen of Mr Lockhart's unhappy attempts at humour, we quote this closing anecdote of the effect of the colloquies of Scott and Davy:—"I remember William Laidlaw whispering to me, one night, when their 'rapt talk' had kept the circle round the fire until long after the usual bedtime of Abbotsford—'Gude preserve us! this is a very superior occasion! Eh, sirs!' he added, cocking his eye like a bird, 'I wonder if Shakespeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up?'"

The *Abbotsford Hunt*, commemorated yearly upon the birth-day of the future representative of the family, is a good rough-and-round description of an old-fashioned Scottish Laird's enter-

tainment; which agreeably exercises Mr Lockhart's powers of the picturesque.

"The Abbot" was published in this year, and affords an occasion to apologize for the failure of "The Monastery," of which Mr. Lockhart thinks better than the public were disposed to do—and deservedly. At least, for our own parts, we would not exchange the beautiful pastoral scenery, and sterling, if homely Scottish characters of this romance, for all the upholstery, home-millinery, and lady-mercery descriptions, and all the stage characters and stage properties, that cumber so much of some of the English novels. In "The Monastery," we hear the squeak of the real pig—and the fastidious cannot admire it.

When some future writer shall recast these Memoirs, adding something, and paring a good deal of twaddle, either written by or about Sir Walter's old friends, there may be subtracted, with manifest improvement, much, among other things, of the memoranda of the Blair-Adam Club, which, of vast magnitude in the eyes of the parties concerned, are marvellously indifferent to the public; and, moreover, do not throw a single new light upon the character or literary history of Scott. His most trivial story or letter to his children, is appropriate and welcome, but truly the republished opinions of Mr Adolphus upon his works, and sundry other matters of the make-bulk sort, savour too much of bestowing upon the world a very fair share of the tediousness which may have attended the arrangement of Scott's papers.

There are no kinder or pleasanter letters in these two volumes than those to Allan Cunningham; none at times so offensive to liberal feelings as those addressed to Lord Montague. The biographer talks with approbation of the happy adaptation of Scott's manner and style to his various correspondents, "according to their character and situation." To Lord Montague, we find the former chivalrous admirer of "the enchanting Princess," of the reign of George III., writing in this unhappy and decidedly anti-monarchical strain:—

"Truly, I congratulate the country on the issue; for, since the days of Queen Dollabella, and the *Rumt-tiddy* chorus in Tom Thumb, never was there so jolly a representative of royalty."

We had the Marquis of Bute and Francis Jeffrey very brilliant in George Street, and I think one grocer besides. I was hard threatened by letter, but I caused my servant to say in the quarter where I thought the threatening came from, that I should suffer my windows to be broken like a Christian, but if anything else was attempted, I should become as great a heathen as the Dey of Algiers. We were passed over, but many houses were terribly *Cossaqué*, as was the phrase in Paris in 1814 and 1815.

"P.S.—In the illumination row, young Bomilly was knocked down and robbed by the mob, just while he was in the act of declaiming on the impropriety of having constables and volunteers to interfere with the harmless mirth of the people."

Yet in this correspondence, pleasantly, if not obsequiously acquiescent, as it generally is, we find one profound remark, which might have prevented the writer much, when the revolt of the Galashiels weavers and the sutors of Selkirk

from their ancient Tory banners overcame him like a summer's cloud, because the symptoms of revolt—the progress of opinion—had never been observed.

“Have you read Lord Orford's History of his own time? It is acid and lively, but serves, I think, to show how little those who live in public business, and of course in constant agitation and intrigue, know about the real and deep progress of opinions and events. The “Memoirs” of our Scots Sir George Mackenzie are of the same class. Both immersed in little political detail, and the struggling skirmish of party, seem to have lost sight of the great progressive movements of human affairs. They put me somewhat in mind of a miller, who is so busy with the clatter of his own wheels, grindstones, and machinery, and so much employed in regulating his own artificial mill-dam, that he is incapable of noticing the gradual swell of the river from which he derives his little stream, until it comes down in such force as to carry his whole manufactory away before it.”

Sir Walter's opinion of the principle of a soldier's duties and obedience will not increase the general admiration of standing armies. We rarely find the matter so plainly and truly put as in this letter to his son:—“A democrat in any situation is but a silly sort of fellow; but a democratical soldier is worse than an ordinary traitor by ten thousand degrees, as he forgets his military honour, and is faithless to the master whose bread he eats.”

The following opinion, expressed in the same epistle, would better have become the pen of Chesterfield, than of a writer whose moral tone is always high and pure:—“Gentlemen maintain their characters even in following their most licentious pleasures, otherwise they resemble the very scavengers in the streets.”

The death of John Ballantyne is recorded in Volume V., and in the order of its occurrence in 1821. Sir Walter had been writing prefaces to the “Novelists' Library,” for the benefit of his favourite and factotum; and Ballantyne, in requital of his patron's kindness, bequeathed to the Baronet £2000 by his will: the gifts were about equally productive on both sides.

Scott, like all persons of the poetical cast, indulged in presentiments, auguries, and other fanciful superstitions. On the day of *Jocund Johnny's* funeral, “While they were smoothing the turf over John's remains in the Canongate Churchyard, the heavens, which had been dark and slaty, cleared up suddenly, and the mid-summer sun shone forth in his strength. Scott, ever awake to the ‘skiey influences,’ cast his eye along the overhanging line of the Calton Hill, with its gleaming walls and towers, and then turning to the grave again, ‘I feel,’ he whispered in my ear, ‘I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth.’”

From a summary of John Ballantyne's life, sketched down by himself, Mr Lockhart, probably touched by the late remonstrances of Ballantyne's widow, and of the other relatives of the man whom Scott both knew and liked so well, that his biographer might have dealt more gently with him, has transcribed several entries which really do not fairly support the contradictory statements of the thoughtlessness, deceit, and

profligate expenditure of the gay bookseller. For three years he had been a clerk in the printing-house with his brother James, whom he had joined penniless, having just enough to pay his debts when he left Kelso; where, he candidly owns, he had hunted, shot, and neglected his business. In 1808, he states—

“The scheme of a bookselling concern in Hanover Street was adopted, which I was to manage; it was £300 a-year, and one-fourth of the profits besides.

“1809. 35: Already the business in Hanover Street getting into difficulty, from our ignorance of its nature, and most extravagant and foolish advances from its funds to the printing concern. I ought to have resisted this, but I was thoughtless, although not young, or rather reckless, and lived on as long as I could make ends meet.

“1810. 36: Bills increasing—the destructive system of accommodations adopted.

“1811. 37: Bills increased to a most fearful degree. Sir Wm. Forbes and Co. shut their account. No bank would discount with us, and everything leading to irretrievable failure.

“1812. 38: The first partner stepped in, at a crisis so tremendous that it yet shakes my soul to think of it. By the most consummate wisdom, and resolution, and unheard of exertions, he put things in a train that finally (so early as 1817) paid even himself (who ultimately became the sole creditor of the house) in full, with a balance of a thousand pounds.

“1813. 39: In business as a literary auctioneer in Prince's Street; from which period to the present I have got gradually forward, both in that line and as third of a partner of the works of the Author of *Waverley*; so that I am now, at 45, worth about (I owe £2000) £5000, with, however, alas! many changes.”

What becomes of the ruin which John Ballantyne had entailed upon Sir Walter, if, after all the wild publishing speculations in which Scott had involved the young and starved concern, he was paid in full, and a thousand pounds more, independently of the legacy?—of which unsubstantial gift Sir Walter writes his son:—

“I have had a very great loss in poor John Ballantyne, who is gone, after a long illness. He persisted to the very last in endeavouring to take exercise, in which he was often imprudent, and was up and dressed the very morning before his death. In his will the grateful creature has left me a legacy of £2000, life-rented, however, by his wife; and the rest of his little fortune goes betwixt his two brothers. I shall miss him very much, both in business, and as an easy and lively companion, who was eternally active and obliging in whatever I had to do.”

Scott, no doubt, struggled manfully to avert the ruin of the bookselling concern in 1812; but it is equally clear that he commenced it in spleen, and, so far as depended on himself, conducted it with the extravagant folly of a very raw speculator in the perilous trade of publishing. There is a lack of sound policy, as well as a total want of magnanimity, in the perpetual attempt at making the Ballantynes, now John, and now James, the scape goats for all Sir Walter Scott's sins against prudence and commercial sense.

The coronation of George IV. took place in the summer of 1821, and Sir Walter, repairing to the pageant, would have carried up Hogg, to play a sort of Sancho Panza to his own Don Quixote. The Shepherd was prudent for once; and the emolument would assuredly not have repaid the ridicule, although the letters that Sir Walter proposed he should compose, had been written.

Failing Hogg's 'description' of the royal pageant, he transmitted an account of it himself to his own and Ballantyne's newspaper. This account, by an "Eye-Witness," Mr Lockhart has obligingly reprinted. The *Quarterly Review*, we think, would advise that much of this sort of material should be thrown into an appendix. Of Hogg, at this time, he writes to Lord Montague—

"There will be risk of his being lost in London, or kidnapped by some of those ladies who open literary *menageries* for the reception of *Hons.* I should like to see him at a rout of blue-stockings. I intend to recommend him to the protection of John Murray the bookseller; and I hope he will come equipped with plaid, kent, and colley."

The Shepherd, who felt admiration and lively gratitude to Sir Walter, had sometimes a jealous suspicion that he was not always treated by his patron with the delicacy and respect due to a man of genius—or to "huz poets," as Scott has it. The temptation to break a joke at Hogg's expense was irresistible. Upon one occasion, after the Shepherd had assumed that absurd costume in which, to the amusement of the spectators, he figured at the St Ronan's Games, he was invited to come to Abbotsford, where there was English company, and to be sure to come in his grand gala or St Ronan's dress. The Shepherd felt that he was wanted to make sport for the Philistines in his "motley," and he finished his relation of the affair by saying, "I gaed down the water to see Mrs Hughes, but it was i' ma maud," his shepherd's grey plaid, namely, which of all garbs became him best. This might probably be in the summer of 1825, when Dr Hughes and his lady, it would appear, were at Abbotsford, and when Scott, on her friendly prompting, renewed his long-suspended correspondence with Southey. If ever Scott's head was fairly touched by the pomps and vanities of life, it was in this year; his brightest and last of mere worldly prosperity, and when he tottered, unconsciously, on the brink of the dizzy precipice. This temper is manifest in his epistles to Terry, and something like it breaks out even to Southey.

"I take my pen to assure my dear Southey, that I love him as well as if our correspondence had been weekly or daily. The years which have gone by have found me dallying with the time, and you improving it as usual—I tossing my ball and driving my hoop, a greyheaded schoolboy, and you plying your task unremittingly for the instruction of our own and future ages. Yet I have not been wholly idle or useless—witness five hundred acres of moor and moss, now converted into hopeful woodland of various sizes, to the great refreshment, even already, of the eyes of the pilgrims who still journey to Melrose. I wish you could take a step over the Border this season, with Mrs Southey, and let us have the pleasure of shewing you what I have been doing.

"The rogue Radicals had nearly set me on horseback again, but I would have had a good following to help out my own deficiencies, as all my poor neighbours were willing to fight for *Kirk and King.*"

Contrast this with the following extract, written a few months later, when Scott must have seen ruin impending. His abrupt closing reference to the journal, and to future opinions of it, and that slant look towards effect with posterity,

betrayed in many parts of this singular composition, all indicate its purpose.

"If things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must then, faith, be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy will be over, with the feeling of independence. He shall no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in his mind, hasten to commit them to paper, and count them monthly, as the means of planting such scums, and purchasing such wastes; replacing dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

'Fountain heads and pathless groves;
'Places which pale passion loves!'

This cannot be; but I may work substantial husbandry, &c. write history, and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm; at least I much doubt, the general knowledge that an author must write for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation.

'While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side goad,
'The half-mettled racer's a hack on the road.'

It is a bitter thought; but, if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me.

'What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again; but the crack will remain till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged, (unless good news should come,) because London chooses to be in an uproar; and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

"Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest! How live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy—the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity, to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me—When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the wall-scumming Baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of Chivalry had hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave, and whisper to each other, 'Poor gentleman!—a well-meaning man!—nobody's enemy but his own!—thought his parts would never wear out!—family poorly left!—pity he took that foolish title.' Who can answer this question?

'Poor Will Laidlaw—poor Tom Purdie—such news

will wring your hearts, and many a poor fellow besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread.

"Ballantyne behaves like himself, and sinks the prospect of his own ruin in contemplating mine. I tried to enrich him indeed, and now all, all is in the balance.

. . . I wonder how Anne will bear such an affliction. She is passionate, but stout-hearted and courageous in important matters, though irritable in trifles. I am glad Lockhart and his wife are gone. Why I cannot tell—but I am pleased to be left to my own regrets, without being melted by condolences, though of the most sincere and affectionate kind. . . . Cadell came at eight, to communicate a letter from Hurst & Robinson, intimating they had stood the storm. I shall always think the better of Cadell for this."

This is anticipating the memoir. We must hastily pass the publication of some of, if not the best, yet assuredly of the second-best of Scott's novels. Among the first-rate, we would, however, place "The Pirate." By "Ivanhoe," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," and "Kenilworth," he had gained £10,000, and he afterwards received five thousand guineas for the copyrights, with the usual pitiable, mystifying stipulation of a penalty of £2000 for revealing an author's name which everybody knew as well as if it had been on the title-page of each novel. Mr Lockhart, indeed, states that the people of Edinburgh were "electrified" when the insolvency revealed the authorship; but this must be a mistake. Such pecuniary success was enough to turn any man's head; yet, in money matters, one might have fancied Sir Walter's was neither unsound nor muddy. Some original defect of business education, some want of proper balance, must have existed; for, with woful ignorance of his own affairs and resources, or what Ballantyne calls want of courage to look to danger, Sir Walter conjoined the most rigid exactness in keeping the smallest accounts; and never, in thirty years, his biographer states, omitted to set down a single sixpence paid at a turnpike gate.

Mr Lockhart makes an elaborate apology for his infatuation:—

Messrs Constable had such faith in the prospective fertility of his imagination, that they were by this time quite ready to sign bargains, and grant bills for novels and romances to be produced hereafter, but of which the subjects and the names were alike unknown to them, and to the man from whose pen they were to proceed. A forgotten satirist well says—

"The active principle within
Works on some brains the effect of gin;"

but in his case, every external influence combined to stir the flame, and swell the intoxication of restless exuberant energy. His allies knew, indeed, what he did not, that the sale of his novels was rather less than it had been in the days of Ivanhoe; and hints had sometimes been dropped to him that it might be well to try the effects of a pause. But he always thought—and James Ballantyne had decidedly the same opinion—that his best things were those which he threw off the most easily and swiftly; and it was no wonder that his bookellers, seeing how immeasurably even his worst excelled in popularity, as in merit, any other person's best, should have shrunk from the experiment of a decisive damper. On the contrary, they might be excused for from time to time flattering themselves, that, if the books sold at a less rate, this might be counterpoised by still greater rapidity of production. They could not make up their minds to cast the poorless vessel adrift; and, in short, after every little burden of prudential misgiving, echoed the unfailing burden of Ballantyne's song—to push on, hoisting more and more sail as the wind lulled.

He was as eager to do as they could be to suggest—and this I well knew at the time. I had however no notion, until all his correspondence lay before me, of the extent to which he had permitted himself thus early to build on the chances of life, health, and continued popularity. Before "The Fortunes of Nigel" issued from the press, Scott had exchanged instruments, and received his bookseller's bills, for no less than four "works of fiction"—not one of them otherwise described in the deeds of agreement—to be produced in unbroken succession, each of them to fill at least three volumes, but with proper saving clauses as to increase of copy money, in case any of them should run to four. And within two years all this anticipation had been wiped off by "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "St Ronan's Well," and "Redgauntlet;" and the new castle was by that time complete, and overflowing with all its splendour; but by that time the end also was approaching!

It is stated, in other places, that hints were, from time to time, given him about the danger of "over-cropping;" and he was already troubled with misgivings of failure and falling-off. Still, if Constable was mad enough to offer £1000 for such productions as "Halidon Hill," it never seems to have occurred to the author that a prudent man, and, far more, an honest man, ought to have paused upon such reckless offers. These, however, are not the current notions of trafficking speculators. Such risk was, in their language, "Constable's look-out." The history of the above little unsuccessful drama, may serve as a specimen of Sir Walter's transactions with the *Czar*. Of that illustrious bibliopole, Mr Lockhart, by the way, has altogether changed his opinion in these new volumes; and his latest is, we think, by far the truest portraiture of that personage. Scott had been induced to depart from the rigid rule, which so provoked Hogg, and had attempted something for a *pic-nic* volume, which Joanna Baillie was "getting up" for the benefit of a reduced family. It is thus told:—

Before the end of the vacation, he had finished the M.S. of his "Nigel." Nor had he lost sight of his promise to Joanna Baillie. He produced, and that, as I well remember, in the course of two rainy mornings, the dramatic sketch of "Halidon Hill;" but, on concluding it, he found that he had given it an extent quite incompatible with his friend's arrangements for her charitable *pic-nic*. He therefore cast about for another subject likely to be embraced in smaller compass; and the Blair-Adam meeting of the next June supplied him with one in Macduff's Cross. Meantime, on hearing a whisper about "Halidon Hill," Messrs Constable, without seeing the M.S., forthwith tendered £1000 for the copyright—the same sum that had appeared almost irrationally munificent when offered in 1807 for the embryo "Marmion." It was accepted, and a letter from Constable himself, about to be introduced, will shew how well the head of the firm was pleased with this *wild* bargain. At the moment when his head was giddy with the popular applauses of the new-launched "Nigel"—and although he had been informed that "Peveril of the Peak" was already on the stocks—he suggested that a little pinnacle, of the Halidon class, might easily be rigged out once a-quarter, by way of diversion, and thus add another £4000 per annum to the £10 or £15,000, on which all parties counted as the sure yearly profit of three-deckers *in fore*.

Constable became indisposed about this time, and retired to England, for the recovery, it was said, of his mental health. As soon as he recovered, the ruling passion of the mad speculator broke out as strongly as ever; and the "Waverley Novels" were, by this time, to him

not merely a pecuniary speculation. His vanity was engaged. There was glory as well as gain. He conceived himself the inspirer of Scott's genius. For example, he suggested that the title of "Cumnor-hall," which Sir Walter had chosen for a new novel, should be changed to "Kenilworth:"—

John Ballantyne objected to this title, and told Constable the result would be "something worthy of the kennel;" but Constable had all reason to be satisfied with the child of his christening. His partner, Mr Cadell, says—"His vanity boiled over so much at this time, on having his suggestion gone into, that, when in his high moods, he used to stalk up and down his room, and exclaim, 'By G—, I am all but the author of the Waverley Novels!'"

That Constable understood the weaknesses of Scott, and could dexterously flatter them, is, we think, apparent in the following letter, part of which, substituting necklaces and tiaras for slabs and antique chairs, might have been addressed by a knowing manager to a capricious, spoiled *Prima Donna*, whom he wished to keep in good humour. The work referred to, is "Nigel," in the preface to which, Sir Walter had referred to John Ballantyne's death and Constable's illness.

"Castlebeare Park, 31st May, 1822.

"DEAR SIR WALTER,—I have received the highest gratification from the perusal of a certain new work. I may indeed say new work, for it is entirely so, and will, if that be possible, eclipse in popularity all that has gone before it.

"I am now so well as to find it compatible to pay my respects to some of my old haunts in the metropolis where I go occasionally. I was in town yesterday, and so keenly were the people devouring my friend *Jingling Geordie*, that I actually saw them reading it in the streets as they passed along. I assure you there is no exaggeration in this. A new novel from the author of "Waverley" puts aside, in other words puts down for the time, every other literary performance. The *Smack Ocean*, by which the new work was shipped, arrived at the wharf on Sunday; the sales were got out by one on Monday morning, and, before half-past ten o'clock, 7000 copies had been dispersed from 90, Cheapside. I sent my secretary on purpose to witness the activity with which such things are conducted, and to bring me the account, gratifying certainly, which I now give you.

"I went yesterday to the shop of a curious person—Mr Swaby, in Warden Street—to look at an old portrait, which my son, when lately here, mentioned to me. It is, I think, a portrait of *James the Fourth*, and, if not an original, is doubtless a picture as early as his reign. Our friend Mr Thomson has seen it, and is of the same opinion; but I purposed that you should be called upon to decide this nice point, and I have ordered it to be forwarded to you, trusting that ere long I may see it in the armoury at Abbotsford.

"I found at the same place two large elbow chairs, elaborately carved, in boxwood—with figures, foliage, &c., perfectly entire. Mr Swaby, from whom I purchased them, assured me they came from the Borgheese Palace at Rome; he possessed originally ten such chairs, and had sold six of them to the Duke of Rutland, for Belvoir Castle, where they will be appropriate furniture; the two which I have obtained would, I think, not be less so in the Library of Abbotsford.

"I have been so fortunate as to secure a still more curious article—a slab of mosaic pavement, quite entire, and large enough to make an outer hearth-stone, which I also destine for Abbotsford. It occurred to me that these three articles might prove suitable to your taste, and, under that impression, I am now induced to take the liberty of requesting you to accept them as a

small but sincere pledge of grateful feeling. Our literary connexion is too important to make it necessary for your publishers to trouble you about the pounds, shillings, and pence of such things; and I therefore trust you will receive them on the footing I have thus taken the liberty to name. I have been on the outlook for antique carvings, and if I knew the purposes for which you would want such, I might probably be able to send you some."

We must wait the conclusion of the work, for Scott's ultimate opinion of his partners in the game of *beggar-my-neighbour*; for no softer name can be given to the wild commercial transactions between them; and truth compels us to say, that, if infinitely the better and more honourable man, Scott, both from skill and power, was also the more adept bargain maker. Mr Lockhart continues—

Constable, during his residence in England at this time, was in the habit of writing every week or two to Sir Walter; and his letters now before me are all of the same complexion as the preceding specimen. The ardent bookseller's brain seems to have been well-nigh unsettled at this period; and I have often thought that the fox-glove which he then swallowed (his complaint being a threatening of water in the chest) might have had a share in the extravagant excitement of his mind. Occasionally, however, he enters on details as to which, or, at least, as to Sir Walter's share in them, there could not have been any mistake; and these were, it must be owned, of a nature well calculated to nourish and sustain in the author's fancy a degree of almost mad exhilaration, near akin to his publisher's own predominant mood.

The history of *The Beacon* is introduced; a rancorous party newspaper, begun in Edinburgh about the time of the Queen's trial, and countenanced by Scott, because James Ballantyne, his partner in the *Weekly Journal*, manfully and conscientiously resented his patron's violent and servile politics.

"James Ballantyne had swerved from his banner, and, by so doing, given not a little offence to Scott," says Lockhart. Now, James Ballantyne was an exceedingly moderate Whig, if a Whig at all, and ultra-cautious in public affairs. But he was also an honest and high-minded man; and now, and also upon the fearful emergency of the Manchester Massacre, he had the courage to prefer truth and patriotism to the good pleasure of his patron. At the crisis of the Queen's trial, James Ballantyne took the same manly course. We shall have more to say on this topic; in the meanwhile, it is gratifying to find that, in the Sixth Volume, Mr Lockhart has felt himself constrained to do tardy, and still, it would seem, reluctant justice to Ballantyne.

The Beacon, the *John Bull* of Scotland, leads to the unhappy duel in which Sir Alexander Boswell, for a fool-born jest—more foolishly vindicated—fell by the hand of a "pilloried" gentleman, who had never before drawn a trigger. There was another tragedy, another duel, and another and nobler victim, whom posterity will equally regret, and whose fate, about the same time, must have deeply interested Sir Walter Scott. Since Mr Lockhart has properly left this lamentable affair in oblivion, he might, with equal grace, have passed the unfortunate and miserable quarrel which cost the blood of a high-spirited gentle-

man: Scott, like all imaginative persons, indulged in omens and presentiments. When his affairs went to ruin, we find him planting three young oaks, that from them he might draw auguries of his future fortunes; and in his *Journal* he remarks, of Mathews the player—

“The last time I saw him before yesterday evening, he dined with me in company with poor Sir Alexander Boswell, who was killed within a week. I never saw Sir Alexander more. The time before was in 1816, when John Scott of Gala and I were returning from France, and passed through London, when we brought Mathews down as far as Leamington. Poor Byron lunched, or rather made an early dinner with us at Long’s, and a most brilliant day we had of it. I never saw Byron so full of fun, frolic, wit, and whim; he was as playful as a kitten. Well, I never saw him again. So this man of mirth, with his merry meetings, has brought me no luck.”

Scott did not relish the face-making and mimicry of this actor, whom it was a fashion to admire: “A very clever man,” he says, “my friend Mathews, but it is tiresome to be funny for a whole evening of his recitations. They are good certainly, excellent; but then you *must* laugh, and that is severe to me.” Many of his incidental notices of fine society, literary society, and *famous people* are in the same stripping style.

The King’s visit to Scotland was a mighty affair to Sir Walter Scott, and one pregnant with vanity and vexation of spirit. If the King had not been previously more enthusiastically received by his Irish subjects—by those whom, as Prince of Wales, he had flattered to betray when the time came—we might believe that, in Edinburgh, his Majesty owed all to Scott that Mr Lockhart claims for him.

I believe it will now be granted, by all who can recall the particulars as they occurred, that his Majesty mainly owed to Scott’s personal influence, authority, and zeal, the more than full realization of the highest hopes he could have indulged on the occasion of this northern progress.

We wish we could believe that all the *fudge* loyalty expressed to the most unpopular Prince of the last two centuries, had really been the effect of Scott’s zeal and enthusiasm, and not the spontaneous, idiotic impulse of the unreflecting mob, whether *sans culottes* or sprucely *gentee*. The whole was a demonstration of which the thinking part of Scotland as of Ireland has been, we are persuaded, long since heartily ashamed. It was an experiment upon popular ignorance; and it seemed to succeed, for the experimenters forgot the effect of novelty. The monarch so enthusiastically received in Dublin and Edinburgh, was slighted and hooted in London, where his funeral made one of the gayest and most jolly holidays which the metropolis had enjoyed since the battle of Waterloo.

It was hinted—nay, it was openly said and fully believed—that the sexagenarian dandy and voluntary felt the ardour, the *empressment*, of honest Scott, who thrust himself into all his affairs, as somewhat over officious; and, so to say, assuming, or impudent. Sir Walter, in short, was too much excited, hurried, and worn, to be able to play throughout the dexterous, obser-

vant courtier; and his Majesty was equally worn out with the public part which he had to play, and which suited ill with his tastes and habits. The self-love of the fastidious monarch could not easily forgive that absurd exhibition, in kilt and full tartans, into which he had been seduced by his Scottish counsellors; which, in an evil hour, Sir William Curtis rather over-trumped than parodied. His Majesty got into very bad humour in short, and “silly or malicious persons” said with Scott; though it could only have been with Scott among others. Mr Lockhart cites one letter from Mr Peel, and another from Mr Croker, to prove that he coolness, no rising or disgust of the royal stomach with Sir Walter existed. He has, in the copious narrative of these busy and important days, given a great deal of extraneous stuff, which ought to be thrown into the *jaw-hole* of the appendix; but, with all this, Mr Lockhart has totally forgotten one fact which gave strong colour to all that was known and surmised of the royal displeasure with Sir Walter. His Majesty, who accepted lodgings at the residence of the minor Duke of Buccleugh, had not crossed the threshold of any other private dwelling in Scotland, but one day, and that a memorable day. THE KING WAS COMING TO DINE AT 39, CASTLE STREET! George IV., the most haughty and fastidious of princes, was to honour the humble dwelling of the nation’s poet, and his own knight. The exultation of Sir Walter—by nature, training, and interest, the worshipper of rank—may be imagined. His party was arranged, his cards were issued, and no pains or exertion of influence, personal and collateral, were spared to give the entertainment to Majesty all the eclat with which the beauty, birth, or talent of the northern capital could illustrate so “superior an occasion.” His Majesty either repented of his condescension; or Sir Walter had trusted to the strength of his own wishes in imagining so great an honour ever intended for him; or the Scottish nobility, crown officers, and ancient gentry, might be imagined jealous of the unwonted favour shewn to the attorney’s son, the new knight of the new Abbotsford. However it was, the anticipated visit of royalty ended in smoke, and these in the secret, and not to be of the party, laughed maliciously at the ungratefully-requited labourer in the cause of itinerating Majesty. Mr Lockhart, we must conclude, has forgotten this circumstance, that gave colour to those reports of the King’s coldness which he laboriously contradicts. Had the King deigned to come to Castle Street, the honour would have made “eternal blazon” in the annals of Abbotsford and the *Memoirs*; but, as Majesty tipped the cold shoulder, the affair, which accounts for the rumours of the time, is gracefully slurred over. We do not object to this; but why occupy about twenty-eight pages of the *Memoir* with Sir Walter Scott’s connexion with the Royal Visit, and blame “silly and malicious persons” for noticing the coolness of the King, while so decided a mark of estrangement exists, as breaking off an engagement, in con-

sequence of which, a highly-honoured poet had plunged himself into a sea of trouble? In short, Sir Walter was too old for a courtier in actual contact; and it is not in the least to his discredit that George IV. should have felt him a *bore*. Even the sort of influence ascribed to him by Mr Lockhart at this period, paltry as is the ambition which could prize it, has been overrated.

On the day of the King's arrival, Scott's early, and affectionate, and most useful friend and critic, William Erskine, by this time a Scottish Judge, died of a crushed spirit. There can be no doubt that Scott deeply felt the loss of one who had been his friend from boyhood; but his voluntary courtly duties were overwhelming and imperative.

According to Mr Lockhart, Scotland and the world owes, among a hundred of what we consider better things, three blessings and honours to Sir Walter Scott—perhaps we should say four:—*Firstly*, the restoration of the forfeited peerages; *secondly*, the knighthood of Sir Henry Raeburn and Sir Adam Ferguson; *thirdly*, the return of *Mons Meg* to her native country; and, *lastly*, the founding of the Bannatyne Club. We cannot say as to another gentleman, who, by the kindness of friends, was baited with knighthood for a special purpose; but there is no doubt that, whatever was the measure of his success, Sir Walter laboured with love for the accomplishment of all these objects. And the restoration of *Mons Meg* was indeed a national triumph! She ought to be placed near his monument. Pass we to graver matters. “Peveril of the Peak” was coldly received; nor are we surprised—it is of the “Woodstock” family; but “Quentin Durward” deserved, and soon obtained higher fortune.

Mr Lockhart, not contented with claiming for his father-in-law, the mighty fame which he has inherited, and will ever enjoy as a novelist, has asserted, or insinuated, that he might have been the greatest of generals and the ablest of statesmen; not in these degenerate days of Wellington and Peel, but of the times of Cecil or Gondomar. He also enumerates all the honours he received—from Galashiels processions, to Parisian theatres; and, among others, that he was chosen chairman of the Oil-Gas Company. Alas for the dividends of an Oil-Gas Company, having so magnificent and romantic a chairman! The company was of course blown to the wind as soon as the capital subscribed had been wasted; but not without leaving a monument to the magnificent taste, if not to the practical business sagacity of its immortal chief. Upon the banks of the Water of Leith, and near the Canonmills, the traveller towards the sea beholds a desolate and perplexing set of round towers—or what shall they be called?—built, under favour of the Graces, upon the model of the Alhambra, and for the manufacture of oil-gas! The Company, in the maddest period of joint-stock companies, must have been delighted with the novel design of their chairman, whose unfortunate genius for architecture was already beginning to develop

itself at Abbotsford. If Mr Lockhart can find no better foundation upon which to rest his extraordinary opinions of Scott's statesmanship and generalship, and commercial and publishing enterprise, than the management of the *Beacon* affair, the Galashiels and Darnick arming to put down the Radicals, and the oil-gas, and other concerns, he would do wisely, we venture to think, to rest Scott's fame upon its own true, noble, and solid foundation. Why will he provoke remark by absurd laudation, strangely mixed with candid admissions, and thus really lessen the merited and high reputation of the first novelist of his own, or of any age; and, moreover, of “a thorough good fellow” as Moore, when the opportunity was afforded him of joining the universal acclaim of praise, naturally and happily describes a very great author, and an excellent and amiable man; constituted with many of the original elements of moral greatness, but who, knowing the world chiefly in its conventional sections, chose to give up to it more than it can ever repay to any man, and much less to a Scott? To return to the Gas Companies. Some good came out of their Alhambra towers. After standing for years in monumental irony against joint-stock companies and wild speculation, one of the chambers was splendidly rigged out and illuminated, in the autumn of 1835, for the celebration of the O'Connell Festival; when Mr Tait, and a few Edinburgh Radicals, first instigated the Liberator to his British mission.

“To such base uses may we come at last!”

Could Sir Walter have foreseen this, he might have been tempted to wish the Alhambra tower a second Siloam.

Let us return to our duty, deprecating the farther provocations which the narrative may offer to such irrelevant commentaries. To the bustling season of the King's visit, Scott owed the first attack of the illness which ultimately cut him prematurely off. On the 10th November 1832, when instructing Terry, as usual, about his upholstery wants, silken fringes, and antique mirrors and sofas, he adds—

“I have not been very well—a whoreson thickness of blood, and a depression of spirits, arising from the loss of friends, (to whom I am now to add poor Wedderburne,) have annoyed me much; and “Peveril” will, I fear, smell of the apoplexy.”

This letter contains the first allusion to the species of malady that ultimately proved fatal to Sir Walter Scott. He, as far as I know, never mentioned to any one of his family the symptoms which he here speaks of; but, long before any serious apoplectic seizure occurred, it had been suspected by myself, and by others of his friends, that he had sustained slight attacks of that nature, and concealed them.

And he concealed many things, and suffered his over-worked mind to run out more wildly in this and the two following years, than in the heyday of health and solid prosperity. Melancholy and instructive, what a contrast do those letters about the carnival equipments of his castle make with the painful memoranda of Mrs Brown's solitary hard-tasked lodger, only a year or two later!

“The muffled drum is approaching,” says Mr.

Lockhart, in closing the fifth volume. The sixth, however, opens gaily, with the marriage of Lieutenant Scott, the representative of the rising family of Abbotsford, to Miss Jobson, a pretty and amiable young woman, who, if she added few new quarterings to the family-arms, brought a handsome fortune to their support and lustre, and many engaging personal qualities.

The *Founder of a Family*, and consequent admirer of the rights of primogeniture, settled so liberally upon the young couple, that when, in the course of the same year, his affairs became deranged, the reduction of their marriage-settlement, which placed all his heritable property beyond the reach of his creditors, seems at one time, to have been threatened, in order to the sale of the estate of Abbotsford. There can be no doubt whatever, that, on Scott's part, the settlement was made in entire, though unpardonable ignorance of the real state of his affairs, and under the ordinary fallacious calculations and hopes which laid the ground-work of his insolvency. The marriage, enhanced by the lady's "good gifts," appears to have been peculiarly acceptable to Sir Walter, and his first letter to the young wife, who accompanied her husband to Ireland, is not merely kind, but, if we may thus apply the phrase, motherly and considerate. His territorial pride and antiquarian tastes, expand over the lands of this new daughter-in-law, as proudly as on his own Border regions, and as if Lochore, a very recent acquisition, had been her ancestors' for centuries. The "*Yeard-hunger*,"* was still strong in him; and he writes his son:—

"Nicol is certainly going to sell Faldonside. The Nabal asks £40,000—at least £5000 too much. Yet, in the present low rate of money, and general thirst for land, there is no saying but he may get a fool to offer him his price, or near it. I should like to know your views about this matter, as it is more your concern than mine, since you will, I hope, have a much longer date of it. I think I could work it all off during my life, and also improve the estate highly; but then it is always a heavy burden, and I would not like to undertake it, unless I was sure that Jane and you desired such an augmentation of territory. I do not mean to do anything hasty, but, as an opportunity may cast up suddenly, I should like to know your mind."

About this time, after excellent advice bestowed on Terry, and such as would have saved himself, he pledged his credit for this obliging and devoted friend, who was setting up as a theatrical manager, to the extent of £1,200, and had it all to pay; and also, it is stated, £500, for which James Ballantyne had undertaken, though we do not pretend to know how such of Ballantyne's debts as were not contracted by the Printing Company could fall upon Scott. This seems the only pecuniary loss that Scott ever sustained, that was not incurred by his own commercial speculations

* *Yeard-hunger*, the phrase used by Sir Walter to Lord Montague, describing his insatiable craving for more acres. Mr Lockhart, who is not much of a Scott, renders it tamely. The Scottish phrase signifies a Kirk-yard hunger—*Féird-hunger*, i. e., the sudden, consuming desire for food often felt by persons in the very agonies of death.

as a publisher, a printer, an oil-gas share-holder, &c. &c.

About this time, that grand revolution in the book trade, which we find so often attributed to Constable, and in which he certainly made an advancing step, dawned upon the northern wizard. Cheap publication of standard works, in numbers or volumes, had been followed, to a very great extent, prior to this time, but it was only by the more obscure publishers; and now Constable chose to strike in, and, instead of attending "only to the wax-lights as hitherto, resolved to have his hand upon the tallow." The example has been beneficially followed by other publishers, and the secret is now as well understood in the town as in the country, that the grand principle of consumption, as of strength, lies among the masses. Sir Walter approved the bold design of the Crafty, which ended in "Constable's Miscellany," a promising concern, but of very limited prosperity. The cheap reprints of the Waverley Novels, were a happier result of this alleged revolution.

Scott's next production was the "*Tales of the Crusaders*;" and his "*Life of Napoleon*," was projected, which was to make three or four volumes only, and to be published on Constable's new plan. In the meanwhile, in the summer of 1825, he visited his son in Ireland, and made a tour of that country, where he was for some days the guest of the Edgeworth family. So enthusiastically was Scott received in Dublin and Cork, that he justly describes the whole Irish journey, as "an ovation." No one was inhospitable, save a Catholic gentleman at Killarney, named O'Connell, and who, we suspect, "if not Bran, is Bran's brother." He imagined Sir Walter an enemy to the Catholic claims, which, in a certain sense, he was not, but also a Tory, which he was, even to the folly of pitiful partisanship. Mr Lockhart ascribes to him the holding one opinion of which, we hope, he was incapable, as it is equally discreditable to his understanding and his heart:—

He on all occasions expressed manfully his belief, that the best thing for Ireland would have been never to relax the strictly political enactments of the penal laws, however harsh these might appear. Had they been kept in vigour for another half century, it was his conviction that Popery would have been all but extinguished in Ireland. But he thought that, after admitting Romanists to the elective franchise, it was a vain notion that they could be permanently or advantageously debarred from using that franchise in favour of those of their own persuasion.

Mr Lockhart draws largely upon his own recollections and correspondence in writing the narrative of the Irish tour. It is unfortunate that he considers it necessary that a biography should partake of the nature of a jest-book—that, having been bit with the love of telling "good stories" in the easy, jocular, Scottish style of Sir Walter, his natural humour should be as dry as "the remainder biscuit after a voyage." His real Glasgow baillie is anything but a Nicol Jarvie; and his Protestant Squireen scarcely a picture of *de Morgan*. Of the Catholic question, Scott, before he had ever seen Ireland, says to his son—

"I hope, though I doubt it a little, that Ireland will

be the quieter, and the people more happy. I suspect, however, that it is laying a plaster to the foot while the head aches, and that the *fault is in the landlords' extreme exactions*, not in the disabilities of the Catholics, or any more remote cause."

No one will question the truth of much of this, though we believe that Mr O'Connell, in now opposing poor-laws for Ireland, affirms that the evils of his native country are wholly political. In a letter to Mr Morrit, written from Edgeworth's Town, Scott avers that—

"In sober sadness, to talk of the misery of Ireland at this time, is to speak of the illness of a *malade imaginaire*. Well she is not, but she is rapidly becoming so. There are all the outward and visible tokens of convalescence. Everything is mending; the houses that arise are better a hundred-fold than the cabins which are falling; the peasants of the younger class are dressed a great deal better than with the rags which clothe the persons of the more ancient Teagues, which realize the wardrobe of Jenny Sutton, of whom Morris sweetly sings—

'One single pin at night let loose
The robes which veiled her beauty.'

I am sure I have seen, with apprehension, a single button perform the same feat, and when this mad scare-crow hath girded up his loins to run hastily by the side of the chaise, I have feared it would give way, and that there, as King Lear's fool says, we should be all shamed. But this, which seems once to have generally been the attire of the fair of the Green Isle, probably since the time of King Malachi and the collar of gold, is now fast disappearing, and the habit of the more youthful Pats and Patesses is decent and comely. Here they all look well coloured, and well fed, and well contented. And as I see in most places great exertions making to reclaim bogs upon a large scale, and generally to improve ground, I must needs hold that they are in constant employment.

"With all this there is much that remains to be amended, and which time and increase of capital only can amend. The price of labour is far too low, and this naturally reduces the labouring poor beyond their just level in society. The behaviour of the gentry in general to the labourers is systematically harsh, and this arrogance is received with a servile deference which argues anything excepting affection. This, however, is also in the course of amending. I have heard a great deal of the far-famed Catholic Question from both sides, and I think I see its bearings better than I did; but these are for your ear when we meet."

In another letter, he remarks to the same gentleman:—

"The Protestants of the old school, the determined Orangemen, are a very fine race, but dangerous to the quiet of a country; they reminded me of the Spaniard in Mexico, and seemed still to walk among the Catholics with all the pride of the conquerors of the Boyne and the captors of Limerick. Their own belief is completely fixed, that there are enough of men in Down and Antrim to conquer all Ireland again; and when one considers the habitual authority they have exercised, their energetic and military character, and the singular way in which they are banded and united together, they may be right enough for what I know, for they have all one mind, and one way of pursuing it."

Mr Lockhart has omitted to publish a very liberal and enlightened letter from Sir Walter to Mr Laidlaw upon the state of Ireland, written upon that tour, which appeared some years ago in the newspapers; but he has made ample atonement in his own remarks:—

But, ever and anon, as we moved deeper into the country, there was a melancholy in his countenance, and, despite himself, in the tone of his voice, which I for one could not mistake. The constant passings and repassings of bands of mounted policemen, armed to the teeth, and having quite the air of highly disciplined soldiers on

sharp service; the wretched squalid poverty that crawled by every wayside, and blocked up every village where we had to change horses, with exhibitions of human suffering and degradation, such as it had never entered into our heads to conceive; and, above all, the contrast between these naked clamorous beggars, who seemed to spring out of the ground at every turn, like swarms of vermin, and the boundless luxury and merriment surrounding the thinly scattered magnates who condescended to inhabit their ancestral seats, would have been sufficient to poison those landscapes, had Nature dressed them out in the verdure of Arcadia, and art embellished them with all the temples and palaces of Old Rome and Athens. It is painful enough even to remember such things; but twelve years can have made but a trifling change in the appearance of a country which, so richly endowed by Providence with every element of wealth and happiness, could, at so advanced a period of European civilisation, sicken the heart of the stranger by such wide-spread manifestations of the wanton and reckless prodigality of human mismanagement, the withering curse of feuds and factions, and the tyrannous selfishness of absenteeism; and I fear it is not likely that any contemporary critic will venture to call my melancholy picture overcharged. A few blessed exceptions—such an aspect of ease and decency, for example, as we met everywhere on the vast domain of the Duke of Devonshire—served only to make the sad reality of the rule more flagrant and appalling.

Thank you for this, Mr Lockhart! Von Raumer has not said it better; save, indeed, about "the vast domain of the Duke of Devonshire," with which you are but partially acquainted. One curse of this confiscated country is those vast English ducal and lordly domains being there at all.

Sir Walter kissed the *Blarney Stone*, and returned by the usual route to the English Lakes, waylaid by the celebrated Ladies of Llangollen, as famous in their day as lionesses, as ever was the Great Unknown as a tamed lord of the forest, though lionism itself could not make him ridiculous. Their establishment, their ways, and harmless absurdities, are freely caricatured by their satirical voluntary guest, Mr Lockhart, in a style which *The Quarterly Review* would rebuke in Willis or Cooper—but with little injury now, we dare say, to any human feeling:—

"Imagine two women, one apparently seventy, the other sixty-five, dressed in heavy blue riding habits, enormous shoes and men's hats, with their petticoats so tucked up that, at the first glance of them, fussing and tottering about their porch in the agony of expectation, we took them for a couple of hazy or crazy old sailors. On nearer inspection, they both wear a world of brooches, rings, &c., and Lady Eleanor positively orders—several stars, and crosses, and a red ribbon, exactly like a K.C.B. To crown all, they have crop heads, shaggy, rough, bushy, and as white as snow, the one with age alone, the other assisted by a sprinkling of powder. The elder lady is almost blind, and every way much decayed; the other, the *ci-devant* groom, in good preservation. But who could paint the priates, the dogs, the cats, the miniatures, the cram of cabinets, clocks, glass-cases, books, bijouterie, dragon-chins, nodding mandarins, and whirligigs of every shape and hue—the whole house outside and in (for we must see everything, to the dressing closets) covered with carved oak, very rich and fine some of it—and the illustrated copies of Sir W.'s poems, and the joking, simpering compliments about "Waverley," and the anxiety to know who MacIvor really was, and the absolute devouring of the poor Unknown, who had to carry off, besides all the rest, one small bit of literal butter dug up in a Miledian stone jar lately from the bottom of some Irish bog. Great romance—in absurd innocence of character—one must have looked for; but it was confounding to find this

mixed up with such eager curiosity, and enormous knowledge of the tattle and scandal of the world they had so long left. Their tables were piled with newspapers from every corner of the kingdom, and they seemed to have the deaths and marriages of the antipodes at their fingers' ends. Their albums and autographs, from Louis XVIII. and George IV., down to magazine-poets and quack-doctors, are a museum. I shall never see the spirit of blue-stockingism again in such perfect incarnation. Peveril won't get over their final kissing-match for a week."

Sir Walter joined Mr Canning, Wordsworth, and Southey, for a few days at the seat of Mr Bolton, on the banks of Windermere. It was at that time that this fastidious 'statesman and courtly wit found Peveril's homely Scottish anecdotes, stories, and pithy illustrations, "vulgar twaddle," if we may believe contemporary report. There can be little doubt that they were *caviare* to himself. This illustrious meeting, and the good things which dropped at a Feast of the Poets, are passed in terms of general but high laudation. In the course of this autumn, Mr Moore, and, afterwards, the magnificent Mrs Coutts, visited Abbotsford. In Moore, Scott met a congenial spirit. The morning after his arrival, he laid his hand upon the breast of his brother bard, with a cordial earnestness, saying, "*Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life.*" There is nothing else remarkable in the account of this visit; for Mr Moore's journal is not half so laudatory as those of other visitors. They walked together, saw the usual sights of the place, and talked sensibly, rather than poetically, of poetry and Byron. The story at page 94 looks exceedingly like a piece of mystification, of which Scott was not incapable in grave moods, as well as in gayer humours. In short, his imagination struck out a pathetic scene, and he became, for the moment, the ideal actor in it. No one can be at a loss to make out the lady, as Scotland had but one in the unhappy circumstances described, nor yet the persons referred to in the journal, such as T. S., whom all the world that care a rush about the matter can read as plainly as if the name were given at full length, while no one else would be a bit wiser or more interested if it were so. These initial, petty mysteries, and small affectations of delicacy, ought to be whipped by the stern *Quarterly* critics.

Shortly after Moore's departure, arrived Mrs Coutts, with her *tail*, borne in three of her seven travelling carriages; a *tail*, ducal, professional, and *toadying*. Since Scott had invited this *grande dame* to his chateau, it was but right and due to himself to treat her as a gentleman ought to treat his invited guests. He, accordingly, rebuked the aristocratic insolence of some nameless "lovely marchioness," also his guest, and secured fitting observance for the lady of millions from the insolent *exclusives*. Mr Lockhart makes an elaborate apology for Scott's alleged worship of wealth, as well as of the finer essence of rank, which at all times intoxicated him; but in this place it would be superfluous, if it could once be established that "he had a kindness towards Mrs Coutts, because he knew that, vain and

pompous as her displays of equipage and attendance might be, she mainly valued wealth, like himself, as the instrument of doing good." Mr Lockhart goes rather far, and would, perhaps, have done wisely to have dropped the matter, when he avers, that the narrative and correspondence, subsequent to the autobiography, "must have satisfied every candid reader that his (Scott's) appetite for wealth was, after all, essentially a vivid yearning for the means of large beneficence." Now, though not pleading guilty to the charge of being *uncandid readers*, we fear the immense majority of all reflecting readers must be forced, by these Memoirs, upon a very different conclusion. In the latter part of his life, the feelings of an essentially honourable and proud mind led Scott to make every exertion to discharge claims in which the love of acquiring money—not altogether, nor in any considerable degree, for the purposes of "a large beneficence"—had involved him. Scott himself never affected this character; and surely such invitations as those to Mrs Coutts and her train, may scarcely be included in acts of beneficence. His fault was falling in with the spirit of the age, when he ought to have opposed or soared far above it—that base spirit, rapacious on the one side to the verge of commercial treachery, and, upon the other, ostentatiously profuse beyond the boundary of pardonable folly.

To waive these melancholy topics, and make all the good we can of Mrs Coutts, here is a shrewd entry from Scott's journal, when the lady, some time later in the season, was elevating and surprising the worthy citizens of Edinburgh, upon her return from her northern progress:—

"Mrs Coutts, with the Duke of St Albans and Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, called to take leave of us. When at Abbotsford, his suit threw but coldly. She made me, I believe, her confidant in sincerity. She had refused him twice, and decidedly; he was merely on the footing of friendship. I urged it was akin to love. She allowed she might marry the Duke; only she had at present not the least intention that way. Is this frank admission more favourable for the Duke than an absolute protestation against the possibility of such a marriage? I think not. It is the fashion to attend Mrs Coutts' parties, and to abuse her. I have always found her a kind, friendly woman, without either affectation or insolence in the display of her wealth; most willing to do good, if the means be shewn to her. She can be very entertaining, too, as she speaks without scruple of her stage life. So much wealth can hardly be enjoyed without some ostentation. But what then? If the Duke marries her, he ensures an immense fortune; if she marries him, she has the first rank. If he marries a woman older than himself by twenty years, she marries a man younger in wit by twenty degrees. I do not think he will dilapidate her fortune—he seems good and gentle. I do not think that she will abuse his softness—of disposition, shall I say, or of head? The disparity of ages concerns no one but themselves; so they have my consent to marry, if they can get each other's. Just as this is written, enter my Lord of St Albans and Lady Charlotte, to beg I would recommend a book of sermons to Mrs Coutts. Much obliged for her good opinion; recommended Logan's—one poet should always speak for another. The mission, I suppose, was a little display on the part of good Mrs Coutts of authority over her high, aristocratic suitor. I did not suspect her of turning *devoes*, and retract my consent as given above, unless she remains 'burly, briak, and jolly.' Dined quiet with wife and daughter."

* Peveril was Scott's sobriquet in his own family.

There was some good in Mrs. Coutts' favour. We find her procuring a cadetship for a son of Scott's friend, Sheriff Shortreed. That incarnation of the mildest spirit of Mammon, the future Duchess, had been the ominous harbinger of *commercial distress* at Abbotsford. It travelled immediately in her train, and was first announced there by Mr Lockhart, though no man can say exactly what Scott himself knew or surmised at this or any other period, or how far he was the dupe of his own credulity. Though five years his son-in-law and constant neighbour, Lockhart had never surmised the nature of the connexion between Scott, Ballantyne, and Constable.

Mr Lockhart, who was at this time negotiating about the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, had just returned from London, where he had heard mysterious and unpleasant hints about a commercial crisis and a panic; but especially of the precarious or tottering condition of some persons in the trade; and, among others, the agents of Constable's house. Next, the credit of the Czar himself came in question; a man who, it was known to some of the trade, had been wading and struggling in the quagmires of fictitious credit for ten, or, as probably, twenty years, and who still gave extravagant prices to the Author of *Waverley*. This was written to Scott, in confidence, by Lockhart; and his reply was, that his friend in Edinburgh was "rooted and branched like an oak." Mr Lockhart, after his return, received farther intelligence affecting Constable's credit; and, alarmed for the copy-money of Sir Walter's last novel—for he suspected no greater risk—he went from his cottage to Abbotsford.

I found Sir Walter alone over his glass of whisky-and-water and cigar—at this time, whenever there was no company, "his custom always in the afternoon." I gave him Mr Wright's letter to read. He did so; and, returning it, said, quite with his usual, tranquil, good-humour of look and voice, "I am much obliged to you for coming over; but, you may rely upon it, Wright has been hoaxed. I promise you, were the Crafts' book thrown up, there would be a pretty decent scramble among the bankers for the keeping of it. There may have been some little dispute or misunderstanding, which malice and envy have exaggerated in this absurd style; but I shan't allow such nonsense to disturb my *siesta*. . . . The Crafts and James Ballantyne have been so much connected in business, that Fatman would be sure to hear of anything so important; and I like the notion of his hearing it, and not sending me one of his malagrous *billets-doux*. He could as soon keep his eyebrows in their place if you told him there was a fire in his nursery."

"Seeing how coolly he treated my news, I went home, relieved and gratified. Next morning, as I was rising, behold Peter Mathieson at my door, his horses evidently off a journey, and the Sheriff rubbing his eyes as if the halt had shaken him out of a sound sleep. I made what haste I could to descend, and found him by the side of the brook, looking somewhat worn, but with a serene and satisfied countenance, busied already in helping his little grandson to feed a fleet of ducklings. "You are surprised," he said, "to see me here. The truth is, I was more taken aback with Wright's epistle than I cared to let on; and so, as soon as you left me, I ordered the carriages to the door, and never stopped till I got to Polton, where I found Constable putting on his nightcap. I staid an hour with him, and I have now the pleasure to tell you that *all is right*. There was not a word of truth in the story. He is *not* as Ben Lomond."

The night journey revealed serious alarm. My wife suggested, as we talked things over, that this alarm had been, not on his own account, but Ballantyne's, who, in case evil came on the great employer of his types, might possibly lose a year's profit on them, which neither she nor I doubted must amount to a large sum—any more than that a misfortune of Ballantyne's would grieve her father as much as one personal to himself. His warm regard for his printer could be no secret; we well knew that James was his confidential critic—his trusted and trustworthy friend from boyhood. Nor was I ignorant that Scott had a share in the property of Ballantyne's *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*. . . . That Sir Walter was, and had all along been, James' partner in the great printing concern, neither I, nor, I believe, any member of his family, had entertained the slightest suspicion, prior to the coming calamities which were now "casting their shadows before."

It was exactly at this time that Sir Walter, who must have been troubled with many things, found the safety-valve of the *Gurnal*—the safe bosom-confidant, which he anticipated might one day be found in his repositories, yet to which he did not give his entire mind.

We have spoken of this *Diary* elsewhere. The first entries are reminiscences and anecdotes of the Irish tour, and portraits of friends. The rapid gradations of his ruin follow hard upon these. But first let us notice, that Mr Lockhart, having been forced on making a sort of *amende honorable* to the memory of James Ballantyne, as to one from "first to last a perfectly upright man, with principles of a lofty stamp, and feelings pure, even to simplicity," sets himself to prove that the man who had created and superintended the greatest and most profitable printing trade that ever existed in Scotland, was a very bad man of business: "the most negligent, and inefficient of master printers;" busy, indeed, "though naturally indolent," but altogether mis-employed.

He was busy, indeed; and inestimably serviceable to Scott was his labour; but it consisted simply and solely in the correction and revival of proof-sheets. It is most true, that Sir Walter's hurried and careless method of composition, rendered it absolutely necessary that whatever he wrote should be subjected to far more than the usual amount of inspection required at the hands of the printer; and it is equally so, that it would have been extremely difficult to find another man willing and able to bestow such time and care on his proof-sheets as they uniformly received from James. But this was, in fact, not the proper occupation of the man who was at the head of the establishment—who had undertaken the pecuniary management of the concern. . . . Whoever visited him there, found him at the same eternal business, that of a literator, not that of a printer. He was either editing his newspaper—and he considered that matter as fondly and proudly as Mr Pott in "*Plekwick*" does his *Gazette of Etnaswill*—or correcting proof-sheets, or writing critical notes and letters to the Author of *Waverley*.

The business was not profitable. It ought to have yielded an income of from £2000 to £3000 a year, Mr Lockhart asserts; but what it did yield before the bankruptcy, he does not state, while he insinuates that it was less than nothing. After that, in years not good, it cleared in profit £1500 a-year; with, if we are not misinformed, the handsome salary of £800 a-year, allowed by the trustees to the individual whom Mr Lockhart considers so incapable of the duties

of superintending a business which he had created and which he conducted, with the approbation of the said trustees, to the day of his death.

The printing business of Scott & Company must have been always profitable; the bookselling and publishing business, while it lasted, always bad; and for this good reason, that a very great author may be an exceedingly bad and injudicious publisher. The embarrassments of the bookselling concern, and the capital improperly withdrawn from trade to be sunk in land, gave rise to the fatal system of accommodation bills, by which James Ballantyne was as much a sufferer as Sir Walter Scott; with this difference, that the one was the self-seeking, and the other the involuntary victim of foolish speculation and blind avidity.

Constable, shorn of his lustre, follows James Ballantyne on Mr Lockhart's canvass, and he is willing to give the Crafty credit for kindly feelings in his desire to support the credit of John Ballantyne in 1812, from which time the Ballantyne firm became the bond-slave to the wheels of his car, whatever precipices lay under its mad course. He says—

He, (Constable,) with pitiable foibles enough, and grievous faults, and I fear even some black stains of vice in his character, was a man of warm, and therefore I hardly doubt, of sympathizing temperament. Vain to excess, proud at the same time, haughty, arrogant, presumptuous, despotic—he had still perhaps a heart. Persons who knew him longer and better than I did, assure me of their conviction that, in spite of many direct professional hindrances and thwartings, the offspring (as I have viewed matters) partly of Tory jealousy, and partly of poetical caprice—he had, even at an early period of his life, formed a genuine affection for Scott's person, as well as a most profound veneration for his genius. I think it very possible that he began his assistance of the Ballantyne companies mainly under this generous influence—and I also believe that he had, in different ways, a friendly leaning in favour of both James and John themselves. But when he, in his overweening self-sufficiency, thought it involved no mighty hazard to indulge his better feelings, as well as his lordly vanity, in shielding these friends from commercial dishonour, he had estimated but loosely the demands of the career of speculation on which he was himself entering. And by and by, when, advancing by one mighty plunge after another in that vast field, he felt in his own person the threatenings of more signal ruin than could have befallen them, this “Napoleon of the press”—still as of old buoyed up as to the ultimate result of his grand operations, by the most fulsome flatteries of imagination—appears to have tossed aside very summarily all scruples about the extent to which he might be entitled to tax their sustaining credit in requital. The Ballantynes, if they had comprehended all the bearings of the case, were not the men to consider grudgingly demands of this nature, founded on service so important; and who can doubt that Scott viewed them from a chivalrous altitude?

The “chivalrous altitude” from which Scott viewed matters of profit and commerce, may well tempt a smile from those who have read his bargaining letters. Has Mr Lockhart ever read his own book since it was printed? Scott's neglect of these affairs has always appeared to his biographer “the enigma of his personal history;” especially as he prided himself on his acumen in much smaller concerns of profit and loss. We could help Mr Lockhart to a solution of the enigma. Scott, as is a quite common case, was

hoodwinked by the immense nominal sums he was receiving from Constable, and must have had a latent suspicion of the fallacious system by which he reaped an excessive immediate profit. How much of all that Scott ever paid from his own funds to the joint creditors, ought he in justice to have given back in restitution of the sums obtained from the vanity, the delusion, the rashness, and absolute madness of Constable—for the waste stock, and the losing volumes, and all the other bad speculations? In a conversation with Captain Basil Hall, one day, Scott said that the author's share of a book ought to be one sixth of the retail price. Apply this text to his transactions with Constable, and let Cocker determine how much more or less Scott had obtained than any fair publishers could honestly have afforded.

In brief, the wrong which Scott and Constable did each other, was a mutual wrong. Each was alike willing to be flatteringly deceived, and Scott, in the first instance, had the pecuniary advantage, and used it.

Though completely negligent, it is insinuated, of his affairs, “as a printer in the Canongate,” he visited the office every forenoon on leaving the court. But did he ever examine the ledger?

I certainly much question it. I think it very likely that he now and then cast a rapid glance over the details of a week's or a month's operations; but no man who has followed him throughout can dream that he ever grappled with the sum total.

The reason was obvious; yet the books, for all this, might have been examined, and probably were so, but the concern was working smoothly in the meanwhile, and he might work himself clear before the evil day came upon Constable. We must quote this mouthful of moralizing:—

How shrewdly Scott lectures Terry in May 1835:—“The best business is ruined when it becomes pinched for money, and gets into the circle of discounting bills.” “It is easy to make it feasible on paper, but the times of payment arrive to a certainty.” “I should not like to see you take flight like the ingenious mechanist in Rasselas, only to flutter a few yards, and fall into the lake; this would be a heart-breaking business.” “You must be careful that a check shall not throw you on the breakers, and for this there is no remedy but a handsome provision of the blunt,” &c. &c. Who can read these words—and consider that, at the very hour when they fell from Scott's pen, he was meditating a new purchase of land to the extent of £40,000—and that nevertheless the “certainty of the arrival of times of payment for discounted bills” was within a few months of being realized to his own ruin—who can read such words, under such a date, and not sigh the only comment, *sic vos non vobis*?

Constable, Mr Lockhart is innocent enough to suppose, might have weathered the storm, had not the house of Hurst, Robinson, & Co. played the same game of bills and counter-bills back upon him, which he was doing upon the Canongate Company.

Mr Lockhart winds up this knotty part of his subject, which he would have done wisely to let alone, by concluding, that no man could have lived so long in the world of imagination—“in Fairyland,”—and have preserved his worldly faculties acute and entire; as if Sir Walter Scott had been some dreamer and visionary, whose fancy was wandering in the clouds, while

every worldling jostled, duped, and robbed him. From all this we turn for relief and enjoyment to the "Gurnal." This of music:—

"My little *nicoes* (*ex officio*) gave us some pretty music. I do not know and cannot utter a note of music; and complicated harmonies seem to me a babble of confused though pleasing sounds. Yet simple melodies, especially if connected with words and ideas, have as much effect on me as on most people. But then I hate to hear a young person sing without feeling and expression suited to the song. I cannot bear a voice that has no more life in it than a piano-forte or a bugle-horn. There is about all the fine arts a something of soul and spirit, which, like the vital principle in man, defies the research of the most critical anatomist. You feel where it is not, yet you cannot describe what it is you want. Sir Joshua, or some other great painter, was looking at a picture on which much pains had been bestowed: 'Why, yes,' he said, in a hesitating manner, 'it is very clever—very well done—can't find fault; but it wants something; it wants—it wants—d—n me—it wants THAT'—throwing his hand over his head, and snapping his fingers. Tom Moore's is the most exquisite warbling I ever heard. Next to him, David Macculloch for Scotch songs. The last, when a boy at Dumfries, was much admired by Burns, who used to get him to try over the words which he composed to new melodies."

Of all music, he seemed most to have enjoyed Mrs Lockhart's Scottish songs; they were either his own compositions, or the ballads of his youth, and of his beloved country; and moreover—and the reason is natural and excellent—

"This is my eldest daughter."

Here is Moore, and we shall follow him with another of Scott's contemporary portraits:—

"November 22.—Moore.—There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man. Less, I think, than Lewis, and somewhat like him in person; God knows, not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. Now, Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it.

"I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his Journal, of Moore and myself, in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore, a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat—with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward, than to maintain our dignity as Lions."

"Which enables us the better to keep our places as Lions," he might have added. Next he writes of Byron:—

"On comparing notes with Moore, I was confirmed in one or two points which I had always laid down in considering poor Byron. One was, that, like Rousseau, he was apt to be very suspicious, and a plain downright steadiness of manner was the true mode to maintain his good opinion. Will Rose told me that once, while sitting with Byron, he fixed insensibly his eyes on his feet, one of which, it must be remembered, was deformed. Looking up suddenly, he saw Byron regarding him with a look of concentrated and deep displeasure, which wore off when he observed no consciousness or embarrassment in the countenance of Rose. Murray afterwards explained this, by telling Rose that Lord Byron was very

jealous of having this personal imperfection noticed or attended to. In another point, Moore confirmed my previous opinion, namely, that Byron loved mischief-making. Moore had written to him, cautioning him against the project of establishing the paper called *The Liberal*, in communion with men on whom he said the world had set its mark. Byron shewed this to the parson. Shelley wrote a modest and rather affecting expostulation to Moore. These two peculiarities of extreme suspicion and love of mischief are both shades of the malady which certainly fractured some part of the character of this mighty genius; and, without some tendency towards which, genius perhaps cannot exist to great extent. The wheels of a machine, to play rapidly, must not fit with the utmost exactness, else the attrition diminishes the impetus.

"Another of Byron's peculiarities was the love of mystifying, which, indeed, may be referred to that of mischief. There was no knowing how much or how little to believe of his narratives. Instance:—William Bankes, expostulating with him upon a dedication which he had written in extravagant terms of praise to Cam Hobhouse, Byron told him that Cam had bored him about this dedication till he had said, 'Well, it shall be so, provided you will write it yourself;' and affirmed that Hobhouse did write the high-coloured dedication accordingly. I mentioned this to Murray, having the report from Will Rose, to whom Bankes had mentioned it. Murray, in reply, assured me that the dedication was written by Lord Byron himself, and shewed it me in his own hand. I wrote to Rose to mention the thing to Bankes, as it might have made mischief had the story got into the circle. Byron was disposed to think all men of imagination were addicted to mix fiction (or poetry) in their prose. He used to say he dared believe the celebrated courtesan of Venice, about whom Rousseau makes so piquante a story, was, if one could see her, a druggle-tailed wench enough. I believe that he embellished his own amours considerably, and that he was, in many respects, *le faufarou de vices qu'il n'avait pas*. He loved to be thought woful, mysterious, and gloomy, and sometimes hinted at strange causes. I believe the whole to have been the creation and sport of a wild and powerful fancy. In the same manner he crammed people, as it is termed, about duels and the like, which never existed, or were much exaggerated.

"What I liked about Byron, besides his boundless genius, was his generosity of spirit as well as purse, and his utter contempt of all the affectations of literature.

Talking of Abbotsford, it begins to be haunted by too much company of every kind, but especially foreigners. I do not like them. I hate fine waistcoats, and breastpins upon dirty shirts. I detest the impudence that pays a stranger compliments, and harangues about an author's works in his own house, which is surely ill-breeding."

There is more truth in this than in all Sir Walter's other Byronic estimates put together—and what a character! Suspicious, malicious, and capable of being a liar and a braggart! What a concentration of rascally qualities in one Peer! His contempt of "the affectations of literature," was merely contempt of such affectations as he did not adopt himself. His "generosity of purse" consisted in a few ostentatious, and it may be also in a few real charities; while his high spirit permitted him to spend abroad upon his pleasures the income obtained through the wife whom he libelled and maligned. Coming himself, by a succession of fortunate deaths, into the estate of the ancestors of whom he was so vain, his generosity of spirit permitted him to deprive the next heir—the next of the blood of the Byrons—of every inch of the ancestral inheritance.

Let us turn to something better. Scott saw a

Lord Byron, and he might have seen him earlier in the true light which broke on him at last.

On the 22d of November, and some weeks after the midnight journey to Constable, we find him gently letting his fears ebb out :—

"Here is matter for a May morning, but much fitter for a November one. The general distress in the city has affected H. and R., Constable's great agents. Should they go, it is not likely that Constable can stand, and such an event would lead to great distress and perplexity on the part of J. B. and myself. Thank God, I have enough to pay more than 20s. in the pound, taking matters at the very worst.

"I here register my purpose to practise economy. I have little temptation to do otherwise. Abbotsford is all that I can make it, and too large for the property ; so I resolve—

"No more building ;

"No purchases of land, *till times are quite safe* ;

"No buying books or expensive trifles.—*I mean to any extent* ;—and

"Clearing off encumbrances, with the returns of this year's labour ;

"Which resolutions, with my health and my habits of industry, will make me 'sleep in spite of thunder.'

"After all, it is hard that the vagabond stock-jobbing Jews should, for their own purposes, make such a shake of credit as now exists in London, and menace the credit of men trading on sure funds like Hurst & Robinson.

"Dined quiet with Lady S—— and Anne. Anne is practising Scots songs, which I take as a kind compliment to my own taste, as here leads her chiefly to foreign music. I think the good girl sees that I want and must value her sister's peculiar talent in singing the airs of our native country, which, imperfect as my musical ear is, make, and always have made the most pleasing impression on me. And so, if she puts a constraint on herself for my sake, I can only say, in requital, God bless her ! I have much to comfort me in the present aspect of my family.

"December 12.—Dined at home, and spent the evening in writing—Anne and Lady Scott at the theatre, to see Mathews—a very clever man my friend Mathews ; but it is tiresome to be funny for a whole evening, so I was content and stupid at home."

The catastrophe was rapidly approaching ; but we have previously noticed Scott's painful forebodings, and many touches of true *unmediated* pathos. Sometimes a favourable letter from London raised his hopes ; thus :—

"December 19.—Ballantyne here before breakfast. He looks on last night's news with confidence. Constable came in and sat an hour. The old gentleman is firm as a rock. He talks of going to London next week. But I must go to work."

He was then hard at "Woodstock." On this visit to London, Mr Lockhart saw the Czar. The meeting is characteristic :—

Having deferred his journey imprudently, he had performed it very rapidly ; and this exertion, with mental excitement, had brought on a sharp access of gout, which confined him for a couple of days to his hotel in the Adelphi—*reluctantem draconem*. A more impatient spirit never boiled in a feverish frame. It was then that I for the first time, saw full swing given to the tyrannical temper of the Czar. He looked, spoke, and gesticulated like some heavy despot, accustomed to nothing but the complete indulgence of every wish and whim, against whose sovereign authority his most trusted satraps and tributaries had suddenly revolted—open rebellion in twenty provinces—confusion in the capital—treason in the palace. I will not repeat his haughty ravings of scorn and wrath. I listened to these with wonder and commiseration ; nor were such feelings mitigated when, having exhausted his violence of vituperation against many persons of whom I had never before heard him speak but as able and useful friends, he cooled down sufficiently to answer my

question as to the practical business on which the announcing his arrival in town had signified his urgent desire to take my advice. Constable told me that he had already seen one of the Hurst & Robinson firm, and that the storm which had seemed to be "blown over" had, he was satisfied, only been lulled for a moment to burst out with redoubled fury. If they went, however, he must follow. He had determined to support them through the coming gale as he had done through the last ; and he had the means to do so effectually, provided Sir Walter Scott would stand by him heartily and boldly. The first and most obvious step was to make large sales of copyrights ; and it was not surprising that Constable should have formed most extravagant notions of the marketable value of the property of this nature in his possession.

The copyrights were not so marketable as Constable had imagined, and,

To be brief, he requested me to accompany him, as soon as he could get into his carriage, to the Bank of England, and support him (as a confidential friend of the *Author of Waverley*) in his application for a loan of from L.100,000 or L.200,000 on the security of the copyrights in his possession. It is needless to say that, without distinct instructions from Sir Walter, I could not take it upon me to interfere in such a business as this. Constable, when I refused, became livid with rage. After a long silence, he stamped on the ground, and swore that he could and would do alone. I left him in stern indignation. There was another scene of the same kind a day or two afterwards, when his object was to get me to back his application to Sir Walter to borrow L.20,000 in Edinburgh, and transmit it to him in London. I promised nothing but to acquaint Scott immediately with his request, and him with Scott's answer.

Against this, Scott was warned by Constable's partner, Mr Cadell, to whom he felt grateful for the friendly advice. "Constable lingered on, fluctuating between wild hope and savage despair, until, I seriously believe, he at last hovered on the brink of insanity. When he returned to Edinburgh, it was to confront creditors whom he knew he could not pay."

We recommend those who admire the Scottish system of banking to read the following extract from the memoranda written by James Ballantyne on his death-bed, for the use of the compiler of these memoirs, and which their author justly extols for candour :—

"I need not here enlarge upon the unfortunate facility which, at the period of universal confidence and indulgence, our and other houses received from the banks. Suffice it to say, that all our appearances of prosperity, as well as those of Constable, and Hurst & Robinson, were merely shadows, and that, from the moment the bankers exhibited symptoms of doubt, it might have been easy to discover what must be the ultimate result. During weeks, and even months, however, our house was kept in a state of very painful suspense."

Scott spent the Christmas vacation of the Court, as usual, at Abbotsford, and in very indifferent spirits. As he returned, the crash came :—

"January 17.—James Ballantyne this morning, good honest fellow, with a visage as black as the crook. He hopes no salvation ; has indeed taken measures to stop. It is hard, after having fought such a battle. Have apologized for not attending the Royal Society Club, who have a *gaudemus* on this day, and seemed to count much on my being the presser. My old acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Clerk, sister of Wilkie, died suddenly. I cannot choose but wish it had been Sir W. S., and yet the feeling is unmanly. I have Anne, my wife, and Charter to look after. I felt rather smacking as I came home from the Parliament-House—felt as if I were like *monstrum digitum* in no very pleasant way.

"January 18.—During yesterday I received formal

visits from my friends Skene and Colin Mackenzie, (who, I am glad to see, looks well,) with every offer of service. The Royal Bank also sent Sir John Hope and Sir Henry Jardine, to offer to comply with my wishes. The Advocate came on the same errand. But I gave all the same answer—that my intention was to put the whole into the hands of a trustee, and to be contented with the event, and that all I had to ask was time to do so, and to extricate my affairs. I was assured of every accommodation in this way. From all quarters I have had the same kindness.—Letters from Constable and Robinson have arrived. The last persist in saying they will pay all and everybody. They say, moreover, in a postscript, that, had Constable been in town ten days sooner, all would have been well. I feel quite composed and determined to labour. There is no remedy. I *guess* (as Mathews makes his Yankees say) that we shall not be troubled with visitors, and I *calculate* that I will not go out at all; so what can I do better than labour? Even yesterday I went about making notes on “Waverley,” according to Constable’s plan. It will do good one day. To-day, when I lock this volume, I go to “Woodstock.” Heigho! A painful scene after dinner, and another after supper, endeavouring to convince these poor dear creatures that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labour.

“January 20.—Indifferent night—very bilious, which may be want of exercise. *Maïs, pourtant, cultivatez notre jardin.* The public favour is my only lottery. I have long enjoyed the foremost prize, and something in my breast tells me my evil genius will not overwhelm me if I stand by myself. Why should I not? I have no enemies—many attached friends. The popular ascendancy which I have maintained is of the kind which is rather improved by frequent appearances. In fact, critics may say what they will, but “*hain your reputation, and tyme your reputation,*” is a true proverb.

“Sir William Forbes called, the same kind, honest friend as ever, with all offers of assistance, &c. &c. &c. All anxious to serve me, and careless about their own risk of loss. And these are the cold, hard, money-making men whose questions and control I apprehend! Lord Chief Commissioner Adam also came to see me, and the meeting, though pleasing, was melancholy.”

Those were soothing and grateful visits; but where many thousands pounds are concerned, condolences do not amount to much, and Scott appears to have soon got impatient and restive under commiseration. Next day he writes:—

“Poor Mr Pole, the harper, sent to offer me £500 or £600, probably his all. There is much good in the world after all. But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it—else will I be *done* in the slang language, and *undone* in common parlance. I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, excepting Lady S., young and able to bear sorrow, of which this is the first taste to some of them, most of the hearts are past aching which would have once been inconsolable on this occasion. I do not mean that many will not seriously regret, and some, perhaps, lament my misfortunes. But my dear mother, my almost sister, Christy Rutherford, poor Will Erskine; those would have been mourners indeed.

“January 23.—Slept ill, not having been abroad these eight days—*splendida bilis*. Then a dead sleep in the morning, and when the awakening comes, a strong feeling how well I could dispense with it for once and for ever. . . . Wrote till twelve A.M., finishing half of what I call a good day’s work—ten pages of print, or rather twelve. Then walked in the Prince’s Street pleasure-grounds with good Samaritan James Skene, the only one among my numerous friends, who can properly be termed *amicus curarum mearum*, others being too busy or too gay, and several being estranged by habit.

My wife’s and girls’ tongues are chatting in a lively manner in the drawing-room. It does me good to hear them.

“If I am hard pressed, and measures used against me,

I must use all means of legal defence, and subscribe myself bankrupt in a petition for sequestration. It is the course one should, at any rate, have advised a client to take. But for this I would, in a court of honour, deserve to lose my spurs. No, if they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself. And this from no reluctance to be called the insolvent, which I probably am, but because I will not put out of the power of my creditors the resources, mental or literary, which yet remain to me.”

In a day or two afterwards, the creditors unanimously agreed to a private trust, and Sir Walter hoped to sleep better that night. A few days afterwards, he writes—“Constable’s business seems unintelligible. No man thought the house worth less than £150,000. Constable told me, when he was making his will, that he was worth £80,000. Great profits on almost all the adventures. No bad speculations—yet neither stock nor debt to shew. Constable might have eaten up his share; but Cadell was very frugal.” Cordial drops were mingled in his cup of bitterness. “February 1.—A most generous letter (though not more so than I expected) from Walter and Jane, offering to interpose with their fortune, &c. God Almighty forbid!—that were too unnatural to accept, though dutiful and affectionate in them to offer.”

There was a touch, the smallest possible, of the Archbishop of Granada about Scott, and he could not have been a mortal author with less. He spoke slightly, or thought lightly of his own productions, only until some one else adopted or broached the same opinion; thus, though James Ballantyne thought poorly of “The Doom of Devorgoil,” “poor Erskine liked it much;” and, again—“James Ballantyne is severely critical on what he calls imitation of Mrs Radcliffe in ‘Woodstock.’ Many will think with him—yet I am of opinion he is quite wrong, or, as friend J. F. says, *wrong*.”

Perhaps the following sentence lets us more truly into the secret of Scott’s fallacious expectations, and his sanguine calculations, than a volume written by another could do:—

“From the 19th January to the 2d February inclusive, is exactly fifteen days, during which time, with the intervention of some days’ idleness, to let imagination brood on the task a little, I have written a volume. I think, for a bet, I could have done it in ten days. Then I must have had no Court of Session to take me up hours every morning, and dissipate my attention and powers of working for the rest of the day. A volume, at cheapest, is worth £1000. This is working at the rate of £24,000 a-year; but then we must not bake buns faster than people have appetite to eat them. They are not essential to the market, like potatoes.”

Here, too, he leaves out copyright, which would prospectively double or quadruple his £24,000. One might believe, from passages in his diary, that his mind speedily recovered its natural elasticity; yet it is to be feared he had frequent relapses. For despondency he gave himself no leisure. Thus—

“February 5.—Rose after a sound sleep, and here am I without bile or anything to perturb my inward man. It is just about three weeks since so great a change took place in my relations in society, and already I am indifferent to it. But I have been always told my feelings

of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, enjoyment and privation, are much colder than those of other people.

"Mr Laidlaw came in from Abbotsford, and dined with us. We spent the evening in laying down plans for the farm, and deciding whom we should keep and whom dismiss among the people. This we did on the true negro-driving principle of self-interest—the only principle I know which never swerves from its objects. We chose all the active, young, and powerful men, turning old age and infirmity adrift. I cannot help this, for a guinea cannot do the work of five; but I will contrive to make it easier to the sufferers.

"Mr Laidlaw dined with us. Says Mr Gibson told him he would dispose [despair?] of my affairs, were it any but Sir W. S. No doubt, so should I. I am well-nigh doing so, at any rate. But *fortuna juvante*, much may be achieved. At worst the prospect is not very discouraging to one who wants little. Methinks I have been, like Burns' poor labourer—

'So constantly in Ruin's sight,
The view o't gives me little fright.'

There may be the least touch of bravado in this; but there is a stout heart also.

In a letter to Mr Lockhart, written three days after the insolvency was publicly known at Edinburgh, he makes, as it were, his own defences, and quenches many of his correspondent's subsequent insinuations and charges against his friend James Ballantyne, of whom he says only what we have been saying all along. The letter is important, and most honourable to Scott's feelings, but not more than might have been expected from him. And that "intelligent and liberal establishment," also, which gave such sums at least to one author, will now provoke a melancholy smile.

"MY DEAR LOCKHART,—I have your kind letter. Whenever I heard that Constable had made a *cessio forei*, I thought it became me to make public how far I was concerned in these matters, and to offer my fortune so far as it was prestable, and the completion of my literary engagements—the better thing almost of the two—to make good all claims on Ballantyne and Co.; and even supposing that neither Hurst & Co. nor Constable & Co. ever pay a penny they owe me, my old age will be far from destitute—even if my right hand should lose its cunning. This is the *very worst* that can befall me; but I have little doubt that, with ordinary management, the affairs of those houses will turn out favourably. It is needless to add that I will not engage myself, as Constable desires, for £20,000 more—or £2000—or £200. I have advanced enough already to pay other people's debts, and must now pay my own. If our friend C. had set out a fortnight earlier, nothing of all this would have happened; but he let the hour of distress precede the hour of provision, and he and others must pay for it. Yet don't hint this to him, poor fellow—it is an infirmity of nature.

"I have made my matters public, and have had splendid offers of assistance, all which I have declined, for I would rather bear my own burden than subject myself to obligation. There is but one way in such cases.

"It is easy, no doubt, for any friend to blame me for entering into connexion with commercial matters at all. But I wish to know what I could have done better; excluded from the bar, and then from all profits for six years, by my colleague's prolonged life. Literature was not in those days what poor Constable has made it; and, with my little capital, I was too glad to make commercially the means of supporting my family. I got but £600 for the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and—it was a price that made men's hair stand on end—£1000 for 'Marmion.' I have been far from suffering by James Ballantyne. I owe it to him to say, that his difficulties, as well as his advantages, are owing to me. I trusted too much to Constable's assurances of his own and his correspondents' stability, but yet I believe he was only genuine. The upshot is just what Hurst & Co. and

Constable may be able to pay me; if 15s. in the pound, I shall not complain of my loss, for I have gained many thousands in my day. But while I live I shall regret the downfall of Constable's house, for never did there exist so *intelligent and so liberal an establishment*. They went too far when money was plenty, that is certain; yet, if every author in Britain had taxed himself half a year's income, he should have kept up the house which first broke in upon the monopoly of the London trade, and made letters what they now are.

"I have had visits from all the monied people, offering their purses—and those who are creditors, sending their managers and treasurers to assure me of their joining in and adopting any measures I may propose. I am glad of this for their sake, and for my own—for although I shall not desire to steer, yet I am the only person that can *cann*, as Lieutenant Hatchway says, to any good purpose. A very odd anonymous offer I had of £30,000, which I rejected, as I did every other. Unless I die, I shall beat up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from any one. Since my creditors are content to be patient, I have the means of righting them perfectly, and the confidence to employ them. I would have given a good deal to have avoided the *coup d'éclat*; but that having taken place, I would not give sixpence for any other results. I fear you will think I am writing in the heat of excited resistance to bad fortune. My dear Lockhart, I am as calm and temperate as you ever saw me, and working at 'Woodstock' like a very tiger. I am grieved for Lady Scott and Anne, who cannot conceive adversity can have the better of them, even for a moment. If it teaches a little of the frugality which I never had the heart to enforce when money was plenty—and it seemed cruel to interrupt the enjoyment of it in the way they liked best—it will be well.

"Kindest love to Sophia, and tell her to study the song and keep her spirits up. Tyne heart, tyne all; and it is making more of money than it is worth to grieve about it. Kiss Johnnie for me. How glad I am fortune carried you to London before these reverses happened, as they would have embittered parting, and made it resemble the boat leaving the sinking ship!"

Mr Lockhart shews that, if Scott had chosen to take the full advantage of the bankrupt laws, he might have got off easily by surrendering all the literary and other property of the printing company. We own we do not see it. Not only would his life-rent of Abbotsford have been attached, with his salaries of office, copyrights, library, &c. &c., but the marriage-contract of his son might have been set aside, and his estate claimed by the creditors, as at one period seems to have been threatened by the bank. His manful resolution was not only more honest and honourable, but ultimately more wise. We cull a few more entries:—

February 14.—"Saw Cadell as I returned from the Court. He seemed dejected, and gloomy about the extent of stock of novels, &c. on hand. He infected me with his want of spirits, and I almost wish my wife had not asked Mr Scrope and Charles K. Sharpe for this day. But the former sent such loads of game that Lady Scott's gratitude became ungovernable. I have not seen a creature at dinner since the direful 17th of January, except my own family and Mr Laidlaw. The love of solitude increases by indulgence; I hope it will not diverge into misanthropy. It does not mend the matter that this is the first day that a ticket for sale is on my house, poor No. 39.

"February 15.—Yesterday I did not write a line of 'Woodstock.' Partly I was a little out of spirits, though that would not have hindered. Partly, I wanted to wait for some new ideas—a sort of collecting of straw to make bricks of. . . . Poor James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, came to advise with me about his affairs—he is sinking under the times; having no assistance to give him, my advice I fear will be of little service. I am

sorry for him if that would help him, especially as, by his own account, a couple of hundred pounds would carry him on."

His Castle Street house was now disposed of, the furniture sold; and Scott afterwards lived, when attending the Court, in furnished lodgings. The composition of the letters of *Malachi Malagrouther* gave his spirits a fillip at this trying time, and probably did him some good with those *magnates* of the banks, who, by one means or other, had come to exercise something like the old power of pit and gallows in Scotland, and now felt, in the threatened suppression of their one-pound notes, their jurisdiction at stake.

Under the ample veil of Themis, Scott, at all times, wrote many of his letters to friends, and probably some chapters of his novels; and there is no doubt that he was then often much more usefully employed than in the business he was ostensibly paid to execute; yet this is a strange confession:—

"February 21.—One person talking for a long time, whether in pulpit or at the bar, or anywhere else, unless the interest be great, and the eloquence of the highest character, sets me to sleep. I impudently lean my head on my hand in the Court, and take my nap without shame. The Lords may keep awake and mind their own affairs. *Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.* These clerks' stools are certainly as easy seats as are in Scotland, those of the Barons of Exchequer always excepted.

"February 24.—Whimsical enough, that, when I was trying to animate Scotland against the currency bill, John Gibson brought me the deed of trust, assigning my whole estate, to be subscribed by me; so that I am turning patriot, and taking charge of the affairs of the country, on the very day I proclaim myself incapable of managing my own.

"March 1.—Malachi is in the *Edinburgh Journal* to-day, and reads like the work of an uncompromising right-forward Scot of the old school."

Malachi made a wonderful sensation, and the writer says gallantly:—

"March 3.—On the whole, I am glad of this bruillie, as far as I am concerned; people will not dare talk of me as an object of pity—no more 'poor-manning.' Who asks how many pounds Scots the old champion had in his pocket when

' He set a bugle to his mouth,
And blew so loud and shrill,
The trees in greenwood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang every hill!'

"March 8.—From what I hear, the poor man Constable is not sensible of the nature of his own situation; for myself, I have succeeded in putting the matter perfectly out of my mind since I cannot help it, and have arrived at a *flocci-pauci-nihili-pili-fication* of misery, and I thank whoever invented that long word."

This is the brave side. At other times, we find the Stoic expressing himself thus:—

"March 13.—I have hinted in these notes that I am not entirely free from a sort of gloomy fit, with a fluttering of the heart and depression of spirits, just as if I knew not what was going to befall me. I can sometimes resist this successfully, but it is better to evade than to combat it. The hang-dog spirit may have originated in the confusion and chucking about of our old furniture, the stripping of walls of pictures, and rooms of ornaments; the leaving of a house we have so long called our home, is altogether melancholy enough. I am glad Lady S. does not mind it, and yet I wonder, too. She insists on my remaining till Wednesday, not knowing what I suffer. Meanwhile, to make my recumbent spirit do penance, I have set to work to clear away papers and pack them for my journey. What a strange medley of thoughts such a task produces! There lie letters which made the heart to throb when received, now lifeless and uninterest-

ing—as are perhaps their writers. Riddles which have been read—schemes which time has destroyed or brought to maturity—memorials of friendships and enemies which are now alike faded. Thus does the ring of Saturn consume itself. To-day annihilates yesterday, as the old tyrant swallowed his children, and the snake its tail. But I must say to my Journal as poor Byron did to Moore—'D—n it, Tom, don't be poetical!'"

What a strange jumble of opinions Scott held upon public questions! In a letter to Sir Robert Dundas, the largest actual sinecurist in Scotland, he says:—

"I remember the late Lord Melville defending, in a manner that defied refutation, the Scots laws against sedition; and I have lived to see these repealed, by what our friend Baron Hume calls 'A bill for the better encouragement of sedition and treason.' It will last my day probably; at least I shall be too old to be shot, and have only the honourable chance of being hanged for *incivisme*. The whole burgher class of Scotland are gradually preparing for radical reform—I mean the middling and respectable classes; and when a burgh reform comes, which perhaps cannot long be delayed, Ministers will not return a member for Scotland from the towns. The gentry will abide longer by sound principles; for they are needy, and desire advancement for their sons, and appointments, and so on. But this is a very hollow dependence, and those who sincerely hold ancient opinions are waxing old."

And so need and desire of place are the pure motives which hold men to sound Tory principles; and Scott can deliberately regret the abolition of those barbarous and tyrannical India-rubber statutes—stretching any way in the hands of power—under which Muir, Skirving, Gerrald, and Palmer, were, in his youth, condemned to the punishment of the vilest of felons! We are glad to understand this foul blot is removed from the Scottish law-books, and only wish we were sure of it. Here is another pithy bit of sagacious Toryism, dictated by *malice prepense*:—

"Scotland, completely liberalized, as she is in a fair way of being, will be the most dangerous neighbour to England that she has had since 1639. There is yet time to make a stand, for there is yet a great deal of good and genuine feeling left in the country. But if you *unscootch* us, you will find us damned mischievous Englishmen. The restless and yet laborious and constantly watchful character of the people, their desire for speculation in politics or anything else, only restrained by some proud feelings about their own country, now become antiquated, and which late measures will tend much to destroy, will make them, under a wrong direction, the most formidable revolutionists who ever took the field of innovation. The late Lord Melville knew them well, and managed them accordingly. Our friend, the present Lord Melville, with the same sagacity, has not the same advantages. His high office has kept him much in the south."

And, in the South, affairs were managed so differently. There was always something like public feeling there, and freer vent for its healthy ebullition. The paltry allusions to Mr Hume might as well have been omitted. If Sir Walter Scott was not interested "in keeping up the taxes," and that to a handsome amount, we know not who was. He wishes "he had anything else to do with them save to pay them;" but the system which so long gave him his nearly sinecure offices put it handsomely in his power to pay them.

Some months after the ruin of Sir Walter's affairs, Lady Scott, who had been for some time

in precarious health, died at Abbotsford, while he was attending the Court in Edinburgh. He had neither been a very ardent lover, nor an anxious husband; but the affection of habit, the inevitable tenderness of a long intercourse, was powerful in his steadfast nature; and many of his little incidental notices about his wife, in her last illness, are, without affectation, exceedingly touching. Thus—"My servant cut my hair, which used to be poor Charlotte's personal task; I hope she won't observe it."—"May 6.—The same scene of hopeless (almost) and unavailing anxiety. Still welcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better. . . . Still labouring at this review, without heart or spirits to finish it."

"Charlotte was unable to take leave of me, being in a sound sleep, after a very indifferent night. Perhaps it was as well. Emotion might have hurt her; and nothing I could have expressed would have been worth the risk. I have foreseen, for two years and more, that this momentous event could not be far distant. I have seen plainly, within the last two months, that recovery was hopeless. And yet, to part with the companion of twenty-nine years when so very ill—that I did not, could not foresee."

"*Edinburgh—Mrs Brown's Lodgings, North St David Street—May 12.*—I passed a pleasant day with kind J. B., [James Ballantyne,] which was a great relief from the black dog, which would have worried me at home. He was quite alone."

"Well, here I am in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, 'When I was at home, I was in a better place;' I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Baillie Nicol Jarvie's consolation—"One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut-Market about with one."

In three days he received intelligence of his wife's death, and returned to Abbotsford, where he found his daughter, Miss Anne Scott, worn out with suffering, watching, and grief. He says:—

"*Abbotsford, May 16.*—For myself, I scarce know how I feel—sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. *Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.*"

There can be no doubt of the affection of a husband, when he has come to find his wife's foibles of service to him. His manly cure for sorrow was hard writing. He returned to Edinburgh, and grappled to the "Life of Napoleon," which was relieved, at intervals, by "The Chronicles of the Canongate." In the Journal there is certainly some writing for effect—something like the journals of Julia de Roubigne, and other heroines—but mingling with inimitable natural strokes, as this:—

"*June 8.*—A dog howled all night, and left me little sleep—poor cur! I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine."

"*April 24.*—Constable is sorely broken down."

"Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart That's sorry yet for thee."

His conduct had not been what I deserved at his hand, but I believe that, walking blindfold himself, he misled me without malice prepense.

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"*July 14.*—I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be so most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my mistresses strange snatches of mirth 'which have no mirth in them.'"

Here is another strain:—

"*July 8.*—Wrote a good task this morning. I may be mistaken; but I do think the tale of Elspat M'Tavish in my bettermost manner—but J. B. roars for chivalry. He does not quite understand that everything may be overdone in this world, or sufficiently estimate the necessity of novelty. The Highlanders have been off the field now for some time."

"*July 28.*—Read through and corrected 'Saint Ronan's Well.' I am no judge, but I think the language of this piece rather good. Then I must allow the fashionable portraits are not the true thing. I am too much out of the way."

"*September 6.*—I had a letter from Jem Ballantyne, plague on him! full of remonstrance deep and solemn, upon the carelessness of Buonaparte. The rogue is right, too. But, as to correcting my style, to the

Jemmy jemmy linkum feedle tune of what is called fine writing, I'll be d—d if I do. Drew £12 in favour of Charles, for his Irish jaunt; same time exhorted him to make himself as expensive to Walter, in the way of eating and drinking, as he could."

He wished to go to London, to examine materials for the "Life of Napoleon," and, strange to say, was apprehensive of arrest, by certain bill-brokers, who, at last, graciously assured his trustees that he should not be molested for four or five weeks. His remark on this indulgence is a shrewd commentary on the barbarous principle of imprisonment for debt:—

"And so I am permitted to spend my money and my time, to improve the means of paying them their debts, for that is the only use of this journey. They are Jews; I suppose the devil baits for Jews with a pork griskin. Were I not to exert myself, I wonder where their money is to come from."

His journey extended to Paris, where he was received and caressed, and fêted as no Scotsman had been, since the ladies of Paris—philosophers at that time, as they now were *romanticists*—had flirted with David Hume and Gibbon. This journey did his spirits much good; and the racy humour of the *Gurnal* is no longer dashed with bursts of sorrow, or of desperate resolution.

In London, besides the cordial of meeting his daughter and her family, he saw the King, Wellington, Moore, and Rogers; Lawrence, and Croker, and Hook, and other lions; and, better still, Allan Cunningham, and his friend "Dan Terry." This article has already drawn out to such a length, and the domestic notices are so much more attractive than the morsels of wit, mirth, criticism, or adventure, that, skipping Paris—yea, *La Belle France* altogether—we take him up on his return to London.

"*November 13.*—Lockhart and I dined at an official person's, where there was a little too much of that sort of flippant wit, or rather smartness, which becomes the parochial Joe Miller of boards and offices. . . . Went to poor Lydia White's, and found her extended on a couch, frightfully awelled, unable to stir, rouged, jesting, and dying. She has a good heart, and is really a clever creature, but, unhappily, or rather happily, she has set up the whole staff of her rest in keeping literary society about her. The world has not neglected her. It is not always so bad as it is called. She can always make up her circle, and generally has some people of real talent and distinction. She is wealthy, to be sure, and gives petit dinners, but not in a style to carry the point *a furor*

d'argent. In her case the world is good-natured, and, perhaps it is more frequently so than is generally supposed.

"November 14.—We breakfasted at honest Allan Cunningham's—honest Allan—a leal and true Scotsman of the old cast. A man of genius, besides, who only requires the tact of knowing when and where to stop, to attain the universal praise which ought to follow it. I look upon the alteration of 'It's hame and it's hame,' and 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' as among the best songs going. . . . Dined at Croker's, at Kensington, with his family, the Speaker, and the facetious Theodore Hook. We came away rather early, that Anne and I might visit Mrs Arbuthnot, to meet the Duke of Wellington. In all my life I never saw him better. He has a dozen of campaigns in his body—and tough ones. Anne was delighted with the frank manners of this unequalled pride of British war, and me he received with his usual kindness. He talked away about Buonaparte, Russia, and France.

"November 15.—I begin to tire of my gaieties; and the late hours and constant feasting disagree with me. I wish for a sheep's-head and whisky-toddy against all the French cookery and champagne in the world. Well, I suppose I might have been a Judge of Session by this time—attained, in short, the grand goal proposed to the ambition of a Scottish lawyer. It is better, however, as it is, while, at least, I can maintain my literary reputation."

On this visit, Scott engaged the interest of the King for his youngest son, whom he wished to become a diplomatist. He applied to Sir William Knighton, rightly considering a friend who had easy access by the back-stairs, more useful than one or more in the Cabinet. With the King's

promise obtained for Charles, his name and person revived among all the "magnificoes and potent seigniors," his spirits high, and his Toryism confirmed, he returned to Scotland. Thus he leaves off:—

"November 20.—The Duke of York seems still mending, and spoke of state affairs as a High Tory. Were his health good, his spirit is as strong as ever. H. R. H. has a devout horror of the Liberals. Having the Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor, and (perhaps) a still greater person on his side, he might make a great fight when they split, as split they will. But Canning, Huskisson, and a mitigated party of Liberaux will probably beat them. Canning's wit and eloquence are almost invincible. But then the Church, justly alarmed for their property, which is plainly struck at, and the bulk of the landed interest, will scarce brook even a mild infusion of Whiggery into the Administration. Well, time will shew."

During the following Session of the Court, Sir Walter and his daughter occupied a furnished house in Walker Street. And there Mr Lockhart leaves him for the present, in nearly uninterrupted solitude, and giving his nights as well as mornings to his desk. We are not told how much of the Journal remains; but it is evident that, with this valuable volume, the interest of the "Life" is nearly exhausted, though six years were still to intervene before its melancholy close.

DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

No person who gives the slightest attention to the progress of theatrical affairs, but must have noted the cry with which we are stunned at the commencement of every theatrical campaign, that the drama is about to be restored and rendered triumphant; and, at the close of the same, that the drama has sunk a step lower in degradation, while the names of one or more managers have appeared in the *Gazette*. Throughout the season, we learn, by the daily playbills, that the houses are nightly overflowing, and the pieces and performances produced, beyond precedent, successful; but, at the end, we are annually informed that, in spite of nine months' puffery and lying, the chief difficulty has been, *not* to close the doors of the over-crammed house, but to keep them open.

Articles in the newspapers and periodicals next appear, bewailing the fact, and attributing the fall of the drama to the rise of actors' salaries; being so far borne out in the assertion, that, since the public has insisted on a diminution of the price of entrance to the playhouses, the chief actors have trebled their demands, until performers who, in John Kemble's days, would have been requited with £10 a week, are receiving £20 per night. But what has this to do with the deficiency of theatrical attraction? It is the effect, and not the cause, of the disorganization of the dramatic world. The origin of the evil is to be sought for elsewhere.

The naked truth is, that England has outlived the epoch of dramatic infatuation. By referring to the pages of Cibber's *Memoirs*, Garrick's *Life*, and other chronicles of dra-

matic memorabilia, it will be perceived that the cry to which we allude, was raised so long ago as the reign of Charles II., and that at no subsequent moment has it been admitted by managers that theatricals were actually flourishing. They are fond of attributing their disasters to the modern decline of dramatic authorship. But what did the past century achieve for the drama? "Cato" and "Douglas," its only legitimate original tragedies, were neither more successful nor more meritorious than "Virginius" or "Ion;" while, as to comedy, Congreve, the first classic comic dramatist of his time, was driven from the stage by the public preference accorded to the rattletrap of Mrs Centlivre. At the period, in short, which we wilfully persist in describing as the golden age of theatricals, the managers were in perpetual apprehension of bankruptcy; actors were receiving half salaries; the public was entertained with feeble translations from Moliere, Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire, by Aaron Hill, Ambrose Phillips, and Colley Cibber—Shakespeare being out of fashion, and Massinger a dead letter. The complaints of Dryden concerning the degeneracy of the stage, the sneers of Pope and his contemporaries, the biting sarcasms of Horace Walpole, as recorded in their letters, prologues, and criticisms—may serve to convince the most obstinate, that, for the last 150 years, the stage has been pronounced, by the literary world, to be in a state of decadence.

As when a royal bulletin announces some illustrious patient to be daily "better," he is surely at the worst, we might almost infer, from these declarations of the insolvency of the theatres,

that they are to end in a state of glorious prospects. But, instead of coming to such a conclusion, we deny the premises. Instead of declining and falling, we believe English theatricals to have been in a stationary state of average attraction for a century past. According to Monck Mason's theory, that a balloon elevated above the atmospheric currents may remain poised above, while the earth below performs its gyrations, we believe that the world has been progressing, and the drama standing still.

It is a mistake to describe the drama as an art of civilized life. It is the diversion of a people in process of civilization—and England has consequently outgrown its attractions. London in the time of Elizabeth, Paris in that of Louis XIV., New York in that of President Jackson, or any other capital enjoying the dawn or restoration of letters, eager for excitement, and deficient in the means and appliances of social enjoyment, afford vantage ground for the triumph of the dramatic art. Not so the London of railroad committees, clubs, and Nassau balloons, which has the power and will to choose its own time and place for being amused. The London of to-day lounges over its breakfast table in a patent reclining chair, or sips its claret or coffee of an evening in a gorgeous club, with its foot on a velvet stool, skimming the new works provided by the circulating library, and turning over the page, or changing the volume, when too wise or too rapid for its purpose. For those who delight in fiction, and who, a century ago, must have resorted to the theatres for the gratification of their taste, the historical novel supplies the place of tragedy; the fashionable novel, of comedy; and "Pickwick" and the periodicals, of farce. All these the idler can now enjoy, secure from the uneasy accommodations, foul air, and unsatisfactory neighbourhoods of a public theatre—without travelling through the Seven Dials after hurrying through an untimely dinner, or paying the costs of a seat to be made uncomfortable. Theatrical amusements form a tie and an incubance to a state of society whose private diversions are so varied, whose colloquial resources so increased, as that of modern London, when newspapers, magazines, reviews, annuals, the whole machinery of light literature, provide recreation for those picktooth hours which had formerly no alternative but the playhouse.

But it is not amusement only which we find promoted by the enormous diffusion of the press. The multiplication of newspapers and periodicals has generalized the study of politics. The rich and idle—nay, even the poor and occupied—busy themselves fifty times more than aforesaid with the study of state affairs. Politics distract our attention from romantic interests, or the drolleries of the stage. In these times, a mime must hit plaguy hard who means to be attended to. And what is the result? Exaggeration in the serious drama—buffoonery in the comic. Were Mossop, Barry, Wilks, and the popular comedians of that day to appear again on the stage, they would now be termed "respectable." Kean, the

most successful player of our own, was a monstrous exaggeration—a man of unquestionable genius, who occasionally

"Snatched a grace beyond the reach of art ;"

but whose acting was as untrue to nature as the majestic designs of Fuseli. His subtlety was too subtle; his passion too impassioned. The public felt this. On his first appearance in London, it was discerned, by the able men who presided at Drury Lane, that the new actor was rather beyond than below the standard of public appreciation; and two thousand pounds were accordingly expended by the committee in puffing him into favour. We appeal, in support of this assertion, to the accounts of Drury Lane treasury; we appeal, with equal powers of proof, to the late editor of the "leading journal of Europe."

From all that tradition has revealed to us, (and, unfortunately, the actor's is and must remain a traditional art,) we are convinced that there are performers now upon the stage, (we do not say *actresses*), equal in power to any who have figured there in former years. If rendered careless by the inattentiveness of a preoccupied public, or seduced into exaggeration by the coldness of an unexcitable one, we must blame the times we live in, but without looking forward to a favourable change. The next generation of spectators will be more preoccupied—less amusable. Libraries of Entertaining Knowledge will have been multiplied. There will be more Scotch novels—new Bozzes; and the lounge who visits Covent-Garden one night, will have railroaded his way to Munich on the morrow. There is no remedy for all this, but submission to a state of things dependent on the march of society. Heaven forbid that we should retrogress to the epoch when the unlettered cit was content to sit out his afternoon in the Globe, to see his Juliet in a lubberly boy, and to accept his impressions of the Capitol or the heath at Forres from the same dingy canvass.

Colley Cibber, be it observed, attributes the desertion of the theatres, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, to the late hours of the nobility and gentry, who were beginning to dine at four o'clock. We, of the middle of the nineteenth, have deferred the meal four hours later, and the same complaint is renewed. The fact is, that the hour of representation has kept pace with that of our convivial entertainments; and the auditors of Shakspeare's day had finished their second sleep, at the moment when the audiences of the Queen's Theatre are applauding the conclusion of the ballet. Even the frequenters of the winter theatres

"Hear the chimes at midnight,"

as they proceed homeward to their habitations. It is not the hour at which the great meal of the day is appointed which interferes with the playhouses. It is that dinner is now a brilliant and colloquial entertainment, instead of a mere satisfying of the appetite; and, when two or three intelligent men meet to dine together, previous to repairing to the theatre, not one of them but

feels disappointed when the carriage is announced which is to convey them thither, and fix their attention upon the stage. They have survived the charm of dramatic illusion which entranced the senses of their barbarous forefathers. They know more and better of Rome and Greece, fervid Italy, or fashionable London, than is shewn them by the players. Nay, the daily business of life is more amusing, the hourly history of nations more astounding. The morning papers have probably afforded deeper excitement for their pity, terror, or mirth, than they are likely to find on a stage, where some familiar historical character is embodied by a vulgar fellow in red calico and rabbit skin, who drops his h's, and sports false calves. And the finest of Shakspeare's plays, though supported by a Garrick, a Kemble, a Kean, or a Macready, is not proof against such accessories as these.

In a new country, such as the England of yesterday or the America of to-day, such discrepancies pass unobserved; and the drama maintains its ascendancy. Look at the sums bestowed in the United States upon actors whom we repulse with contempt. Consult these very actors as to the nature of the audiences before whom they have enjoyed the opportunity of playing. Instead of the "rolling pit" of London, wherein each man is whispering to his neighbour, cracking nuts and drinking ginger-beer, every eye is fixed upon the stage—every ear is on the stretch to catch the words of the actor. Instead of the dispiriting influence exercised by our *blasé* private boxes—the inmates of which repair to the theatres to enjoy their flirtations or chit-chat, or pay their devoirs to some pretty actress—a wholesome sympathy subsists between the audience and the stage. Nor have the people of Baltimore or Cincinnati any experience in the pomps of courts, to deteriorate the tinsel of the property-man. No Lord Mayor's coach has outshone in their eyes the gilding of the car of Julius Cæsar. All is real to their unexhausted imaginations. The grand sentiments of the poet have not been worn down to commonplace in their ears. The dramatized legends and histories of England are as romantic to their conception as those of Rome, Greece, or Italy, to our own. Their sympathy is extensive in proportion as their experience is circumscribed; their imagination warm in proportion as their physical nature is cold. Consult the vivid sketch of a dramatic representation on the South Western frontier, contained in Tyrone Power's "Impressions of America," and compare the impressionable public he describes, with the chattering side-boxes of Bath or Brighton, or the yawning public of the winter theatres!

Admitting all this, however, the interests of dramatic literature in this country are to be cared for, and amusement is to be provided for the play-going public. For, though far more limited than theatrical speculators choose to admit, such a public really exists. A certain sum is annually apportioned out of its income by the London public, as amusement money;

and it is only surprising how little its amount is increased or diminished by the amount of attraction provided. The vogue of one theatre serves only to empty the others, not to increase the expenditure of society; and it is only by concentration that there is any possibility of forming theatrical establishments likely to prosper, and consequently to uphold themselves in the respect of the public. The little private speculations, set up in this or that neighbourhood, in order to turn to account the popularity of this or that actor or actress, too self-sufficient to submit to the dictation of managers, form the ruin of the grand national establishments. It is absurd to assert that these pet playhouses are sanctioned only because certain localities demand a specific class of theatrical entertainment. Do the purlieus of Wych Street, for instance, exclusively require the light, elegant, superficial vaudevilles of the Olympic Theatre, copied from the pieces called into existence by the gilded trifling of the Parisian Gymnase? Certainly not! The insight of Madame Vestris into the tastes and frivolities of the fashionable world, enabled her to make a better market for her talents, by catering independently for its pleasures; and the best actors were accordingly bought off from the winter theatres, to assist in her lucrative speculation, and further the deterioration of the drama.

We conscientiously believe, after devoting years of consideration and examination to the interests of the drama, that (exclusive of suburban playhouses) London can only maintain two permanent theatres; one devoted by patent to the representation of tragedy, comedy, and farce; the other, to operas, melo-dramas, ballets, and pieces of pageant and parade.

We would have these houses midway in size between the present patent theatres and English Opera-house, the stage retaining its present depth and bearing. We would have them engage permanent companies, and remain open all the year round, like those of Paris. We would have half-price abolished, except in the pit and dress-boxes. We would have a basement circle formed into private boxes; but the whole dress and second circles left open to the public. The theatre apportioned to the representation of the legitimate drama, would comprehend the whole really drama-loving public, and employ the elite of the existing London companies, to the great advantage of the country theatres, which we now gratuitously strip of their second and third-rate actors, to make our various complements complete. Allowing for the defalcations annually produced by the engagement of first-rate performers in America, we have never more than enough to form a single full and efficient metropolitan company; but were such a company organized, and maintained in the degree of subordination spontaneously arising from the knowledge that they have no outlets for their vanity and ill-humour, the best dramatists of the day—Knowles, Sheil, Proctor, Mitford, Talfourd, Jerrold, Morton, Poole,

Flaëchie—would devote their talents to its support; and the best writers in other departments of fiction hasten to become dramatists.

For the second or operatic theatre, the native talent of the country would afford a sufficient vocal company; and operas might be produced, diversified by exhibitions of pageantry and scenic effect, such as the unaided imagination cannot attain. This department of scenic exhibition is still far from exhausted. Scenery and decorations—effects of grouping, and light and shade—the picturesque in its interminable variety of aspects, if adopted in enhancement of well got-up operas and ballets, would prove an irresistible attraction.

Some advance towards these improvements has been already made. Though the strength of the metropolitan dramatic company is split and broken by half-a-dozen enterprising minor theatres, the two patents are now ranged under the banners of the individuals best calculated to do them justice—Macready for the legitimate drama; Bunn for the illegitimate. The only thing we have to regret, is—the unwillingness of each to confine himself to a specific object; and the consequence is, that each has entailed on himself the expense of a threefold company. Bunn, who is unequalled in the art of getting up a pageant, and who improves his taste in such matters by constant excursions to Paris, ought not to have meddled with tragedy and comedy; while Macready, who is great in marshalling the

heavy forces of the five-act-dramas, ought to have known better than hazard the additional expense of opera. Each will fail in attempting to rival the other on his own ground; and Macready's operas and Bunn's tragedies will afford grounds for criticism, spleen, and disparagement, discrediting both undertakings. Let us trust that, on this point at least, we may prove mistaken. We heartily wish success to these managers, for *their* sakes, and our own; believing that the present moment is more than commonly auspicious to the regeneration of the drama. The formation of the Dramatic Authors' Society has done much for the protection of writers for the stage; the appointment of Charles Kemble as deputy licenser, has given them a new pledge of security; and the Lord Chamberlain now in office, is known to be favourably disposed towards the interests of the national theatres. The young Queen, moreover, who is fond of theatrical entertainments, has expressed an intention to bestow her patronage on the winter theatres; at each of which she has engaged a box. We shall see. If the opening of 1838 does nothing for the drama, the Duke of Bedford and the renters have no alternative but to turn the winter houses into porter breweries; leaving the sons of Thespis to make their way through the world in their original vehicle; and the pages of Shakspeare, Massinger, Otway, Congreve, Farquhar, and Sheridan to become classed with the dead languages.

WHITE'S VIEWS AND TOURS AMONG THE HIMALAYA.*

In noticing this splendid volume, one is at a loss whether to give predominance to the engravings or the illustrative descriptions. It is only because we are on a ground nearly untrodden by travellers by the fire-side, that we give preference to the latter, and first advert to the magnificent region to which the Views refer. To a certain extent, it may happen of mountains as of birds, of which it is proverbially said, "Far away fowls have feathers fair;" yet we are compelled to believe that the Himalaya range, while it greatly exceeds the Pyrenees, the mountains of Norway, the Swiss Alps, and even the Andes, in altitude, equals them in grandeur of scenery. Travellers who have seen both, yield the palm to this chain, which divides the plains of Hindostan from those of Thibet, and in which the Ganges and the Jumna, and many smaller rivers have their rise. These, however, are but isolated features of this sublime barrier of our eastern empire.

Since the termination of the Goorka war in 1815, this interesting scenery has been opened to English travellers, who, until then, knew comparatively little of the Himalaya, and who have not yet been able to penetrate the regions of perpetual snow. Some of these mountains rise to the immense height of 27,000 feet above the

level of the sea; and from 18,000 to 20,000 feet appears a common altitude. The passes which European travellers have already explored, as those of Shastool and Rol, are from 15,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, therefore, higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. The Shastool pass is flanked by an inaccessible icy peak, 2,000 feet higher than itself.

There is very little level ground to be found in these mountainous districts, though cultivation is attempted upon the southward slopes, at the incredible height of 10,000 feet, and in some places even higher. There the crops are out before they are ripe. Few human habitations are found above 9,500 in height, and at 11,800 the forest ceases, though dwarf birches and bushes creep up to 13,000. Pasture ranges seem to ascend to 14,000 feet. On the northern sides of some of the valleys, having, of course, a southern exposure, both dwellings and fields are found somewhat higher, and furze bushes are found at the immense height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Since the Goorkas, a brave and hardy race of mountaineers, were finally subdued by Sir David Ochterlony, they have been taken under the protection of the British government, and now occupy military stations in the hills, proving faithful mercenaries to their conquerors, who depend upon them alone for maintaining the peace of the country. The conquered

* Views and Tours among the Himalaya Mountains. By Lieutenant George White. Edited by Emma Roberts.

districts are now visited every year by the English, whose summer journeys to the hills, or the inferior range of the Himalaya, form delightful episodes in the lives of the sweltering European residents of the plains. They seek at once health in a bracing climate, and pleasure in contemplating the most sublime and picturesque scenery in the world. The number of visitors in search of health, change of air and amusement, and of scientific travellers and sportsmen, increases every year. Their journeys have been facilitated by the formation of an excellent road, and there are now several hill-stations, in which the residents in the plains have villas, to which they repair during the hot seasons. The description given of these new mountain retreats, remind us of the watering-places in the Pyrenees. *Mussooree*, one of the principal hill-settlements, and a great resort of visitors from the plains, is 7,500 feet above the level of the sea. The neighbourhood commands the most extensive and splendid views of the rich plains of Hindostan, with the Ganges and Jumna winding through them, for forty miles, out of the 1,200 miles of their prolonged course.

The private journals of many of the late Himalaya tourists, and of the enterprising explorers of the mountain fastnesses, far beyond the hill settlements, have been placed at the disposal of Miss Roberts in compiling interesting illustrations of the views; and her valuable descriptions contain much original information concerning the Alpine regions of the East, their scenery, inhabitants, and natural productions, and the manners of the Indian Highlanders. How much of this comes direct from the pen of Lieutenant White we are at a loss to know. To the spirit and fidelity of his pencil we have heard testimony borne by those who have visited the scenes depicted. His original sketches are retouched—or embellished, shall we say?—by Turner, Stanfield, Harvey, and other eminent artists; and the engraving alone, of twenty-nine views, has cost, it is stated, £2,400. This may give one an idea of the scale of the undertaking. They are beautifully executed, and the work, in every department, is finished in that style which reflects so much honour upon our modern enterprising publishers, and indirectly upon the country to which they belong. There are no truer indications of the rapid progress of high civilization than those splendid specimens of the diffusive productions of art, which now adorn the tables of persons of refined taste even in the middle ranks of life, and which, like this elegant volume, become enhanced in value from being purchasable by that most important class of society.

The vignette, by Lieut. White, possesses a purely Oriental character. It represents the encampment of the chief of Lahore, *Runjeet Singh*, on the banks of the Sutlej, the Hyphasis of Alexander the Great, and the boundary of his eastern conquests. It was here that Lord William Bentinck, during a truce, met the great chief and conqueror. The scene of the plate, and another, is thus described;—"Roopur is beautifully situ-

ated among the lower skirts of the Himalaya, where the Sutlej first enters the plains; and the splendid encampment shewed to great advantage, amid the low ranges of hills and woody valleys of the landscape. Runjeet Singh's army occupied the right bank, and probably equalled in magnificence any display ever made by the gorgeous satraps of the East. The spot chosen for the temporary palace of the chieftain exhibited, to great advantage, the peculiar ingenuity of native talent, which is never so favourably occupied as in the conversion of some desert waste into a scene which looks like the work of the fabled genii of the soil. A space, about eight acres of land, had been marked out, and the interstices, between the intended erections, were sowed with a quick-growing herb, and kept constantly watered, so that the pavilions and tents appeared to be surrounded by parterres of the brightest green. Nothing could equal the splendour of these tents, which gleamed with the richest draperies of crimson, purple, scarlet, and gold, supported on gilt pillars, and having awnings, embroidered, and fringed, and tasselled in the most costly manner. Each thing was in the same style, and the river, running in front, reflected the whole of this barbaric pomp upon its polished surface. Above a ledge of rock, the highly gorgeous scene was crowned by a pavilion, formed of panels of wood plated with silver, and all around were splendid groups of caparisoned elephants, war-horses, and camels. In the distance, the Maha-raja's army occupied picturesque positions among the hills, which opened to a view of the snowy range bounding the view. The British camp, on the other side of the river, looked poor in comparison with the barbaric magnificence of the Chief of Lahore and his train. Among the other appendages, were 200 camels, each decorated with housings of crimson and gold, and carrying a swivel, and his principal officers, sumptuously arrayed, and mounted upon elephants." This splendid warlike pageant is well described; yet we turn with pleasure from it to the solitary tours in the Himalaya, which occupy so much of the work. The frontispiece to the "Views in India" is the *Rocks at Colgong* on the Ganges, a scene of exquisite loveliness. These rocks are esteemed holy by the Hindoos; and a fakier is occasionally found there, and a few religious mendicants. These beautiful crags are luxuriantly garlanded with creepers, and are the haunts of numerous birds. Pigeons nestle in the trees; and, on the smallest alarm, myriads of waterfowl rush out in snowy flocks. The view is exquisite. Over these translucent waters, Turner displays as much mastery as in the fields of sunny air. But these subjects, and the magnificent Oriental shews of Runjeet-Singh, possess less distinctive and original character than the Views as we approach the Himalaya. The first of these is *The Ganges entering the plains near Hurdwar*, at a hundred and fifty miles from its sacred birth-place in the bosom of the mountains, and where it has still to flow on, for twelve hundred more, before it reach the sea. A view of part of the

Ghent, at the holy city of Hurdwar, introduces a lengthened and animated description of the celebrated fairs of that place—a striking feature in native Indian life, and one strongly marking a particular stage in civilization. These fairs—or convocations for traffic, for religious and secular purposes, as well as for amusement—have, however, been described by former writers, and this volume contains much fresh matter. Hurdwar is almost at the portal of the Himalaya chain, and of the new settlements frequented by the British; and from it we shall start with a travelling party. Upon leaving Hurdwar, they ascended the valley of the *Dhooon* to the village of Rajpore. Part of the way led through a thick forest of lofty trees, among which the rhododendron, here a tall tree, was seen covered with its rich crimson flowers. The cultivated flowers of English gardens, and nearly all the European fruits, are found wild and abundant in the Himalaya. In the *Dhooon*, the turf is adorned with the amaranth and the ranunculus, in variety. The ascent from Rajpore to the town of Deyrah, the station of the Goorka battalion of hill-rangers, is so gradual as scarcely to be perceptible; but thence it becomes so steep that hill-ponies are used, a rough but sure-footed species of small horses, well adapted to the country. The road now leads up the side of precipices of the most romantic character—craggy with rocks, and richly clothed with trees, descending to the bottom of deep and almost unfathomable ravines. From the summit of this ridge, a glorious burst of view is obtained over the plains; but the mountain-scenery, as seen from all the hill settlements, is yet more striking. These villages themselves are romantic or picturesque in a high degree. At Simlah, the most fashionable of them, the scattered dwellings have been compared to gulls' nests, perched on the side of a cliff. There is no table-land, the level places being chiefly cut out of the rock; and there is scarcely a road or enclosed piece of ground round any dwelling. The roads scooped out of the sides of the precipices look fearful to strangers; yet ladies soon learn to gallop along them without apprehension. The pear, the cherry, and barberry, abound in this neighbourhood; but while the beautiful rhododendron clothes the southward slopes, the northern sides of the hills show only the gloomy pine, and a stunted and withered vegetation.

The hill-settlements already possess all the necessaries and the western luxuries of life known in the plains. Though delightful as summer residences, they can never become permanent abodes to the English, from the severe and tempestuous weather which prevails in the mountains for a great part of the year. A dwelling at *Mussooree*, termed the *Abbey*, commands, from its elevated and isolated position, the noblest prospects; but, in the rainy season, is scarcely habitable, and completely enveloped in mists. The entrance of fog into a house is sufficiently disagreeable; but in those altitudes, the clouds take the same liberty; and suddenly, if sitting in an apartment with the door or window

open, the inmates may find themselves drenched through. Terrific storms often rage below the sublime or dizzy peak, upon which the European may have fixed his dwelling; while, as frequently, thunder and lightning, a snow-storm and a hurricane, assail it all at once. The loss of animal and of human life is often sustained in these terrific tempests.

Sunrise is described by nearly all the tourists as being attended with extraordinary splendour in these alpine regions, when the mountain brows and the snowy peaks are tinted with hues of gold, or glowing in rosy light; and the settlement of *Mussooree* must be exceedingly picturesque at night, with the lights twinkling from the numerous scattered dwellings, so fancifully placed on heights, and the gleaming fires which the native servants always kindle on the ground, marking the site of each homestead. Our tourists tired at length of *Mussooree*, and determined to penetrate into the snowy ranges; and, indeed, all adventurous persons residing at the hill-stations for a season, make the attempt of going farther into the mountain wilds. The tourists, consisting of three gentlemen, with the host of native servants and coolies which attend all Indian expeditions, mustered to the number of eighty persons, equipped with everything required in this difficult and even perilous journey; for they contemplated nothing less than reaching the source of the *Jumna*. The first view taken upon the ascent, is of *The snowy range from Tyne or Marma*. We leave the reader to judge if the scene is not wildly sublime. The place stands at an elevation of ten thousand feet.

The foreground was composed of a rich ridge, covered with timber, the growth of ages; and, contrasting by its dark foliage with the bare eminences, which, rising in all directions, appeared as if the tumultuous waves of a stormy ocean had suddenly been converted into earth; while the forest, standing forth in the midst, looked like a peninsula, stretching far into the billows. Beyond this wild and confused sea, arose, in calmer majesty, those towering piles of unchanging snow, which, from whatever point they may be viewed, can never fail to inspire sentiments of awe and admiration. The higher cluster of white peaks, near the centre, are those of *Banderpooch*, above *Jumnotree*, the source of the *Jumna*. To the right are the *Rudra*, *Himala*, near *Gongootree*, whence springs the *Ganges*; and, still farther to the east, the loftiest of the peaks, the *Dwawalagiri*, may sometimes be discovered, although at the distance of two hundred and fifty miles, rearing its snowy coronet, and looking down at the height of 27,000 feet, upon the pigmy world below; while, far to the east and west, extend the hoary tributaries of the giant, until their snowy summits melt into air, and are lost to the straining sight.

Several enterprising explorers have made their way to the more northward of these hills; but their peaks remain, and probably ever must, untrodden by human feet. This snowy ridge divides India from the plains of *Thibet* and *Chinese Tartary*; and, at the narrowest part, is penetrated, by tedious and troublesome journeys, through long tracks of rock and snow. The descent upon the other side to *Thibet* is comparatively easy, as *Thibet* stands at an elevation of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The journal of the tourists, in this wild and

almost untrodden region, is exceedingly interesting, both from the savage grandeur of the magnificent scenery, and their personal adventures. One day's march may serve us as a specimen of many :—

The first part conducted us through a narrow gorge, walled on either side by fantastic rocks, and crowded with fine alders, the stream rolling beneath our feet; while the path was overhung by dreadful precipices, toppling crags, now and then threatening to follow some of the huge fragments which had already fallen; then the scene widened a little, and a natural terrace, shaded by some splendid mulberry trees, offered rest and repose; the rocks scattering themselves around, traversed, at one place, by a foaming cataract. Ascending a steep and rugged eminence, we toiled on our weary way up rock and crag, until we came to another halting-place of table-land, adorned with fine chestnut-trees, and commanding an extensive view, backed by the snowy ranges; while we looked down upon a splendid confusion of waterfalls, wild precipices, and luxuriant forests. The air was delightfully cool and bracing; and, it may be supposed, we enjoyed the meal that awaited us in this glorious resting-place. In addition to the articles of foreign luxury which we had brought with us, we regaled ourselves with mountain mutton, a hill-pheasant, some of the delicious honey for which the place is famed, and peaches of no despicable size and flavour. Our appetites, sharpened by exercise and the invigorating breeze, enabled us to do full justice to the meal; while we were at no loss for subjects of conversation—the surrounding country being sufficient to inspire the most prosaic mind with poetical ideas.

The absence of lakes, or any large bodies of water in these mountains, is regretted by travellers, as the one thing wanting to complete the beauty of the scenery; but the rolling mists often seen below, as in all mountainous regions, take the form of lakes and seas, and cheat the tourist with an agreeable illusion. The Himalayas are rich in vegetable productions. Nearly all the cultivated fruits of Europe grow spontaneously, and the ground is carpeted with strawberries. Flocks of wild sheep are seen; and deer, and a great variety of game, abound; so that these regions afford the exiles of Great Britain their favourite sports. The musk-deer and the hawk are regarded as a sort of royal game—the property of the state, or of the chieftains of the district; but these are the only rights of forestry which appear to exist in India. Musk-bags bear a high value in the hills and plains; and the drug would seem to be greatly adulterated before it reaches Europe.

The native mode of hunting the musk-deer, reminds us of the ancient royal huntings in Scotland, so often described; and of the chamois hunts in the Pyrenees. When a musk-deer is espied, the whole population of the neighbouring villages turn out—the information being spread through the hills with extraordinary celerity. The country being up, a *cordon* is formed round the destined victim, and he seldom fails to be hemmed in; pelted with stones from the surrounding cliffs, on which the natives are perched like eagles, wounded, scared, and finally surrounded and taken. Ten pounds is sometimes paid for a Hye hawk, taken in the mountains, and carried down to the plains for sale, for the purpose of being trained for the chivalrous sport of hawking. This

is a favourite amusement with Ranjeet-Singh and his train. The Himalaya are inhabited, as we have said, to a great height; and the castles of the petty native chiefs, and the scattered hamlets, perched upon some cliff, often form a picturesque feature of the scene. The natives are a harmless race, contented with their few enjoyments, and knowing nothing better. They are easily managed by kindness, but occasionally restive under the scornful treatment of their new European employers. The women, since they have conquered their first fears of the white strangers, have been found particularly obliging to travellers, and as hospitable as their slender means permit. "In passing through a village," says the tourist, "the women will frequently bring out, unasked, milk and fruits for the refreshment of the travellers; and although, according to the custom of all semi-barbarous countries, they are looked upon with great contempt by the other sex, we found them generally more intelligent, as well as more communicative, than the men; and they are certainly quite as industrious." Female degradation is so horrible in one respect, that we would fain hope that the travellers may have been misinformed as to the tenure of Himalaya marriages. A love of flowers seemed to be the most elegant taste manifested by the mountaineers, who are quite insensible to the grandeur and beauty of the scenery which attracts strangers to their country. All tourists appear to be enchanted with the changeful and beautiful skies, and remarkable atmospheric effects seen in the Himalaya, particularly at dawn.

The following random extracts may serve as a specimen of the sylvan delight experienced by the Himalaya tourist and sportsman—for sport seems to have been generally conjoined with the other objects of these excursions :—

We met with some delightful halting-places on the line of march—grassy terraces, carpeted with strawberry and wild flowers, where the cowslip, the primrose, and the butter-cup, brought the pranked-out fields of our native country strongly to the mind. Many of the travellers in the Himalayas are moved even to rapture at the sight of the first daisy which springs spontaneously in their path. As an exotic in some gardens of the plains, it excites deep emotion; but growing wild, spangling the meadow-grass with its silvery stars, it becomes infinitely more interesting, and the home-sick, pining exile will often gather its earliest-encountered blossoms, weeping. Leaving this luxuriant vegetation, we arrived at a wild spot, the summit of a ridge of peaks, covered with snow; and though the prospect was more circumscribed and of greater sameness, we enjoyed it amazingly. We seemed to be hemmed in on all sides by thick ribbed ice, transported to antarctic snows, imprisoned amid ice-bergs, ever-freezing and impassable. Presently, however, we emerged, and, descending through the snow, reached the boundary line between the districts of the Jumna and the Ganges. The extreme limits of these river territories, are marked in the manner usually employed in rude and desolate places, by heaps of stone—many raised by Europeans, who thus commemorate their pilgrimages.

Those *cairns* are all nameless. The next point of great interest in this excursion, is the summit of a ridge, whence the first view of the Ganges is obtained; a sight that never fails to raise the drooping spirits of the Hindoo follow-

ers; and which generally excites no small degree of enthusiasm in the breast of the Christian travellers. This holy place is very difficult of approach. It lies in a deep glen, and considerable distances, covered with loose flinty stones, must be traversed at no small peril. Sometimes the face of the rock must be climbed from cliff to cliff, which offered no resting-place for foot or hand, and one scaled by ladders. These difficulties surmounted, behold our travellers near the desired goal.

The grandeur of the scene which opened upon us as we at length stood upon the threshold of Gungootree, cannot be described by words. Rocks were piled upon rocks in awful majesty, all shivered into points, which rise one upon another, in splendid confusion, enclosing a glen of the wildest nature, where the Ganges, beautiful in every haunt, from its infancy to its final junction with the ocean, pours its shallow waters over a bed of shingle, diversified by jutting rocks, and even here shadowed by the splendid foliage of some fine old trees. The devotee, who undoubtedly believes that every step that he takes towards the source of that holy river, which from his infancy he has been taught to look upon as a deity, will lead him into brattitude, is content to seek its origin at Gungootree; but the true source of the sacred stream lies still higher, in still more inaccessible solitudes; and it was reserved for the ardour of those who measured the altitudes of the highest peaks, and penetrated to the utmost limits of man's dominion, to trace the exact birth-place of the holy river. Captains Hodgson and Herbert in 1818, found, at the height of thirteen thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level, the Bhagarati, or true Ganges, issuing from beneath a low arch, at the base of a vast mass of frozen snow, nearly three hundred feet in height, and composed of different layers, each several feet in thickness, and, in all probability, the accumulation of ages. Neither here nor at Gungootree, is there anything resembling a cow's mouth to support the popular fable.

A pilgrimage to Gungootree is, to the Hindoo, like one to Mecca, performed by the Mahomedan. In commemoration of an act of piety, which comparatively few have the good fortune to perform, a Goorka chief has here erected a small pagoda, in honour of the goddess, on a platform of rock twenty feet above the bed of the river. A few Brahmins live in the vicinity of this temple, to whom the pilgrims make their oblations. Europeans, though not reaping the benefit of the prayers and ceremonies, also pay voluntary toll to the priests of the goddess. Holy water is carried from this place to all parts of India, and is highly prized by Hindoo devotees, and pious frauds are often practised in this traffic, though the portion of water borne away, is carefully sealed up by the presiding Brahmins.

European tourists seem to enjoy these excursions even more than the devout pilgrims. They travel with those appliances and means which leave just as much of danger and hardship as may give zest to their rambling forest life. Their Mahomedan attendants are intelligent and zealous, and an exception to the nearly universal adage about the quarter from whence cooks are sent. No sooner do the party reach the encamping ground pitched upon for the time, than the servants set to work, while the masters use their guns, sketch, or enjoy the scenery. A fire is kindled in a hole in the earth; and if there be no charcoal for roasting their jungle-birds, or

mountain mutton, as it may be, they are delicately braised. Spices and materials for a fry are carried along with the party; and whenever eggs can be found, forth comes an omelette. Rain is the greatest drawback upon this sylvan life; it falls in torrents, and for successive days, besides the regular season of rain in July and August. Nor are falls of snow unfrequent at seasons when they are not naturally looked for. To servants from the plain, snow is a marvel and a horror.

Our attention has been riveted upon the descriptive parts of the work; but we must not forget to apprise the reader that this is not considered its strength. It is a book of Views of a fresh and lovely world, remote from our European imagination—the sublime and luxuriant highlands of a tropical country. One or two of the engravings were noticed above; but we shall not attempt to describe them, which is the office of the tours we have been quoting, much less to criticise. They must be seen, to be understood or felt. Those we leave unnoticed are full of character. Those mountain passes, and dreary and forlorn primeval solitudes—those dizzying aerial bridges, spanning chasms and ravines—the animals of the Himalaya, and its peculiar vegetable productions—are all silent historians of this novel region. Sometimes we have an alpine hamlet, with its rude primitive temple, and groups of native inhabitants; and special justice has been done to the new hill settlements, which are all charmingly picturesque; native pictures mingling finely with those adjuncts of European civilization which the English raise amidst them, as if by magic. Their incursions, the money they scatter, and their usages, may be expected to have a happy, if not a rapid effect among the natives, who are not so strongly fettered by *caste* as the Hindoos of the plains.

The enlightened benevolence which Miss Roberts displayed in her former work on India does not slumber here. Her reflections upon the sort of influence which the white strangers ought to seek over those "black fellows" whom they are too apt to despise, or forget altogether, save as carriers and serfs—are worthy of the profound consideration of young Anglo-Indians. We could expatiate upon the fool-hardy, undisguised contempt with which the prejudices of the natives, and their most sacred opinions, are too often treated by thoughtless, arrogant young men; but this is not the place; and, moreover, a better and wiser feeling is arising. Let us, therefore, close the book in good-humour. It is one which must be particularly prized by Anglo-Indians and their connexions, and one which adds another splendid trophy to the treasures of diffusive art. Paintings are like the rare illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, which few could possess; engravings come to us like the same manuscripts having undergone the magic transformation of the printing-press, and ready to fly abroad, carrying enlightenment and blessing over the whole earth. Google

THE AFFAIR OF THE VIXEN.—CIRCASSIA AND ENGLAND.

"THE affair of the Vixen," as it has been popularly termed, being about to occupy the attention of Parliament, (Mr M'Lean having, we perceive, given notice of a motion upon the subject for the early part of the present month,) we are induced to lay before our readers some facts, derived from peculiar and authentic sources, that will probably tend to throw a little light upon this hitherto mysterious transaction. But it will be necessary, in order to supply something like causality for the singular incidents which we are about to narrate, to premise, that, for several years, appeals have been very industriously made to the pugnacious qualities of John Bull, with the design, which appeared at one time upon the point of being realized, of inciting him to a hostile movement against a certain northern power, more distinguished by the magnitude of its territory, than its wealth, commerce, population, or the other characteristics of a civilized nation. The motives by which we have been invited to make war upon Russia, are as various as the parties by whom they have been urged: One day we have been called upon to defend the Turks; the next to protect the Persians; then to guard the East Indies; and, lastly, to maintain the independence of the Circassians. Our eastern coast has been menaced with a descent from a Muscovite fleet: our commerce has been declared to be in danger from the same quarter; and the balance of power in Europe has been pronounced to be destroyed by the power of Russia! All these reasons for entering upon a war with a country which possesses less attraction than any other for an aggressor, and which once proved itself so inhospitable to an invading army, have been urged by a very heterogeneous party of agitators, the majority of whom are enthusiasts, the honest dupes of their fears; but also comprising in their ranks, political adventurers, speculating pamphleteers, trading journalists, the aristocracy of Poland, adventurous diplomatists, with a numerous band of followers, including monomaniacs of Tory, Whig, and Radical politics. If so much agitation has failed of its object, it is not, we fear, owing to any indisposition on the part of our aristocratic rulers, or even of a rather numerous portion of the rash and unthinking People, to enter upon a fresh career of bloodshed, but from the financial impossibility of the step. The debt—and every Christian may, in return for such a service, exclaim, with Cobbet, "the blessed debt!"—interposed between the nation, and the manifold evils and miseries of a war. There was, however, another obstacle in the way of the attempts to embroil our foreign affairs, in the circumstance of the public attention having been more intensely directed to domestic politics—especially during great part of the last year—which produced great apathy upon the subject of our external policy. It was with a view to rouse the country from this supineness, and to precipitate the long desired catastrophe, that the affair of the Vixen was planned. It was got up in Constantinople: but, before we introduce our readers to the *dramatis personæ*, it may be as well to describe the scene where the tragedy was, after due preparation, to have been performed.

Circassia, or Abassia, as the country is, in most of the foreign maps, called, is situated at the eastern and remotest extremity of the Black Sea, and comprises a length of about one hundred and forty miles of the coast, with a depth, towards the interior, of from forty to fifty miles; forming a slope from the Caucasian range, cut up into a very irregular surface of hills and valleys, by the spurs of that vast mountain ridge. The population, which has been guessed to amount to about 200,000 souls, is divided into clans, governed by innumerable chiefs; family being often subjected to no other authority than its patriarchal head. Besides the Circassians, these mountainous regions, which, by the ancients, went under the appropriate name of *inhospitable Caucasus*, afford shelter to the Kabardians, Tchetchenes, Lezhis, Ossetes, and other tribes, whose names are less familiar to our

ears, and whose countries are much less known to the traveller, than those of the Cherokees, the Pottawotam's and the Seminoles; and, like those savages of North America, these wild tribes of Asia exist in a state of nature, dwelling in caves or rude wig-wams, and subsisting upon the produce of the chase, or the millet raised by the labour of their *women*—war being the only trade or profession known to the *men*. Those tribes nearest the sea-coast have generally adopted the use of fire-arms; but the inhabitants of the interior still use, in their incessant conflicts with each other, and in their predatory descents upon the more peaceable natives of the plains, no better weapons than the bow and arrow. The religion of these mountaineers partakes of the character of their successive masters. Having been partially subdued by the Byzantines, the Christian faith was planted amongst them; but, when the Eastern empire fell beneath the arms of the Turks, and the Circassians became nominally subjects of the Porte, Mahomedanism supplanted the religion of the Cross. But, although the Musselman creed and habits generally prevail, still the religious and social character of the people is of the most barbarous and degraded order. Recent travellers describe them to be in the practice of gross idolatry, and some of the tribes scarcely exhibit traces of either Christianity or Mahomedanism in their religion.

By the 4th article of the treaty of Adrianople, the country just described, extending along the coast of the Black Sea, from the mouth of the river Kuban to the harbour of St Nicholas, came in 1829 under the dominion of Russia. Notice was formally given to the different powers of Europe, in 1831, by the Russian Government, that custom-house and quarantine establishments had been established in the harbours of Anapa and Redout-Kalé, which places were declared open to the regular trade of the world; whilst all intercourse with the other ports, bays, and harbours, upon the coast of Circassia, in which there were no custom-houses or quarantine establishments, was interdicted. The British Government, however, from some cause, to be sought for in the mysteries of diplomacy, abstained from making this communication officially public through the *Gazette*. From this, it would appear, that, although Turkey had formally ceded possession of that territory to her successful enemy at the close of a disastrous war, and notwithstanding that the forts on the coast built and named by the Turks, and being the only works of civilized art in the country, had been surrendered up to Russian garrisons, still the Court of St James demurred to the right of Russia to occupy the coast of Circassia. No resistance was, however, offered to the actual possession of the territory; and, from the circumstance that no intercourse existed between this country and the disputed district—for no British vessel had ever left our shores, or was likely to do so, to traffic with the barbarous and fierce tribes of the Caucasus—no inconvenience was felt, either by our navigators, or Russian interests, during the five following years that the question lay in abeyance. The Russian Government, however, reiterated its formal notification of the above-named regulations, affecting the trade with the coast of Circassia, by an official communication, dated 13th September 1836, addressed to our ambassador at Constantinople, with a request that it might be communicated, through our consul there, to all masters of British vessels who might apply for *firmans* to pass through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea. This second communication—which, although it became a matter of notoriety to our merchants at Constantinople, was never formally announced to them through the consulate—originated in the transactions which we are now going to narrate.

As we before hinted, the public mind in England having begun to tire of the rather highly-seasoned appeals that had been made to it, for several years, in behalf of Turkish interests, and something like reaction having

manifested itself, particularly from the trading and manufacturing bodies, who had declared in favour of peace and non-intervention, and against the principle of armed protection of commerce; the leading parties to the agitation upon the Russo-Turkish question—those who inflamed the public press, influenced public speakers, and, in fine, gave to the whole machinery of agitation, a moving power, and who were now to be found at Constantinople—finding that appeals from the pen and tongue had begun to lose some of their efficacy, determined to resort to other and more warlike weapons. The unacknowledged possession of the coast of Circassia would, it was thought, if cleverly handled, furnish good materials for a quarrel. The half-subdued inhabitants of the Caucasus were in revolt against the authority of Russia, whose troops were fighting under manifold disadvantages, at the moment when, in the autumn of 1836, the secret was suffered to transpire in Constantinople; and the rumour did not want its hundred tongues, in that region of gossip and intrigue, the diplomatic circles of Pera—that some ships were about to be sent from England, freighted with munitions of war, for the Circassians. More than one of the newspaper correspondents* at the Turkish capital were parties to the proceedings; and we find, accordingly, in the *Morning Chronicle* of October 1836, a letter, dated Constantinople, October 5, in which the writer says—"I have positive information that two ships, laden with arms and ammunition, are now on their way for the Circassian coast. The Russian ambassador has got word of this, and has made a second formal notification of the blockade of the coast of Abasia and Mingrelia; which it alleges to have been established for the purpose of quarantine. Lord Pousonby has forwarded this document to his government, without declaring it here, as the Russian ambassador wished him to do, which would at once have rendered it official." And, again, in the same journal, of December 20, a letter dated Constantinople, November 23, informs the reader, that "the brig Vixen, owners Messrs Bell, sailed from Constantinople, for the coast of Circassia, with an insurance from Lloyd's; that spirited body having treated with contempt the frivolous blockade. The cargo of the ship consisted chiefly of gunpowder, an article prohibited in the Russian tariff, but the more calculated, on that account, from the uncompromising nature of the experiment, to bring the question of the blockade to a test. . . . And, in thus compelling her to throw off the mask, a great political object will be gained."

The writer of these letters had a twofold object in view. In the first place, he increased the vigilance of the Russian cruisers off the coast of Circassia. He very well knew that, within twelve days of publication, the London journals are received at St Petersburg; and it was equally certain that, as nothing of interest escapes the attention of that wary government, the copy of the *Morning Chronicle*, containing the above intelligence, would, in less than twenty days after its appearance, be placed in the hands of Count Woronzow, the governor of the Black Sea provinces, at Odessa, or Sebastopol. How accurately the incidents in this drama were timed will presently be seen. Not to anticipate our narrative, it need only be here remarked, that the official account of the affair of the Vixen, published afterwards in the *St Petersburg Gazette*, refers expressly to the *Morning Chronicle* of the 29th October, as the authority upon which the Russian Government had taken its proceedings. But the writer had a second object in view. It was intended, by thus publishing to the world, in a menacing tone, the designs of the expedition of the Vixen, to place the Russian Government in such a

situation as to compel it to assert its right to the sovereignty over the coast of Circassia, or else virtually to resign, in the face of the whole civilized world, all claims to that territory.

In apparent fulfilment of the above threatenings, the Vixen sailed from London, loaded with some iron guns, and an assorted cargo, insured at Lloyd's—not, however, for the destination mentioned so triumphantly by the correspondent of the *Chronicle*, but, in the technical terms of the policy, "insured for time." The vessel was consigned to the house of — at Constantinople. On her arrival in that port, her cargo, which had been ostentatiously trumpeted to all Europe as destined for Circassia, was, with the utmost possible despatch, landed; and the Vixen was, with equal expedition, freighted with an hundred tons of salt; and, within an almost incredibly short space from the time of her arrival, she was under sail for the coast of the Black Sea. The motive for this precipitation was to conceal from the Russian agents in Constantinople the real nature of the cargo, which it was designed should appear to be powder, &c.; and to prevent them from having the opportunity of giving notice to the Russian Admiral, in the Black Sea, of the trick that was in the meantime preparing for him. Probably the ingenious projectors of the expedition were aware that, if the Russians had been informed of the real nature of the cargo, they would have cautiously abstained from all interference with the vessel, and suffered her to have landed the salt, trusting to the profitless, and, indeed, very costly result of the voyage, as an ample protection against a repetition of the experiment. This, however, as we shall presently see, by the statement of the principal party concerned, was contrary to the policy of the contrivers of the "affair of the Vixen."

We must now refer to the journal* of Mr James Stanislaus Bell, for farther particulars of his voyage and adventures. After stating that he was engaged to undertake the situation of merchant and supercargo on board the vessel, by his brother, Mr George Bell of London, he proceeds to say, that he had had communications upon the subject of the expedition with Lord Pousonby, our ambassador at Constantinople, who furnished him with the necessary *firmen* and passport, "accompanied with every kind expression of interest in the success of the undertaking." He entered the Bosphorus on the 18th November 1836, in the schooner Vixen, Captain Childs, loaded with a hundred tons of salt, and carrying, besides the crew, the master, and himself, another individual, Mr Charles Morton, who is styled part owner. Our mercantile readers will smile at the economy of captain, supercargo, and owner, accompanying, in a schooner, a cargo of salt, value, probably, £100 sterling! Four days after her departure, the Vixen touched at the Turkish port of Samsoun, for a pilot, to whom, the journal tells us, Mr Bell explained, on getting under weigh again, that it was no part of his plan to escape the Russian cruisers. Upon approaching the coast of Circassia, it was at first determined to steer for the port of Djoug; but the wind not being afterwards thought favourable, they ran for a place called Soujak-kalé; when, from some cause not very well explained, their course was next directed for Pehiat; but the helm once more proved fickle, and the vessel was again, and finally, put about for Soujak-kalé. From some passages in the journal, and from subsequent disclosures, there are reasons for supposing that the Vixen was sailed to and fro, off the coast of Circassia, for the purpose of attracting the notice of the Russian cruisers,† one of which was seen manifesting every disposition, by flight, to avoid overhauling the British schooner.

Immediately on casting anchor in the bay of Soujak-kalé, Mr Bell sent Islam the pilot, and Luca his servant,

* It may be proper to state that the proprietors and conductors of the "*Morning Chronicle*" were not cognizant of this abuse of the columns of their paper. Indeed, it is very well known, to those who have visited foreign capitals, and taken any interest in their politics, that the correspondence carried on with the London papers has, generally, the tinge of some party or personal bias, on the side of the writer. One will be found puffing an ambassador, another a consul; a third is retained by the clique of some aspirant for place. At one place may be found a correspondent writing up a Pasha, and another writing him down; whilst, probably, a year afterwards, they might be found to have changed sides. The conductors of journals may put an end to this system, by requiring from their paid correspondents facts instead of opinions.

* See Portfolio, No. 45.

† In the *Morning Chronicle*, February 6, 1837, the correspondent from Constantinople, before quoted, says—"Mr Bell paraded the Vixen along the whole coast of Circassia, and almost brought her under the guns of the Russian man-of-war, that she might not be thought to have engaged in any contraband trade; whilst, on the other hand, the Russians appear to have been almost as solicitous to shut their eyes to her presence, till no excuse was left them for so doing."

a native of the country, on shore, in quest of the Bey; and "to have the whole people of the neighbourhood apprised, that an English vessel, with salt, had arrived." The next day, he went on shore, to inquire for the chief; when he was introduced to "Hadgi Oglou, Mehmet Emir Effendi, High Priest and Chief Justice of all the hills around," to whom he delivered his credentials: the writer of which document had, however, "forgotten or omitted" to sign his name, an omission which is pointedly and mysteriously referred to several times, in terms which lead one to surmise that it was the production of a well-known hand—for which we could without difficulty supply a signature. Guns were now fired, which brought from the interior several other chiefs, who, after a consultation upon the subject of traffic, having nothing ready to offer in exchange, agreed to assist in landing and housing the salt. But a difficulty now arose, owing to the hard terms which the "High Priest of all the hills around," (who appears to have proved true to his order in his respect for temporalities,) attempted to exact for their services. At first, 7½ per cent. was demanded, but, after some haggling with the Hadgi, the bargain was settled at six per cent.

The next day, being Sunday, Mr Bell went on shore, accompanied by a couple of the natives, to see a little of the country:—"With these two, we proceeded along the side of the valley, where we discovered numerous cots among the trees and fields, which appeared, by the stubble, to have yielded a good harvest last year; in several places, also, heaps of ashes attested the burnings occasioned by the late invasion. At length, we struck into a little wood, entangled with wild vines and other creepers; and had scarcely done so, when one of our attendants set forth, at full gallop, to give notice, as we were told, of our approach; and, accordingly, when we came to a little opening beside a stream, we saw a number of scattered cottages, each of which immediately poured forth more men than it seemed capable of containing. We had crossed the stream, had dismounted, and were being shewn to a new cot, when Hadgi-Oglou, his son, relative, and others of our former friends, came forward, and gave us the most cordial greeting. We entered the cot, and it was immediately crammed to the door. Furniture it could scarcely be said to have any; unless a clean mat on each side of the blazing wood fire, (the day was cold,) a few cutty-stools here and there, and guns, swords, and pistols, hung all round the walls, can be called such. I was placed in the innermost nook, Childs beside me, and Mr Morton opposite; and immediately two or three set to work, with civil force, to pull off our boots, in spite of Mr M.'s declaration that he should never get them on again. An adjustment of the auditors now showed that a debate was projected; the younger men in front making way for Hadgi Oglou, and other grey-bearded senators, who ranged themselves upon stools across the floor, while all the back-ground was a dense mass of chiefs, dependants, and some boys. Oh! how I wished at that moment (as did Childs too) for the pencil of a Wilkie, or any other equally able, if there be such, that I might convey to others the impression of a scene which I can never forget while memory remains to me."

At this interview, Mr Bell, throwing aside the assumed garb of a dealer in salt, and putting on the real character of a political envoy, says—"I recommended them to prepare another address to the King and People of England, in which they should refer to the one before sent, and get it as numerously signed as possible, and I would see that it was safely forwarded to England; that the British Government had now given Mr Urquhart a high post at Constantinople; which circumstance, while it should be a proof to them of the favourable disposition of the British Government, accounted for their not hearing from him; that, as to my letter, I could not tell how the signature or seal had been omitted," &c. Alluding to a Russian brig of war, which had now made its appearance in the offing, and was apparently watching the proceedings of the Vixen, he says—"I judged it expedient to tell them that I thought it not improbable that she might interfere, and might even carry us away by

force; but that, instead of regretting such an incident, they should look upon it as the best thing for them that could happen, as it might be the means of immediately putting an end to the right Russia pretended to blockade their coast."

The "debate" occupied about two hours, during which the dealer in salt, like some hero of the Arabian Nights' Tales, who is suddenly metamorphosed from a slipper-merchant into a Grand Vizier, and surprises us with his intuitive statesmanship, imparted much sage advice to the assembly, discoursing eloquently about war, diplomacy, and every other matter—save salt! At length, this picturesque session was brought to a close, by an abrupt appeal from the English stomachs of his two companions:—"Everything material seeming to have been so far discussed, and as Childs and Morton, who had sat with the greatest patience, indeed, in deep interest, began to talk about getting back in time for our Sunday's dinner, I made a motion of adjournment, and the assembly, or rather the elders, rose, the rest making their way out." On returning to the beach, they found that the brig of war Ajax, Captain Woulfe, had dropped anchor, close to the Vixen, and claimed her as a prize, for breaking the custom-house and sanitary regulations of that coast. Mr Bell received an invitation to go on board the Russian ship, and when there found himself a prisoner; upon which he consoles himself with the remark, that "it will make my case the stronger." Whilst on board the Ajax, he had the best berth in the captain's cabin assigned to him, and enjoyed a monopoly of the only pipe with a Turkish mouth-piece on board. The following description of the quality of the Russian naval service, furnished by one who is deeply imbued with Russo-Phobia, we offer for the consolation of Mr Thomas Attwood of Birmingham, and all the other inhabitants of the midland counties, who, like him, may be afflicted with the dread of a visit from the Russian marine. "The brig is well found in all that concerns herself; but her one hundred and fifty human beings they call seamen and marines, are a congregation of the most dwarfish, ugly, pitiful-looking wretches, that I have thought it possible to collect without a good deal of trouble. They give little short tugs at the ropes like boys, and sneak about the decks like dogs not at home. Between eleven and twelve, they are called over by the muster-roll for a large tin measure of dirty weak spirits, called *Warki*; after which, they have their first meal of broth and peas-porridge, a small morsel of salt meat, and plenty of black bread. At sunset, they have a similar meal, and that is all; and yet I am told they are fed like aldermen, in comparison with the soldiers. I have seen a boatswain whisking one of the sailors with a birch rod, and himself lugged about the deck by the ear by one of the lieutenants. It would be a shame for Englishmen ever to attack these people with more than half their number. Perhaps, I have humoured my spleen in thus pulling to pieces people who are really kind to me. But are they not the deadly enemies of those noble Circassians?"

The man-of-war and her prize proceeded to the Bay of Ghelendjik, where Mr Bell and Captain Childs were subjected to separate examinations, by the naval officer commanding on the station, Admiral Esment; who, amongst other inquiries, asked Mr Bell whether he had conversed with Lord Ponsonby, at Constantinople, about his intended voyage; and he remarks, in the journal, that "they smiled one to another, when I refused to answer this question." On the vessel's arrival at Sevastopol, to which place his case was referred by the Admiral, for the decision of his superiors, the salt was removed, in the vain expectation of finding the much vaunted cargo of gunpowder, &c. The Vixen was confiscated, and declared good prize, for having violated the custom-house and municipal laws of the Russian empire; but the captain, crew, and passengers, were set at liberty, and conveyed, at the expense of Count Woronzow, the Governor of New Russia, to Constantinople. So far, then, the performance of "the affair of the Vixen," had gone off to the satisfaction of those who got up the piece. To be sure, if the Russians had displayed less courtesy to the prin-

cipal actors in the drama—had they, for instance, discharged a broadside into the British merchantman, and killed, or even wounded, a British subject or two, or even had the crew been sent to Siberia—the catastrophe would have been more in unison with the designs of the concoctors of the affair; but still the quarrel was a very pretty one as it stood, and nothing remained for the O'Triggers concerned, but to make the most of it.

Accordingly, the very same post that conveyed the tidings of the capture of the Vixen to western Europe, carried also to the newspapers of London, Paris, &c., letters from their correspondents at Constantinople, containing exciting appeals, addressed to the whole civilized world, against the lawless act of aggression, perpetrated by Russia, "upon the persons and property of British subjects, engaged in the legitimate pursuit of commerce." The pride, cupidity, and the pugnacious propensities of John Bull, were roused, simultaneously, by editors and public orators; and even Parliamentary speakers denounced the seizure of the Vixen, as an insolent attack upon our national dignity; and menaced the "Muscovite barbarians" with a war in defence of "our valuable trade with the Circassians." The French journals, true to their character, rung a warlike peal; and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* gravely informed its readers that, "among the questions which now excite the attention of the nations of Europe, that of the seizure of the Vixen stands in the first rank."* *The Portfolio*,† a periodical since deceased, which devoted its short life to the labour of exposing and denouncing Russian politics, in an article upon the subject of the Vixen, exulted that "the affair is as notorious by this time throughout Central Asia, on the banks of the Indus, along the shores of the Caspian, the Euxine, the Persian and Arabian Gulfs, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean, as in every port in the Baltic, every court in Europe, and every village in the British islands;" and the writer, in alluding to the war between Russia and her Caucasian provinces, declared, that upon the issue of that struggle depended "the downfall of her power, and thereby the emancipation of Europe, or her conquest of the world, and the ruin of England's greatness." The St Petersburg government journal also appealed to public opinion, by publishing a narrative of the affair; agreeing in the chief incidents with the account given in Mr Bell's journal. After saying that Captain Childs had stated in his examination that he was originally a stranger to the objects of the voyage, it proceeds to award all the disgrace and responsibility of the transaction to the English shipowners, and others who had conceived "the criminal views of the enterprise;" and who, "disregarding the respect which they owed to their national flag, did not hesitate to employ it for the purpose of protecting a shameful traffic, or of covering traitorous intentions, which the impartial judgment of all well-disposed persons must condemn and stigmatise." In this state-paper, we find threefold allusion made to those false alarms and perverted statements, respecting the cargo of the Vixen, published in the *Morning Chronicle*, of October 29, 1836.

In consequence of the imputations thus cast upon the motives of the projectors of this "affair," a letter written by Mr George Bell, and dated 157, Fenchurch Street, February 2, 1837, appeared in the *Times* newspaper, bearing the titles of—*Facts relative to the Capture of the Vixen*, complaining of the conduct of the Russian Government, in publishing through their official gazette, and the *Frankfort Journal*, statements relative to the voyage of the Vixen to the Coast of Circassia—"which they must know to be grossly false, and which are intended to hold up the British Government to the eyes of all the world, as instigators and co-operators in an attempt to aid and supply with munitions of war, what they call, rebellious subjects of Russia, and to stamp my brother and me as agents of our government for that purpose, as

smuggling contrabandists, and not as merchants prosecuting legitimate trade."

The writer, then, with a view to put an end to such misrepresentations in future, proceeds to "make public the real facts of the simple case;" and describes how his attention was first directed to the subject of the trade with Circassia, in consequence of his house in Bucharest having been applied to by the Turkish Governor of Wallachia, to aid in the sale of the produce of the salt mines of that principality; that, conceiving Circassia to offer a good market, he applied to the British government, to learn whether that country was in possession of Russia—"and I received such a reply from the Foreign Office, referring me to the *Gazette*, as convinced me that, if Russia made such a claim, it was not recognised by our government." He then states that the Vixen was originally ordered by him to proceed to the Danube, to take in a cargo of salt at Ibrail; but, "in consequence of her having arrived a month later than was expected at Constantinople, and, as the Circassians had, according to our previous arrangements with them, got ready near the coast a quantity of goods for barter, which could not be left over the winter, my brother, with my knowledge and concurrence, loaded a cargo of salt at Constantinople."

We shall have occasion presently to call the reader's attention to the first of the above passages printed in Italics, for the purpose of confronting the statement, that the British Government were not "instigators or co-operators," with an allegation of a contradictory character, in a subsequent letter, published by the same writer. With respect to the second passage, similarly printed, alleging that the Circassians had entered into an agreement to provide a stock of goods to exchange for the salt, we must refer the reader to the journal of the voyage, as published by Mr James Stanislaus Bell, in which, so far from hinting at any such appointment, he does not even appear to have determined at what particular point of a coast, extending nearly 160 miles in length, he should make an attempt to trade with the natives; at first, fixing upon Djoug—then hesitating about steering for Soujak-kalé—afterwards running for Pehiat—and finally putting into the bay of Soujak-kalé; and where, after firing guns, and sending in search of customers, he tells us that the natives who came down to the beach had nothing to offer in exchange for the salt.

A very cursory glance at the successive incidents, must suffice to bring the review of the affair down to the present day.

Our readers will recollect that the affair of the Vixen was, during the last session, brought, with much solemnity, before Parliament by Mr Roebuck; that Mr Ewart, the then member for Liverpool, aided him in denouncing "the encroachment upon our commerce;" and that he was ably supported by Mr O'Connell's splendid invectives against the Russian Government. "The affair" continued to be the subject of serious discussion with our politicians; we were, from time to time, assured by the government journals, that Lord Durham, who had been sent on a special mission to St Petersburg, was incessantly labouring to bring the "affair of the Vixen" to an amicable settlement; and, at length, when that nobleman returned to England, we were consoled with the solemn intelligence that he was to be rewarded with a ribbon—we have forgotten the important fact whether red, blue, or some other hue—for his diplomatic services at the Court of the Autocrat. A change now took place in the composition of our embassy at Constantinople. It had been publicly announced that Sir Charles Vaughan was appointed to succeed Lord Ponsonby as ambassador to the Porte; and, in the month of March, he set out with the usual state equipage for the capital of Turkey. On his arrival at Malta, however, he was delayed; and afterwards deterred from proceeding on his voyage by advices from Constantinople. These proceedings were of course involved in mystery—the only points of diplomatic intrigue which the people learn, know, and feel, are the expenses, which, in this case, gave rise to a little unavailing grumbling from Mr Home. We were not informed that Lord Ponsonby had resumed his functions; as also that Mr Urquhart was no longer chief secretary. Lord Pon-

* The singularly appropriate name of the vessel afforded matter for remark to those who were in the secret of the plot. The editor of the Smyrna newspaper, a clever Frenchman, referring to his English dictionary, and finding the word *vixen* to mean a female fox, a quarrelsome woman, he indulged in some harmless pleasantry, for the amusement of his readers, upon the affair.

† 2d, 3d.

sonby, who is described by Mr J. S. Bell, in his journal, to have taken leave of him with expressions of kind interest in the success of his voyage, now took every opportunity, in his circle at Therapia, of disavowing all participation in the designs of the concoctors of "the affair of the Vixen."

The subject seemed almost forgotten, when Mr Thomas Attwood—to whom the opponents of state intervention in foreign politics, and of depreciated paper money, are deeply indebted for the ridicule which he contrives to throw upon the advocacy of those pernicious principles—brought the matter again before Parliament a few weeks ago. In reply to his speech, Lord Palmerston intimated that it was not the intention of Government to claim redress for the capture of the Vixen, which, he said, had occurred in consequence of the violation of the custom-house and municipal regulations of "a country undoubtedly in the possession of Russia." This declaration of the Foreign Secretary brought the individuals who owned and chartered the Vixen again before the public; and their letter, which we publish entire, places them in a novel and very singular position.

"THE CAPTURE OF THE VIXEN.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD.

"Fenchurch Street, Dec. 18, 1837.

SIR,—As the speech of Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, last Thursday, contains statements at variance with the facts of the case of the capture of the Vixen, and imputations on us as the parties concerned in that affair, which we could hardly have believed the Russian Government could have got his Lordship to echo; it now becomes necessary for us to state, that, independent of proceedings which are now in progress, in a court of law, we intend to make an application to Parliament, soon after the approaching holidays, for that redress in this case which her Majesty's Government has refused either to obtain or to grant; and since, notwithstanding our patient forbearance, during the extraordinarily tardy course of the Government's proceedings, these calumnies now issue publicly from the mouth of a minister, we shall be under the necessity of publishing, before that time, a series of correspondence and documents, and a statement of facts, capable of proof, which will shew that the Foreign-Office, and their agents abroad, were collusive abettors of the origin and progress of the voyage of the Vixen, and that our interests have been treacherously betrayed in this case, in consequence of a change of Lord Palmerston's policy.

(Signed) "GEORGE BELL, } Owners of the
"POLDEN & MORTON, } Vixen."

The reader will not fail, at a glance, to perceive the contrast between the contents of the above letter, and the extract before given from a previous one, in which the same writer who now menaces the minister with "a statement of facts," proving the government to have been "collusive abettors" of the affair, published that which he then termed "the real facts of the simple case," assuring the public that the same government were not "instigators and co-operators" in what he solemnly asserted was a regular commercial undertaking, entered upon, after due inquiry and consideration, by "merchants prosecuting legitimate trade." The above threat of exposure, after the very tender expressions of regard for the fair fame of the Ministry, expressed in the former letter, by the same writer, reminds one of a quarrel between lovers, in which one of the parties, possessing the smaller sense of shame or decency of the two, threatens to publish the private and confidential correspondence of the other, with a view to the exacting of certain compliances. What the terms extorted may turn out to be in the present case, we shall not pretend to divine. Should the threat of exposure not be carried into effect, we presume the *pries* of secrecy may be estimated according to the pliancy of the consciences of Cabinet Ministers, and the extent of means at the disposal of the dispensers of secret service money.

We have now, so far as a narrative of the incidents goes, completed the history of the affair of the Vixen. Hither-

to we have confined ourselves to a statement of facts, which fall under our observation, or which we have had the opportunity of verifying by personal inquiries, both in England and Turkey; and, although we have, out of courtesy to those who might, whether justly or not, consider themselves entitled to privacy, abstained from mentioning the names of the principal actors, and, notwithstanding that, from similar motives, we have avoided allusions to some points which, if stated, would have evinced still more clearly our peculiar intimacy with the particulars of this singular transaction; yet enough has probably been stated to shew that the voyage of the Vixen, instead of having been a regular expedition, undertaken and planned in the legitimate pursuit of trade, originated in a mean conspiracy, concocted amidst artifices and misrepresentations, and that the conspirators, whoever they were, sought only to accomplish their own fantastic views of foreign policy, at the sacrifice of the peace and the best interests of the country. We shall not pretend to speculate as to the extent to which our Foreign Secretary, or the British Legation at Constantinople, were accessories or instigators to the paltry and undignified proceedings just described. Unhappily for British interests, our diplomatists and statesmen are actuated by an incessant love of intervention in the affairs of other states. Russia being, in our day, the *movement-power*, it is with her clever but unscrupulous agents, that the comparatively simple spirits who guide our foreign relations, are most frequently brought into contact; and no sooner do they find their negotiations conducting them to the usual results of defeat and mortification, than they instinctively fall back for support upon the material resources of the British empire—thus reminding one of the country-clown who, although ignorant of the game, risks his stake at the table of the sharper, trusting, as a last resource, to his stout oak cudgel, if his lucky stars should fall him.

Probably no event in our history has tended to display in such glaring relief, the strong propensity of both the government and British people—for the people of the middling class have become imbued with the aristocratic spirit of their rulers—to embroil themselves with the affairs of other countries, as the attempt to involve this country in a contest with Russia in behalf of the Circassians. The affair of the Falkland Islands, which the pens of Junius and Johnson have rendered famous, naturally occurs to us. But the advocates of a war with Spain, for those uninhabited islands, did not want arguments to prove that they had very strong grounds of right and interest on their side.

They had been visited and named, if not discovered, by our earliest circumnavigators, and had afforded refuge for their ships, and restored the health of their crews; whilst they possessed the still more substantial temptation, from being placed on the verge of that vast continent whose trade and mineral treasures were sealed against British enterprise, of offering a point of attack in case of war with Spain, or a convenient station for smuggling, in time of peace. But, in the case of Circassia, we do not lay claim to the disputed territory—we do not pretend to have first discovered it, or named its ports or bays. No British vessel had ever reached its coast, until the Vixen, ostensibly a trader, but in reality an incendiary, sought it, in the vain hope of lighting up the flames of war between two great nations. We have been appealed to in behalf of our commerce with the inhabitants of Circassia; but it may be worth while, before entering upon hostilities in its defence, to inquire what the nature of the trade is, that can be carried on with the savage clans of the Caucasus? It is pretty generally known, that their staple export, hitherto, has consisted of slaves of both sexes; the harems of Turkey, Egypt, and the Barbary Coast, having been for ages peopled from Circassia and the adjoining countries. We are told, indeed, that the mountains are clothed with timber, and impregnated with mineral treasures. These are, however, but meagre gifts, to compensate for the absence of a broad expanse of cultivable soil, deep and slow rivers, facilities of transmission by land, and the other advantages of a plain country. The Alps and the Pyrenees of Europe, and the Alleghanies of America, are clothed with the richest woods, but being

inaccessible from the sea, they are valueless to the trader. The countries of the Caucasus, resembling the mountains of Switzerland, must ever be the abode of a poor but hardy race. Being denied the luxuries that are derived from commercial and manufacturing pursuits, by the very character of their territory, they will, in return, enjoy that freedom which has rarely been found long to accompany wealth. Had the Circassians, however, in lieu of a rugged territory and an inclement sky, possessed, like the United States or the Brasils, a fertile soil and a genial climate, still, in their present state—without laws, government, or even a uniform religion; possessing no towns, or trades, or professions; destitute of even the first elements of civilisation; constituting, in short, not a nation, but an unclaimed race of barbarians, amongst whom industry and accumulation are unknown—they could not yield us the advantages of a profitable commercial connexion.

There is a very prevalent delusion, which has indeed seized hold of some minds that ought to be embued with sounder views—that our commerce admits of valuable extension amongst savage or uncivilized communities,

A moment's reflection must demonstrate that the products of our looms are little calculated for the clothing of roving tribes of hunters, or fierce bands of banditti, amongst whom the decencies of life have scarcely established their claims, and where the wants of taste, comfort, and refinement in costume are unknown. The skins of the wild animals killed in the chase, afford, in every respect, the fittest covering for men who lead a life scarcely less savage than that of the beasts of prey. What has been the amount of our commerce with all the barbarous races of Africa since the suppression of the slave trade? What is the amount of our manufactures consumed by the hordes of central Asia—by the millions of fierce islanders of the eastern Archipelago—by the tribes of Indians roving over the prairies of America—or the untamed wanderers of the Arabian deserts? Probably, to all these uncivilized countries, though more populous than the Christian world, our exports are less in amount than to one of the smallest of the civilized nations—Holland!

LITERARY REGISTER.

Private Correspondence of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits.

THE commencement of a female reign, is opportune for the appearance of a work, illustrative both of the public and secret history of the reign of the last female sovereign of England, and one remarkable for the struggles of domestic parties, as well as for foreign transactions. The work contains the select correspondence of the Duke, when commanding the army on the Continent, with his high-spirited dame; who, the bosom-friend of the Princess Anne, in the early part of the reign of Queen Anne became rather the Vice-Queen than the favourite. How glad the enthralled "good Queen Anne" must have been to cast off the yoke of the imperious Duchess, and to find a more complacent female minister and easy and congenial friend in Mrs Masham! Some of the letters in this correspondence bear the romantic names of Mrs Morley and Mrs Freeman, the appellations adopted by the Queen and the Duchess during the early ardours of their friendship; though it was far in its decline before their date. And what a picture of the mortifications of ambition, the humiliations of pride, does the correspondence unfold!

The opinions of the Duchess of Marlborough, her sketches of the leading characters of her age, those statesmen and courtiers with whom she came in so close contact, is the most interesting feature of the work. Few of her letters written while she was a daily actor and prime mover in all public affairs, have been preserved; and thus these sketches embody all that can now be known of the opinions of a woman of great acuteness, who piqued herself upon sincerity; and who latterly never scrupled to tell truths, however unpalatable. The applicability of many of the opinions and remarks, contained in these volumes, to modern affairs and to our times, must strike the most careless reader; nor is it wonderful that Whigs and Tories should, after the lapse of a century, be found the self-same animals with whom this lady acted. We talk of the *Movement*, when a snail's pace would distance it. The following observations we find in an epistle from Dr Hare, afterwards a bishop, who had been the tutor of the Duke's eldest son, the Marquis of Blandford, and much in the confidence of the Marlborough family. The epistle is a kind of dissertation on party, and was written about the time that the Tories triumphed and the Duchess lost her place, long after having lost her personal influence with the Queen. The extracts we give goes to prove what the political writers in this Magazine have often asserted—that any liberal measure to be expected for the country, will come neither from Whigs nor Tories, as such, but from a vigorous Opposition:—

Your *Habeas Corpus*, *Treason*, and *Triennial* acts are owing to the *Tories*; chiefly because, it may be said, they did not press their point as *Tories*, but as malcontents. But this I may say, that the good things the Whigs have done, they did likewise out of play, and either not used or laid aside. . . . As long as men are men, self-interest will have a mighty influence; and if the Whigs have escaped the faults the Tories are blemished with, I suspect it is their good fortune more than their superior virtue, or the power of better principles. 'Twas their happiness to be out of play in those reigns when the princes had such corrupt purposes to serve; for, as soon as they came into play, they were as devout courtiers as their predecessors. . . . They always, when in, took the side of the Court; and every bill gained in the last reign was owing, as it commonly is, to the side that at that time was out. . . I say nothing of their voluntary associations, and other contrivances, made use of for no other end but to ensnare honest men, and secure a faction for themselves. I don't add to this their endeavours for a standing army. . . . I think there is great reason to suspect that the good laws that were obtained were not so much owing to men's being Whigs and Tories, as to their being in or out. When men are out, they have nothing to do but to act the patriot; to spy faults in them that are in; to make themselves popular by invectives against the Ministry, or by self-denying motions, in order to be taken off by the Prince, or to ingratiate themselves with the People, in order, by a majority in Parliament to force themselves upon the Prince, and to get into the administration.

Our friends of the newspaper press might do worse than cite the above passage.

The forebodings of the Duchess in 1739, have a remarkable coincidence with the forebodings of some gloomy-minded capitalists ninety-nine years later, and when, if there ever was any good cause for such apprehensions, it must be augmented tenfold. The party in Parliament neither Whig nor Tory, and which was soon afterwards absorbed in these rival factions, was then called the *Patriots*. It is in some sort represented by the *Radicals* of our day. The Duchess had a great deal of funded property, which quickened her fears; and "the sponge" was as familiar in her mouth as in that of Cobbett. She commences—

Miserable condition of the country! some accident may, perhaps, put some little stop to the ruin of it; but nobody can foresee when it will happen, or whether we shall be much the better for it. . . . I really question whether, if a king and a minister designed to do every thing that was right, a parliament could be got that would let them; for they could say that they must be paid as they used to be, [must now have pensions, places, and sinecures,] whatever consequence that produced; and, like people that live upon drama, they will have money as long as any is left for them. . . . I think in all

ages there have been as bad men, and some worse, than Sir Robert, [not Peel, but Walpole.] 'Tis true he has impoverished and ruined this country, for power and gain; but he could have done no mischief if men of greater fortune had not assisted him; which will certainly end in the ruin of themselves and their posterity.

. I find some people who are so sanguine as to think still that England will be saved; I cannot, for my life, see which way, since Sir Robert has all the money and power, and there are such numbers of fools and knaves to support whatever he has done or shall do. Had a great deal of discourse last night with one who calls himself a Patriot; but I don't find that he or any of the rest of them can give anything like a reason for any hope; and when I press them upon the subject, all I can get is, that some accident may bring things about to the better. An accident is a very uncertain, remote comfort; and what accident can do it? For my part I cannot yet see into it, nor what great good it would produce if Sir Robert should die. The public is more in debt than ever. [Debt in 1740! Oh, short-sighted female politician, what would you have said to our eight hundred millions!] There is a vast army already in England, which is to be farther increased; and much greater taxes must be raised to pay that expense, as well as a great fleet; neither of which have done anything, or are intended for any service, except the soldiers to awe the People of England, if they ever be provoked to oppose arbitrary power; in which case I am apt to believe that people would reflect how many had been hanged, and lost their estates for doing it.

The vast army which frightened the good Duchess, does not amount to one-third of the troops now required to overawe the Irish alone.

1737—8. Have made a great purchase, thinking one may have a little from land for some time, whatever happens. For fear of a sponge, I have sold my stocks low, and bought land dear, which I did because I thought that would hold longest.

The Duchess was not aware of the financial resources of a heaven-born minister. The Duchess is seen at times in a nobler temper than that produced by fears for the loss of any part of her enormous wealth. She had considerable experience of courts and princes, and her opinions of them are certainly not more favourable than those of persons totally ignorant of their ways. She says—

As princes are not the best judges of right and wrong, from the flattery they are used to, not to say worse of them, I think the best thing for them, and the whole nation, is not to let them have power to hurt themselves or anybody else. I am of opinion, from woful experience, that, from flattery, or want of understanding, most princes are alike; and therefore it is to no purpose to argue against their possessions, but to defend ourselves at all events, against them. This makes me think of the Castile oath—"We that are as good as yourself, and more powerful, choose you to be our king upon such conditions;" and concludes with what is just and proper. I don't find that anybody thinks it is possible for any good to be done this session. Everybody that should act don't mean the same thing. Some are influenced wholly by bribes; others have views which they cover: and, upon the whole, I think that Sir Robert will die in power.

Some of those people who call themselves Patriots, [Radicals,] are certainly very good men, but I am sure the whole party don't mean the same thing. They don't all go in a straight line to pursue steadily the right points; but they act coolly, [coldly,] sometimes one way, sometimes another, as they think it will turn most to what they secretly have in view; some to keep places they are in possession of, and others to get into them.

The Duchess had been reading the Memoirs of De Retz, and thus pithily concludes her criticism:—

By the description De Retz makes of the nobles—their taking bribes, being very simple, [i. e. foolish,] and wholly bent on private interest—they resemble very much our House of Lords.

We might multiply such quotations *ad infinitum*, but the sample proves the stock.

Among other characters of contemporaries sketched by the Duchess of Marlborough, we find that glory of the Tory priesthood of her day, Dr Sacheverel; the genuine prototype of the O'Sullivan and M'Creas of our time. The excitement of "*Church in Danger*,"

caused by Sacheverel, and those who used him as a tool, exactly prefigures the commotion emanating from Exeter Hall, and from the provincial pulpits and rostrums. Sacheverel himself is described by the Duchess, who was none of his admirers, as an ignorant, shallow, and pompous man.

He had a haughty, insolent air, which his friends found occasion often to complain of; but it made his presence more graceful in public. His person was framed well for the purpose, and he dressed well. A good assurance, clean gloves, white handkerchief, well managed, with other suitable accomplishments, moved the hearts of many at his appearance, and the solemnity of a trial added much to a pity and concern which had nothing in reason or justice to support them. *The weaker part of the ladies were more like maidens bewitched than like persons in their senses.* At length, by the help of proper officers and tools, great mobs were raised, to whose outrages and violence nothing more conduced than a prevailing opinion, artfully spread amongst them, that one above [the Queen] was herself on the side of those disorders. There was a machine for the great projectors to move!—and it was so dexterously moved, that the whole nation was moved with it. Several eminent clergymen, who despised the man in their hearts, were engaged to stand publicly by him, in the face of the world; as if the poor Church of England was now tried in him. Everybody knows that he was afterwards [after his trial and mock punishments] sent about several counties, where, with his usual grace, he received, as his due, the homage and adoration of multitudes; never thinking that respect enough was paid to his great merit; using some of his friends insolently, and raising mobs against his enemies, and giving ample proof of how great meanness the bulk of mankind is capable; putting on the air of a saint upon a lewd and pampered man, dispensing his blessing to all his worshippers, and his kisses to some; taking their good money as fast as it could be brought in, drinking their best wines, eating of their best provisions, without reserve and without temperance; and, what completed the farce, complaining, in the midst of this scene of luxury and triumph, as the old fat monk did, over a hot vension party, in his barbarous Latin, "Heu! quanta patimur pro Ecclesia."

Oh, what dreadful things do we undergo for the sake of the Church! This engine proving so fortunate, and the nation being now roused to a violent heat of mad passion for the Church and Crown, there was no longer any doubt of giving the finishing stroke to the designs which had been busy in agitation.

This design was the farther triumph of the Tory party, and directing the succession to the Crown past the House of Hanover. But how exact the parallel between Sacheverel and the uses made of him, and the leading agitators among the Tory parsons of the present period! All the work is not of equal value with these extracts; but the student of the political movements of England will find in it much to interest and entertain him, independently of the history of the great personages to whom the book relates.

The Scents Annual.

This beautiful table-book is made up of a selection of views in Scotland, Switzerland, and the United States. It possesses a peculiar national interest to Scottish people, both from the scenes and the editor, who is no less distinguished a personage in letters than Campbell. Thus the Annuals, instead of falling off, as was predicted, are drawing into their vortex some of the most eminent modern authors. Mr Campbell was late, he says, of engaging in the duty, but he will buckle earlier to the work, and do far better next year. We do not see much that requires to be amended, but would be loath to baulk his generous vow in favour of the public. He has had an anonymous coadjutor, whose verses flow as sweetly as those of the greater artist. The same energy and nobility of sentiment, which ever inspires Campbell when liberty is the theme, breaks out bravely in this work, in notices which are appended to views, in which the old Scottish Covenanters, and the Waldenses, are the heroic actors. To a bold view of the old West Bow—now alas! no more—this emphatic notice is attached:—

The Scotch Covenanters have a right to a high niche in history, for having illustrated a twofold truth:—In the first place, the impotence of persecution to put down opinions; and, secondly, the value of determined men main-

taining their conscientious belief. An age of persecution affected Calvinism only as the wind makes the corn grow. It is not necessary to be a Calvinist to admire, with one's whole heart, the courage of men who bled and died for what, to their feeling, was truth: nor is it necessary to subscribe to all the dogmas of the Scottish Church to appreciate the beautiful results that sprang up from the graves of its martyrs—results unforeseen by the Presbyterian martyrs themselves. The courage of Scotland preserved her national religion; and that religion, with its asperities softened, and its pulpit eloquence refined, by a Robertson, a Blair, and a Chalmers, has produced a clerical body that yields to none in the world for respectability.

Campbell's illustrations of the engraving, representing the wild mountain passes and rocky fastnesses, so long defended by the brave and devoted Christians of the Vaudois, is equally admirable.

Leonidas and his Spartans were not more self-devoted than the Vaudois were, for many centuries, under sufferings and persecutions; nor were the former braver in battle, or more attached to their native soil. The Vaudois, or Waldenses, to whom Milton alludes in his sonnet—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold," &c.,

were at one period nearly exterminated by their Popish enemies; but a remnant of them found refuge in other countries, and thence they might have existed, and melted into a foreign population, if they could have forgotten their native valleys, or tolerated life under the home-sickness of exiles. But they could not forget their native hearths and hills, the caves that had hid their forefathers from their persecutors, the fastnesses where they had secured themselves; and the very expatriated men refused even grants of land in foreign Protestant countries, over which they were scattered; and, though not a thousand in number, they resolved to regain their native valleys. They collected themselves together—they rendezvoused in Switzerland—crossed the Lake of Geneva, disembarked on the Savoy side, and, by a series of unparalleled efforts, succeeded—made a way with their swords through opposing myriads, in narrow defiles, and on giddy precipices, to their sacred homes. A more interesting scene than the return of the Vaudois is not to be found in human history. The retreat of Xenophon's Ten Thousand has an humble resemblance to it. The Vaudois were the Covenanters of Italy; but they surpass even our Scotch Covenanters in traits of heroism. And yet how unequal are the results of virtue! The descendants of the brave Vaudois are still a people depressed beneath their natural rights by the Sardinian government, while the Scottish nation owes to its Covenanters their equality with England.

It would only fill the mind with tedious horrors to recount minutely the earlier sufferings of this people. Their historians take pains to prove that they were original and Apostolic Christians, whose orthodoxy of faith can be traced back to the eighth century. But what has orthodoxy, or heterodoxy, or antiquity of faith, to do with the lawfulness of persecution? Whether their faith was new or old, or false or true, there was the same atrocity in attempting to extirpate it by violence.

To a view of Cora Linn, which is not among the finest in the collection, Mr Campbell has devoted the following sweet lines:—

"The time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'Twas with congenial friends;
And calmer hours of pleasure past
My memory seldom sends,

"It was as sweet an autumn day
As ever shone on Clyde;
And Lanark's orchards, all the way,
Put forth their golden pride.

"E'en hedges, busked in bravery,
Looked rich that sunny morn;
The scarlet hip and blackberry
So pranked September's thorn.

"In Cora's glen the calm how deep!—
Its trees, on loftiest hill,
Like statues stood, or things asleep—
All motionless and still.

"The torrent spoke as if his noise
Made earth be quiet round,
And gave his loud and lonely voice
A more commanding sound,

"His foam, beneath the yellow light
Of noon, came down like one
Continuous sheet of fountains bright,
Emblazoned by the sun.

"Dear Linn!—let loftier falling floods
Have prouder names than thine;
And, king of all, enthroned in woods,
Let Niagara shine.

"Barbarian, let him shake his coasts
With rooking thunders far,
Extended as the army of hosts
In broad embattled war.

"His voice appals the wilderness:
Approaching thine we feel
A solemn, deep melodiousness,
That needs no louder peal.

"More fury would but disenchant
Thy dream-inspiring din;
Be thou the Scottish muse's haunt,
Romantic Cora Linn!"

The assistant-editor has contributed many copies of pleasing and elegant verses. We gather one flower from his chaplet—

"Brothers!—the day declines;
Above the glacier brightens,
And red through Hündwyl's pines
The vesper-halo lightens.
From hamlet, rock, and chalet,
Your grateful song be poured,
Till mountain, lake, and valley,
Re-echo—Praise the Lord!

"The sun sleeps in the west;
And stars gleam bright and cold,
And bring the hour of rest
To the shepherd and his fold.
Now swell the mountain chorus
To him our sirens adored,
Whose glorious works before us
Still whisper—Praise the Lord!

"And, hark!—below, aloft,
From cliffs that pierce the cloud—
From blue lake, calm and soft,
Lulled in its twilight shroud—
Fresh strength our anthem gathers;
From Alp to Alp 'tis poured—
The song that soothed our fathers—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

"Now, from forest, flood, and fell,
Let the voice of old and young—
All the strength of Appenzell,
True of heart, and sweet of tongue—
The grateful hymn prolong,
And tune the spirit's chord,
Till yon stars take up our song—
'Hallelujah to the Lord!'"

This Annual has been tardy in its appearance, but it possesses beauties and merit to ensure its success.

Hood's Comic Annual for 1838.

With the usual quantity of drolleries, quips, cranks, and clinches, whether printed or pictured, Mr Hood, in his ninth appearance, has played the good-humoured satirist more directly than in any former year. In the "Carnaby Correspondence," he has successfully exposed and ridiculed the present system of education at those suburban or country seminaries, where boys are dieted and drugged, whipped into Latin and Greek, and drilled into religion and morals, in the cheapest and most expeditious manner. The disappointment of Mr Carnaby, senior, who had laid out "such mints of munny for Bob's skulking," and found Bob not only "famished in his vittels," but "famishin in his Latin and Greek," is great; as he had "set his art upon to hav woen claudie skollard bransh in the famely." Mr Carnaby, a worthy London tradesman, is somewhat caricatured, but Master Bob is true boarding-school-boy nature, especially as he comes forth in the epistle sent clandestinely from Dr Darby's Academy, to his papa:—

"What I want to tell you is, as the holidays is so nigh, I wish you would make up your mind for me to be took away for good and all. I don't like the vittuals for one thing; and, besides, I am allmost sure we are not well taught. The table-beer always gives me the sto-

mach-ache, if I don't tie a string round it; and I only wish you see some of Mr Murphy's ruling when he smells so of gin. Another thing is the batter-puddings, which the fellows call it putty, because it sticks pains in our insides; and sometimes we have stinking beef.

I am certain sure we should have a barring out in our school-room long and long ago, only the Doctor hardly ever wants to come in. That's the way the ushers do, just as they like in school hours; and Mr Hucking's does a leather-seller's bookkeeping; and Mr Snitch makes poetry for the newspapers. It's not my fault, then, if I am backward in my Greek and Latin, though I have got a prize for spelling and grammar; but we all have prizes for something, to please our parents when we go home. . . . Philip Frank says there's a capital school at Richmond, where the master permits fishing, and boating, and cigars, and gunpowder, and pony chaises, for only sixty guineas a-year. I often think that's the sort of genteel school my poor dear late mother, if she was alive, would like me finished off at. But that's as you prefer; and if you will only promise upon your honour to remove me, I won't run away."

Dr Darby's seminary is, we fear, too true a picture of many modern boarding schools; and Mr Hood's burlesque of their systems and charlatanerie, cannot fail to do some good. "Dr Darby of SOCRATES HOUSE," turns out to be one Darby, a bankrupt ship-chandler of Wapping; and some of the masters of such academies as his, may probably have even a more illiterate and vicious origin. We would seriously recommend the study of the Carnaby correspondence to all honest, wealthy, and unlearned parents, ambitious of giving their children a polite or classic education.

"Patronage" is another clever squib, though running rather too much into burlesque. It would not, however, be easy to exaggerate the impudent and barefaced system of aristocratic patronage, so happily ridiculed in Mrs D.'s application to Lord Viscount —, for a change of place for her nervous husband—"an unfortunate gentleman of birth and breeding;" who, after waiting forty years for a place, had been appointed inspector of powder mills, where he lives in a continual agony of apprehension for an explosion. The lady says—

"To favour with particulars, my husband has the honour to be related very distantly to the Poerage; and, as your Lordship knows, it is the privilege of Aristocracy to provide for all connexions by comfortable public situations, which are sometimes enjoyed very early in life. To such Mr D— had a hereditary right from his cradle; for his noble relative, the Duke of —, was so condescending as to stand sponsor by proxy; and, instead of the usual spoons, or a silver mug, made a promise to the infant of some office suited to its tender age—for instance, a superannuation or the like, where there is nothing to do but the salary to receive. In point of fact, the making the baby a retired King's Messenger, was undertaken at the font; but, before the child could come into office, his Grace unfortunately went out of power, by dying of apoplexy, leaving nothing but a promise, which a new Ministry was unjust and ungrateful enough not to make good. In this shocking manner, your Lordship, was my husband thrown upon the world, without proper provision, according to his station and prospects; and was degraded to the necessity of his own exertions for his support, until the new Duke thought proper to stir in his behalf."

We leave the remainder of Mrs D—'s grievances to the reader. Her letter is quite as good as many a long and laboured article against pensions and sinecures.

Animal Magnetism, which is not losing ground in Great Britain, is the next subject upon which Mr Hood has chosen to exercise his powers of ridicule.

Of all the sirs of the times, (he says,) considering them merely as signs, and the public literally as 'a public,' there are none more remarkable than the Hahnemann's Head—the Crown and Compasses, devoted to Gall and Spurzheim's entire—and the Cock and Bull, that hangs out at the House of Call for An mal Magnetizers. The last concern especially—a daring, glar n, flaring, gin-palace-like establishment, is a moral phenomenon.

Mr Hood calls upon the temperance philanthropists to set their faces against "Measmer's particular," which he considers a much more deleterious mixture than Old Tom.

Seriously, (he says,) might not the temperance soci-

ties extend the sphere of their operations, by a whole hemisphere, and perhaps with equal advantage to mankind, by attacking mental *dram-drinking*, as well as the bodily tipping of ardent spirits? Take the wildest freaks of the most fuddled, muddled, bepuddled soaker, such as "trying to light his pipe at a pump"—attempting to wind up a plug with his watch-key—or requesting, from a damp bed in the gutter, to be tucked in,—and are they a bit, or a whit, or a jot, or a what-not more absurd, more extravagant, or more indicative of imbecility of reason, than the vagaries of a somnambulist, gravely going through the back-gammon of reading *Back's Journal*, or a back-number of the *Retrospective Review*, through the back of his head?

The correspondence touching *Animal Magnetism*, is carried on betwixt Mr Reuben Oxenham, (an honest Lincolnshire grazier, who fancies it some new plan of fattening cattle, patronized by the Duke of Bedford, at his show, or by that benefactor of the bestial, Lord Spencer—"Althorpe as was,") and his nephew, Mr Robert Holland, linen-draper in Tottenham Court Road. From him, the worthy grazier requests to be informed whether the magnetism is likely to supersede oil-cake and mangel-wurzel in fattening stock, considering it a main thing in these times to be put up to such secrets at the first start. To satisfy his uncle's rational curiosity, Mr Robert went to make inquiry and observation in person; or, "to examine a sample of animal magnetism," which turned out to have no connexion with such animals as Mr Oxenham was in the habit of handling, nor yet with magnets. He discovered it to be—

"All of a piece with juggling, quack-salving, and mountebanking, such as universal physic, spitting Coventry ribbons, tumbling and posturing, thimble-rig, and the like fabrics. One of the principal tricks is, sending people off to sleep against their wills; not so new a trick though, but it has been heard of, years and years ago, at Bow Street; and easy enough to perform any day with a pint of porter, provided one was rogue enough to want to hocus-pocus the money out of other people's pockets into one's own. To come to the point, there's an outlandish Count set up at the west end; and, no doubt, will realize a fortune. He has his carriage-people for customers, as well as Howel & James; indeed, I have heard of the Somebodies as well as Nobodies, running after common fortune-tellers' tales, and not too high to be above going up into their back garrets. Some say he is a Frenchman; others a German; but the last for choice, for he smokes enough to drive all the rats out of the neighbourhood. Besides, the Germans, I am told, will believe anything, provided it is impossible; which is some excuse for their wanting other people to give them the same long credits. . . . I determined to go wide awake, and to keep my eyes open too, by not taking bite or sup in the house, if offered ever so politely. It surely is shewing no disrespect to object to hocussed victuals and drinks. I might have spared my fears, however; for there was nothing provided but the legerdemain, &c., and that was charged a guinea for, which you can repay at convenience. I preferred to see somebody taken before me, and another patient was taken first. She was a fine strapping young woman enough, dressed between a fine lady and a servant-maid; but as sly-looking a baggage as you could select from an assortment of gipsies; and, unless her face belied her, quite capable of scratching a Cock Lane ghost. . . . Something came across me that I had seen her before; and, if memory don't deceive, it was at some private theatricals, contrary to law. For certain, she could keep her countenance; for, if the outlandish figure of a doctor, with his queer face, had postured, and pawed, and poked towards me with his fingers, for all the world like the old game of 'My grandmother sends you a staff, and you're neither to smile nor to laugh,' as he did to her, I should have bursted to a certainty, instead of going off, as she did, into an easy sleep."

"As soon as she was sound, the Count turned round to me and the company with his broken English—"Ladies and Gentlemen," says he, 'look at this young Maidens, Mizz Charlot Ann Elizabet Martin,' for that is his way of talking. 'Wid my magnetismuses I tro her into von state of somnambolzeism,' or something to that effect. 'Mizz Charlot Ann, dou art a slip.'

"As fast as a church, Mister Count," says she, talking and hearing every word as easy as broad awake. 'Ferry goot,' says he. 'Now, I take dis boka, Mizziss Glasse, Cokery, and I shall make do maidens read som leittle of

him wid her back. Dere he is between her sholders. Mizs Charlot Ann, what you see now wit your eyes torned de wrong way for to look?" "Why, then," says she, "Mister Count, I see quite plain a T and an O; then comes R, and O, and S, and T; and the next word is H, and A, and I, and R."

"Ferry goot," cried the Count, over again, "dat is to rost de hair. Ladies and gentlemens, you all hear? As Gott is my shudge, so is here in de boke. Now, den, Mizs Charlot Ann, vons more. Vot you teste in your mouse?" "Why, then, master," says Charlotte Anne, "as sure as fate, I taste sweet herba, chopped up small!" "Ferry goot, indeed; but vat more bysides de sweet herrubs?" "Why," says she, "it's a relish of salt and pepper, and mace; and, let me see—there's a flavour of currant-jelly." "Besser and besser!" cried the Count. "Ladies and gentlemens, are not dese wonderfools? You shall see efery wort of it in de print. Mizs Charlot Ann, vot you feel now?" "Lawk-a-mercy, Mister Count!" says she, "there's a sort of stuffy feel, so there is, in my inside!" "Yaw! like von fool belly! ferry goot. Now, you feel vot?" "Feel! Mister Count!" says she; "why, I don't feel nothing at all; all the stuffing is gone clean away!" "Yaw! my child!" says he, "dat is bycause I take away de cookery boke from your two sholder. Ladies and gentlemens, dese is de grand powers of Magnetismus! Ach himmel! as Hamlet says, dere is more in our philosophies dan dere is de heafen r de cart! Our mutter nature is so fond to hide her face! Bot von adsept, so as me, can lift up her whale!" To shorten a long story, the somnambulism lasted for two hours; while Miss Charlotte Anne told fortunes in her sleep, and named people's inward complaints, and prescribed for them with her eyes shut. Mine was dropsy. . . . For my own part, I mean to suspend myself till I feel more symptoms; and, in the meantime, I have experimented on myself, so far as to try, behind my back, to read the "Ready Reckoner." But I could not even see the book, much less make out a figure. To be sure, I was broad awake; but it stands to reason that the circumstance only gave the better chance in its favour; at least, it has always been so with a book held the proper, natural way. To my mind, it is all Sham Abraham; or else the little boys, that ge every day with whole etchels full of books at their backs, would know more about them than they generally do at leaving off school."

Mr Holland thus leaves off in a postscript, and, after having discussed the subject with a neighbour, "a veteran surgeon," who told him animal magnetism "was all very well for the old men and women physicians; but it won't go down with the horse doctors." If Mr Hood's pasquinade do not shame the admirers of the exhibiting magnetizers, we despair of grave argument convincing them. Even from these indications, our readers may understand that, in fun, broad humour, and comic spirit, ever enlisted in the service of good sense and cheerful virtue, the ninth volume of this unique annual shews no abatement of original talent and vivacity.

The Comic Almanac

Is more than comical—it is satirical and moral; it conveys instruction under the guise of broad fun. But it is impossible to give any idea of its vein, without the cuts. In the chronology of the month of January we have the colonization of Botany Bay, upon the 26th of the month 1788, and these verses to Lord John Russell's "most profligate society on the face of the earth,"

"Rejoice and praise, in merry lays,
The wisdom of the wigs,
Which kindly found, on classic ground,
A paradise for prigs.

"Assembled there, in talent rare,
Each knave salutes a brother,
And friendly yet, their wit they whet,
By practice on each other."

31. Young Pretender d. 1788. *N.B.* Race not extinct.
April 3. Low Sunday. "*Facile est descensus*"——

8. Sir R. Peel resigned, 1835.

"To all the virtues of exalted station,
He adds the greater one of resignation."

This is for the anniversary of *Charity Children's Jubilee*, merrily termed "The Martyrdom of St Paul,"

"O Charity! celestial dame!—I cannot call thee maid,
While ev'ry year thy children dear make such a grand parade.—"

Ah! 'tis a glorious sight to see thy little pauper brats
Parade the streets of *Babylon*, like demi-drowned rats.
Before the sun's begun to run, they're startled from their nest,

And by their anxious mothers in the parish finery drest;
And how those mothers' hearts must leap with gratitude to see

Their offering all so nicely clothed in that smart livery!
The girls all clad in worsted gowns, mob caps, and aprons white,

Like Lilliputian grandmothers—a venerable sight:
The boys in pretty blanket coats of green or brick-dust red,

With tawny leather breeches, and a thrum cap on their head;

And then that splendid pewter badge, worth all the rest beside;

No medal worn by hero could inspire more honest pride.
While to the neighbours they're a mark of pleasant observation,

How must their happy mothers bless a parish education!
It is so very handy, too, when in a crowd they're bawling,
To pick them out so easily, and save a world of bawling.

"Oh! merry day of jubilee to every little sinner,
When ev'ry one receives a bun and goes without a dinner.
Ah, happy England! thou'rt indeed a charitable nation!
Thy charities thou dost without the slightest ostentation!
How proud it makes a Briton feel to view this glorious sight,

Though some there are too dull to share the exquisite delight.

I heard a surly cynic once thus vent his angry spleen,
As he with jaundic'd eye beheld the animated scene."

We omit the splenetic effusion.

Among the sketches in prose or verse, there is a clever paper entitled, "Manners made Easy," written in ridicule of the absurdities in the numerous *Codes of Etiquette* that have lately come abroad. Here are a few of those guiding maxims, teaching how to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear:—

Never introduce your friends to strangers without their consent, nor permit such a liberty towards yourself, especially about November. Many have been entrapped into the hands of John Doe and Richard Roe thereby, unawares.

Choose rainy days to pay your visits on. You will thus shew your sincerity, and be less likely to miss callers at home. Take your cloak and hat into the drawing-room—to leave them below would be like one of the family; but, above all, carry in your umbrella,—you have no right to leave it streaming in another person's hall.

When you visit your maiden aunt, as you value your legacy expectant, preserve an amiable face, and keep your hands and feet to yourself, while her favourite tom cat reposes in you the height of his friendship by looking you full in the face, and vigorously stretching himself by the aid of his ten talons, hooked through your tight and tender kerseymeres.

Never marry a widow, (unless her first husband was hanged,) or she will be always drawing unpleasant comparisons.

When a lady sits down to the piano-forte, always volunteer to turn over the leaves. To be able to read music is of no consequence, as you will know that she is at the bottom of a page when she stops short. If you turn over two leaves at once, you will probably have the secret thanks of most of the company.

When your friend enters the room, instantly rise, and, though there may be half a dozen unoccupied chairs at hand, draw him with gentle force into your own. You will thus shew the warmth of your friendship; for a damp seat may be as bad as a damp bed.

Never hesitate to take a friend with you, when you go out to dinner. Disappointments are so frequent that the lady of the house may perhaps be glad of a spare gentleman, to fill up a gap.

In carving, remember that "twere well it were done quickly." He must be, therefore, the best carver who soonest fills the greatest number of plates. Waste no time in asking if people like a wing or a leg, this bit or that—many do not know their minds on any subject. Besides, as they cannot all have the prime cuts, nothing but discontent can ensue from giving them the choice.

As too much of a good thing is morally impossible, fill the plates well—the delicate can leave half, and the modest are saved the unpleasantness of a second application; besides making the hostess your eternal friend, if, through

your management in the outset, some of the dishes go away uncut for another day.

Instead of waiting for the dessert, let your children come in with the first course—they cannot be used to good society too soon.

Help the darlings first—they are dearer to you than mere visitors, to whom you might, otherwise, inadvertently transfer some delicate bits on which the little cherubs had set their minds.

Do not detain the toothpick long after dinner, it's unpleasant to be kept waiting for it.

Always wipe the brim of a pot of porter with your sleeve, if you are about to hand it to a lady.

There are several copies of lively and clever verses; but perhaps the heroics on the Queen's visit to the city come most *pat* at the present time. We give the end of them:—

"Now the best of the fun is just begun; for, prancing, may be seen

The handsome Common Council men, in their gowns of mazarine,

And the sheriffs bell, in their chains of gold, and not disposed to quarrel,

Though one the song of *Moses* sings, and the other a Christmas Carol.

And each Alderman fat, in his three-cock'd hat—so comely, one by one,

They stately ride, with their grooms beside—no doubt to hold them on.

'Tis the Mayor of course, outside a horse, with the sword of state before him,

He looks in his pride, from side to side—*How the prentice boys adore him!*

Hurrah! Hurrah! she comes this way—stand firm to see her pass!

Well, what have you seen? Why, not the Queen, but the glare of the window glass,

Oh, I'm going wild! have you seen my child? from above I let him fall—

Yes, there he rolls on the people's polls, and he'll soon be at Guildhall.

That little crowd, they scream so loud, it pierces through and through you;

It's all the charity girls and boys a-singing 'Hallelujah.' And 'Live the Queen!'—'tis a lovely scene—did you hear that cracking note?—

'Tis a little lass, in the second class, she's burst her little throat.

And now the bells ring round again, and the cannon loudly thunder,

But, before we go, do any know which *was* the Queen, I wonder?

I saw the Queen, she was dressed in green, and a gold tiara crown'd her—

No, I rather think that *was* her in pink, with the silver all around her.—

In pink or green she never was seen, but she wore a robe of red,

And she rode a horse, as a thing of course, with a fur cap on her head.—

I think it's plain we shall know her again, so now we'll quit our station,

And will take a turn, when the gas-lights burn, to see the illumination.

See crowns and stars, and bright V.R.'s, and wreaths and garlands pretty,

And laurels green all round the Queen, and mottoes quaint and witty.

Here's 'Wax and Wicktorias' (*Cowan, in gloria.*) 'May she long wear her crown' (*Alderman Brown.*) 'Ourselves and the Queen' (*Pellatt and Green.*) 'She'll ne'er have her match, if she reads the *Dispatch*,' (*says that jolly farmer, Alderman Harmer.*) 'Success to Regina and Essence of Bina' (*inscription good, by Matthew Wood.*) 'Long live the Queen, to drink Black and Green,' (*Mr Twining, in bright lamps shining.*) 'None shall dare to affront her' (*Sir Claudius Hunter.*) 'In a lot we'll knock down all the foes of the crown,' (*a desperate go, by Fairbrother and Co.*)

But none of the sight gave such delight as the Aldermen and the Queen,
And throughout the land, such spectacles grand will never again be seen."

The Rural Life of England. By William Howitt.

This long-promised work, composed upon, perhaps, the

only subject that never waxes stale, has just come forth in two handsome and prettily-embellished volumes; and these by no means slim or sparse. Much of the world lying at our door is absolutely unknown to us. "Life in the Dales of Lancashire and Yorkshire," introduces us to manners, and usages, and a dialect, as primitive as those of the days of Chaucer. It does one good to learn that so much of rustic, Merry England, still exists in integral simplicity; and that so many stately ancient halls and sequestered hamlets, and bits of forestry, adorn those "nooks" which slumber beautifully on, unheeded by nine-tenths of mail-coach and railway travellers, and unheeding the march of improvement. The headings of a few of the chapters will indicate their pleasant contents:—"Life of the Gentry in the Country;" "Country Sports;" "Gardens;" "The English Farmer;" "The English Farm Servant;" "The Forests of England"—(a charming series of chapters); "Cottage Life;" ditto, and "Popular Festivals"—best of all; and also giving place to many chapters. We cannot imagine whence the sober-minded Friends derive so much poetical fancy and graceful devotion to the beautiful. The work will delight the reader by its freshness and amenity, and as a record of the fast perishing usages and enjoyments of THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND.

Dr George Redford's Lectures on the Holy Scriptures.

These Lectures were delivered at the *Congregational Library*, London, where a Course of Annual Lectures was established at the commencement of the Institution. The Lectures are afterwards published by the committee of management; and those before us are, we suppose, among the first fruits of a scheme by which the Congregationalists intend to rival in usefulness those worthies who established the *Warburton* and the *Dampton* Lectures; and all the others which have emanated from the zeal of Churchmen. The subject of this course is the Authenticity and Divine Authority of the Bible, which are established by proofs drawn from the whole circle of human knowledge.—Dr Wardlaw's "Christian Ethics," and Dr Vaughan's "Causes of the Corruption of Christianity," have previously appeared as fruits of this Lectureship; and its publication well deserves the support, not only of Congregationalists, but of all Disenters.

The Church in Ephraim; or, Expository Remarks upon the Prophecies of Haggai and Zechariah.

Our chief inducement to notice the publication of this book is, its being the production of a female pen, and that it has some affinity to the subject of Redford's Lectures. Farther, in the face of so many periodical publications wholly devoted to works upon religious subjects, we shall not presume to go.

Conversation's Lexicon. Parts XLI., XLII.

This work is hastening to a conclusion. It has reached the letter S. The present part, among other articles, contains "Rome" and "Russia"—the latter a useful paper, though undue prominence is given to the Russian-German war, which occupies space that would have been as well bestowed upon the manners and customs of the various tribes now included in the unwieldy empire of the Czar, and fuller geographical and topographical descriptions. Part XLII. contains the important article, "Scotland."

Outlines of Naval Routine. By Lieutenant Alexander Dingwall Fordyce, R.N.

This work is intended as a manual, or work of reference for seamen. We are not qualified to pronounce upon its fitness to supply or acknowledge merit; but great pains appear to have been bestowed upon it by an intelligent practical seaman. Sailors dislike publishing. They have an idea, that those only write upon nautical subjects who know least about them. Hence, according to our author, "every old admiral or officer who dies, carries with him to the grave a fund of professional information, which, if communicated to the public, might have been of great importance to the service." Lieutenant Fordyce, late of his Majesty's ship *Algerine*, resolved to keep and collect the notes which are now arranged in order. He

modestly disclaims the name of "S;stem" for his work : but states that his "Outlines" are of a nature to indicate a system, in which, if he is encouraged, he may, assisted by the experience of friends and brother officers, proceed to complete. The work is appropriately inscribed to the Earl of Minto. If it merit encouragement, which we have every reason to believe, it will certainly receive it from the proper quarter, which is the Admiralty.

Dr Dick's Celestial Scenery.

The well-known popular author of the *Christian Philosopher* and other works, in which science is blended with religion and morals, has devoted a thick volume to the Astronomy of the Planetary System; the system we call our Solar System, that of our sun, his planets, and their satellites. The title, probably meant to be catching, is partial and incomplete, as *Celestial Scenery* is but one feature of this elaborate and instructive work.

Mary Raymond and other Tales. By Mrs Gore.

The tragic story which occupies the greater part of the first of these three volumes is original, and of the shorter Tales, it is said—"a few have appeared anonymously in popular Miscellanies." This Magazine, as its diligent readers will perceive, has been illustrated by many of these stories. We are glad to meet them in a collected form, and nothing that Mrs Gore has written, excels several of these tales, over which touching pathos and the playful graces alternately flit, in tears and smiles. A more cheerful tone, a shade more of the *couleur de rose*, is all that we have to desire in her sketches. We do not object to being steeped and dissolved in sorrow in the course of a story, but to being left in this heart-aching, disconsolate, and hopeless condition.

Memoirs of John Rattenbury, a West-of-England Smuggler, commonly termed "The Rob Roy of the West."

Age is stealing on this hardy tar, and poverty has preceded it. From his *Diary and Journals*, a Memoir has been compiled, with a view of benefiting the veteran, by the profits of publication. The preface states, that the name of Rattenbury has long been familiar to the public, and his exploits a theme of conversation from the little fishing cove of Beer (where he was born) to the rocky shores of Vesta; from the islands surrounding the coast of Normandy and Brittany, to the Land's End. In the sixty years of his pilgrimage, Rattenbury has seen enough of vicissitude, and suffered sufficient hardship. His *Autobiography* is a better illustration of the contraband trade, and the inutilty of the preventive service, than Miss Martineau's tale of "The Loom and the Lugger." It proves that restrictions on industry and trade, are thrice cursed, the smuggler not being the least sufferer. Rattenbury was a skilful pilot, as well as a bold, daring, adventurous smuggler. This gives variety to his history.

A Manual of Conduct; or, Christian Principle exemplified in Daily Practice. By the Author of "The Morning and Evening Sacrifice," "Farewell to Time," &c. &c. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. Pp. 453.

This volume is the essence of a much larger and very elaborate work by the same author, published some years ago, and entitled "The True Plan of a Living Temple." Without making any comparison between the relative merits of the bulkier work and the present compendium, it may be safely surmised that the book has gained by the absence of much speculation, and that the abstract is likely to be more popular and extensively useful. Of the shorter work, we can affirm what the *North American Review* says of an abstract of the "Living Temple," published in the United States—"That for those who are seeking in earnest their moral and religious improvement, who desire a book which shall help them as a friend helps a friend, and who, in their hours of serious reflection, prefer the still small voice to that of passionate appeal, this will be a welcome publication." The author is, we believe, a minister of the Church of Scotland.

A Letter, by Dr Ayre of Hull, to Lord John Russell, upon Asiatic Cholera,

Repudiates the notion of that dreadful disease being infectious; objects to quarantine regulations; and, best of all, instead of so much cleaning, and fumigating, and drugging in hospitals, recommends generous meat diet, as the surest preventive of the disease. It is not without feasibility that its spread is attributed to the innutritious, unwholesome, or insufficient food of the poorer classes.

A Letter

Has been addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Curate of Swalecliffe, in consequence of his being publicly cited to answer for alleged heretical doctrines before the ecclesiastical authorities of Canterbury. The Letter is worthy of attention from those who prefer the investigation of truth to unquestioning submission to authority.

The Miseries and Beauties of Ireland. By Jonathan Binns. London: Longman & Co. 2 vols.

No right-hearted, intelligent man, ever yet set foot on the emerald sod, be he Whig, Tory, or Radical, without loving "Ireland and the Irish" the better, the more nearly he looked into their character and condition. Mr Binns, who went to Ireland as an Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, is no exception to this rule. His book, dictated by a kind and liberal spirit, abounds in important, if homely details; and is full of the sort of information which we should delight to see made familiar to the whole people of Great Britain. Mr Binns enjoyed excellent opportunities of acquiring information, and he has made good use of them. He is, besides, a practical agriculturist.

Some Account of the Life and Writings of the Celebrated Rabbi Maimonides, the celebrated "Egyptian Moses."

This is the first of a set of curious Tracts, of which those published are upon the Laws of the Jews relating to "The Poor and the Stranger;" "The Judaic Law as Opposed to the English Military;" "The English Pauper-Law, and Factory-Slave Law;" and "Testimonies to the Fertility of Ancient Palestine." The whole of these Tracts are the pleadings of an advocate of justice and mercy, who has devised this ingenious mode of making the voice of humanity be heard. The Pamphlets display considerable erudition; and, to render them more generally attractive, as well as to illustrate the text, they are embellished with numerous wood engravings. Some of the Tracts are exact translations from Maimonides; others are original compositions. The Author is a decided enemy to the Factory System, so far as over-working and beating children are concerned; to the Flogging of Soldiers, and to the New Poor Laws.

Yarrel's British Birds.

A few more parts are published—the letterpress shows the opinions and the newest facts collected by the leading naturalists. The engravings of birds are beautiful, lively, and true.

Burke's Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland.

Two more Parts of this amusing and curious work, the XIV. and XV., have appeared. Independently of its main purpose, we consider it exceedingly interesting, from the antiquarian details, and also as a domestic history. In this respect the notes are peculiarly valuable.

Rowbotham's new Derivative and Etymological Dictionary of Words, having their origin from the Greek and Latin Languages.

A useful school-book. A perfect work of this kind would supply to such children as have neither fortune nor time for classical education, one main use of classical attainments, in being able to recognise the origin, and, hence, the full force and meaning of all English derivatives.

Duties of the Young.

The alleged object of this little treatise is to form the moral character of youth upon the basis of good sense and practical piety. With somewhat of formality, and ultra-precision in small matters, it appears a plain useful code of instruction and self-discipline.

Temple's Christian's Daily Treasury. Second Edition.

In it, a brief religious Exercise or Meditation is given for every day of the year. To each section a suitable text of Scripture is prefixed.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ATTENTION during the month has been absorbed by Canadian affairs, and intelligence from North America has been looked for with the greatest anxiety. We have not yet received any account from the insurgents, of the immediate causes of the revolt, or why they took up arms, when—as far as has yet been seen—they were so ill prepared to enter into a contest with the power of Britain. All the intelligence yet arrived is from the Tories, or rather the Orangemen of Canada, of whom their brethren on this side of the Atlantic boast that there are not fewer than 16,000 in the Upper Province alone. We, therefore, believe that very little reliance is to be placed on the statements we find daily reiterated of the revolt being entirely quashed; for we have seen enough to convince us, that the Whig and Tory press are willing to resort to any device, to delude the People as to the real state of matters in this most important colony. A week or two ago, we were told by the London daily press, that the insurgents were completely dispersed, tranquillity restored, and all possibility of hostile collision at an end; but, a very few days afterwards, we found that, amidst all this tranquillity, Sir John Colborne had found himself under the necessity of putting himself at the head of three regiments, six pieces of artillery, a large body of volunteers—in short, the whole disposable force of the province—to attack a body of insurgents who had taken up a strong position within twenty-five miles of Montreal. Sir Francis Head also was so confident of the loyalty of the Upper Province, that he sent all his troops from Toronto to the assistance of Lord Gosford; and, no sooner had they departed, than he found himself besieged in his own seat of government, obliged, for safety, to embark his wife and family in a steam-boat, and indebted for his own personal safety to the gross mismanagement of his antagonist, who, instead of making an immediate attack on Toronto, and seizing the Governor and the 6000 stand of arms which had been left there under the charge of the magistrates and constables—many of the inhabitants being favourable to the insurgents—allowed himself to be amused with negotiations, while a force was collecting to oppose him.

Meanwhile, matters are going on in the same course with the Canadians as with their southern neighbours sixty years ago. One measure of coercion follows another in rapid succession. The first was to plunder the Canadian exchequer, which may be compared to the Stamp Duty Act of the old provinces. The next, which it needed not have required three weeks nor three days to concoct, is to abolish their constitution. Suspension is what is held out; but abolition is, in reality, what is intended. This is of a piece with the suspension of the trade of Boston, to punish the inhabitants of the province. During the recess of Parliament, it was whispered that the suspension of the sittings of the Legislative Assembly was to be only for one year. The bill actually suspends them to 1st November 1840. The winter of 1840 is, in prospect, somewhat stormy, and, therefore, no longer suspension is at present ventured on. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof! It is impossible to think of suspensions without recollecting that of cash payments by the Bank of England. On Sunday, the 26th February 1797, was the meeting of the Cabinet Council, requiring the Bank not to pay their notes in cash for three weeks.—They ceased to pay for twenty years! On Sunday, the 14th January 1838, Ministers were so busy in suspending the constitution of Lower Canada, that the

Queen could not attend "divine service in St George's Chapel, and did not leave the Castle; but was engaged the greater part of the morning in state affairs." We hope that we are not again to have a reign parallel in events to that of George III.; but we have similar elements to commence with—a young Sovereign, an imbecile Ministry, discontented colonies, and foreign enemies, under the mask of friends, ready to pounce upon us in the first moment of distress. We see the same ignorance, and the same confidence, that preceded the loss of the older States; the same apathy among the People; similar misrepresentations on the part of the aristocratic press; the same contempt of the power and influence of the colonies; the same eagerness to enter into an unjust and unholy war, in which no honour nor advantage can by possibility be gained; and in which victory will be ruinous and defeat disgraceful.

Assuming, what appears to be the universal opinion, that the insurrection in the Canadas will be completely put down before the end of this year, what is the situation of matters? We will then be in possession of a territory 1400 miles from east to west, and from 200 to 400 miles from north to south, comprising nearly 600,000 square miles, with a population so much discontented as to have in both provinces out-voted, in their Legislative Assemblies, by immense majorities, the governing power, and subsequently risen in arms. How many soldiers will it require, and what will be the expense of keeping up the authority of Britain in this vast and hostile country? We may judge from this circumstance. Ireland, with a much larger proportion of its population than the Canadas, favourable to British rule, with all its representatives supporting British connexion, and not containing above 35,000 square miles, not one-tenth part of the superficies of Canada, requires from 20,000 to 30,000 British troops to maintain tranquillity; and, although in a more peaceful state at this moment, than at any former period, not a soldier can be spared. Where are troops to be got for this service? Can Irish soldiers be employed to put down men like themselves, aliens in language and religion, and suffering under grievances similar to their own? *Lower Canada is lost to Britain.* In disputes between a mother country and her colonies, there are *vestigia nulla retrorsum*. The attempt to conciliate will utterly fail; and in the attempt, the Earl of Durham will lose the remainder of the popularity he still possesses. The inhabitants of Lower Canada will spurn a commission, by the constitution of which the Upper Province is put on an equality with themselves, and used to trample them under foot, and in which commission all their grievances are sure to be voted frivolous. But we have exceeded our limits, and have only room to protest against the further continuance of a most absurd, a most unjust, and, however it may end, to this country a most ruinous quarrel.

ENGLAND.

OPEN VOTING, OR THE BALLOT.—We observe that the names of the voters at Stockport, and how they voted at last election, have been published. This is as it ought to be. If we are not to have secret voting, let us have open voting in reality. At present neither the non-electors nor the great body of the voters, know how votes have truly been given, and have no readily-accessible means of ascertaining the fact. If open voting is really useful, it can only be under a system of publica-

tion; and we recommend that, in future elections, lists of the voters should be published. We particularly direct the notice of such of the non-electors to this, as consider the electors hold a trust for their behoof. The expense of publishing the lists in most constituencies would not be considerable; and we doubt not that the sale would go far to reimburse the expense. We shall revert to this subject at the proper opportunity.

SCOTLAND.

THE ANNUITY TAX.—As this is the month in which the compulsory collection of this tax begins, we consider it our duty, as the newspaper press has allowed the matter to pass over in silence, to explain how things at present really stand. By a unanimous decision of the Court of Session, acquiesced in by all parties, it has been found that the whole money collected under name of Annuity Tax for eighteen years, from 1818 to 1836, has been illegally exacted, owing to the Stent-Masters not having been appointed in terms of law. This is a settled point. The results of this decision are—1st, That the arrears prior to 1836, amounting to £8000, cannot be collected; 2d, That all persons, who, during that long period have been imprisoned, or who have had their goods distrained and sold, including, of course, the whole body of Quakers, have good actions of damages against the Chamberlain, as well as all other persons concerned in such proceedings; 3d, That all persons who paid Annuity Tax, during the eighteen years specified, have claims for repetition against the City, and are entitled to rank and draw dividends, with the other creditors of the city; 4th, That every person now assessed for the Annuity Tax, and who paid any part of the illegal exactions in the years between 1818 and 1836, is entitled to withhold the tax for this year, and for every subsequent year, until the sums illegally exacted from them, with interest, are repaid. It is clear that this issue of the cases in which compensation can be effectually pleaded. From what we have stated, it is perfectly plain that, if the inhabitants of Edinburgh act on this occasion with ordinary firmness, they have it in their power, before this year is expired, to put an end, in unquestionably the most legal manner, to this obnoxious tax. If, on the other hand, they do not use the legal weapons with which the Court of Session has armed them, the inference that will be naturally drawn is, that the agitators for the repeal of the Annuity Tax are not serious in their opposition, and that, therefore, they no longer deserve the support of the citizens.

JUDGES' SALARIES.—We understand that another attempt is to be immediately made to obtain an increase of the salaries of the judges of the Court of Session; and we have great reason to fear, from what took place when the subject was last before Parliament, that the attempt will be successful. A Bill is now before Parliament for making some new arrangements and reductions in the inferior offices of the Court; and although full compensation is proposed to be given to those whose emoluments may be curtailed, or whose offices are abolished, so that no saving from the reduction will accrue to the public for twenty or thirty years, yet this contemplated reduction is to be made in Parliament the ground for an augmentation of salary to the judges. The Lord President at present receives L.4,300 for 114 days' attendance in Court, averaging two hours' sitting a-day; so that he is paid at the rate of L.17 : 10s. each hour he is in Court! Suppose he were to work, like other people, 300 days in the year, for eight hours a-day, and to be paid at his present rate, his salary would be L.42,000 per annum! The Lord Justice-Clerk has L.4000 a-year; five of the other judges, in addition to L.2000 of salary for the Court of Session, have L.600 more, as Commissioners of Justiciary, and several of them have other L.600 a-year as Commissioners of the Jury Court. In addition to all this, they are entitled, after fifteen years' service, or when "afflicted with some permanent infirmity," to a retired allowance of three-fourths of their salary during life—and this regulation is not allowed to remain a dead letter. The present salaries were fixed in 1810 during the heat of the war, when the expense of living was much higher than at present, and the business of the Court much more ex-

tensive; and, as we are confident that there are not thirteen men in Edinburgh who have a joint income equal to the aggregate salaries of the judges, we have no hesitation in saying, that an increase of their salaries is totally indefensible, and a downright plundering of the public. Is it upon this service that Lord Meadowbank has been so long in London, not only neglecting his duties in the Court of Session, but leaving a bare quorum of the Commissioners of Justiciary during the last three days of the cotton-spinners' trial? If any of the three Judges left had been indisposed for a single day, this case could not have been properly tried, solely owing to his Lordship's absence; for they could not have been convicted after the last day to which the trial extended—the 13th; and the two other justiciary judges were necessarily in Glasgow!

THE LAW PROFESSION.—Although law business of all kinds continues to diminish yearly, the numbers of the profession rapidly increase. The society of Writers to the Signet now consists of 703 members, 24 of whom have entered last year; and, if we add to these, 240 solicitors entitled to practise in the Court of Session, and look at the number of cases before that Court, we shall find that more than one lawsuit cannot annually fail to be conducted by each practitioner. To entitle him to practice, he must annually pay a license of L.12 to the Stamp-Office, under the severest penalties. But, what is still worse, it appears that the whole conveyancing of Scotland has fallen off one-half during the last twenty years; yet this is the time chosen for the Judges asking an increase of salaries, and for expending, without the slightest necessity, £40,000 or £50,000, on two new Court rooms, which, we believe, are unequalled in Europe in point of commodiousness and elegance!

PUBLIC MEETINGS.—We have had two public meetings in Edinburgh during the month. The first, on the 3d January, Mr Fraser in the chair, on the subjects of the English Poor-Law Act, the grievances of the Canadians, and the Cotton-Spinners' trial—was addressed by the Rev. Mr Stephens, Mr Feargus O'Connor, Mr Beaumont, and Dr Taylor. An attempt was made to hear both sides on the Canadian question, and the result was the most extraordinary scene of noise, uproar, and confusion, probably ever witnessed at a public meeting. Although the supporter of the Government measures against the Canadians spoke, or rather read a newspaper, for upwards of twenty minutes, only a word now and then, which he screamed out at the utmost pitch of his voice, was heard. Mr Stephens, who was stated in the placards to be "the most eloquent man in England," naturally excited some expectation; but, as soon as it was discovered that his topic was the New English Poor-Law, his voice was drowned with yells; and cries of "Canada," "Canada," "Canada," were vociferated at the end of each sentence. It was quite plain that the agitators of the Repeal of the New Poor-Law met with no sympathy from the working classes of Edinburgh. These persons should know that the workmen and labourers of Scotland, so far from looking to poor-laws as a resource for living in idleness, when they have dissipated their wages in debauchery and extravagance, or even as a resource in times of destitution or sickness, regard it as disgraceful that even their aged parents should be supported by any other means than the labour of their children's hands. A man or woman able to work, has, with us, not even legal claim to relief, however destitute; and, over the greater part of Scotland, no such things as poor-rates exist. We are advocates of a Poor-Law; but this state of matters, so far from being considered a grievance, has always been the proud boast of our workmen and peasantry; and nothing is felt so humiliating as to accept parish relief, which is never received but under the compulsion of absolute necessity. Great as the complaint is about the diet given in the English poor-houses, it is better than that of a great part of even our middle classes; and it is vain to come here to agitate Poor-Law Repeal, the more especially when that agitation is combined with support of the Corn Laws, and of the prohibition of the importation of foreign beef and mutton, oxen, or sheep. We, in this end of the island, are still so ignorant as to imagine that, if provisions of

all sorts were at half their present price, the condition of the working-classes would be improved; that cheap food, by enabling us more effectually to compete with foreigners, would extend the market for British manufactures; that such extension would increase the demand for labour, and raise the real value of wages, because the rate of wages depends on nothing else than the demand for labour. Mr Beaumont's anathemas against what he calls "Middle Class Government," met with still less attention. We wish we were the length of Middle Class Government. Without the Ballot, the middle class only seem to elect the House of Commons: the real electors are their employers, customers, and landlords. The consequence is, that we are governed by an aristocracy, under the name and pretence of a monarchy, dictating to the throne and oppressing the People. Nothing, in fact, tends more to maintain in power that aristocracy, than setting up the ignorance of the working classes against the middle, opposing every practicable and attainable reform, supporting the exclusive privileges and grinding monopolies of the landed interest, and opposing the Ballot, and other essential reforms, till universal suffrage be obtained.

The other meeting was held on the 11th January, in the Cowgate Chapel. Mr Gillon, M.P., was in the chair, and the resolutions were moved by the Rev. Mr Turnbull, (a Dissenting clergyman,) Messrs Cruickshanks and Howison, (of the Society of Friends,) Mr Burton, Advocate, Mr Tait, and others. It is highly discreditable that the Established Clergy of Scotland, the ministers, as they ought to be, of peace, have not raised their voices against the unholy Canadian War. The object of the meeting being confined to Canada, and the resolutions against the Whig and Tory treatment of the Canadians, and the addresses of the speakers, being both moderate, the utmost quietness, order, and unanimity prevailed, though the number of persons present at this meeting was treble those at the former. Among the working classes of Edinburgh there is but one opinion in regard to the atrocity of the proceedings of the Ministry towards Canada, and very few of them, indeed, approve of aiding the Tories, by placing the working men in opposition to the middle classes, by whose co-operation alone any measure can be carried through Parliament.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts of the last crop, now that farther opportunity has been obtained to judge of it, are less favourable than we anticipated: as will be seen from the following excerpts from the county reports. *Perthshire*.—With respect to the quality of last crop, we have, in some measure, been disappointed. The farmers, in general, complain of the wheat, and, in particular, of the barley, exhibiting a coarser and lighter sample than was expected. *Fife*.—The yield is much complained of, both as to quantity and quality; much, or rather most of the barley samples being under 50 lbs. per bushel, and wheat under 60, which is fully two lbs. per bushel lighter than last year's crop; so that, unless a very material improvement in the price takes place, this must prove the least profitable crop to the Fife farmer that he has experienced during the present century. *Roxburghshire*.—The wheat is inferior in quality. Turnips have also turned out a rather deficient crop. In *East Lothian*, they have brought from £8 to £9 per acre when consumed on the ground, and from £12 to £16 when carried away. Markets continue dull for home grain; for it is an article no one will speculate on, under the present Corn-Laws. On the other hand, the price of foreign wheat in bond has risen 2s. a-quarter; the accounts from the United States of America of the last crop being unfavourable, and by purchasing foreign grain there is the chance of gain not only in the rise of price, but in the fall of the duty. When will our farmers come to the conviction, that to them—as to all the other

productive classes—dear corn is injurious, and that fair profits for capital and industry can exist only in conjunction with cheap food? Was there ever a period in the history of any branch of industry, so disastrous as that of agriculture, since the laws against the importation of foreign corn came fully into operation, in the year 1815?

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

The effects of the derangement of the currency in America last year still operate on our manufactures: for it will require the whole of this year at least to pay off the debts already contracted, so that few new orders for goods can be expected. Although, however, no great briskness exists in any branch of trade, except the iron manufacture, tradesmen, generally speaking, obtain employment, though at wages, in many instances, lower than they have of late years been accustomed to receive. But there is in reality no great ground of complaint. Fluctuations in the supply and demand of manufactured commodities are probably unavoidable, though they are rendered both more violent and of more frequent occurrence from the artificial system of commerce presently existing among civilized nations. The great principle which has actuated statesmen for the last two centuries, is to create a balance of trade in favour of their own country—that is to say, to endeavour, by all means, to export goods to a greater amount than they import, on the assumption that the balance would be received in bullion; our wisemen thinking that gold and silver alone constitute wealth, for no better reason probably than that these metals have been generally coined into current money. It has never occurred to those who are at the head of nations, that the only true policy is to leave trade free; for by this means alone, will every nation betake itself to the production of those commodities for which the climate, soil, nature and habits of the people, and geographical situation of the country adapt it. They have never, for example, been able to see, that, by employing a hundred men in Britain, on the manufacture of iron or cottons, and a hundred men in Prussia growing wheat, a greatly larger quantity both of iron and wheat will be produced, than if the employments of the men in Scotland and in Prussia were reversed. Till this small degree of illumination not only reaches, but is acted upon by "the powers that be," throughout the civilized world, the great body of the People must content themselves with being periodically starved, whenever they have, either by too much industry, created an oversupply, and consequent glut in the markets to which the disposal of their labour is confined, or whenever operations on the currency, or retaliatory acts—such as the Custom-House league of Germany—are resorted to by one state, because another conducts itself with greater folly than itself. The behaviour of nations towards each other, is precisely similar to that of spoiled children. The Germans, for example, can buy better cottons, and the French better cutlery from us, than they can, at the same cost, either make themselves or procure elsewhere; and we can purchase better wines, corn, cattle, sheep, from them, than we can either buy elsewhere or raise; but, because it has been found impossible to arrange among the statesmen of the different countries, a system of reciprocity as it is called, all the three nations, in revenge, not perceiving that in punishing their rivals, as such each is pleased to consider the other, they are, at the same time, punishing themselves—continue, generation after generation, to produce, each within its own territory, commodities which they could get much more cheaply from abroad; while branches of industry, peculiarly fitted for each country, are neglected or despised. Well might Oxeinestern exclaim—"Quam parva sapientia gubernatur mundus!"

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1838.

ABOLITION OF NEGRO APPRENTICESHIPS.—STURGE AND HARVEY'S TOUR IN THE WEST INDIES IN 1837.

"How delightful," said Mr O'Connell, in a private party, soon after the passing of the Slave Emancipation Act, "for a black lady of seventy to go to bed some night an old slave, and rise next morning an apprentice!" The members of the Society of Friends, without indulging in the wild play of humour upon so grave a subject which is apt to beset an Irishman, appear to have come to the same practical conclusion as to the worth of the Twenty-Million Act; and, indeed, some of them, and of every body of Abolitionists, disapproved from the first of apprenticeships; and, in principle, protested against a law which, affecting to abolish slavery, re-established it, for a term of years, upon a new footing. Those who, in thankfulness that a measure, struggled for during half a century, was finally obtained, though at an enormous price, were contented to accept abolition, even with the clog of the apprenticeships, have now practically seen their error, and are, at this moment, the most zealous for the immediate abolition of the modified slavery. The "old ladies"—condemned to a transformation which might have been as amusing as that of a Christmas pantomime, had it not cost so much money—are found, with their posterity, to be in a worse condition than when actually slaves. Those who received from the struggling people of Great Britain, partly as a boon—for their *property* in the flesh and blood of their fellow-creatures never was recognised in this Christian land—and partly as a premium for training their apprentices to the trade of free citizens, twenty millions sterling, principal and interest, have violated a compact sacredly entered into, and by which they were gainers. The bill had scarcely passed, and the measure been received by the negroes with thankfulness and tempered exultation, instead of the outbreak of lawless violence which their conscience-stricken oppressors anticipated, when intelligence reached England that the planters were obstructing its beneficial operation, and evading or openly setting at naught its most important clauses. These murmurs came across the Atlantic, louder and louder; and, shortly, specific complaints were made, and facts of injustice and cruelty condescended upon, which could not be denied. The condition of the apprentices in Jamaica, in Bar-

badoes, and British Guiana, was described as equally bad, and, in some respects, worse than that of slavery, from which, at so immense a sacrifice, they had been emancipated by the British people. The apprenticeship system fell into suspicion and disrepute, especially when the example of Antigua was pointed to. In that island, apprenticeship had never been adopted. The legislature, scorning the fears, real or pretended, of the other colonists, had at once proclaimed universal freedom; and the population, in a single day, passed quietly into the natural condition of free labourers and free masters. On the triumphant success of total emancipation in Antigua and the Bermudas, where, and also in several estates in other places, it has been fully tried, those who now call for the immediate abolition of apprenticeship, rest the wisdom of their demand; while its justice is grounded upon the bad faith of the planters, who, having pocketed the compensation, refuse to hold to the conditions of the bargain. The British people complain that they have been defrauded; that apprentices are neither treated with justice and humanity in their present condition, nor prepared for that into which they are about to pass: and the only redress they ask is, that an end shall be at once put to a system not only abortive but mischievous to all classes. They demand that universal freedom shall be proclaimed from August 1838, instead of the stipulated period of 1840. This demand is even more reasonable than at first sight may appear. The whole of the apprentices comprehended under the class *non-predials*—such as domestic servants, artisans, and every description of negro apprentice that is not an actual field-labourer—are entitled to freedom in August 1838, or two years sooner than the *predials* were presumed to be fit for the enjoyment of man's birth-right. The case of Antigua has proved how mistaken was the opinion which declared any class of the negroes unfit for freedom; but, as neither individuals nor governments like to be convicted of errors of judgment, that may be passed. But will Government, will Parliament, now that the evils of the apprentice system are proved beyond a doubt, and the safety of immediate emancipation established to the satisfaction of every reasonable man—will they now lend

an ear to the voice of the country, speaking with greater unanimity and energy than upon any former occasion, save perhaps the Reform Bill? In one day, Lord Brougham presented fourteen petitions for the *immediate* abolition of negro apprenticeship; one of them from Leeds, signed by 16,000 individuals. Large meetings have been and are being held in London and other towns, which shew the most determined resolution; and the subject will soon be brought before the Upper House of Parliament, by the indefatigable champion of the oppressed of every clime and colour—Henry Lord Brougham. The ladies of Great Britain have not looked on with indifference, in a matter peculiarly interesting to female sympathies. The negro mothers, the young free children, and the infants born free, have been and must continue the especial victims of the apprentice system. Above a half million of the women of this country have, it is estimated, taken an active part in the national movement for immediate abolition; and we see, by the newspapers of the day, that a petition for it, signed by above 4,500 ladies, had just been presented to the young Queen.

In the midst of this agitation—and we have only referred to the ruffling surface, not to the deep-heaving ground-swell—the volume of Mr Sturge appears very opportunely. This gentleman is a Quaker. The inconsistent and contradictory accounts received from the West Indies, touching the results of the dear-bought Abolition Act, and the ambiguous character of the Report of the Parliamentary Committee, induced him, in company with three other gentlemen—Mr Harvey, Dr Lloyd, and Mr Scoble—to embark for the West Indies, to examine on the spot, judge for themselves, and faithfully report to the public what they had seen and heard. With the exception of Mr Scoble, all the party were Friends. They went out wholly unfettered, and unconnected with any society—“private persons, yet engaged in what was properly a public work.”

Dr Lloyd and Mr Scoble sailed from Barbadoes for Demerara. Of Mr Scoble's report, although part of it is, we believe, printed since he returned to England, we are unable to speak; but the details in his speech at the late London meeting, are appalling, and—we would fain hope, from the evident warmth and irritation of his feelings, when speaking of certain individuals in the colony of Demerara—rather over-coloured. But this may not be the case; and, at all events, we are on sure ground in the journal of Messrs Sturge and Harvey. At the very outset, the writer of the journal remarks—“It may surprise many to be assured, that the subsequent details are stated with moderation; and that a vast mass of facts is yet in reserve, capable, not only of confirming what is here narrated, but of deepening the shades of their darkest representations.”

The inquirers sailed from Falmouth to Barbadoes, which they reached on the 12th November 1836, and at once commenced the objects of

their mission. There is no literary surplussage in this grave and earnest volume; and it is so choke-full of important facts, that we shall, we think, better consult our duty, in arranging plainly such of them as bear the most directly upon the question which now so deeply agitates the public mind, than in following the route of the tourists through their different stages. In short, we have adopted an arrangement of our own, which first brings under view the actual benefit which the colonies had derived, more than a year since, from the Emancipation Act, and especially those in which it was not clogged with the apprenticeships against which humanity and justice are lifting up their voices in Britain.

It is not easy to determine whether, in some respects, emancipation, with compensation and other concomitant advantages, has not benefited the planters as much as the slaves. We have abundant evidence that many of the slave proprietors were upon the verge of ruin when that noble and munificent arrangement was made between them and the British People, the conditions of which they have so ill kept. A person from Demerara, who was the fellow-passenger of the English party from Barbadoes to Antigua, spoke highly of the liberality of the government. “You may depend on it,” he said, “though few like to acknowledge it, it has been the salvation of nine-tenths of us.” He knew thirty or forty planters, whose mortgages would have been foreclosed before this period, had not the question been settled at the time and in the way it was. Property has increased in value, from the date of the free system, in every one of the colonies. A grazing estate in Antigua, of 196 acres, of which the half had been some time ago offered for £400, has recently been sold for £2,600. A planter near Wiloughby Bay gave a most encouraging account of the free system. Before emancipation, out of 110 slaves on the estate, he could sometimes scarcely muster seventeen or twenty in the field. The expense of their maintenance was £27 a-week; now he has fifty-seven free labourers, (for our readers will recollect that apprenticeship was at once abolished in Antigua,) and these are paid only £15 weekly. This gentleman complained bitterly of the small thanks this step had obtained from the home government; and the general feeling is that Antigua is in disgrace at the Colonial office for rejecting apprenticeships. Yet the measure has worked well; and there is nothing more satisfactory in the course of the tour than the report of the improved condition of Antigua. Before emancipation, several properties were on the point of being abandoned; nothing save the legislative measure could have saved them. One is instanced, possessing 400 of the finest slaves on the island, which was so inextricably involved, that the proprietor in England had turned his back upon it, and would neither receive nor answer his agent's letters, who had thus no means of carrying on the cultivation, and was also embarrassed by prosecutions for the legal maintenance of the negroes. Abolition emancipated the planters, one of whom compared the connexion between

the slave and his owner to the ligament which bound together the Siamese twins—one of mutual inconvenience. Superfluous hands, or rather mouths, were dismissed, and cultivation was resumed with a fair prospect of success. Some estates had already thrown off their load of debt, and others had passed into the hand of capitalists, who can effectively cultivate them. The Governor of Antigua, Colonel Light, spoke very favourably of the working of the new system. The labourers were more industrious, and the expense of cultivating estates less. A gentleman, long resident in the island, remarked, that the people had improved much in dress and appearance. Sham sickness has disappeared since the labourers were their own masters; and the planters save considerably, among other things, in medical attendance. They have no fear of not obtaining labourers. "Give me a supply of cash," said the manager of an estate, "and I will take off the largest crop it may please Providence to send." His people, he said, worked more regularly; and they willingly undertake task-work when the reward is for themselves. Their wages have become higher every year, from increased industry:—"Some had been stimulated to more industrious habits. One of the most worthless women on the property, once always pretending sickness and inability to work, had become as industrious a labourer as any on the estate. He asked her, on one occasion, the reason of the change in her habits. She replied, significantly, 'Me got no money then, massa.'"

On one estate, before emancipation, *three* coopers could not supply the requisite number of sugar hogsheads; and extra hands were hired on Saturdays—the slave's own day—at four shillings a-head. Now, *two* coopers are found sufficient, at two shillings a-day each, to make the hogsheads, and also the rum puncheons, which were formerly purchased ready made. Dr Nugent, an intelligent gentleman in Antigua, is of opinion, that, under the free system, the saving is great to those planters who depended on imported supplies for their slaves, but less where they were fed on rations of ground provisions grown upon the estate. On the average of the whole island, he believes the saving considerable. The credit of the planters is improved; and English firms, formerly seeking to reduce their securities, are now willing to extend them. There is much more bustle and appearance of prosperity in the town and harbour of St John's. Still there are important exceptions; and much remains for time, care, and enlightened and humane principles, to effect. The condition of the labourers—of slaves who have, at one leap, risen to the dignity of freemen—is unequivocally improved; yet the matured fruits of religion and morality are not the growth of a day, nor yet of one or two generations. The aged and infirm, no longer entitled to a legal provision from the masters, are suffering in some instances; and, though morals are improving, and schools in operation, one reads with pain such anecdotes as this

which follows, of the Moravian School at St John's:—

A number of the scholars recited some passages of scripture, and the whole school sung a hymn before breaking up—exercises which they performed very well. Dreadful evils are occasioned to some of these scholars, from the lax morals of a part of the white inhabitants of the colony. Within the last three months, three girls have left the school in consequence of having formed improper connexions with white men. The last instance was one of their most promising scholars, a girl about seventeen, who, it is believed, was sacrificed by her mother for gain.

These things are considered trifles in the West Indies. At the Metropolitan Girl's School, in Spanish Town, Jamaica, we are informed:—

There were at one time four or five children of a late Governor, the Duke of Manchester; and one of its present teachers is the daughter of the Duke's celebrated secretary, Bullock. Her freedom was purchased, some years ago, by the English patronesses of the school. The dreadful state of social disorganization in Jamaica, is legibly written even on the surface of society. Its "bad eminence" is doubtless to be attributed, in part, to the corrupting influence of the long administration of the above-mentioned Governor. The matron of the school shewed us some nice specimens of plain and ornamental needle-work. We also heard several classes read, and examined them in spelling and arithmetic. The children were neatly dressed, and very clean. Many of them are apprentices; of whom fourteen coloured girls are sent by their attorney from a single estate in the neighbourhood. They are intended to become teachers of estates' schools.

In Antigua, one planter, who is a clergyman of the Established Church, believed that, on the whole, there was an improvement in the moral condition of the people. There were now no frightful outbreaks of the furious and vengeful passions of the slaves. Yet the negroes of Antigua had passed through no preparatory or transition state. Christmas 1834 was the first Christmas-day on which martial law had not, as a matter of course, been proclaimed. The Moravians alone venture to observe the 1st of August, the day of abolition, as a solemn occasion of thanks and jubilee, though the planters discountenance the observance; and some of our readers will remember that, in Jamaica, the day of abolition, to which the planters looked forward with trembling, dreading the retributive vengeance of the negroes, was spent in devotional exercises.

Even those labourers who find their wages inadequate to the comfortable maintenance of their families and aged relatives, and who suffer from many other causes, still value their newly-acquired freedom. A negro with whom the tourists conversed, and who was recommended to them as a man of strict veracity, complained of many hardships; yet he emphatically blessed his deliverance from the lash and the dungeon, at the pleasure of his owners, as, "Thank God, a great deliverance from bondage!" On their way back one day to St. John's, the Friends inquired of several negroes whom they casually met, about their change of condition. They acknowledged that it was much improved—"Thank God," said one, "we are a hundred times better than before!" Yet they complained of low wages. These men were all members of churches, and we will afterwards see the useful nature of the

discipline of the religious communities to which they belong.

The comparative improvements in the condition of the rural population are not to be enumerated. They are not flogged, or locked up. They are their own masters, free to go or stay. They receive money wages, whilst they retain all their old privileges, except their allowances of food and clothing. A common source of dissatisfaction formerly was their food. They became tired of yams and Indian corn. Eddoes (another farinaceous root) would almost create mutiny. The law, too, did not prescribe how their rations should be distributed; so that corn was sometimes given them in the ear; and, thereby, a vast increase of their labour occasioned, perhaps in crop, by their having to parch and pound it. Now, they provide themselves with what they like; and are, therefore, better, if less abundantly fed. *They are also much better dressed.* Many make themselves ridiculously fine on Sundays. It is not uncommon, on that day, to see ladies, who toil under a burning sun during six days of the week, attired, on the seventh, in silk stockings and straw bonnet, with parasol and gloves; and the gentlemen in black coats and fancy waistcoats. . . . If they cultivate their grounds less than before, it is to be attributed to the drought, which has rendered it unprofitable to expend labour upon them. They do not work so well on the estates, except when they are on task-work; but, though task-work has not yet been extensively introduced, the cane cultivation is well adapted to it. Drunkenness is not a vice of the negro. His temptations are stealing and lying. Dances are a great source of demoralization. They sometimes aspire to suppers and even champagne, so called; and most absurdly give sums of four or five dollars for the honour of opening the ball, besides money to their partners. This tempts to robbery. If any change for the worse has taken place in their morals, it is in the case of domestic servants.

The people are much more easily and pleasantly governed than during slavery. The proprietor has less "care" and care, less bodily and mental fatigue, and infinitely less annoyance of all descriptions. Every difficulty used to be referred to him; constant disputes were to be settled, as to the work to be done by females, &c.; now, he has no need to interfere. The disputes are carried to the magistrate.

Would those *slaves of slaves*, the planters of the Southern United States, and their over-tasked helpmates, but take a lesson here! One entry is peculiarly indicative of a happy change:—

26th.—We went this morning through the market, which was largely attended. Almost every sort of eatable commodity was exposed for sale; fruit, fish, meal, besides bundles of sticks and grass, cotton prints, &c. &c. The scene was a highly animated one, but the proceedings were conducted with great order. Previously to the abolition of slavery, the market was principally supplied by the agricultural peasantry, with articles of their own raising; but now this class are more generally buyers than sellers; and a large proportion of the merchandise is of foreign growth or manufacture. The increase of trade thus created, is one consequence of the payment of labour in wages.

Two gentlemen from the United States (we presume abolitionists) arrived at Antigua, on a tour of inquiry, just as the English party were leaving the island. Their report cannot fail to be favourable as to the results of Emancipation. They were afterwards met in Jamaica. Many of the negro dwellings have been rebuilt since the year of deliverance, and now consist of one or two apartments of tolerable size, kept very clean, and furnished with a four-post bed, and other articles. The kitchen is always a detached shed. On some estates, the negro cottages have been enclosed since 1834, by neat fences, by the labourers themselves, and their whole conduct shews that they

have no intention to remove from their original habitations.

Where the outlay has been greater than in the years of slavery, the returns of the estates have been proportionably increased, while improvement advances. A small chapel, in which a school is kept, is frequent on the best managed estates. On one estate, the proprietor is erecting new works, and thirty new houses, at an expense of several thousand pounds. The labourers' cottages are built on three sides of a square, in the centre of which a school-house is to be erected—an excellent social arrangement. In fact, schools, it would seem, are established almost universally; and we meet with very frequent notices of them. Upon the whole, when the American inquirers, Messrs Thome and Kemball, go home, their report of the state of Antigua, and of the effects of *immediate and total abolition*, must be favourable. Our countrymen, Messrs Sturge and Harvey, sum up the result of their patient inquiry with judgment and impartiality. They were a month in the island. They were well received, and had every opportunity, public and private, of satisfying themselves. They had free and full communication with all conditions of men, from the Governor of the colony to the negro returning from his daily labour—clergymen, schoolmasters, medical men, judges, barristers, planters, managers, persons of colour, and, above all, the emancipated slaves themselves. With considerable discrepancy of opinion on different subjects, all agreed on one—"The great experiment of abolition had succeeded beyond the expectation of its most sanguine advocates."

Some, indeed, affect to regard the future with apprehension; but none will deny that the new system has hitherto worked well; or will hazard a declaration of preference for slavery. Many speak in emphatic terms, of the annoyances they have escaped by the change, and of the comparative comfort with which they now manage their estates. The measure has been felt to be one of emancipation of masters, as well as slaves, from a most oppressive bondage.

The annual cost of cultivation is believed, by the most intelligent resident planters, to be, on the average, one-fifth or one-sixth less than formerly; so that free labour is manifestly advantageous, taking even the narrowest view of the subject. The general advantages, however, of the change, imperfect as they have been yet developed, would have more than compensated for a considerably increased expenditure. There has been an augmentation of the import trade of the island. Houses and land have risen in value. Estates are now worth as much as they were, with the slaves attached to them, before the alleged depreciation of their value, in consequence of the agitation of the abolition question. The cultivation of one estate, which had been thrown up for twenty years, and of others which were on the point of being abandoned, has been resumed. The few sold since 1834 have been eagerly bought up at very high prices. . . . The negroes buy considerable quantities of provisions from the plantation stores, and occasionally other agricultural produce.

But miracles are not to be looked for; and when these gentlemen were in the colony, it should be recollected that only two years had elapsed from the date of emancipation. The *prospective* advantages must be incalculably greater than those yet realized. Among these, the following are

enumerated as likely to accrue to the proprietors:—

The embarrassed planter will no longer have the opportunity of purchasing his annual supplies of food and clothing for his negroes at exorbitant prices. His estates will pass in time into other hands, which can carry on the cultivation efficiently. It is anticipated that the present expensive and absurd system of agency and management will be gradually changed, by absentee proprietors *leasing* their estates to tenants or other representatives, who will thus acquire, as a resident proprietor, a direct interest in the improvement of the island. The planters will gradually release themselves from their servile dependence on the merchants. Under the present system, with a few exceptions, they are obliged to consign their produce to one mercantile house, instead of being able to choose the best market. Freedom is "an ever-generating principle;" its gradual and progressive operation rather than the amount of good, considerable as it is, which has hitherto been effected, marks the contrast in Antigua between the present and the past.

On the blessings which must attend emancipation to the negroes themselves, it would be superfluous to expatiate. We already see some of them realized, in their improved domestic circumstances and habits; and in the germ of civilization rooted in pure Christianity. The American gentlemen will have to report no incredible tales of a Negro Utopia. They will have to tell of a people not yet "elevated above the stage of moral and intellectual childhood," but in a rapid state of improvement. It is stated, that there is probably,

At the present moment, a larger proportion of persons under the pastoral care of ministers of religion, and also of children receiving education in the schools, than in any part of the parent country. The children in the schools are very docile, and give abundant proofs of natural quickness and capacity. They easily acquire the more mechanical parts of learning, as reciting, singing, reading, and writing. Opportunity is rarely afforded them of advancing beyond a certain point, as they enjoy only the benefits of the routine of the English infant and Lancastrian systems.

Combinations are in every one's mouth at present. When the slaves were emancipated, without passing through the intermediate state of apprentices, the masters in Antigua combined to give them a very low, uniform rate of wages—a shilling currency (fivepence halfpenny sterling) *per diem*. They could not, however, wanting the cart-whip, compel the labourers to give more work than the shilling's worth. The agreement was evaded in many ways; and now labour is generally unshackled. They either undertake *task-work*, or work by the job, or they bargain for their Saturdays with their employers, and work for wages on their privileged day.

Montserrat was the next field of observation. In that island, it had been proposed to imitate Antigua by the abolition of apprenticeships; but the bill was lost in the Assembly by *one vote*. Here

The planters had made an agreement with their negroes, to allow them provision grounds and two entire days, besides the Sabbath, in lieu of all allowances; the latter performing the legal amount of forty hours' labour *per week*; in four days, of ten hours each. This arrangement is, under ordinary circumstances, as compared with what Antigua, a very advantageous one for the apprentices; but, about a year ago, a hurricane, followed by a severe drought, so completely destroyed their grounds, that the planters feared they would be obliged to support

them by rations, according to the provisions of the Leeward Islands' Amelioration Act. They, therefore, proposed to surrender the apprenticeship. Five estates, on which the apprentices were liberated, are quite as efficiently cultivated by free labour as they were before.

The negroes of Antigua are ready to become *tee-totalers*; those of Montserrat are addicted to rum. The stipendiary magistrate said—and many of his brethren in other islands repeated the same thing—that his duties were becoming less onerous, by the decrease of offences; everywhere their increase is more apparent than real, as appeals must now be made to the magistrates in hundreds of petty cases which the *overseer* formerly judged and punished at his own good pleasure. A majority of the Assembly at Montserrat are persons of colour. Dr Dyett, the Speaker, is a man of colour; and, when the tourists re-embarked, he refused any compensation for their entertainment, because they were the associates of those in England who had always shewn sympathy with his class, as well as with the slaves.

At Dominica, they met William Lynch, Esq., one of the stipendiary magistrates, a man of colour, and highly esteemed, both in England and the West Indies, for his intelligence and piety. In company with this gentleman, they visited several estates, and found, upon the whole, the condition of the negroes, and their character and intelligence, inferior to those of Antigua. Instances of fraud and oppression, of cruelty, and a disposition to take advantage of the ignorance of the blacks, were found here, as in every island. In Dominica, originally a French colony, nearly the whole population are Roman Catholics, and speak the French language. Yet they are anxious to learn English; though there is a lamentable deficiency of the means of education. In the schools seen, the children shewed no want of quickness and docility. This romantic and beautiful island is not without its moral cases; and, to sweeten so much dry matter, we must treat our reader to this delightful sketch of its natural charms.

The near view, from the sea, of the hills and ravines is extremely grand. They are covered with luxuriant tropical verdure, and trees loaded with fruit and flowering shrubs, to the water's edge; except where the cliff, sometimes for considerable distances, presents a perpendicular face of rock. Dominica is truly a highland country, a land of mist, and rainbows, and mountain torrents. The beds of the valleys are the sites of the principal estates, and the light green of the cane fields is in beautiful contrast with the deep, rich verdure of the hills which enclose them on either side. We arrived in about two hours at our destination—a free village at the mouth of a considerable stream. We proceeded to the cottage of a respectable old negro woman, who keeps a shop for the sale of bread and provisions, the only one, we believe, in the island, except in the towns. The Stipendiary has taken a room in her own house, which has been fitted up for his accommodation, when unavoidably compelled to be more than a day from home. His landlady has been ten years free. She is now upwards of eighty years of age, has never been married, but has always borne an irreproachable character. She appears to be a person of very cheerful piety, and exercises, we are told, the happiest influence over her neighbours. She is a class leader among the Wesleyans, who have a chapel in the village, where service is usually performed

every Sabbath, by one of the missionaries or a local preacher. She is a bright example of usefulness and true respectability in a very humble sphere. Her house was in nice order, and very clean, and the adjoining gardens neatly fenced.

The scenery of the islands often calls forth the warm admiration of the tourists. The Hillsborough estate in this island, makes a perfect tropical picture.

It occupies a perfectly level plain of considerable extent, limited on one side by the line of bamboo which marks the course of the river, and shut in on the other, in the form of a half circle, by a hill, apparently almost perpendicular, except on one sloping side, which is occupied by the negro gardens and huts. On the height above them, is the manager's house, which is again overtopped by mountains, but which is still lofty enough to command a view of the works and cane fields, spread out like a map, with the sea front in the distance. A large stone vault, at some distance from the house, is used as the burying place of the white residents: and near the same spot also is a handsome tomb erected over the remains of a former attorney of the estate, at each end of which is a magnificent palmetto, or cabbage-tree, with trunks as straight and columnar as if chiselled out of marble. This is a much more beautiful palm than the cocoa-nut tree, though at first sight they would usually be confounded by an European. The manager kindly provided us with horses and mules, to make a little excursion up the valley. Our path was just wide enough for the animals to pass, with the river below us on one side, and a wall of rock many hundred feet high on the other, sometimes so absolutely perpendicular as to be free from vegetation, but usually covered with shrubs and creepers.

This bright picture has its shades; though we are told that here a change of system, from cruelty to enlightened humanity, has now been adopted. The opinion here was in favour of *total emancipation*. One negro said, he found little difference between the condition of slavery and apprenticeship. As a slave, he had never been flogged; but a magistrate had ordered him thirty-nine stripes for being tipsy and riotous. The manager agreed that the apprentices were no better off, and that total emancipation would be best for all parties. A new mode of indulgence was adopted on one part of this estate: the negroes, who are continually stealing canes, were allowed to raise a quantity for themselves, and received the produce in sugar, with the deduction of one-third for the use of the mill. It is thought the *meteyer* system may yet extend to some of the colonies. Much of Dominica is in coffee plantations, though a great deal of the island has never yet been even explored, save probably by the Maroons. Antigua, an arid region, receives all its water from the heavens; while Dominica, a mountain country, is watered by delicious streams. The tourists visited a proprietor, believed to be the oldest white man on the island.

His estate is situated immediately above the sea, and there is a parapet wall, to prevent children and animals from falling down a precipice of several hundred feet into the water. This, like the two preceding, was a coffee plantation, in a state of transition into a sugar estate. He is eighty-five years old, and of most venerable appearance; his long, white hair flowing down upon his shoulders. He is very infirm, but retains his mental powers, and much of his French vivacity. His wife is slightly coloured, and still older than himself. He seemed delighted to see and to converse with us. His

reminiscences extended over nearly three quarters of a century. Forty years ago, he remembered expressing to an Irish Catholic priest, his conviction that the negroes would some time or other be emancipated. He mentioned also some great lady having told him, that the nineteenth century would be distinguished by great earthquakes and commotions, which he considered to be a metaphor prophetic of Abolition. He was very much amused by one of us telling him, when asked to take wine, that he had drunk only water for the last eight years. He said "the frogs drink water—you are a frog," &c. Though, however, the idea of total abstinence from distilled and fermented drinks, appeared both to amuse and astonish him, yet he acknowledged he owed his advanced age to his temperance. He drank a glass of wine himself, "to the success of our good cause." This benevolent old gentleman seemed to live in patriarchal style in the midst of his people. Some of the young children almost lived in his house, and served to amuse him with their play; one who was present, received his supper from the table. The negroes on this property, we were told, have doubled their numbers within the last twenty years. Nothing can be a greater contrast than the condition, appearance, and manners, of the people on some of these properties of the old French residents, and of those on even the well-managed English estates. On the former, there has generally been an increase, and on the latter a striking decrease of numbers.

Both in *Guadaloupe* and *Martinique*, the question of emancipation naturally excites great interest. The coloured proprietors in the latter island have petitioned for *immediate* and *total* abolition; and, were the other proprietors satisfied that the example of the British Government, in granting liberal, if not enormous compensation, would be followed by Louis Philippe, all would probably join in the petition. Messrs Sturge and Harvey touched at Martinique. They found the planters labouring under great ignorance of facts, and the natural prejudices of slave-owners. Slaves have fallen in value; and the colony is suffering in its trade, while a large military force is necessary to maintain subordination. The general opinion was, that emancipation is at hand; and one person had bought a dozen slaves *cheap*, speculating on compensation. The government appeared to be fitting the people for change, by encouraging education; and, exactly as we write, 15th February, a bill has been brought into the French Chambers, by M. Passy, which, however, recognises no term of apprenticeship, and appears a very bad modification of the English Abolition Act, with a few improvements, suggested by the experience of its working. Husbands and wives are not to be separated; and stipulations are made for the better care of children, and consequently of mothers, which is quite as necessary to the planters as to the negroes. In the British colonies, the severity shewn to pregnant women and nursing mothers, and the neglect of infants, since 1834, is diminishing the negro population. Under this bill, which is likely to pass, the total abolition of slavery in the French colonies cannot take place for probably fourscore years; as only children born after its passing will be free. The slaves are to have the same right of redemption which apprentices in the British colonies have—namely, that of purchasing their freedom. The French bill will be viewed with great dissatisfaction by sincere abolitionists, whether in France or Great Britain. Already the slaves of Martinique were occupying

to the British colonies of Dominica and St Lucia, crossing the intermediate channels on rafts; and the intelligence that, for the living race, there is no hope of freedom, will make more runaways. There are already 600 of these settled and usefully employed in St Lucia.

At St Lucia, the governor, Sir Dudley Hill, gave a very favourable account of the condition of the negro population; but it was not confirmed by others to the same extent. Dr Robinson, a member of council, did not think the condition of the blacks in any respect improved under the new system, or that they would be better prepared for receiving freedom in 1840 than when the Abolition Bill passed. The mortality among the free children had been great. A considerable disparity between the numbers of the sexes is observed here, and in other islands. The same number of each is born; but half the males die before twenty, while only a third of the females die within the same period. This gentleman imagines the cause of this remarkable difference to be, that severe labour is more injurious to growing youths than to negro girls, who attain earlier maturity. The negroes here revere the memory of *Jeremie*. A tune, called "*President Jeremie*," composed by them, was played on Christmas Day, by the military band who paraded the streets. The two sugar estates of Mr Muter, in this island, are well managed. He is an enlightened and liberal man, who has successfully adopted those new modes of cultivating the cane which have been tried in Mexico; and which admit, to a considerable extent, the substitution of animal for human labour, in weeding and hoeing the plants. The original language and religion of the colonists still place difficulties in the way of education. The resident proprietors are chiefly French, who, in the humane treatment of their slaves might, at all times, we imagine, have been advantageously compared with the British. Of one planter we hear, who gave two of his head negroes a piece of ground on his coffee-estate, to cultivate canes; and lent them money to erect a small mill. In the first year, they made a profit of sixty pounds; and he reasonably concludes that, if free, they would be well content to become his tenants. The discoloured state of morals among a part of the whites in this, and over all the West Indies, is such that it cannot be described in a work intended for general circulation. To counterbalance this painful statement, we learn that marriages are increasing in all the islands, among the apprentices, and that a visible improvement is perceived in their morals, and in those of the coloured people.

In Barbadoes, the tourists received much contradictory information, and saw very much to lament and disapprove. The former governor, Sir Lionel Smith, now governor of Jamaica, is not, apparently, a favourite with the Friends. While in Barbadoes, he did much good, but he also tolerated or sanctioned many questionable measures. In Jamaica, his policy has not become more liberal; and his recent weak assent to the most obnoxious clauses of the Planters' Police

Bill, upon its renewal, never, we are persuaded, can obtain the sanction of the Home Government. Lord Stanley and Lord Aberdeen are morally as much bound to repress this iniquity as the present Colonial Minister.

Shortly after their arrival, the tourists relate—

We called to-day upon several persons, intimately acquainted with the state of the colony, and regret to state that all the information we received, is of an unsatisfactory nature; with the single exception, that the proprietors are prosperous, and that the island was never in a higher state of cultivation. One gentleman, who is in the interests of the planters, informs us that the small estates are worth double what they were five years ago; and that estates then valued at twenty thousand pounds, would now fetch thirty-five thousand. Our informant said, he came out to Barbadoes with English feelings on the subject of slavery; but his residence in the colonies, and the acquisition of slaves, appeared to have given him a most unfavourable impression of the negro character. He complained particularly of his domestics. Though most anxious to be rid of them, he said they were such wretches that, for the sake of society, he could not conscientiously emancipate them. He was obliged to have three grooms to look after one horse, &c. Without at all concurring in a general extension of these sentiments to the non-predials, it is generally allowed in the colonies, that the apprenticeship has had a more unfavourable effect on their character than on that of the field labourers. Other disinterested persons speak unfavourably of the condition of the apprentices. The stipendiaries are, perhaps, with a single exception, accustomed to share the hospitalities of the planters. . . . The free children are much neglected. After 1834, many of the planters turned them off the estates, provoked by the disappointment of their expectation, that the parents would consent to apprentice them; an expectation which was baffled by the perseverance of the mothers, acting under the advice of the governor, Sir Lionel Smith. This extreme measure against the free children, was happily not persevered in; but cases have recently occurred where it has again been resorted to.

The mothers are universally apprehensive and suspicious, lest the freedom of their children be invaded. In some cases, they refuse to let them receive medical attendance, or any assistance from the planters, lest a claim should be established on their liberty by the masters—lest they should, in some way, be made thralls. One must respect this honourable maternal feeling, even when it is the result of ignorance. "The child is free, and I will do nothing to bind him," say the black mothers. Their distrust of seeming kindness, is the same feeling which frightens the mother of an English peasant, at a Sergeant Kite offering a shilling to her son. Distrust is one of the inevitable vices of a slave, and of all men suffering under forms of injustice much short of slavery. It finds a lurking-place in the bosom of the Irish peasant; and is becoming strong among the labourers of Great Britain. Magistrates, ministers, and schoolmasters, who associate with planters and overseers, instantly forfeit the confidence of the negroes. They look for nothing but injustice from the stipendiary or special magistrate "who dines with Masses," and distrust the schoolmaster who associates with the overseer of the plantation. A Wesleyan minister, in Barbadoes, a good preacher and an excellent man, at once lost the confidence of his sable flock, and his usefulness, by marrying into a planter's family. The negroes said—"He eat

with manager, and he drink with manager, and manager tell him what to say to we." There is but too much cause for distrust of the magistrates; as is seen in very many cases, which fell under the immediate observation of the English inquirers, in their attendance at the courts. At Bridgetown, Barbadoes, the stipendiary magistrate informed a female—a domestic, or non-predial apprentice—who was willing to pay her hire, of a half dollar a-week, to her master, but claimed the right of choosing her own employers—

"*You are the property of your master, and he can do what he likes with you.* You must not think you can go and work where you please. You are his property; he can make you stay at home to do his work, or he can hire you out to any person he thinks proper." Such is the position of the nominally emancipated negro, and such are the doctrines maintained by a functionary, appointed to carry into effect an act for "*The Abolition of Slavery.*" The magistrate told us, that the non-predials were fast buying out their time; he sometimes registered thirty manumissions in a month.

In Jamaica, one day, when a man wished to be valued before a special magistrate, in order to buy up his time—cases in which the grossest frauds are practised by the holders of apprentices—

The special magistrate, who is supposed to be especially intrusted, in valuations, with the interests of the apprentice, said to the two local magistrates associated with him, "Whatever you say, gentlemen, I shall be satisfied with." One of them appraised the man at seventy pounds, the other at forty-four pounds. The stipendiary wrote the two sums on paper, and added sixty pounds as his own estimate; the average of which amounts fixed the value of the apprentice at fifty-eight pounds. . . . The business of this court was conducted in a manner and spirit than which it is difficult to conceive anything more objectionable.

In Barbadoes, as in all the other islands, property has risen in value since the Emancipation Act passed; and the price given for estates proves that there are no serious apprehensions that they will not, after 1840, be profitably cultivated by free labourers. Barbadoes is stated to have received an undue share of the general compensation, so that the planters have hitherto benefited far more than the apprentices. The Barbadoes Legislature was the last to pass an act for the Abolition of Slavery, as required by the Home Government; and we learn with regret, that the planters have succeeded in moulding apprenticeship into a perfect resemblance to the slave system, which they so unwillingly relinquished.

An equal, if not a greater amount, of uncompensated labour, is now extorted from the negroes; while, as their owners have no longer the same interest in their health and lives, their condition, and particularly that of mothers and young children, is, in many respects, worse than during slavery. . . . The little that was wanting to make the apprenticeship the heavy burden that it now is to the negroes, has been supplied by Sir Lionel Smith's "scale of labour." The prejudice against colour is stronger in Barbadoes than in any other colony, although the coloured class of its population is numerous, wealthy, and respectable, and comprises some of the first merchants of the island. No coloured student has yet been admitted within the walls of Codrington College. The public opinion of the colony is powerful, and exercises an unfavourable influence.

Many, who have a deep sense of wrong in the existing belief of the natural inferiority of the

blacks, and in the prejudice of caste and colour, are not endowed with the moral courage requisite to justice. Barbadoes is called *Little England*; but, in this shameful thrudom of opinion, it as well deserves to be called *Little America*. Though the pre-slavery faction is louder and more turbulent in Jamaica, it is not so tyrannical as in Barbadoes. In Jamaica, the minority of whites assert a freedom of thought and independence of action, which the same class in Barbadoes dare not venture.

The remainder of the time devoted to inquiry by the tourists, was spent in Jamaica, to which they went by a steam-vessel, about the middle of January 1837, and quitted for New York on the 14th April. Their first visits were generally to churches and schools—we mean to the preaching stations of the Baptists, Methodists, and Moravians, and the schools for the instruction of negroes and coloured children. They went to established churches also; for, in the West Indies, a few clergymen who, in colonial language, "are worse than Baptists," may be found. On the evening after their arrival, they attended the anniversary of the Jamaica Bible Society. Five or six hundred persons, mostly black or coloured, were present; and contributions from children were given, earned by them as the teachers of grown-up or old persons among their neighbours and relations. The tourists shew some indulgence to the impatience of European slave-holders, with their troublesome and provoking black domestics; and yet justly convert the indolence and bad qualities of the negro servants into an argument for freedom. A gentleman in Kingston remarked, that the heart and temper were often put to a severe trial; and that, in Jamaica, a man could learn more of his true character in a few months, than in England, (where all domestic affairs go on smoothly,) in as many years.

Shortly after their arrival in Jamaica, the Friends became acquainted with Mr S. Bourne, a special magistrate, whom the negroes like to have as a judge of their complaints, while their masters say that "his *interference* occasions more punishment than the misconduct of all the apprentices in the neighbourhood." His *interference* consists in listening to their complaints, and recommending them to the proper quarter for redress of grievances. We doubt not that some of the complaints of these poor ignorant people may often be sufficiently "frivolous and vexatious;" but Mr Bourne, if he errs at all, errs on the right side. His influence, unlike that of the majority of the magistrates, is thrown into the scale of the weak and the oppressed.

The tourists remained for some time at the Botanic Garden, near the residence of Mr Bourne, that they might have an opportunity of attending his courts. This gentleman—like popular and trust-worthy judges all over the world, and even, for instance, in the Supreme Courts of Scotland—has many more cases brought before him than falls to the share of his brethren. The apprentices believe him impartial and their friend,

and accordingly prefer him to that fluctuating character "the nearest magistrate." The complaints brought before Mr Bourne, by the overseers on estates, were sometimes as frivolous, and often more unreasonable, than the most capricious complaints made by the apprentices. An entry like the following, affords much more satisfaction than the proceedings of petty courts, which, we fear, even in cooler latitudes than the West Indies, where the poor and the rich come into collision, are often too much of the same character.

4th.—Yesterday and to-day, we have had striking proofs, from our own observation, of the industry of the negroes, when working under a proper stimulus. As we went to our lodgings, which are nine miles from town, late in the evening, we met several parties of two or three men, women, and even children, coming down from the mountains with heavy loads of produce on their heads, from their own grounds, for the Kingston market. Some of them had mules loaded, besides the burdens they carried themselves. We could hear other distant parties, in the mountain passes and defiles, singing cheerful songs, to beguile the tediousness of the way. Many come a distance of twenty, or even thirty miles, and pass the night in the open air on the road. English carrots, cabbages, and artichokes, besides yams, and other roots and fruits of the country, were among their supplies.

The negroes construct their own houses, make their own clothes, cultivate their provisions with their own hands; they use oil of their own pressing for their lamps, and wicks prepared from cotton growing at their own doors. We inquired of two apprentices in one of the huts, if they were married. They were not, though they had lived three years together, and appeared sensible that they ought to be. This large and extensive parish, though it is one of the longest settled in the island, is nearly destitute of opportunities of religious improvement. S. Bourne, who resides near the Botanic Garden, has a Sunday school at his house, which we visited; it was attended by ten men, who were learning to read and write, and several boys in an alphabet class. One of the former was the head man on a neighbouring large estate. He was asked why so few children now attended the Sabbath school from that property, and replied, that the attorney disturbed and unsettled the people, or, to use his own phrase, "made their minds chatter."

In speaking of the unwholesome exhalations from the immense swamp lying between Kingston and Spanish Town, it is remarked:—"In any other than a slave country, it would have been drained, and would now be teeming with exhaustless supplies of agricultural wealth." The bogs of Ireland are, we presume, no exception.

Alexander Bravo—the Friends *Mister* no man—is one of the most remarkable persons whom they met in Jamaica; liberal and humane, and, moreover, a sound political economist. He has no fears that the free negroes will not work for wages, and that continuously.

He finds no difficulty in purchasing all the labour that his own people have to sell, besides the spare time of many from adjoining estates. He considers slave labour, of all others, the most uneconomical and expensive; and is persuaded that twenty free men are equal to one hundred slaves.

They visited two of this gentleman's estates, which afford a very favourable picture of West India management.

On the first estate which we visited, our host is erecting one of the most handsome and substantial mansions in the island. It is beautifully situated on a gentle acclivity, commanding a view of the sea, from which it is

distant three or four miles. It is built by the labour of his own apprentices, with materials supplied from his different estates. The work would do credit to English artificers. We could not but regard it as a monument of the confidence of a liberal and enlightened proprietor in the permanent prosperity of the country under a free system. On these estates, the most judicious means have been adopted, to habituate the people to work cheerfully for wages, and we are assured with complete success. The proprietor has introduced task-work and remuneration, and has recently substituted money payments on a liberal scale, in lieu of all allowances of clothing, salt-fish, sugar, rum, &c.; and, in order to accustom his people to spend money, as well as earn it, he has established a shop on one or more of his estates. Many of his principal negroes receive salaries, varying from five to sixteen pounds per annum, besides liberal wages for their extra time, their house and ground rent free, and the pasturage of a few hogs, cattle, or horses. We were requested to make our own inquiries of the negroes, and accordingly entered into conversation with a number of them. One complained of the discontinuance of their allowances of salt-fish, &c., since Christmas. He was reckoning up, in the most perspicuous way, the value of each, according to the quantity allowed, when his master came in, and listened very patiently to his charges, and then replied by shewing that the money which he gave them was a full equivalent for these indulgences. A discussion of several other minor points followed, which terminated in the same manner. The principal orator, on the part of the negroes, certainly exhibited an ingenious display of special pleading; but it was really pleasant to see the independent and free spirit of the negroes, and the good feeling subsisting between them and their master; which, so far as our observation extends, is a rare exception to the general rule.

Upon a Sabbath Day, after attending at the station of the Baptist mission at Spanish Town, the tourists were introduced to the negro elders and leaders of the church, some of them free men, others apprentices from the estates, and "many of them *fully equal in intelligence and information to English peasantry in some of the agricultural districts.*" They had many complaints to make of oppression from overseers.

The apprentices now receive none of their former allowances of salt-fish, and only half their former quantity of clothing. It was very hard for them to subsist, as their grounds were often burned up by drought; and that the overseer took their own time from them whenever he wanted it, and it was often a hard thing to get him to repay it. On our asking whether the people would be willing to work after 1840, he said, "nothing was sweeter than for a man to labour for his own bread"—a sentiment to which all present responded. They told us that many had been flogged or sent to the treadmill, who had never been punished during slavery. Two of the individuals present had been sent to the treadmill, and sustained severe injury from its effects. The offences were merely nominal, and we were assured their characters were without reproach. Another poor woman present, who was the mother of eight children, and in declining years and health, had been sent to the treadmill because she could not work in the first gang, after having lived, during the last years of slavery, a life of comparative ease and indulgence. The overseer had also pulled down her house, which was the best on the estate. All the apprentices complained that the magistrates did not give them a fair opportunity of speaking in their own behalf.

All the negroes of this district spoke very affectionately of Dr Palmer, a magistrate appointed by Lord Sligo, whose case is well-known in England. Dr Palmer was dismissed from office by the present Governor, because, as is alleged, the planters thought him inimical to their interests, and too favourable to the ne-

groes. They said, when met by the tourists at Jericho, that he was the best magistrate that ever came into the parish of St Thomas-in-the-Vale, which parish he was accused of having thrown into a state of insurrection. Before his time, the apprentices stated that they—

Never obtained their half Fridays, according to the law; and, since he was removed, they have again been deprived of them. He encouraged them to clear and cultivate new provision grounds, and now they have "plenty of victual in them," while, before, they were so unsettled and afraid, that they neglected their grounds. One of the apprentices suggested, as an effectual remedy for one of the greatest abuses to which they are exposed, that a cannon should be placed at Rodney Hall Workhouse, with a soldier to fire it at the proper hours of shell-blow. It would be heard on every estate in the Vale. They said they should be perfectly satisfied, if the law were but fairly administered; but that "the white people never dealt fairly by them, though they were always the first to cry out." Before we took leave of them, one of them was requested by the missionary to offer up a prayer, which he did, in appropriate and affecting terms, for the general extension of religion, for a blessing on the church, on their minister and his family, and on the friends of the negroes in England, and, lastly, that their minister might have given to him a "voice like a mighty shell, to make the word of life known."

The reader will understand that the cannon was to announce the hour of release from labour, as the slaves are often cheated of their time. The complaints of the *Jericho* gathering were repeated in many other places. Even those best satisfied complained of

Compulsory and unrequited labour during crop; frauds of time out of crop; being deprived of their old allowances; inattention to the sick; insufficiency of time allowed to pregnant women and nursing mothers; general ill-treatment by their overseers; and partiality, injustice, and drunkenness of the Special Magistrate. They said, that all who were sent to the treadmill, returned sick and injured, some having to stay in the hospital afterwards for two, three, or even four months. They were not only daily defrauded of their time, but were frequently mulcted of their Saturdays.

Nor can these things cease until labour is entirely free. That period may be near; and this consideration induces us to pass the more lightly over the record of ill-treatment, cruelty, and oppression of the apprentices, that finds a place in the journal of Messrs Sturge and Harvey, and especially in appendix, which is an exact report of examinations made on the spot. The state of the jail at Bridgetown, in Barbadoes, they rightly consider a reproach to Sir Lionel Smith's government. The West India treadmill, with the *cat* which urges its movements, is found in every locality, and is a disgrace to humanity. This report of the state of the Bridgetown jail was made by Dr Lloyd and Mr John Scoble, before they went from thence to Demerara. They say:—

From the council chamber we proceeded into the jail yard, where were collected a large number of negroes employed in breaking stones. The male negroes are required to break thirty baskets a-day—the women twenty-five baskets a-day. The stones are very hard, and the hammers very soft; the consequence is, that it is a most laborious operation. In failure of their appointed tasks, they are flogged, both male and female! This I learned on the spot. Among the women thus employed, was one very far advanced in pregnancy. I was very much pleased to learn, that some of the more

powerful negroes would break a few more baskets than their required amount, and give their surplus to the weaker, to save them a flogging. From this part of the yard we proceeded to the back of the prison, to inspect the treadmill. It was going when we reached it. Fifteen male negroes, of different ages, from boys to men, were on it, and the cat was in constant requisition on their sides, shoulders, and legs, to keep them up to their work; and, even when the miserable creatures kept step properly, if they did not *tread down*, they were flogged. On the top of the treadmill were a number of negroes, who secured the arms of those that were too weak to hold on by the rail. The usual time for them to be on the treadmill is ten minutes. From the mill we proceeded to the jail. The first room we entered was about thirty by thirty-five feet, in which one hundred and ten negroes are obliged to herd together, from four in the afternoon until next morning. How they can live in such an atmosphere as must be created by so large a number of persons being congregated together in a tropical climate, I cannot tell.—The next apartment visited was about half the size. There were confined in it thirty-five males, committed for various felonies. The jailor informed me, that sometimes negroes were incarcerated there twelve months previous to trial, and are then discharged without it. Often, when it is inconvenient for the prosecutor to appear, or he does not choose to appear, cases are adjourned to the next Sessions, a period of six months. How iniquitous a system is this! We returned back to the treadmill. The women were then on; such a sight I never saw before; they were dressed in coarse dowlas, descending from the hips like trowsers, below the knees, and upwards to the bosom, leaving the neck exposed, fitting close round the body. The arms from below the shoulders bare, the legs bare also. The heads shaved quite close, with a handkerchief tied round them. They were up for ten minutes, and had been up during the morning four times before, and were to be put up twice after we left. No difference whatever was made between them as to the amount of punishment. When we arrived, they had been up about three minutes, and the brutal driver was flogging them with the cat, with as much severity as he had previously flogged the men; he cut them wherever he listed, and as often as he pleased. We were dreadfully shocked, but determined to witness the whole proceeding. On the mill there was a mulatto woman, perhaps about thirty, dreadfully exhausted—indeed, she could not step any more, although she had been on only a few minutes.

The driver flogged her repeatedly, and she as often made the attempt to tread the mill, but nature was worn out. She was literally suspended by the bend of the elbow of one arm, a negro holding down the wrist at the top of the mill for some minutes; and her poor legs knocking against the revolving steps of the mill until her blood marked them. There she hung groaning, and anon receiving a cut from the driver, to which she appeared almost indifferent. When the ten minutes were up, the negro above released her arm, and she fell on the floor, utterly unable to support herself, and at last managed to stagger out of the place. Her sufferings must have been terrible. But she was not the only one who suffered. A black girl, apparently about eighteen, was equally exhausted. When we arrived, she was moaning piteously. Her moans were answered by the cut of the whip. She endeavoured again and again to tread the mill, but was utterly unable. She had lost all power, and hung, in the same helpless way, with the mulatto woman, suspended by the left arm, held on by the wrist by a negro above. The bend of the arm passed over the rail, and the wrist was held down tightly, so that she could not alter her position, or get the least ease by moving. It was most affecting to hear her appeals to the driver—"Sweet massa, do pity me—do, sweet massa, pity me—my arm is broke." Her entreaties to be relieved were answered by cuts from the whip, and threats that, did she not cease to make a noise, he would have her down and flog her. The fear that he would carry this threat into execution, led her to suppress her feelings as well as she could. . . . During the whole time these scenes were transacting, the Barbadoes Legis-

lature were holding their Sessions within thirty yards of the treadmill.

It is proper to add, that Sir Ewan Macgregor has since rectified some of the worst of these abuses, and forbidden the superintendent to carry the cat, and likewise the punishment of the treadmill for pregnant women. But to the music of the cat the apprentices still, in many places, in negro phrase, "dance the treadmill," for a week or more, and for the most frivolous causes. Sir Lionel Smith was a rigid disciplinarian, it would seem, and not very delicately discriminative in his scale of punishments. The treadmill, with the cat, and shaving the head, was the general remedy for all classes of crime—whether stealing, washing linen ill, or not doing enough of hoeing. The Half-way Tree Workhouse, or House of Correction, in Jamaica, is a second edition of the Bridgetown jail. Men and women were found there, heavily chained, and many prisoners were nearly naked :—

We spoke to a negro, who was sick from the effects of a severe flogging; his back was a white mass of suppuration. Another pitiable object was lying about, whose body and limbs were swollen and ulcerated. He seemed a mass of disease, and was apparently of weak intellect. He was a watchman on Chester Vale estate, and had been sent there for suffering the cattle to trespass. So far from possessing activity enough to be a watchman, we do not think he could have walked across the yard. Even the supervisor said he ought not to have been sent. We next went to see the treadmill. There were two gangs of men and women, who, we were told, worked alternate spells of fifteen minutes each; an almost incredible amount of punishment. The men were put upon it during our stay; they were in the same state of exposure as before noticed. The women were standing near them, waiting their turn. No regard was paid to decency in providing the latter with a suitable dress to work on the mill.

White-skinned prisoners are kept apart, and never chained. Since Lord Sligo left the island, the gallows has become a permanent erection in Spanish Town—in *terrorem*. At a workhouse jail, in St Ann's Bay, two females were found in the solitary cells, one condemned "to dance the treadmill" twice a-day, for *deficiency* in her work. Some of the prisoners were suffering from injuries received in the treadmill, which, in Jamaica and Barbadoes, is a formidable instrument of torture :—

Every step is stained with blood both recent and old; the former being that of the poor old woman whom the deputy mentioned to us. It had been shed so profusely that even the sand on the floor was thickly sprinkled with it. We asked him whether the prisoners on the treadmill were flogged. He replied that it was necessary "to touch them up"—women as well as men. The latter, he said, were struck on the back, but the women on their feet. The whip, which we asked to see, is a cat composed of nine lashes of knotted small cords.

The valuation of the time of apprentices is a source of perpetual fraud, vexation, and oppression. The tourists were present at several of these appraisements. They describe the mode of valuing "as a premium on worthlessness," and the honesty and faithfulness of a negro apprentice as his greatest misfortune, as these qualities enhance his value beyond his means of purchasing freedom. As the apprentice time draws shorter, his price is heightened; and an apprentice,

valued a year before at five or six doubloons, will rise to nine or ten. At a Special Court held at Machinael, at which the Quaker gentlemen attended—after many cases of complaints, brought both by apprentices and overseers, had been dismissed—an apprentice came forward to be valued :—

His master said that he was one of his most valuable men; that he was a mason and carpenter, and occasionally worked in the field. His bookkeeper deposed, that, during a two years' residence on the estate, he had never known him employed except in the field, but that he was a very active, valuable man. Another bookkeeper deposed, that he had once seen him some years ago plastering a cottage. The next witness was a coloured man, who had been a slave, and had been manumitted by the father of his present proprietor, for his valuable services, and is still employed on the estate. He swore that the negro in question could handle both a trowel and a saw, but was not a good workman with either. The apprentice himself said he had only been sent to learn to be a mason for a short period, several years ago, and that he had bad health. His brother confirmed this statement. An overseer, who was standing by, rated his services at £1.40 per annum nett. A dispute next arose about the class to which he belonged, as he had been employed as a domestic servant some time previous to August 1833. Two important features of the system were disclosed to our observation during these proceedings. The Special Magistrate reminded the proprietor of the fact which had been elicited in the previous case, that he paid his negroes only 1s. 8d. for their Saturdays; and he remonstrated with him on his placing an exorbitant price on their services when they came to be valued. The latter replied, that, whatever the time of his apprentices was worth, it was nothing to anybody if they chose to sell it to him for 1s. 8d. a-day. The animus of the whole proceedings on the part of the planters was odious; and this single day's experience convinced us, that, for general and systematic violations of the Apprenticeship Act, this is not behind any district in the island.

Apprentices, it would seem, become *predials* or *non-predials* exactly as it suits their masters; and thus it is often rendered impossible for them to redeem themselves; while, to benevolent persons, who are either desirous to purchase their freedom or lend them money for that purpose, great difficulties are presented. Before the 1st of August next, we may expect a sudden and immense increase of *predials*. The masters having first pocketed compensation, given at the public expense, would now derive an unfairly enhanced price for their "property" in apprentice labour. One man, the head carpenter on the Wallen estate, was twice valued—first at £352, and, after appealing to the Governor, at £230; but this valuation was set aside by his master, who brought, the man said, a great number of persons to swear against his character, who put trades upon him he knew nothing about, and made out there was nothing he could not do. Now he despairs of ever being free. He cannot pay his price: he is nearly sixty, and freedom without price will come too late for him. It must be recollected, that the *non-predials* are entitled to emancipation in 1838; so that this man's remaining time must have been enormously over-valued. Among the hardships of the apprentices, we find the arbitrary mulcting of whole gangs of field-labourers, for the delinquency or idleness of one of their number, and compelling them to repay time which has been lost by their being sent to the

estate dungeon or the treadmill, on, probably, some frivolous complaint of the overseers. The frauds practised by the cunning strong upon the ignorant and weak we do not pretend to enumerate. The negroes are also subjected to a variety of wanton and malicious aggressions from the overseers, who shoot their goats, hogs, and poultry, or seize the latter for their own use. They either wilfully allow the cattle and horses of the plantations to trespass upon the little gardens and provision grounds of the labourers, or, if the trespass should be accidental, in both cases refuse all redress. Pounding "Massa's cattle" is not to be thought of. These tricks of spite, and acts of petty persecution, are in revenge for the negroes complaining to the magistrates, and "taking the law" of their masters. Sometimes the negro huts are pulled down, and the threat or actual withdrawing of the customary allowances of salt fish and other things, places the poor creatures greatly in the power of their task-masters. Many more little spiteful ways of annoyance are fallen upon; for, though the masters have had the lash torn from their hands, and been well paid for laying it down, their power to wrong and oppress has been little abridged, where there is inclination to use it.

The amount of suffering and punishment inflicted in these modes, is placed on no record, reported to no authority, but it is not therefore less oppressively and keenly felt. It affords us little satisfaction to turn from illegal to legal oppression. A limited and imperfect idea of the amount of punishment inflicted by the Special Magistrates, may be learned from the fact, that, during the first two years of their administration in the colony, sixty thousand apprentices were punished, to an extent, in the aggregate, of a quarter of a million of lashes, and fifty thousand other punishments, by the treadmill, chain gang, solitary confinement, and *mulcts of time*.

The state of religious instruction and of schools, attracted the especial attention of the Friends; and the accounts of the Baptist mission in Jamaica, that of the Moravians in different islands, the Wesleyan Methodists, and those of other religious bodies in Great Britain, whose Christian and brotherly love has extended to the West Indies, are extremely gratifying. The tourists state that they are unable to render justice to the missionary efforts in Jamaica. They speak with affectionate warmth.

Representation cannot picture the happy results of these efforts; description can convey no idea of their excellence and magnitude. A few years ago, the negroes were heathen and benighted; now, they are, to a great extent, enlightened and Christian. . . . The success of missionary labours among the servile population, has been general and striking; much has been done, yet much remains to be done. The work requires to be deepened, strengthened, and extended; and we earnestly commend those benefactors of the human race, the missionaries, to the more earnest prayers, to the deeper sympathies, and to the yet more liberal support of British Christians.

The church discipline exercised in Antigua, appears well adapted to the present condition of the people. A vigilant oversight is maintained over the members, which might be improper, and indeed insufferable, in a more enlightened community of Christians, though productive of great benefit among the negroes. In certain evenings of

every week, the members come to have "a speaking" with the minister; and the arrangements are such that the whole pass before him once in every six or eight weeks. A religious negro on each estate is appointed "a helper;" and his duty is to watch over the members, and bring all delinquencies before the minister. The cases of discipline which the Friends saw brought before a minister belonging to the United Brethren, were those of two men accused of living with women to whom they were not married: their sentence was to be put out of the church. A man who had beat his wife was suspended. The members have an appeal from those decisions to the Monthly Conference of Missionaries. The negroes are more afraid of church discipline than of legal punishment; and sometimes the planters call in the aid of the minister, to subdue the refractory, and enforce obedience. The tourists were also witnesses, in Jamaica, of the examination of candidates for baptism. A good old woman was put back for a time, until her knowledge should be more ripened; a young man was received.

In Jamaica, and some of the other islands, the Mico Institution has now numerous branch schools; and schools and chapels, twin-stars of dawning civilization, appear in many a locality. Many of the proprietors support or aid education and religious instruction on their estates. The schools are now, in a great majority of instances, taught by free blacks or coloured people. To some of these schools, the children travel five miles, backwards and forwards, every day. To others of the Mico schools, the little children bring yams and roots, to be cooked for them. At one of them, when cooked, their meal was laid on a cloth in the middle of the floor. One of the elder boys portioned it out with a knife, the children bringing their tins or little baskets, one by one, till all were served. Above 4000 children are already taught in these schools.

Individuals among the coloured people, who, in spite of prejudice and various obstacles, have risen to distinction, by the mere force of good conduct, talent, and energy of character, greatly interested the tourists. They were seen in all the islands, and of both sexes. The Wesleyan minister at Parkham in Antigua, is a man of colour, and was born a slave in Bermuda. It is said—

His history is remarkable. He is not, we believe, inferior, either in education, qualifications, or usefulness, to any of his brethren in the ministry. The school under his care is in good order, and very numerous attended. The children are all emancipated but two; a circumstance which is employed to instil into their breasts sentiments of fervent loyalty. They were told we came from England; and asked "Who lives in England?"—"The King." "What has the King done for you?"—"He make us free," was responded by upwards of one hundred little voices, with the greatest enthusiasm.

At Wolmer's free school at Kingston, which is pronounced the best school seen in the West Indies, the master asserted that the children of colour attending, are equal, both in conduct and ability, to the white scholars. They have always carried off more than their proportion of prizes. This master had taught the school for thirty-eight years.

In the present state of the West Indies, much, if not everything, depends upon the character of the managers and attorneys who superintend the estates. If the individual administering be a humane man, and mild and considerate in the exercise of his despotic power, the labourers are comparatively comfortable and contented. They make few or no appeals to the special or stipendiary magistrate, and endure no chains, mulcts, or "dancing the tread-mill." And such mild and enlightened despots are, happily, often found both among resident proprietors and managers. Absentee properties, as is fairly to be presumed, are often very ill-managed. The apprentices on Lord Holland's estate get no allowance of salt fish, contrary to agreement; "and the people turn out to work, the very same as during slavery." Their own time is cruelly trenched upon. They were, in brief, full of complaints, and hoped for no satisfaction from the magistrate of the parish. The overseer complains, and the magistrate writes out the punishment. "Missis [Lady Holland] has," they say, "been kind to we. We know that, whether we get the gifts she sends or not, we should remain on the estate as long as we live." But they did not meanwhile wish to enter into rash bargains with the attorney; they were anxious, as many of the best, the most foreseeing of the apprentices must be, about what was to be done respecting their houses and grounds, which they said uncertainty prevented them from repairing and improving:—

They said, that former times were bad enough; the apprenticeship was better, as they could not be flogged by the driver, but they wished they might be free immediately. One of their complaints was, that they had never seen their master, pointing, at the same time, to a very old negro, and intimating he had never seen his owner. They wished Lord Holland would send out "his piccaninny or his cousin," with whom they might talk about the terms upon which they should remain when free. As we were leaving, they preferred a request to their attorney, to exchange their half Friday for every alternate Friday, as their grounds were six miles distant. From Sweet River we proceeded to Friendship, a sugar estate belonging to Lord Holland. Here, also, we saw and conversed with at least fifty or sixty of the people, in the presence of their attorney and overseer. We did not find them very communicative. They said, however, that they had a kind master and mistress (Lord and Lady Holland;) and, when free, which they wished might be to-morrow, they should be glad to remain on the estate, and work for wages, rather than leave their houses and grounds to begin the world again. We asked them whether the Special Magistrate heard both sides fairly, when they were brought before him. They replied he would not let them speak; in confirmation of which, the Custos strongly condemned the conduct of some of the stipendiaries.

The estate of Mr Wallace of Kelly does not seem to be in the best hands. Mr Ewing of Glasgow's estate is also mentioned, as one of the absentee properties on which the people are ill-cared for. One of the Caymanas (the name of several estates) belongs to Lord Carrington, and is in a good condition:—

The hospital is a large, well-ventilated building. The negro village of the farm is, probably, one of the best in the island. The houses are scattered over a considerable extent of ground, in groups of two or three, in separate

neat inclosures. It is embosomed in a grove of cocoa nut trees, on which the negroes are, in part, dependent for the means of support. Many of the cottages consist of two or three good rooms, in which are a little furniture, and, in a few instances, glasses and earthenware. They were remarkably clean, and the courts carefully swept. We were introduced to Whitehall Ellis, the head negro, an intelligent man, who is still as active and as lively as a boy, though nearly seventy years of age. He has a numerous family of descendants, and is a man of considerable property, being possessed of a light tax cart and a number of cattle and sheep. He owned, before the 1st of August, nine slaves, twenty head of cattle, and seventy sheep; but, like other prosperous men, he has experienced occasional reverses. His speculations in slaves did not turn out well; he gave us a most amusing account of one of them, who stole some of his cattle, and sold them for himself in Kingston market, and then, pretending they were lost, almost killed his master, by leading him a wild goose chase in search of them, among the swamps and woods. As he, being himself a slave, could not hold slaves in his own right, he was likely also to lose the compensation, through the faithlessness of the friend in whose name they had been registered. Ellis invited us to his house, which is a large, comfortable, and furnished cottage, with *jalousies* in the casements. He produced a bottle of Madeira, and wine glasses; and, by so doing, according to West India notions, refuted the thousand and one statements of the Anti-Slavery Society of the physical sufferings of slaves. Among the negro houses, there is a small chapel, in which one of the apprentices occasionally preaches. The attorney asked the people whether they would send their children to school if he provided a teacher. They professed great anxiety to avail themselves of his offer. As we were leaving, a woman came forward to petition for assistance towards rebuilding or repairing her cottage. She manifested much distress. Old Ellis rebuked her sharply:—"Did she wish to bring massa's property into disgrace before the gentlemen? Where were her manners?" &c. The negroes on this estate are a fine muscular race of people, and both their appearance and that of their dwellings was one of comfort.

The estate of Montpelier, belonging to Lord Seaford, presents a painful contrast to this. The negroes are discontented, the overseers tyrannical and cruel. In Belvidere, a neighbouring estate, which is said to have been cruelly managed before the "rebellion," a better system has lately been introduced by a Scotch ploughman, who came out to introduce a new system of culture, and was promoted to be overseer of the estate by a judicious attorney.

He is not only greatly improving the cultivation, but adding to the comfort of the negroes. We have met with no one who has introduced the plough so extensively. We conversed with several of the negroes in the boiling-house. They all said they were satisfied with their Busha, and would be glad, when free, to remain as labourers on the estate. If the same question had been asked them a year before, they should have given a very different answer. They receive twopence per hour for extra labour during crop, which is the most liberal arrangement we have yet heard of.

So these negroes are easily rendered contented, and even grateful, though probably they as easily become litigious and troublesome. The tourists met with several of the emigrants taken out in consequence of that dread of negro indolence, which so grievously afflicted the proprietors. One family, seen on Hyde Hall estate, were from Sussex; but they had only newly landed, and were still delighted with their new country. The emigrant settlement at Altamont, in the heart of the Portland mountains, was reached

through a succession of exquisitely beautiful scenery.

The location is delightfully chosen in an irregular valley about one mile and a half in length, through which flows the Rio Grande. The climate is very fine, and the only obvious disadvantage is the difficulty of transporting produce to a port or market. The sides of the mountains being crown land, afford ample scope for the extension of the settlement. The soil is virgin land of the most fertile description, well suited to the cultivation of coffee and ginger. The attention of the Superintendent is turned to the introduction of indigo, tobacco, the mulberry, and various other descriptions of profitable cultivation. The colony consists, at present, of only six families, who have been about two months in the island. The commissioners anticipated their arrival, by building some neat little white cottages, which the people themselves have since further improved, and inclosed in little plots of ground, by neat fences of young rose trees. They are all married persons with young families, from the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, selected by a minister, who is the brother of a member of Assembly in this island, one of the chief promoters of the colonization of Europeans. They have hitherto enjoyed good health, with the exception of one family, who were detained on a sugar estate, near the coast, where the husband found employment as a cooper. There his wife and children were attacked by intermittent fever, from which they have not yet recovered. Each family, besides being permitted for the present to occupy a house rent free, cultivates any quantity of land they think proper. They have also a cow and certain allowances of food till they are able to support themselves. An account is kept against them for the two latter items, which they will be expected to repay. They are offered twenty acres of land in fee, as soon as they can erect a house upon it, so as to leave their present dwellings for new occupants. About twenty houses are either built or in progress, and an additional number of families are shortly expected. The superintendent appeared delighted with the industry of the emigrants, and, indeed, shewed us sufficient proofs of it, in the quantity of land they have already brought into cultivation. The men are fine, athletic peasants. They seemed cheerful, and expressed themselves satisfied with their new country: they were employed in making a piece of road, towards the expense of which the island has granted a sum of money. Their children looked happy, and their blue eyes, laughing faces, and bare feet, reminded us of their native mountaineers. Their wives, however, generally appeared home-sick.

It is intended to form more white colonies.

The Friends consider the Jamaica colonization system founded on false principles; and to us their objections appear just. The Maroon colony in this mountainous region is an interesting feature of the country. It is as beautifully situated as Altamont, and already consists of about a hundred houses, larger and better furnished than the negro huts on estates, and prettily scattered over the hill side. The house of the superintendent, and that of the clergyman, stand on adjoining eminences, overlooking the town.

The Maroons are a fine race of people, tall and elegant in person, with features more European than the negroes generally possess, and with the independent bearing of men who have been for generations free. Some of the women are decidedly handsome, and, except their complexion, more like gipsies than negroes. The inhabitants of this settlement, the largest Maroon town in the island, have lately acquired a reputation for industry. We saw a number of women employed at Altamont, in carrying lime on their heads a considerable distance, to the top of a hill, on which a building was in progress. A troop of the men sometimes turn out, with their negro captain at their head, to clear the pastures of such of the neighbouring planters as are willing to employ them; they work with their cutlasses, having a sort of disdain

for the implements degraded by slavery. They also cultivate their own grounds industriously, and surround themselves with many domestic comforts; and bid fair, in short, to become industrious citizens. Their improved condition and habits do great credit to their present superintendent. It is to be desired, when their blood-bound occupation of hunting out runaway negroes shall have ceased by the abolition of slavery, that their exclusive character and privileges may be abolished, their land divided among them in fee, and themselves left to merge into the general community of free persons.

The condition of the apprentices of Trinidad and Demerara is considered by Mr Sturge as equally bad if not worse than that of their brethren in Jamaica. A new branch of traffic has sprung up in some of the islands, and may probably extend. In the "Demerara slave-trade," as it is termed, agents and speculators induce the free labourers in Antigua to indent with them. Of their service, for the number of years agreed on, they dispose in British Guiana, where there is a great demand for negro labour. The fellow-passenger of the Friends from Barbadoes to Antigua, mentioned above, was engaged in this traffic. At Antigua he had at this time induced thirty-two negroes of both sexes to indent with him; and it is calculated that £100 sterling will be realized upon each of those slaves held by a new tenure.

We have endeavoured to give a fair notion of the spirit of this volume, and of the sort of information with which it literally teems, regarding the practical operation of the Abolition Bill. The opinion of the authors is decidedly unfavourable as to the immediate results of that Bill; but not more so than might have been presumed from what they witnessed, and the bias to the right side with which they must have left England. They went prepared, by what they had heard, to find great iniquity existing; and their worst fears were confirmed. They went avowedly to "spy out the nakedness of the land;" to probe the festering, ill-concealed sore, to search with keen eyes for cruelty and injustice in their lurking places, and to drag them into light. The object of their humane mission was not to discover the social virtues and engaging qualities of planters and magistrates; and, keeping this in view, we are inclined to believe that they have in their report done impartial justice between the judges, the masters, and the labourers, so far as the whole truth regarding the higher classes was made known to them. If their ear was more readily and willingly given to the complaints of the helpless, who shall condemn the generous error?

In hope and patience, the country now waits the result of the resolutions which, before this number of *Tait's Magazine* is published, Lord Brougham will have brought before Parliament. We write in ignorance of the precise nature of the proposed resolutions; but their general tenor may easily be conjectured. Their main object will be the IMMEDIATE ABOLITION of Slavery in every part of the British West Indies; but, prospectively, they must look to the protection of the negroes, and the maintenance of their rights as British subjects.

OLD AUNT ANNE; OR, THE PENSION LIST.

SURELY the Dean is sadly out of spirits?" quoth I, to my worthy friend, Mrs Drainham, the other night. "Long Christmas bills are apt to engender long Christmas faces; but my very reverend friend is known to be a ready-money man. What is the matter? Tithes looking down? Surely his Isle of Sheppy living is not in default?—or his rectory in Suffolk behind-hand?—or his mastership of — College danger of cutting down?"

"No—oh, dear, no! Thank goodness, all is safe with us! The Dean's proctor keeps a strict hand over such matters. Seldom a week or a guinea in arrear. Even the Irish living, which is held till my youngest son is old enough for ordination, improves every quarter. With four thousand seven hundred a-year church preferment in the family, we have no great reason to complain if occasionally a hundred pounds deficit."

"You admit, however, that the Dean is somewhat low just now? I suppose, poor fellow, his digestion is not quite the thing. I saw him refuse lobster sauce, yesterday, with his turbot, as if a *little* afraid of it; and he ate his wild duck with cayenne. Take my word for it, my dear madam, at the Dean's age, a bottle of claret a-day is too cold without a good foundation of Madeira or sherry, and a topping up of liqueur. The Dean should never take his coffee without a *chasse* of noyau or curaçoa, or something warm of that description, to keep up the circulation."

"I don't think his digestion much amiss," replied Mrs Drainham. "At least, I know he can dispatch half-a-dozen oyster patties for his luncheon, or a basin of turtle soup, and eat a good dinner afterwards—a thing I was never able to do in my life. But the fact is, my husband is desperately put out just now about his old Aunt Anne."

"What old Aunt Anne? I was not aware that the Dean had any such relation?"

"Nor any one else, except the editors of 'The Peerage.' The old lady ought to have been dead these fifteen years: Miss Drainham was eighty-five last March."

"The Dean is in mourning, then, not for her decease but for her survival—eh! my dear madam? But, compose your feelings—no mortal is immortal, nowadays, except Talleyrand and Lady Cork, who, I am assured, were very near getting up a match last season. Depend upon it, Aunt Anne will drop before long."

"That makes the case the more provoking. As the old lady has one foot in the grave, 'tis very hard that her pension should drop first."

"Her pension?"

"Miss Drainham has been on the pension list ever since the year 1773—before the Deluge! Yet they say she will certainly be struck off. Conceive the infamy of Ministers in sacrificing a

poor, helpless, old woman, who has been receiving for the last sixty years the bounty of the country!"

"And what had Aunt Anne done for the country, to merit this benefaction of £12,000?" quoth I.

"Done for the country?—*who* does anything for his country in modern times? To do the country is now the grand object; and the mode in which Aunt Anne obtained her pension was curious enough. Her father, Lord Drainham, who was Master of the Buckhounds, and constantly about the Court, applied to get her appointed Maid of Honour; and nothing is so difficult as to refuse a trifling favour to a person with whom one is in habits of daily intercourse. But it happened that Anne Drainham was precisely the sort of young person to be insupportable at the Queen's Lodge—a prying, sarcastic girl, with all her eyes and all her tongue about her; and the Queen, literally, would not hear of her. So, by way of pacifying the old Lord, Aunt Anne was put on the civil list for two hundred a-year; and, soon afterwards, the Lord Chamberlain was requested to give her an apartment at Hampton Court. By these means, Lord Drainham got rid of his daughter, and Queen Charlotte of her maid of honour; and *there* she has been vegetating to her heart's content for the last sixty years."

"And will probably continue to vegetate for the remainder of her days."

"Not she!—tiresome old woman! It will be impossible for her to live there, you know, on a pittance of three hundred a-year; and, in consideration of her pension, such was the miserable income assigned her by her father. His other daughters had *five*; but Aunt Anne's pension was brought into hotch-pot to make up her fortune."

"Hard enough upon *her*."

"Upon *her*? And what is it upon *us*? She will certainly require the Dean to do something for her if the pension-list should go to the wall. People of *her* age are so unreasonable! The Dean, the present Lord Drainham, and the Governor of —, are her only nephews; the rest of the family are females."

"But her claim is surely greatest on Lord Drainham, as the eldest son of her only brother."

"To what claims was Lord Drainham ever known to attend, except those of Newmarket and White's? If shirking his old aunt would get him turned out of the Jockey Club, Aunt Anne would be safe enough. But when poor old Miss Drainham applied to him on the subject, the only notice he took of her letter was to enclose it to his brother, and bid the Dean put it in his pipe and smoke it."

"Most unfeeling conduct, I admit! But the Governor, Sir Richard Drainham's salary must amount to many thousands a-year."

"If it were ten, it would not half suffice his own wants. His income is desperately dipped. They only gave him that government to get him out of the way of his creditors. He could no longer afford a seat in Parliament after Lord Drainham sold the two family boroughs—(after getting the deanery and the mastership for one brother, and a regiment for the other, he wanted nothing further of Government, and it was useless keeping them!) But, so soon as Sir Richard was out of the House, the Bench stared him in the face; and the Regent, the best-hearted man alive, could not bear to see an old acquaintance (the son of his royal father's favourite's favourite) disgraced. Such was the motive of his being sent out to —."

"But, being there, and with such princely emoluments, it is surely Sir Richard's duty to do something for his poor relations?"

"Not so long as Government will do it for him! Consider how hard the Drainhams have always worked for their country! The old Lord was Master of the Stag-hounds and Lord of the Bedchamber; and the late Lord, Master of the Mint and Groom of the Stole. There is my poor husband, toiling through the duties of his Deanery, and three livings besides; and the General labouring away in exile at his Government House! The least Ministers can do for the infirm relative of men who stand so high in the estimation of the world, is to continue her pension. For my part, I consider that, after fifty years' enjoyment, a pension ought to be doubled. Aunt Anne's would probably have been so, had George IV. survived. He had such an esteem for her! Miss Drainham is one of the few surviving relicts of those amusing Kew and Frogmore times. She has a thousand abominable anecdotes of Lord North, and Wilkes, and Foote, and Barrington, and all sorts of eminent people. If the pension-list should be thrown over, I shall advise her to write her memoirs. She could call them 'Recollections of an Ex-Maid of Honour;' and, if she got the ghost of George Hanger, or one of the royal family, to edit the book, Colburn would give her, at least, a thousand guineas."

"Meanwhile, she retains, at least, the enjoyment of her snuggerly at Hampton Court."

"Yes, a pretty snuggerly!—up two hundred and four steep steps of a winding stone staircase. Lord Alvanley once advised Aunt Anne to be drawn up by a crane, as the housemaids and sacks of coals are swung at York House. The good apartments in the Quality Workhouse (as it is called in the neighbourhood) are given to rich dowagers: the Duchess of M., with a jointure of four thousand a-year; the Dowager Countess of S., ditto, ditto; the Countess of M., three thousand—and so forth. The attic floor alone is given to noble families in distress, or starving spinsters, who are forced to accept what they can get."

"Poor creatures! To be compelled to bur-

row in such a tabby-warren! I am told they get up the most amusing feuds about their rights to half a scullery, or bottle-rack, or coal-shed; and that the Honourable Miss A. sends a lawyer's letter to the Right Honourable Lady Charlotte B., because her Ladyship's footboy hangs his dusters to dry over the Honourable Miss A.'s meat-safe."

"Yes!—I recollect hearing that Aunt Anne had got into a lawsuit with some Dowager Viscountess, because her canary bird scattered his seed-husks over her ladyship's mignonette vases on the story below. And now we are likely to have both her and the canary bird at the Deanery!"

"I don't see the absolute necessity for such a remove."

"Why, you see, we could keep the old lady here cheaper than by allowing her two hundred a-year to stay at the palace. Remember she has three hundred of her own; and the horrid newspapers would be at us, if the Dean were to let his old aunt come to want."

"These Sunday newspapers are a perfect inquisition upon the higher classes," quoth I.

"And, after all, though many of their statements are founded on fact, it is impossible for them to judge the *real* state of every case. They are always at poor Lord Drainham, for instance, about his patent place; as if he were actually receiving fees to the amount of eight thousand a-year. Why, every creature in society knows that he sold the reversion of the place long before his father's death—that he does not finger a guinea from it—that he is only the nominal occupant. Then the Dean, whom they tax with the amount of his preferment—just consider what the Dean has to do with his money! Seven thousand pounds last month for a troop in the Life-Guards for John; and an allowance of a thousand a-year, to enable him to keep it with decency. Edward, you know, is *attaché* at Vienna; he cannot get on with less than five hundred. My youngest son costs us nearly as much at Oxford; and, as to the girls—what with two guineas a-lesson to Herz, and a guinea and a half a-lesson to Madam Michan—the expense of their education is enormous! Now, I just ask you, after that, whether the Dean is likely to have any money to throw away upon Aunt Anne! Do, pray, my dear Mr Allsby, write to London, to your friend the young Sec., (whose pert letters sometimes figure in the newspapers,) and inquire what chance we have about the pension list, now that that wretch Harvey is out of the Committee; and whether (for you perceive that the Dean is getting desperately out of spirits about the matter) there is likely to be a vacancy in the house-keeperahips of any of the palaces or public offices. To be appointed laundress, or to any other of those odd sinecures about the Court, would be the very thing for old AUNT ANNE!"

POLITIC TACTICS.

It is a startling study, on the eve of a general election, to consider the motives and causes which impel divers sorts and conditions of men towards Parliament, and a painful result to discover how small the minority of those who are actuated by a desire to devote their time and faculties to the legislation of their country and amelioration of their kind. We hear wondrous Jeremiades over the venality of electors, the degradation of votes, the bad spirit of certain districts, and the partiality of certain returning officers; but far less than enough of the views and objects of candidates. They are, occasionally, twitted on the hustings, with the baseness of their origin, the unsoundness of their political principles, or even with the blemishes on their moral conduct. But we are told, and they are told, little or nothing respecting their ulterior objects in aspiring to membership of the House.

There have been published, especially of late, divers lists and catalogues of the new Parliament; in some of which, Whigs and Tories are distinguished, by black ink and red; the *rouge et noir* being farther illustrated by the Roman capitals, C. and R., to denote Conservatives and Radicals. All this is vastly instructive. It is right and meet for the silly sheep to be marked with the initials of their master's flock, lest, on any occasion, not having the fear of the press before their eyes, they presume to give an independent vote, or to be influenced by facts unfolded in debate. But we should be glad to see one list more. We should be glad to know, not only what they are going to do, but why they have acquired the privilege of doing it. We live in retirement, we know little of the tactics of the political word; and, finding no solution in the published speeches of nine in ten candidates at the late general election, for their pretence to coadhere with the legislative wisdom of the kingdom, would fain learn by what latent impulses their ambition was suggested.

Having stumbled, the other evening, into the company of an ex-member, intimately versed in the state of political parties, we hazarded a few impertinent questions on this head, to which we had the satisfaction of obtaining the following pertinent answers.

Our first inquiry regarded Jack Jowlie, the honourable member for ****, an individual who, if Wordsworth's theory be correct, that "the boy is father of the man," must be one of the most eminently stupid asses of the new Parliament. We remember him, first, a breechless little blockhead—next, the universal fag of Harrow—and, thirdly, the patient butt of Oxford.

"What made such a fellow as Jack Jowlie dream of getting into Parliament?" was our first query.

"His wife. Jack Jowlie's ten thousand a-year are married to the daughter of an Earl.

Lady Mary (a pretty, lively, little woman, who saw no other method of weaning him from his kennel, and transferring him for six months of the twelve to London) negotiated for him with one of the leading attorneys of ****. Jack was written to; solicited to come forward; humbugged to the hustings, humbugged on them, humbugged off; and Lady Mary's house in Grosvenor Street, next season, will necessitate a fall of timber at Jowlie Hall."

"And to what has the numskull pledged himself?"

"He will be obliged to look in one of the black and red lists to ascertain. Jack knows no more of politics than one of his own pointers; but, having noticed that the late squire, his father, appeared, in his portrait by Opie, in a suit of blue and buff, took himself to be an hereditary Whig, and takes his seat accordingly."

"Discerning patriot!—But what could be the object of my friend, Sir Marmaduke Moggs?"

"Finding himself a solitary knight, in one of the most baronetiferous counties in England, he determined to redeem his insignificance by substituting M.P. for Knt."

"And what are his politics?"

"They used to be Conservative—for it was by the Tories he was knighted. They are now Whig—for it is to the present Administration he looks for a baronetcy."

"And young Lord Laxmore, the idlest and weakest of Crockford's loungers—what induced him to stand for Hawkswell?"

"He was told it was a knowing thing, and his maiden aunt promised to frank him."

"And Lord Harry Ross?"

"Did not choose to be outdone by his chum Laxmore."

"And Sir William Berry?"

"Wanted a pretext for leave of absence from his regiment, during the London season."

"And young Martingale?"

"Wanted security from the sheriff's officers, all the year round."

"All this may be true," cried we, with dolorous looks of conviction; "for these are boobies and dunces. But let us look higher. There are certain even of the better brothers, whom we should scarcely have guessed to be desirous of devoting their lives to Parliament—men of small fortunes and great abilities, whose line of politics renders the pursuit of loaves and fishes through a Parliamentary channel altogether hopeless. What put it into poor Pica's head, for instance, to get into the House?"

"To raise the price of his books, which were going down in the market. M.P. after the name of Timothy Pica, is thirty per cent. added to his copyright."

"And Wirewove, who is too well off to submit to such considerations?"

"Wirewove became an amateur author out

of love for the eclat of authorship. Finding it tarnished and worn threadbare, he is now ambitious of figuring in the oratorical line. Wire-wove will now speak trash, instead of writing it; he means to astonish the world by his sallies."

"On which side?"

"I doubt whether he is at present decided. He will, perhaps, take alternate weeks for Whig and Tory, as he would engage an opera box."

"And Bawlington—what does *his* purpose by obtaining a seat?"

"To extend the circulation of his paper."

"And Flimsy, the country banker?"

"To extend the circulation of his notes."

"And young Adamson?"

"To obtain notes for circulation from his old uncle, the nabob, who chooses that one of his name should be in Parliament, and is too gouty to take the trouble."

Uncertain whether to be more surprised or shocked by these aspersions, we had scarcely courage to pursue the inquiry. But our friend saved us the trouble of deliberation.

"Then there is that poor old spent ball, Sir Thomas —," said he—"almost drivelling, and scarcely able to toddle into the House. Having

sat for five-and forty years, he did not choose it to be said that he gave in and died ex-senatorial. There is old Choldhurst—he was obliged to keep his place. With five sons unprovided for, he could not afford to give up his seat. He got in for three thousand, so it was well worth his while. Robson stood because he wants to push his Irish railroad business; and Barnardston means to remain in Parliament till his son-in-law's peerage claim is settled. Ward was put up without his knowledge, by the Drakes, who have always kept one of the seats for Crumhurst, and thought it a fine opportunity to entangle him to marry their daughter. Then there was Offley wanted *his* to be made a maid of honour; but he was disappointed."

"In short," said I, "there is not a conscientious member in the new Parliament?"

"Come, come, come; not so bad as that!" cried my friend. "We have picked out a few flagrant examples. If you wish me to go over the catalogue of eminent statesmen, useful debaters, valuable committeemen, you must attack me another time. At present, I have only had a moment to bring down folly as it flies; at present, I have only had leisure to give you a bird's-eye peep into our Politic tactics."

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS, FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Continued from our March (1837) Number.

THE reader whomay have accompanied me in these wandering memorials of my own life and casual experiences, will be aware that I have brought them forward with little regard to their exact order of succession. In reference to that particular object which governed me in bringing them forward at all—an object which I shall, perhaps, explain pointedly in my closing paper—it was of very little importance to consult the chronologies of the case, except in so far as sometimes it may have happened that the precise dates of a transaction were of some negative* value towards its verification. Consequently, I have wandered backwards and forwards, obeying any momentary impulse, as accident or sometimes even as purely verbal suggestions might arise to guide me. But, in many cases, this neglect of chronological order is not merely permitted—it is in fact to some degree inevitable; for there are cases which, as a whole, connect themselves with my own life, at so many different eras, that, upon any chronological principle of position, it would

have been difficult to assign them a proper place—backwards or forwards they must have leaped, in whatever place they had been introduced; and in their entire compass, from first to last, never could have been represented as properly belonging to any one *present* time, whensoever that had been selected. In reality, as a man must be aware beforehand, that, amongst the incidents of any life connected with each other by no logical connexion, there can be no logical transitions from one to the other, so also, upon examining any particular life, one of those admirable lives, for instance, by Dr Johnson, he will find that, in fact, the mere incidents are not connected, nor could be, any more than the items in an auctioneer's catalogue. How, then, is it that any seeming connexion is effected? How is it, at the least, that they read with a sense of unbroken continuous fluency? Simply thus—and here lies the main secret of good biography: a moral is drawn, a philosophic inference, from some particular incident; this inference, for the very reason that it is philosophic, will be large and general; it may therefore be so framed as to include, by anticipation, some kindred thought, that will apply as an introducing moral to the succeeding incident; or it may be itself so large and comprehensive an idea, so ambidexter in its sense, as to bear a Janus-like application, one aspect pointing backwards to

* "Negative!—why negative value?" I hear some young readers exclaim. As it is always of importance to cultivate accuracy of thinking, and as I never wish to use words (wrong or right otherwise) without a distinct meaning, I reply that the chronology has a negative value in this sense: being false, it would have upset the story—although, being true, it did not establish that story.

No. 1, one forwards to No. 2. Thus, to take a coarse, obvious illustration: a story, we will suppose, is told of riotous profusion; and next—without any imaginable natural connexion or sequence, so that, left to themselves, they would read like parts of a technical advertisement—there comes a story of some private brawl in a tavern, ending in murder. But these detached notices are fused into unity, by a philosophic regret that the subject of memoir should have been led into aspirations after a kind of society which had tempted him equally (looking backwards to No. 1) into disproportionate expenses, and (looking forward to No. 2) amongst pretensions in point of rank, issuing naturally into insults unendurable by a generous nature. Such a remark, interposed between the two incidents, Nos. 1 and 2, connects them—brings them into relation to a common principle, and makes into parts of one whole, incidents that would else have been utterly disjointed. And thus it is, by the *setting*, and not by the *jewels set*, that the whole course of a life is woven into one texture.* In fact, the connexions of a life, when they are not of the vulgar order—in this year he did thus, in the next year he did thus—must resolve themselves into intellectual abstractions—into those meditative reflections upon the whirling motions of life which rise from them like a perpetual spray or atmosphere, such as is thrown off from a cataract, and which invests all surrounding objects. Thus, and it is noticeable, the reflections which arise may be made, and, in the hands of a great poet like Shakspeare, *are* made, to anticipate and mould the course of what is to follow. The reflections, or reflex thoughts, pure reverberations, as it were, of what has passed, are so treated as to become anticipations and pregnant sources of what is to follow. They seem to be mere passive results or products from the narration; but, properly managed, they assume the very opposite relation, and predetermine the course of that narration. Now, if chronology is thus incapable of furnishing that principle of connexion amongst the facts of a life, which, on some principle or other, must be had, in order to give any unity to its parts, and to take away the distraction of a mere catalogue; if, at any rate, something more than chronology must be resorted to, then it follows that chronology may be safely neglected in general; and, *a fortiori*, may be neglected with respect to those cases which, belonging to every place alike, therefore belong, according to the proverb, to no place at all, or, (reversing this proverb,) be-

longing to no place by preferable right, do, in fact, belong to every place.

The incidents I am now going to relate come under this rule; for they form part of a story which fell in with my own life at many different points. It is a story taken from the life of my own brother—and I dwell on it with the more willingness, because it furnishes an indirect lesson upon a great principle of social life, now and for many years back *sub judice*, and struggling for its just supremacy—the principle that all corporal punishments whatsoever, and upon whomsoever inflicted, are hateful, and an indignity to our common nature—enshrined in the person of the sufferer. I will not here add one word upon the general thesis, but go on to the facts of this case, which, if all its incidents could be now recovered, was perhaps as romantic as any that ever has been told. But its moral interest depends upon this—that, simply out of one brutal chastisement, arose naturally the entire series of events which so very nearly made shipwreck of all hope for one individual, and did in fact poison the tranquillity of a whole family for seven years. My next brother, younger by about four years than myself, was a boy of exquisite and delicate beauty—delicate, that is, in respect to its feminine elegance and bloom; for else, (as regards constitution) he turned out remarkably robust. In such excess did his beauty flourish during childhood, that those, who remember him and myself at the public school of Bath, will also remember the ludicrous molestation in the streets, (for to him it was molestation,) which it entailed upon him—ladies stopping continually to kiss him. The relation with whom we came to Bath from a remote quarter of the kingdom, occupied at first the very apartments on the North Parade, just quitted by Edmund Burke at the point of death. That circumstance, or the expectation of finding Burke still there, brought for some weeks crowds of inquirers, many of whom saw the childish Adonis, then scarcely seven years old, and inflicted upon him what he viewed as the martyrdom of their caresses. Thus began a persecution which continued as long as his years allowed it. The most brilliant complexion that could be imagined, the features of an Antinous, and perfect symmetry of figure at that period of his life (afterwards he lost it) made him the subject of never-ending admiration to the whole female population, gentle and simple, who passed him in the streets. In after days, he had the grace to regret his own perverse and scornful coyness—what Roman poets would have called his *protervitas*. But, at that time, so foolishly insensible was he to the honour, that he used to kick and struggle with all his might to liberate himself from the gentle violence which was continually offered and he renewed the scene so elaborately painted by Shakspeare, of the conflicts between Venus and Adonis. For two years, this continued a subject of irritation the keenest on the one side, and of laughter on the other, between my brother and his uglier schoolfellows, myself being

* There is an essay by Mr Coleridge, in his revised edition [of "The Friend," which contains elements of a deep philosophy, and which he himself (I believe) regarded as the profoundest effort of thought he had published to the world, illustrating principles pretty similar to those, but with a reference not to the art of biography so much (not at all, perhaps) as to the art of narration; and most admirably it is illustrated, in particular from the narration of Hamlet to Horatio, with respect to his sea adventures with Rosin-crantz and Guildenstern. I speak from a recollection of nineteen years.

amongst them. Not that we had the slightest jealousy on the subject—far from it: it struck us all (as it generally does strike boys) in the light of an attainment upon the dignity of a male, that he should be subjected to the caresses of women, without leave asked: this was felt to be a badge of childhood, and a proof that the object of such fondling tenderness, so public and avowed, must be regarded in the light of a baby—not to mention that the very foundation of all this distinction, a beautiful face, is as a male distinction regarded in a very questionable light by multitudes, and often by those most who are the possessors of that distinction. Certainly that was the fact in my brother's case. Not one of us could feel so pointedly as himself the ridicule of his situation; nor did he cease, when increasing years had liberated him from that practical expression of homage to his beauty, to regard the beauty itself as a degradation; nor could he bear to be flattered upon it, though, in reality, it did him service in after distresses, when no other endowment whatsoever would have been availing. Often, in fact, do men's natures sternly contradict the promise of their features; for no person would have believed that, under the blooming loveliness of a Narcissus, lay shrouded, as I firmly believe there did, the soul of a hero; as much courage as a man could have, with a capacity of patient submission to hardship, and of wrestling with calamity, that is rarely found amongst the endowments of youth. I have reason, also, to think that the state of degradation in which he believed himself to have passed his childish years, from the sort of public petting which I have described, and his strong recoil from it as an insult, went much deeper than was supposed, and had much to do in his subsequent conduct, and in nerving him to the strong resolutions he adopted. He seemed to resent as an original insult of Nature, the having given him a false index of character in his feminine beauty, and to take a pleasure in contradicting it. Had it been in his power, I am sure he would have spoiled it. Certain it is, that from the time he reached his eleventh birthday, he had begun already to withdraw himself from the society of all other boys—to fall into long fits of abstraction—and to throw himself upon his own resources in a way neither usual nor necessary. Schoolfellows of his own age and standing—those even who were the most amiable—he shunned; and, many years after his disappearance, I found, in his handwriting, a collection of fragments, couched in a sort of wild lyrical verses, presenting, unquestionably, the most extraordinary evidences of a proud, self-sustained mind, consciously concentrating his own hopes in himself and abjuring the rest of the world, that can ever have emanated from so young a person; since, upon the largest concession, and supposing them to have been written on the eve of his quitting England, which, however, was hardly compatible with the situation where they were found—even in that case, they must have been written at the age of thirteen. I have often speculated on the subject

of these mysterious compositions; they were of a nature to have proceeded rather from some mystical quietist, such as Madame Guyon, if one can suppose the union with this rapt devotion of a rebellious spirit of worldly aspiration: passionate apostrophes there were, to nature and the powers of nature; and what seemed strangest of all was—that, in style, not only were they free from all tumor and inflation which might have been looked for in so young a writer, but were even wilfully childish and colloquial in a pathetic degree—in fact, in point of tone, allowing for the difference between a narrative poem and a lyrical, they somewhat resembled that very beautiful and little-known * poem of George Herbert, in which he describes symbolically to a friend, under the form of treacherous ill usage he had suspected, the religious processes by which a soul is weaned from the world. Taken as a whole, they most reminded me of "Lewti," a joint poem by Coleridge and Wordsworth. The most obvious solution of the mystery would be, to suppose these fragments to have been copied from some obscure author: but, besides that no author could have remained obscure in this age of elaborate research, who had been capable of sighs, (for such I may call them,) drawn up from such well-like recesses of feeling, and expressed with such dithyrambic fervour and exquisite simplicity of language—there was another testimony to their being the productions of him who owned the penmanship; which was, that some of the papers exhibited the whole process of creation and growth, such as erasures, substitutions, doubts expressed as to this and that form of expression, together with references backwards and forwards. Now, that the handwriting was my brother's, admitted of no doubt whatsoever. I now go on with his story.—In 1800, my visit to Ireland, and visits to other places subsequently, separated me from him for above a year. In 1801, we were at very different schools: I in the highest class of a great public school—he at a very sequestered parsonage in a northern county. This situation, probably, fed and cherished his melancholy habits; for he had no society except that of a younger brother, who would give him no disturbance at all. The development of our national resources had not yet gone so far as absolutely to exterminate from the map of England everything like a heath, a breezy down, (such as gave so peculiar a character to the counties of Wilts, Somerset, Dorset, &c.,) or even a village common. Heaths were yet to be found in England, not so spacious, indeed, as the *landes* of France, but as wild and romantic. In such a situation my brother lived, and under the tuition of a clergyman, retired in his habits, and even ascetic, but gentle in his manners. (To that I can speak myself; for, in the winter of 1801, I dined with him, and I found that his yoke was, indeed, a mild one; since, even to my youngest brother, a headstrong child of seven,

* This poem, from great admiration of its mother English, and to illustrate some ideas upon style, Mr Coleridge republished in his *Biographia Literaria*.

he used no stronger remonstrance in urging him to some essential point of duty, than "*Do be persuaded, sir.*" Here, therefore, was the best of all possible situations for my brother's wayward and haughty nature. The clergyman was learned, quiet, absorbed in his studies; humble and modest beyond the proprieties of his situation; and treating my brother in all points as a companion: whilst, on the other hand, my brother was not the person to forget the respect due, by a triple title, to a clergyman, a scholar, and his own preceptor—one, besides, who so little thought of exacting it. How happy might all parties have been—what suffering, what danger, what years of miserable anxiety might have been spared to all who were interested—had the guardians and executors of my father's will thought fit to "let well alone!" But, "*per star meglio*,"* they chose to remove my brother from this gentle recluse to an active, bustling man of the world, the very anti-pole in character. What might be the pretensions of this gentleman to scholarship, I never had any means of judging; and, considering that he must now, (if living at all,) at a distance of thirty-six years, be grey-headed, I shall respect his age so far as to suppress his name. He was of a class now annually declining (and, I hope, rapidly) to extinction. Thanks be to God, in that point, at least, for the dignity of human nature, that, amongst the many, many cases of reform held by some of us, or destined, however in defiance of all opinions, eventually to turn out chimerical, this one, at least, never can be defeated, injured, or eclipsed. As man grows more intellectual, the power of managing him by his intellect and his moral nature, in utter contempt of all appeals to his mere animal instincts of pain, must go on *pari passu*. And, if a "*Te Deum*," or an "*O Jubilate*!" were to be celebrated by all nations and languages for any one advance and absolute conquest over wrong and error won by human nature in our times—yes, not excepting

"The bloody writing by all nations torn"—the abolition of the commerce in slaves—to my thinking, that festival should be for the mighty progress made towards the suppression of brutal, bestial modes of punishment. Nay, I may call them worse than bestial; for a man of any goodness of nature does not willingly or needlessly resort to the spur or the lash with his horse or with his hound. But, with respect to man, if he will not be moved or won over by conciliatory means, by means that presuppose him a reasonable creature, then let him die, confounded in his own vileness: but let not me, let not the man (that is to say) who has him in his power, dishonour himself by inflicting punishments, violating that image of human nature which, not in any vague rhetorical sense, but upon a religious principle of duty, (the human person is expressly exalted in Scripture, under the notion that it is "the temple of the Holy Ghost,") ought to be a consecrated thing in the eyes of all good men;

* The well-known Italian epitaph—"Stava bene: ma, per star meglio, sto qui."

and of this, we may be assured—this, which I am now going to say, is more sure than day or night—that, in proportion as man, as man, is honoured, raised, exalted, trusted, in that proportion will he become more worthy of honour, of exaltation, of trust.

Well, this schoolmaster had very different views of man and his nature. He not only thought that physical coercion was the one sole engine by which man could be managed, but—on the principle of that common maxim which declares that, when two schoolboys meet with powers at all near to a balance, no peace can be expected between them until it is fairly put to the trial, and settled *who* is the master—on that same principle, he fancied that no pupil could adequately or proportionably reverence his master until he had settled the precise proportion of superiority in animal powers by which his master was in advance of himself. Strength of blows only could ascertain *that*: and, as he was not very nice about creating his opportunities, as he plunged at once "*in medias res*," and more especially when he saw or suspected any rebellious tendencies, he soon picked a quarrel with my unfortunate brother. Not, he it observed, that he much cared for a well-looking or respectable quarrel. No. I have been assured that, even when the most fawning obsequiousness had appealed to his clemency, in the person of some timorous new-comer, appalled by the reports he had heard—even in such cases, (deeming it wise to impress, from the beginning, a salutary awe of his Jovian thunders,) he made a practice of doing thus:—He would speak loud, utter some order, not very clearly, perhaps, as respected the sound, but with *perfect* perplexity as regarded the sense, to the timid, sensitive boy upon whom he intended to fix a charge of disobedience. "Sir, if you please, what was it that you said?"—"What was it that I said? What! playing upon my words? Chopping logic? Strip, sir; strip this instant." Thenceforward this timid boy became a serviceable instrument in his equipage. Not only was he a proof, even without co-operation on the master's part, that extreme cases of submission could not ensure mercy, but also he, this boy, in his own person, breathed forth, at intervals, a dim sense of awe and worship—the religion of fear—towards the grim Moloch of the scene. Hence, as by electrical conductors, was conveyed throughout every region of the establishment a tremulous sensibility that vibrated towards the centre. Different, O Rowland Hill! are the laws of thy establishment; far other are the echoes heard amid the ancient halls of Bruce. There it is possible for the timid child to be happy—for the child destined to an early grave to reap his brief harvest in peace. Wherefore were there no such asylums in those days? Man flourished then, as now, in beauty and in power. Wherefore did he not put forth his power upon establishments that might cultivate happiness as well as knowledge? Wherefore did no man cry aloud—

"Give to the morn of youth its natural blessedness?"

Well; why or wherefore it will never be

made clear, but—so it was—these things were not; or, if they were at all, in small local institutions, scarcely heard of beyond a few individuals, and comprehending, perhaps, no more aliens than that quiet family in which my two brothers were living—viz., exactly those two. Meantime, the elder of these two, in an evil hour, having quitted that most quiet of human sanctuaries, having forfeited that peace which possibly he was never to retrieve, fell (as I have said) into the power of this Moloch. And this Moloch upon him illustrated the laws of his establishment: him also, the gentle, the beautiful, but also the proud, the arrogant, he beat—beat brutally—kicked, trampled on!

In two hours from that time, my brother was on the road to Liverpool. Painfully he made out his way to Liverpool, having not much money, and with a sense of total abandonment which made him feel that all he might have would prove little enough for his purposes. Not many weeks before this time, we had travelled together, we three brothers, over part of this very road, in a post-chaise from Chester to the point at which our roads diverged. Reaching the inn, we (that is, this brother and myself) sat down and wept: we were now to part. We wept; and the youngest, who understood not our grief, wept also; but we understood it well. We had no superiors who could or would enter into our wishes. Had we learned to feel sensibly the shortness of time, we might have cared little for this. Five years and a half to me, nine and a half to the elder of my two brothers, would bring us to the brink of our inheritance; and then we might be happy, according to the mode of our choice. But to us these intervals were so long that we should have regarded them as sensible expressions of the infinite; and, therefore, we did not think of them at all. We wept, because we feared impending changes which might justify our tears, and because, at our ages, we were helpless against injuries that might be meditated. We parted—it was about sunset; each party entered a post-chaise at the same moment—my two brothers into one, I alone into the other. There we set off together: waved our hands to each other, as our roads diverged from the little town of Altrincham; and never again did either party see the other, till ten long years were past.

My brother went to an inn, after his long, long journey to Liverpool, foot-sore—(for he had walked through many days, and, from ignorance, of the world, combined with excessive shyness—oh! how shy do people become from pride!—had not profited by those well-known incidents upon English high-roads—return post-chaises, stage-coaches, led horses, or waggons)—foot-sore and eager for sleep. Sleep, supper, breakfast in the morning—all these he had; so far his slender finances reached; and for these he paid the treacherous landlord; who then proposed to him that they should take a walk out together, by way of looking at the public buildings and the docks. It seems the man had noticed my brother's beauty,

some circumstances about his dress inconsistent with his mode of travelling, and also his style of conversation. Accordingly, he wiled him along from street to street, until they reached the Town Hall. "Here seems to be a fine building," said this Jesuitical knave, as if it had been some recent discovery—a sort of Luxor or Palmyra, that he had unexpectedly lit upon amongst the undiscovered parts of Liverpool—"Here seems to be a fine building: shall we go in and ask leave to look at it?" My brother, thinking less of the spectacle than the spectator, whom, in a wilderness of man, naturally he wished to make his friend, consented readily. In they went; and, by the merest accident, Mr Mayor and the town-council were then sitting. The treacherous landlord communicated privately an account of his suspicions to his Worship. He himself conducted my brother, under pretence of discovering the best station for picturesque purposes, to the particular box for prisoners at the bar. This was not suspected by the poor boy, not even when Mr Mayor began to question him. He still thought it an accident, though doubtless he blushed excessively on being questioned, and questioned so impertinently, in public. The object of the Mayor and of other Liverpool gentlemen then present [this happened in 1802] was, to ascertain my brother's real rank and family: for he persisted in representing himself as a poor wandering boy. Various means were vainly tried to elicit this information; until at length—like the wily Ulysses, who mixed with his pedlar's budget of female ornaments and attire, a few arms, by way of tempting Achilles to a self-detection in the court of Lycomedes—one gentleman counselled the Mayor to send for a Greek Testament. This was done; the Testament was presented open at St John's Gospel to my brother, and he was requested to say whether he knew in what language that book was written; or whether perhaps he could furnish them with a translation from the page before him. Human vanity in this situation was hardly proof against such an appeal. The poor boy fell into the snare: he construed a few verses; and immediately he was consigned to the care of a gentleman who won from him by kindness what he had refused to importunities or menaces. His family he confessed at once, but not his school. An express was therefore forwarded from Liverpool to our nearest male relation—a military man, then by accident on leave of absence from a remote colony. He came over, took my brother back, (looking upon the whole as a boyish frolic of no permanent importance,) made some stipulations in his behalf for indemnity from punishment, and immediately returned home. Left to himself, the grim tyrant of the school easily evaded the stipulations, and repeated his brutalities more fiercely than before—now acting in the double spirit of tyranny and revenge.

In a few hours, my brother was again on the road to Liverpool. But not on this occasion did he resort to any inn, or visit any treacherous hunter of the picturesque. He offered himself to

no temptations now, nor to any risks. He went right onwards to the docks, addressed himself to a grave elder master of a trading vessel, bound upon a distant voyage, and instantly procured an engagement. The skipper was a good and sensible man, and (as it turned out) a sailor accomplished in all parts of his profession. The ship which he commanded was a South Sea whaler belonging to Lord Grenville, whether lying at Liverpool or in the Thames at that moment, I am not sure. However, they soon afterwards sailed.

For somewhat more than two years, my brother continued under the care of this good man, who was won by his appearance, and by some resemblance which he fancied in his features to a son whom he had lost. Fortunate, indeed, for the poor boy, was this interval of fatherly superintendence; for, under him, he was not only preserved from the perils which afterwards besieged him, until his years had made him more capable of confronting them; but also he had thus an opportunity, which he improved to the utmost, of making himself acquainted with the two separate branches of his profession—navigation and seamanship, qualifications which are not very often united.

After the death of this captain, my brother ran through many wild adventures; until at length, after a severe action fought off the coast of Peru, the armed merchantman in which he then served was captured by pirates. Most of the crew were massacred. My brother, on account of the important services he could render, was spared; and with these pirates, cruising under a black flag, and perpetrating unnumbered atrocities, he was obliged to sail for the next two years and a half; nor could he in all that period find any opportunity for effecting his escape.

During this long expatriation, let any thoughtful reader imagine the perils of every sort which besieged one so young, so inexperienced, so sensitive, and so haughty; perils to his life, (but these it was the very expression of his unhappy situation, were those least to be mourned for;) perils to his good name, going the length of absolute infamy—since, if the piratical ship had been captured by a British man-of-war, he might have found it impossible to clear himself of a voluntary participation in the bloody actions of his shipmates; and, on the other hand, (a case equally probable in the regions which they frequented,) supposing him to have been captured by a Spanish *guarda costa*, he would scarcely have been able, from his ignorance of the Spanish language, to draw even a momentary attention to the special circumstances of his own situation; he would have been involved in the general presumptions of the case, and would have been executed in a summary way, upon the *prima facie* evidence against him, that he did not appear to be in the condition of a prisoner; and, if his name had ever again reached his country, it would have been in some sad list of ruffians, murderers, traitors to their country; and even these titles, as if not enough in themselves, aggravated by

the name of pirate, which at once includes them all, and surpasses them all. These were perils sufficiently distressing at any rate; but, last of all, came others even more appalling—the perils of moral contamination, in that excess which might be looked for from such associates: not, be it recollected, a few wild notions or lawless principles adopted into his creed of practical ethics, but that brutal transfiguration of the entire character, which occurs, for instance, in the case of the young gipsy son of Effie Deans; a change, making it impossible to rely upon the very holiest instincts of the moral nature, and consigning its victim to hopeless reprobation. Murder itself might have lost its horrors to one who must have been but too familiar with the spectacle, if not forced into the perpetration with his own youthful hands, of massacre by wholesale upon unresisting crews, upon passengers enfeebled by sickness, or upon sequestered villagers, roused from their slumbers by the glare of conflagration reflected from gleaming cutlasses, and from the faces of demons. This fear it was—a fear like this, as, I have often thought—which must, amidst her others woes, have been the Aaron who that swallowed up all the rest to the unhappy Marie Antoinette. This must have been the sting of death to her maternal heart, the grief paramount, the “crowning” grief—the prospect, namely, that her royal boy would not be dismissed from the horrors of royalty, to peace and humble innocence; but that his fair cheek would be ravaged by vice as well as sorrow; that he would be tempted into cursing, drinking, and every mode of moral pollution; until, like poor Constance with her young Arthur, but for a sadder reason, even if it were possible that the royal mother should see her son in “the courts of heaven,” she would not know again one so fearfully transfigured. This prospect for the royal Constance of revolutionary France, was but too painfully fulfilled; as we are taught to guess, even from the faithful records of the Duchesse D’Angoulême. The young Dauphin, to the everlasting infamy of his keepers, was so trained as to become loathsome for coarse and vulgar brutality, as well as for habits of uncleanliness, to all who approached him—one purpose of his guilty tutors being to render royalty and august descent contemptible in his person. And, in fact, they were so far likely to succeed in this purpose, for the moment, and to the extent of an individual case, that, upon that account alone, but still more for the sake of the poor child, the most welcome news with respect to him—him whose birth* had drawn anthems of

* To those who are open to the impression of omens, there is a most striking one on record with respect to the birth of this ill-fated Prince, not less so than the falling off of the head from the cane of Charles I. at his trial, or the same King’s striking a medal, bearing the image of an oak-tree, with this prophetic inscription, “*Seris nepotibus umbram.*” At the very moment when, according to immemorial usage) the birth of a child was in the act of annunciation to the great officers of State assembled in the Queen’s bed-chamber, and when a private signal from a lady had made known the glad tidings that it was a Dauphin, (the first child having been

exultation from twenty-five millions of men—was the news of his death. And what else can well be expected for children suddenly withdrawn from parental tenderness, and thrown upon their own guardianship at such an age as from ten to fourteen, an age combining the separate perils of childhood and raw manhood. But, in my brother's case, all the adverse chances, overwhelming as they seemed, were turned aside by some good angel ; all had failed to harm him ; and he came out unscathed from the fiery furnace.

I have said that he would not have appeared to any capturing ship as standing in the situation of prisoner amongst the pirates, nor was he such in the sense of being confined. He moved about, when on board ship, in freedom ; but he was watched, never trusted on shore, unless under very peculiar circumstances ; and tolerated at all only because one accomplishment made him indispensable to the prosperity of the ship. Amongst the various parts of nautical skill communicated to my brother by his first fatherly captain, was the management of chronometers. Several had been captured, some of the highest value, in the many prizes, European or American. My brother happened to be perfect in the skill of managing them ; and, fortunately for him, no other person amongst them had that skill even its lowest degree. To this one qualification, therefore, (and ultimately to this only,) he was indebted for both safety and freedom ; since, though he might have been spared, in the first moments of carnage, from other considerations, there is little doubt that, in some one of the innumerable brawls which followed through the years of his captivity, he would have fallen a sacrifice to hasty impulses of anger or wantonness, had not his safety been made an object of interest and vigilance to those in command, and to all who assumed any care for the general welfare. Much, therefore, it was that he owed to this accomplishment. Still, there is no good thing without its alloy ; and this great blessing brought along with it something worse than a dull duty—the necessity, in fact, of facing fears and trials to which the sailor's heart is pre-eminently sensible. All sailors, it is notorious, are superstitious ; partly, I suppose, from looking out so much upon the wilderness of waves, empty of all human life ; for mighty solitudes are generally fear-haunted and fear-peopled ; such, for instance, as the solitudes of forests, where, in the absence of human forms and ordinary human sounds, are discerned forms more dusky and vague, not referred by the eye to any known type,

a princess, to the signal disappointment of the nation) the whole frame of carved wood-work at the back of the Queen's bed, representing the crown and other regalia of France, with the Bourbon lilies, came rattling down in ruins. There is another and more direct ill-omen, connected, perhaps, with the birth of this prince ; in fact, a distinct prophecy of his ruin—a prophecy that he should survive his father, and yet not reign—which seems so overlaid with mystery, that one is perplexed in what light to view it ; and the more so that the King (Louis XVIII.) who records it, obviously confounds the first Dauphin with the second,

and sounds imperfectly intelligible. And, therefore, are all German coal-burners, wood-cutters, &c., superstitious. Now the sea is often peopled, amidst its ravings, with what seem innumerable human voices—such voices, or as ominous, as what were heard by Kubla Khan—"ancestral voices prophesying war ;" oftentimes laughter mixes, from a distance, (seeming to come also from distant times, as well as distant places,) with the uproar of waters ; and doubtless shapes of fear, or shapes of beauty not less awful, are at times seen upon the waves by the diseased eye of the sailor, in other cases besides the somewhat rare one of calenture. This vast solitude of the sea being taken, therefore, as one condition of the superstitious fear found so commonly among sailors, a second may be the perilous insecurity of their own lives—or (if the lives of sailors, after all, by means of large immunities from danger in other shapes, are *not* so insecure as is supposed, though, by the way, it is enough for this result that, to themselves, they seem so,) yet at all events the insecurity of the ships in which they sail. In such a case, in the case of battle, and in others where the empire of chance seems absolute, there the temptation is greatest to dally with supernatural oracles and supernatural means of consulting them. Finally, the interruption habitually of all ordinary avenues to information about the fate of their dearest relatives ; the consequent agitation which must often possess those who are re-entering upon home waters ; and the sudden burst, upon stepping ashore, of heart-shaking news in long accumulated arrears—these are circumstances which dispose the mind to look out for relief towards signs and omens as one way of breaking the shock by dim anticipations. Rats leaving a vessel destined to sink, although the political application of it as a name of reproach is purely modern, must be ranked among the oldest of omens ; and perhaps the most sober-minded of men might have leave to be moved with any augury of an ancient traditional order, such as had won faith for centuries, applied to a fate so interesting as that of the ship to which he was on the point of committing himself. Other causes might be assigned, causative of nautical superstition, and tending to feed it. But enough. It is well known that the whole family of sailors is superstitious. My brother, poor Pink, (this was an old household name, which he retained amongst us from an incident of his childhood,) was so in an immoderate degree. Being a great reader, (in fact, he had read everything in his mother tongue that was of general interest,) he was pretty well aware how general was the ridicule attached in our times to the subject of ghosts. But this—nor the reverence he yielded otherwise to some of those writers who had joined in that ridicule—any more had unsettled his faith in their existence, than the submission of a sailor in a religious sense to his spiritual counsellor upon the false and fraudulent pleasures of luxury, can ever disturb his remembrance of the virtues lodged in rum or tobacco. His own unconquerable, unanswer-

able experience, the blank realities of pleasure and pain, put to flight all arguments whatsoever that anchored only in his understanding. Pink used, in arguing the case with me, to admit that ghosts might be questionable realities in our hemisphere; but "it's a different thing to the *sulhard* of the line." And then he would go on to tell me of his own fearful experience; in particular of one many times renewed, and investigated to no purpose by parties of men communicating from a distance upon a system of concerted signals, in one of the Gallapagos Islands. These islands, which were visited, and I think described, by Dampier—and therefore must have been a haunt of the Buccaniers and Flibustiers in the latter part of the 17th century—were so still of their more desperate successors, the Pirates, at the beginning of the 19th; and for the same reason—the facilities they offer (rare in those seas) for procuring wood and water. Hither, then, the black flag often resorted; and here, amidst these romantic solitudes—islands untenanted by man—oftentimes it lay furled up for weeks together; rapine and murder had rest for a season; and the bloody cutlass slept within its scabbard. When this happened, and when it became known beforehand that it *would* happen, a tent was pitched on shore for my brother, and the chronometers were transported thither for the period of their stay. The island selected for this purpose, amongst the many equally open to their choice, might, according to circumstances, be that which offered the best anchorage, or that from which the re-embarkation was easiest, or that which allowed the readiest access to wood and water. But for some, or all of these advantages, the particular island most generally honoured by the piratical custom and "good-will," was one, known to American navigators as "The Wood-cutter's Island." There was some old tradition—and I know not but it was a tradition dating from the times of Dampier—that a Spaniard or an Indian settler in this island, (relying, perhaps, too entirely upon the protection of perfect solitude,) had been murdered in pure wantonness by some of the lawless rovers who frequented this solitary archipelago. Whether it were from some peculiar atrocity of bad faith in the act, or from the sanctity of the man, or the deep solitude of the island, or with a view to the peculiar edification of mariners in these semi-Christian seas—so however it was, and attested by generations of sea-vagabonds, (for most of the armed roamers in these ocean Zaaras at one time were of a suspicious order,) that every night, duly as the sun went down, and the twilight began to prevail, a sound arose—audible to other islands, and to every ship lying quietly at anchor in that neighbourhood—of a wood-cutter's axe. Sturdy were the blows, and steady the succession in which they followed: some even fancied they could hear that sort of groaning respiration which is made by men who use an axe, or by those who in towns ply the "three-man beetle" of Falstaff, as pavours; echoes they certainly heard of every sound, from the profound woods

and the sylvan precipices on the margin of the shores; which, however, should rather indicate that the sounds were *not* supernatural, since, if a visual object, falling under hyper-physical or cata-physical laws, loses its shadow—by parity of argument, an audible object, in the same circumstances, should lose its echo. But this was the story: and amongst sailors there is as little variety of versions in telling any true sea-story, as there is in a log-book, or in "The Flying Dutchman." *literatim* fidelity is, with a sailor, a point at once of religious faith and worldly honour. The close of the story was—that, after, suppose, ten or twelve minutes of hacking and hewing, a horrid crash was heard, announcing that the tree, if tree it were, that never yet was made visible to daylight search, had yielded to the old woodman's persecution. It was exactly the crash, so familiar to many ears on board the neighbouring vessels, which expresses the harsh tearing asunder of the fibres, caused by the weight of the trunk in falling; beginning slowly, increasing rapidly, and terminating in one rush of rending. This over—one tree felled "towards his winter store"—there was an interval: man must have rest; and the old woodman, after working for more than a century, must want repose. Time enough to begin again after a quarter-of-an-hour's relaxation. Sure enough, in that space of time, again began, in the words of Comus, "the wonted roar amid the woods." Again the blows become quicker, as the catastrophe drew nearer; again the final crash resounded; and again the mighty echoes travelled through the solitary forests, and were taken up by all the islands near and far, like Joanna's laugh amongst the Westmoreland hills, to the astonishment of the silent ocean. Yet, wherefore should the ocean be astonished—he that had heard this nightly tumult, by all accounts, for more than a century? My brother, however, poor Pink, was astonished, in good earnest, being, in that respect, of the *genus atlantiterum*; and as often as the gentlemen pirates steered their course for the Gallapagos, he would sink in spirit before the trials he might be summoned to face. No second person was ever put on shore with Pink, lest poor Pink and he might become jovial over the liquor, and the chronometers be broken or neglected; for a considerable quantity of spirits was necessarily landed, as well as of provisions, because sometimes a sudden change of weather, or the sudden appearance of a suspicious sail, might draw the ship off the island for a fortnight. My brother could have pleaded his fears without shame; but he had a character to maintain with the sailors: he was respected equally for his seamanship* and his shipmanship.

* "Seamanship and shipmanship." These are two functions of a sailor seldom separated in the mind of a landsman. The conducting a ship (causing her to *choose* a right path) through the ocean—that is one thing. Then there is the management of the ship within herself, the trimming of her sails, &c., (causing her to *keep* the line chosen,) that is another thing. The first is called seamanship; the second *might* be called shipmanship; but is (I believe) called navigation. They are perfectly dis-

By the way, when it is considered, that one-half of a sailor's professional science refers him to the stars, (though it is true the other half refers him to the sails and shrouds of a ship,) just as in geodesical operations, one part is referred to heaven, and one to earth—When this is considered, another argument arises for the superstition of sailors, so far as it is astrological. They who know (but know the or without knowing the *δια τι*) that the stars have much to do in guiding their own movements, which are yet so far from the stars, and, to all appearance, so little connected with them, may be excused for supposing that the stars are connected astrologically with human destinies. But this by the way. The sailors, looking to Pink's double skill, and to his experience on shore, (more astonishing than all beside, being experience gathered amongst ghosts,) expressed an admiration which, to one who was also a sailor, had too genial a sound to be sacrificed, if it could be maintained at any price. Therefore it was, that Pink still clung, in spite of his terrors, to his shore appointment. But hard was his trial; and many a time has he described to me one effect of it, when too long continued, or combined with darkness too intense. The wood-cutter would begin his operations soon after the sun had set; but, uniformly, at that time, his noise was less. Three hours after sunset, it had increased; and, generally, at midnight it was greatest, but not always. Sometimes the case varied thus far: that it greatly increased towards three or four o'clock in the morning; and, as the sound grew louder, and thereby seemed to draw nearer, poor Pink's ghostly panic grew insupportable; and he absolutely crept from his pavilion, and its luxurious comforts, to a point of rock—a promontory—about half-a-mile off, from which he could see the ship. The mere sight of a human abode, though an abode of ruffians, comforted his panic. With the approach of daylight, the mysterious sounds ceased. Cock-crow there happened to be none, in those islands of the Gallapagos, or none in that particular island; though many cocks are heard crowing in the woods of America, and these, perhaps might be caught by spiritual senses; or the wood-cutter may be supposed, upon Hamlet's principle, either scenting the morning air, or catching the sounds of Christian matin-bells, from some dim convent, in the depth of American forests. However, so it was: the wood-cutter's axe began to intermit about the earliest approach of dawn; and, as "light thickened" it ceased entirely. At nine, ten, or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the whole appeared to have been a delusion; but towards sunset, it revived in credit; during twilight it

tinct: one man rarely has both in perfection. Both may be illustrated from the rudder. The question is, suppose, at the Cape of Good Hope, to steer for India: trust the rudder to him, as a seaman, who knows the passage whether within or without Madagascar. The question is to avoid a sunk rock: trust the rudder to him, as a navigator, who understands the art of steering to a nicety.

* "Light thickens."—*Macbeth*.

strengthened; and very soon afterwards, superstitious panic was again seated on her throne. Such were the fluctuations of the case. Meantime, Pink, sitting on his promontory in early dawn, and consoling his terrors, by looking away from the mighty woods to the tranquil ship, on board of which (in spite of her secret black flag) the whole crew, murderers and all, were sleeping peacefully—he, a beautiful English boy, chased away to the Antipodes from one early home by his sense of wounded honour, and from his immediate home by superstitious fear, recalled to my mind an image and a situation that had been beautifully sketched by Miss Bannerman in "Basil," one of the striking (though, to rapid readers, somewhat unintelligible) metrical tales published about the beginning of this century, under the name of *Tales of Superstition and Chivalry*. Basil is a "rude sea-boy," desolate and neglected from infancy, but with feelings profound from nature and fed by solitude. He dwells alone in a rocky cave; but, in consequence of some supernatural terrors connected with a murder, arising in some way, (not very clearly made out,) to trouble the repose of his home, he leaves it in horror, and rushes in the grey dawn to the sea-side rocks; seated on which he draws a sort of consolation for his terrors, or of sympathy with his wounded heart, from that mimicry of life which goes on for ever amongst the raving waves.

From the Gallapagos, Pink went often to Juan, (or, as he chose to call it, after Dampier and others, *John*) Fernandez. Very lately (December 1837) the newspapers of Europe informed us, and the story was current for full nine days, that this fair island had been swallowed up by an earthquake; or, at least, that, in some way or other, it had disappeared. Had that story proved true, one pleasant bower would have perished—raised by Pink as a memorial expression of his youthful feelings either towards De Foe, or his visionary creature Robinson Crusoe—but rather, perhaps, towards the substantial Alexander Selkirk; for it was raised on some spot known or reputed by tradition to have been one of those most occupied as a home by Selkirk. I say "rather towards Alexander Selkirk;" for there is a difficulty to the judgment in associating Robinson Crusoe with this lovely island of the Pacific, and a difficulty even to the fancy. Why, it is hard to guess, or through what perverse contradiction to the facts, De Foe chose to place the shipwreck of Robinson Crusoe upon the eastern side of the American Continent. Now, not only was this in direct opposition to the realities of the case upon which he built, as first reported (I believe) by Woodes Rogers, from the log-book of the *Duke and Duchess*—(a privateer fitted out, to the best of my remembrance, by the Bristol merchants, two or three years before the Peace of Utrecht;) and so far the mind of any man acquainted with these circumstances was staggered, in attempting to associate this eastern wreck with this western island; but a worse obstacle than this, because a moral one, (and what, by analogy,

to an error against time, which we call an anachronism, and, if against the *spirit* of time, a moral anachronism, we might here term a moral *anatomism*,) is this—that, by thus perversely transferring the scene from the Pacific to the Atlantic, De Foe has transferred it from a quiet and sequestered to a populous and troubled sea—the Fleet Street or Cheapside of the navigating world, the great thoroughfare of nations—and thus has prejudiced the moral sense and the fancy against his fiction still more inevitably than his judgment, and in a way that was perfectly needless; for the change brought along with it no shadow of compensation.

My brother's wild adventures amongst these desperate sea-rovers were afterwards communicated in long letters to a female relative; and, even as letters, apart from the fearful burthen of their contents, I can bear witness that they had very extraordinary merit. This, in fact, was the happy result of writing from his heart; feeling profoundly what he communicated, and anticipating the profoundest sympathy with all that he uttered from her whom he addressed. A man of business, who opened some of these letters, in his character of agent for my brother's five guardians, and who had not any special interest in the affair, assured me that, throughout the whole course of his life, he had never read anything so affecting, from the facts they contained, and from the sentiments which they expressed—above all, the yearning for that England which he remembered as the land of his youthful pleasures, but also of his youthful degradations. Three of the guardians were present at the reading of these letters, and were all affected to tears, notwithstanding they had been irritated to the uttermost by the course which both myself and my brother had pursued—a course which seemed to argue some defect of judgment, or of reasonable kindness, in themselves. These letters, I hope, are still preserved; though they have been long removed from my control. Thinking of them, and their extraordinary merit, I have often been led to believe that every post-town, and many times in the course of a month, carries out numbers of beautifully written letters; and more from women than from men; not that men are to be supposed less capable of writing good letters—and, in fact, amongst all the celebrated letter-writers of past or present times, a large overbalance happens to have been men—but that more frequently women write from their hearts; and the very same cause operates to make female letters good, which operated at one period to make the diction of Roman ladies more pure than that of orators or professional cultivators of the Roman language—and which, at another period, in the Byzantine Court, operated to preserve the purity of the mother idiom within the nurseries and the female drawing-rooms of the palace, whilst it was corrupted in the forensic standards, and the academic—in the standards of the pulpit and the throne. With respect to Pink's yearning for England, that had been partially gratified in some

part of his long exile: twice, as we learned long afterwards, he had landed in England: but such was his haughty adherence to his purpose, and such his consequent terror of being discovered and reclaimed by his guardians, that he never attempted to communicate with any of his brothers or sisters. There he was wrong—me they should have cut to pieces before I would have betrayed him. I, like him, had been an obstinate recusant to what I viewed as unjust pretensions of authority; and, having been the first to raise* the standard of revolt, had been taxed by my guardians with having seduced Pink by my example. But that was untrue: Pink acted for himself. However, he could know little of all this; and he traversed England twice, without making an overture towards any communication with his friends. Two circumstances of these journeys he used to mention: both were from the port of London (for he never contemplated London but as a port) to Liverpool: or, thus far I may be wrong—that one of the two might be (in the return order) from Liverpool to London. On the first of these journeys his route lay through Coventry; on the other, through Oxford and Birmingham. In neither case, had he started with much money; and he was going to have retired from the coach at the place of supping on the first night, (the journey then occupying two entire days and two entire nights,) when the passengers insisted on paying for him: that was a tribute to his beauty—not yet extinct. He mentioned this part of his adventures somewhat shily, whilst going over them with a sailor's literal accuracy; though, as a record belonging to what he viewed as childish years, he had ceased to care about it. On the other journey his experience was different, but equally testified to the spirit of kindness that is everywhere abroad. He had no money, on this occasion, that could purchase even a momentary lift by a stage-coach: as a pedestrian, he had travelled down to Oxford, occupying two days in the fifty-four or fifty-six

* And here may be a fit place for mentioning a case of equal obstinacy, more worthy to be admired than mine, because without a shadow of self-interest to support it. When I quitted school in the manner recorded in the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," I left a large trunk behind me. This, knowing that I had not time to send it off before me, I confided to the care of a boy one class below me; but, by thoughtfulness and premature dignity of manner, on a level with any class. Immediately after my elopement was made known, this trunk was reclaimed by my guardians. They were men of weight even in that large town. The carrier was alarmed; resisted at first; but soon afterwards, suspecting that all the energy and the purse would be on one side, he shewed symptoms of wavering; and, doubtless, would have declared against my poor claims. But—and to this hour, thirty-six years distant, I feel gratitude—at that critical moment, stepped forward this boy—this G—b—t, not perhaps much (if anything) above sixteen years old. In the face of all the menaces, planted with the carrier, lodged there, and registered, this boy held the carrier to his duty—challenged, defied him to swerve from it. And the issue was—that the carrier knocked under—the boy triumphed—the trunk was sent—I was saved from despair. This boy has since been Vice-chancellor of Oxford.

miles which then measured the road from London, and sleeping in a farmer's barn without leave asked. Wearied and depressed in spirits, he had reached Oxford, hopeless of any aid, and with a deadly shame at the thought of asking it. But, somewhere in the High Street, and according to his very accurate sailor's description of that noble street, it must have been about the entrance of All Souls' College, he met a gentleman—a gownsman, who (at the very moment of turning into the college gate) looked at Pink earnestly, and then gave him a guinea; saying at the time—"I know what it is to be in your situation. You are a schoolboy, and you have run away from your school. Well, I was once in your situation, and I pity you." The kind gownsman, who wore a velvet cap with a silk gown, and must therefore have been what in Oxford is called a gentleman commoner, gave him an address at some college or other—Magdalen, he fancied, in after years—where he instructed him to call before he quitted Oxford. Had Pink done this, and had he frankly communicated his whole story, very probably he would have received—not assistance merely—but the best advice for guiding his future motions. His reason for not keeping the appointment, was simply, that he was nervously shy; and, above all things, jealous of being entrapped by insidious kindness into revelations that might prove dangerously circumstantial. Oxford had a mayor—Oxford had a corporation—Oxford had Greek Testaments past all counting; and so, remembering past experiences, Pink held it to be the wisest counsel that he should pursue his route on foot to Liverpool. That guinea, however, he used to say, saved him from despair. One circumstance affected me in this part of Pink's story. I was a student in Oxford at that time. By comparing dates, there was no doubt whatever that I, who held my guardians in abhorrence, and above all things admired my brother for his conduct, might have rescued him at this point of his youthful trials, four years before the fortunate catastrophe of his case, from the calamities which awaited him. This is felt generally to be the most distressing form of human blindness—the case when accident brings two fraternal hearts, or any two persons whatsoever, deeply interested in effecting a reunion of hearts yearning for reunion, into almost touching neighbourhood, and then, in a moment after, by the difference, perhaps, of three inches in space, or three seconds in time, will separate them again, unconscious of their brief neighbourhood, for many a year, or, it may be, for ever. Amongst the monstrosities and the frantic extravagances of Goethe, which have excluded, and for ever will exclude him from taking root in our literature, there is one drama, dull in its conduct and development beyond all precedent, but heart-rending in its plot, where this principle of pathos forms the hinge of the whole fable—the "*Eugenia*" I mean—a drama in which (and apparently the fable has been suggested by some real case amongst the mercurial or left-handed mar-

riages of Germany) a prince loving better than light and day one heavenly girl, a grown-up daughter, *Eugenia*, is suddenly persuaded to believe, for some purpose of intrigue, that she is dead. Well; the reader is led to feel that the man is happy, and thrice happy, who has no daughter; because, for him, neither fear nor grief of this kind is possible. Meantime, the daughter, thus mourned for, and whom the prince would have redeemed with his own life a thousand times over, what becomes of her? She, with a wretched governess, bribed doubly, by money in the first place, and by a hollow promise of marriage in the second—is turned adrift; believing herself to have been rejected by her father. She travels, unknown for what she is, to a sea-port town; everywhere treated with respect for her personal merits; everywhere viewed as a poor wretched outcast, under the ban of government; and not seldom standing a chance of being, in that character, thrown back upon her father's adoring eyes. All chances, however, are thrown away upon her who had been born to misfortune. Her father she sees no more; and the drama (finished only to the end of the *first* part) closes with the prospect of her embarking for some distant land.* How this drama would have been terminated, had Goethe chosen to terminate it, I do not know or guess. It ought not to have had a prosperous ending; and yet, for the relief of the heart, there should have been some *αναγνώρισις*, even when too late for a happy reunion. In the present case, however, it may be doubted whether this unconscious rencontre and unconscious parting in Oxford ought to be viewed as a misfortune. Pink, it is true, endured years of suffering, four at least, that might have been saved by this seasonable rencontre; but, on the other hand, by travelling through his misfortunes with unabated spirit, and to their natural end, he won experience and distinctions that else he would have missed. His further history was briefly this:—

Somewhere in the river of Plate, he had effected his escape from the pirates; and, a long time after, in 1807 I believe, (I write without books to consult,) he joined the storming party of the English at Monte Video. Here he happened fortunately to fall under the eye of Sir Home Popham; and Sir Home forthwith rated my brother as a midshipman on board his own ship, which was at that time, I think, a fifty gun ship—the *Diadem*. Thus, by merits of the most appropriate kind, and without one particle of interest, my brother passed into the royal navy. His nautical accomplishments were now of the utmost importance to him; and, as often as he shifted his ship, which (to say the truth) was far too often—for his temper was fickle and delighting in change—so often these accomplishments were made the basis of very earnest eulogy. I have read a vast heap of certificates "vouching

* In this slight abstract of the *Eugenia*, I must warn the reader that I speak from a very hasty glance of it, which I took several years ago, and at the time *slang* pole in who.

for Pink's qualifications as a sailor, in the highest terms, and from several of the most distinguished officers in the service. Early in his career as a midshipman, he suffered a mortifying interruption of the active life which had now become essential to his comfort. He had contrived to get appointed on board a fire-ship, the *Prometheus*, (chiefly with a wish to enlarge his experience by this variety of naval warfare,) at the time of the last Copenhagen expedition; and he obtained his wish; for the *Prometheus* had a very distinguished station assigned her on the great night of bombardment; and from her decks, I believe, was made almost the first effectual trial of the Congreve rockets. Soon after the Danish capital had fallen, and whilst the *Prometheus* was still cruising in the Baltic, Pink, in company with the purser of his ship, landed on the coast of Jutland, for the purpose of a morning's sporting. It seems strange that this should have been allowed upon a hostile shore; and, perhaps, it was not allowed, but might have been a thoughtless abuse of some other mission shorewards. So it was, unfortunately; and one at least of the two sailors had leisure to rue the sporting of that day for eighteen long months of captivity. They were perfectly unacquainted with the localities, but conceived themselves able at any time to make good their retreat to the boat, by means of fleet heels, and arms sufficient to deal with any opposition of the sort they apprehended. Venturing, however, too far into the country, they became suddenly aware of certain sentinels, posted expressly for the benefit of chance English visitors. These men did not pursue, but they did worse, for they fired signal shots; and, by the time our two thoughtless Jack tars had reached the shore, they saw a detachment of Danish cavalry trotting their horses pretty coolly down in a direction for the boat. Feeling confident of their power to keep a-head of the pursuit, the sailors amused themselves with various sallies of nautical wit; and Pink, in particular, was just telling them to present his dutiful respects to the Crown Prince, and assure him that, but for this lubberly interruption, he trusted to have improved his royal dinner by a brace of birds—when, oh, sight of blank confusion!—all at once, they became aware that between themselves and their boat lay a perfect net-work of streams, deep watery holes, requiring both time

and local knowledge to unravel. The pursuer hit upon a course which enabled him to regain the boat; but I am not sure whether he also was not captured. Poor Pink was at all events: and, through seventeen or eighteen months, he bewailed this boyish imprudence. At the end of that time there was an exchange of prisoners; and he was again serving on board various and splendid frigates. Wyborg in Jutland was the seat of his Danish captivity; and such was the amiableness of the Danish character, that, except for the loss of his time, to one who was aspiring to distinction and professional honour, none of the prisoners who were on parole could have had much reason for complaint. The street mob, excusably irritated with England at that time—for without entering on the question of right, or of expedience, as regarded that war, it is notorious that such arguments as we had for our unannounced hostilities, could not be pleaded openly by the English Cabinet, for fear of compromising our private friend and informant, the King of Sweden)—the mob, therefore, were rough in their treatment of the British prisoners; at night, they would pelt them with stones; and here and there some honest burgher, who might have suffered grievously in his property, or in the person of his nearest friends, by the ruin inflicted upon the Danish commercial shipping, or by the dreadful havoc made in Zealand, would shew something of the same bitter spirit. But the great body of the richer and more educated inhabitants, shewed the most hospitable attention to all who justified that sort of notice by their conduct. And their remembrance of these English friendships was not fugitive; for, through long years after my brother's death, I used to receive letters, written in the Danish, (a language which I had attained in the course of my studies, and which I have since endeavoured to turn to account in a public journal for some useful purposes of research, both in philology and in history,) from young men as well as women in Jutland; letters couched in the most friendly terms, and recalling to his remembrance scenes and incidents which sufficiently proved the terms of intimacy, and and even of fraternal affection, upon which he had lived amongst these public enemies; and some of them I have preserved to this day, as memorials that do honour, on different considerations, to both parties alike.

DEFAMATION OF THE FAMOUS INFAMOUS.

"Who steals my purse steals trash;
But he who slobes from me my good name

And of what does not he defraud me who robs me of the illusions of life? Of what does not he defraud me who precipitates my household gods from their shrines, and tells me I have been worshipping graven images? Of what does not he defraud me who shews me the reverse of the tapestry whose rich devices have long adorned the sacred chambers of my home? Is it not enough that, one by one, we are called upon, in this arid age, to resign the enchantments of life?—that philosophy reveals the rainbow to us as

Robs me of that which neught enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

primatively co-existent with the laws of nature, instead of the glorious seal of a covenant hung up specifically in the sky, to appease the terrors of mankind?—that echo must no longer enchant our ears as to the mysterious voice of solitude? Philosophy—prying, peddling, analysing philosophy—hath spread out, in short, a cold, matter-of-fact, material wilderness before our eyes.

That book of Piers! Who shall abide it!
Ow Goldsmith!—our own dear Goldy!—our
"Vicar of Wakefield!"—our "Deserted Village!"

our "Traveller!"—our gentle essayist! Were we not familiar with all that required to be known of his faults and frailties, his weaknesses, his wants, his anxious days, his imprisonings, his duns, his debts? We knew all—we forgave all. Pity was an irresistible advocate. We loved him as we loved Burns, almost the better for weaknesses interwoven with such bright impulses and holy inspirations. Summing up his history with a sigh, we decided that his miseries had atoned for his indiscretions. Our last ejaculation over his grave was—

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."

And, after all this, to have the pitiful record of his tailor's bills raked up, with all their mendings, and darnings, and turnings, and piecings! To have the bloom-coloured coat thrust into our face, not only in its old character as an emblem of vanity, but almost as a token of dishonesty! To have poor Oliver's heart turned inside out by the publication of every private outpouring of its wounded feelings—every wound scarified under our eyes!—The biographer who performs his task while the ashes of the illustrious are scarcely cold, and the love of surviving friends affectionately warm, hesitates to perform such cruel acts of justice; the indignation of a man's family—nay, the sympathy of the public—would be too strong for him. It is only the tardy biographer, who, wanting to write *himself* into notoriety, disinters the relics of the dead, and plants his standard upon a grave on which the thistles of oblivion are beginning to spring, by whom these savage exposures are ever perpetrated. Who is there to take the defence of Goldsmith against the circumstantialities of Mr Prior? Who, among all those who have sat on a summer's day, basking in the sunshine, listening to the blackbirds—their inward man revived in the bright creation of the "Vicar of Wakefield"—will be at the trouble of telling this gatherer-together of old rage and broken flint-glass, that the life of poor Noll should have been written in a warmer and more genial spirit.

It is useless to assure us that such harsh publications are requisite to unbandage the eyes of the rising generation; that, in eminent instances, the truth—the whole truth—is to be spoken; that the career of the man of genius is to be developed with the most painful particularity, lest it prove dangerously attractive to the ambitious boy. We maintain that the publicity of the fearful destinies of Otway and Chatterton, or the humiliations of Goldsmith and Sheridan, will never make a poet the less, or the less ragged. Goldsmith knew by rote, as well as Mr Prior, the distich of Pope—

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunella."

And what was *his* commentary on the text? No, not over the frailties of the necessitous man of genius, labouring for his daily bread, elated by temporary prosperity, and sinking into an untimely and misery-worn grave, while he bequeaths to posterity the glorious and imperish-

able offspring of his ill-requited labour, a man of genius should hasten to draw the curtain. We look upon it as an act of *malice prepense*—of slow-poisoning—of deliberate murder, to have unripped the budget of poor Goldsmith's faults and afflictions, and hung them up in ragged array, like tattered clothes exposed to the contempt of the vulgar, at a stall in Monmouth Street.

But we have just now a sterner quarrel on our hands than this assault upon Prior the pitiful. What right had the luminous mind of Macaulay to concentrate its refulgence upon the one dark spot deteriorating the mighty name of Bacon?—what right to resuscitate forgotten grievances, and set up a gibbet as a monument to one of our national demigods of fame? Are we so rich in philosophers that we can afford to part with a boast such as the name of Bacon? If we have writ our annals true, 'tis there historically recorded that Bacon became a fingerer of bribes. Which of us did not know it, previous to the recapitulation of the *Edinburgh Review*?—which of us was not willing to forget it? If the memory of his fault have, in some degree, fallen into decay, it was because men chose that it should not be had in remembrance. It evinces a noble spirit indeed in posterity, that it has continued to revere the inspired works of the prophet whose personal backslidings are inscribed in the inscrutable tablets of the judgment-seat of God.

We would, with all our soul, that Macaulay had never dispatched his recent criticism across the main. The errors of Basil Montague's biography of Bacon, were amiable errors. He had put the shoes from off his feet, because the spot on which he stood was holy ground; and if his steps were less steady in consequence, we revered their stumbling. Macaulay's treatise is undeniably a master-piece of composition; but, after writing it, a man of his expansiveness of mind ought to have committed it to the flames. He should have scorned to give the least of the little such notable occasion to triumph over a son of Anak. The faults of the virtuous, the follies of the wise, should remain sacred in the eyes of the wise and virtuous. There are dunces and pettifoggers enough to denounce them. The pious man shrinketh from laying his hand upon the vail of the temple!

We do hereby forewarn and admonish Thomas Babington Macaulay, that, in case of survivorship, we will become his fiercely impartial biographer. Concerning Mr James Prior, we conceive that the public knows and cares not whether he be a dead dog or a living lion. But Thomas Babington hath his future place in the annals of fame; and, our pen upon it, he shall win it hardly! We do not suspect him of lawless appropriation of the rupees of dusky Ind. But he is a law-giver. He holdeth the scales of justice; and "let them turn but in the estimation of a hair," and posterity shall hear of it! His misdeeds shall be writ on brass, his virtues in water. Be it his task, therefore, to redouble the light of his already brilliant reputation, to outshine the records of our reprimative justice.

MARION CAMPBELL.—A HIGHLAND STORY.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITTFORD.

"This jealousy
Is for a precious creature."—SHAKESPEARE.

A more inquisitive race of dogs than the greyhound, breathes not upon this earth. Wanting the sense of smell which usually leads astray those four-footed people, who, like the best of the two-footed generation, have certain small and genial frailties mingled amongst their many virtues—lacking that temptation to step aside from the straight and beaten path, they indulge their wandering propensities by poking their pretty noses into every crevice and cranny they can spy out, and following every indication of life or motion which their quick sense of seeing and hearing can detect on every side. Many a dance has my lamented Mayflower led me, by her vagaries in this way; and, as greyhound nature will be greyhound nature under all varieties of coat or feature, I suspect that the fair Marion Campbell found her pet Luath—rough, wiry, bony, though he was, and of the sturdier and stronger sex—quite as unmanageable as I my fair, sleek, delicate canine companion; although, in addition to all other points of difference, the good greyhound Mayflower happened to be a lady, and we all know that "the men-folk," as a country friend of mine is pleased disparagingly to designate that important part of the creation, are pleased to arrogate to themselves a total deficiency in the great quality called curiosity. I do not see that we "women-folk" have any business to quarrel with this assertion. If they who go clad in doublet and hose choose to make over to the wearers of boddice and petticoat the exclusive possession of the great faculty which may be called the very key to knowledge, I can find no reason why we should disclaim a distinction so honourable; except, indeed, the trifling consideration called truth, may count for anything in the argument; in which case, I should feel myself bound to declare, that, according to my limited observation, the quality in question is about as equally divided between the sexes, as freely and bountifully scattered amongst all animals with any pretensions to intelligence, whether biped or quadruped, as any—what shall we call it?—any questionable virtue well can be.

That this same organ of inquisitiveness was as strongly developed in Marion Campbell's rough and faithful attendant, as in my delicate pet, was made unpleasantly conscious to his fair mistress during a ramble which she, accompanied only by Luath and her dameel Janet, (whose functions about the daughter of the old Highland chief much resembled those of a modern lady's maid,) was taking through her native glens, one fine morning in August.

Marion passed along in silence; wrapt, sooth to say—as, in the heyday of her bloom, woman,

from the princess to the peasant, is wont to be wrapt—in "maiden meditation," which, in the present instance at least, and, as I suspect, in a good many others, was, with all submission to the great poet, anything but "fancy free."

Marion Campbell's meditations glanced over her mind, mingling and crossing, now bright and now gloomy, like the tartan of her house, to which, indeed, that checkered and many-coloured web, a young lady's musings, may not inaptly belikened. First she thought of a new sacque and petticoat of pale lilac damask, flowered with alternate bouquets of roses and carnations, the most magnificent habiliment that had ever penetrated north of Inverary; and of a Mecklin head and ruffles, brought her in a present by her kinsman Archibald—Cousin Archie, as she used to call him, when they were children together—now a captain in Kingeton's dragoons; then she repeated to herself certain rhymes of the ingenious Mr Moore, (upon that thin diet did the lovers of poetry banquet in those days,) whose "Fables for the Female Sex," published a year or two before, had just found their way into the Highlands; then the form of a heather sprig suggested an apron that she was flowering to wear with the above-mentioned damask suit; then she thought of her poor friend Helen Cameron, sister of the chief of Dungallan, whose proficiency in the mysteries of the needle had been acquired in a French convent, and who had taken so much pains to accomplish her in the gentle science of tent-stitch and cross-stitch; then the horrors of civil war, the much that she had heard, and the little that she had seen, of the last year's miseries, (for the ramble of which we are speaking occurred in the '46,) came shudderingly over her mind, as a cloud passes across the sun. "Poor, poor Helen!" thought Marion, sighingly; "Archibald used to be jealous of Dungallan. He had little cause, Heaven knows. I never thought of him, except as the brother of my friend, whatever might be his wishes with regard to me; and now, if, indeed, he be still alive, he is chased like the hill fox or the hare, and has nowhere to lay his head. Poor Dungallan! poor, poor Helen! Oh, the sickening horror of such a war as this has been!—kinsman with kinsman, friend with friend. And now this fearful search after a vanquished enemy!—this hunting down an old acquaintance, or, it may be, an honourable rival, like a beast of the field! Oh, to a brave spirit, it must be misery!" sighed Marion to herself, imputing, as a tender woman so often does impute, her own feelings to the man whom she loves. "Archibald must feel it so, in spite of his devotion to General Campbell (who has been as a

father to him,) and his loyalty to King George. And now these fearful sentences—that poor young girl who died of a broken heart at the execution of her lover! They wring one's very soul. But Archibald has leave of absence now, for the cure of that old wound at Calloden, and will remain with us during the whole autumn; and no fugitive would be mad enough to come into the Campbell's country. Then, in the winter, my father talks of taking me to Edinburgh." And the lilac damask, with alternate bouquets of roses and carnations, flitted before the eyes of the fair wearer. "No one knows what may happen in the winter!" thought she; and visions of snow-white satin night-gowns, and white and silver brocades, the bridal paraphernalia of the time, gleamed, for an instant, in her mind's eye, calling forth a blush and a smile, a look and a feeling of innocent hope, that banished, for the moment, the recollection that such things as war and misery had ever existed in this world of sunshine and shadow.

These were the musings which the pranks and vagaries of Luath had interrupted. First, he was aware of the motion of a moor-fowl among the heather, and he darted up the hill side with the speed of an arrow, giving to his fair lady, and still more to his serving maiden—who exerted her lungs most womanfully for his recovery, screaming at the top of a naturally high voice until the rocks echoed back the sound as if it had been the shriek of a mountain eagle—giving to his fair pursuers the exceedingly tormenting and provoking spectacle of moving away the faster the more he was called back. Then a deer shewed himself in the valley, and off he darted through the glen, with a rush that threatened to run down the whole herd; while Janet's shrill pipe resounded through the uttermost depths of the glen, as it had before climbed the topmost ridge of the crags. Then he contented himself with slighter deviations from the straight path, skipping from right to left, and from left to right, poking his nose into that nook and this cranny, until, at last, just as the bridal apparition had crossed Marion's fancy, he disappeared behind a small clump of brushwood—two or three young birch trees, and a plant or two of yellow broom and Scotch brier that grew on the ledge of a cliff, down which, in winter, a mountain torrent made its way, and vanished bodily, or seemed to vanish, into the face of the rock.

The extraordinary disappearance of her favourite—followed, as it was, first by a low sound from Luath, something between a bark and a growl, then by one or two muttered words, the speaker continuing invisible, and a slight noise of struggling—effectually roused his fair mistress, who, naturally high-spirited, free-born, and vigorous in mind and body, as becomes a mountain maid, plunged, without hesitation, into the stony bed of the torrent, now completely dried up by the summer sun, and, scrambling with considerable difficulty (for the loose stones gave way even under her light tread, and she was forced to grasp every instant at the tufts of grass

and heather that grew in the fissures of the cliff, and hung over its sides, to keep herself from falling,) succeeded, after some minutes' hard climbing, in gaining the position which her pet had reached at half a dozen bounds, and found herself perched upon a narrow ledge of rock overhanging the water-course, at about twenty feet from the bottom of the precipice; hardly wide enough to afford room to the little tuft of brushwood above which the cliff rose in a smooth, sheer ascent, until it seemed mingling with the clouds. Behind this small clump of birch, and broom, and brier, and now quite concealed by the summer foliage, was a small fissure, penetrating the natural mound, through which it was clear that Luath had disappeared, and into which she also passed, regardless alike of the dangers that she might encounter there, and of the warnings of Janet, who, climbing and remonstrating with equal good will, followed her lady as rapidly as a hearty tumble, which had unluckily befallen her at the commencement of her ascent, would permit.

A similar misadventure had very nearly occurred to her fair mistress, not aware, at the moment of her entrance, of the rapid shelving of the narrow passage into the cave in which it terminated. She recovered herself, however, and found, by the light which penetrated through the fissure, (the only light which the place afforded,) that she was in a natural cavern, of considerable extent, and immediately confronted by a young man, who stood directly opposite to her, with an air and attitude of calm determination, one hand vigorously planted upon Luath's neck, and the other grasping a pistol which he had drawn from his belt.

Both were instantly released as he perceived the sex of the intruder.

"A woman!" exclaimed he, replacing the pistol in his girdle, whilst Luath, in a transport of pleasure, sprang upon Marion's shoulder, and nestled his rough head against her cheek. "A lady! then I have nothing to fear." And, with a courtesy which seemed habitual, he dragged a block of smooth stone, the only thing resembling a seat which the cave afforded, to a level spot near his fair visiter, and entreated her to take possession of it, in an accent whose gentle cheerfulness contrasted singularly with his rude and squalid aspect.

Marion, complying with his request, gazed upon him, as he stood before her, with a mixture of wonder and compassion. He was a tall young man, of a fair complexion; or rather a complexion which, before a long exposure to sun, and wind, and weather, had been fair; and a countenance which, in spite of a tremendous length of beard, had something at once singular and agreeable. He wore an old dark tartan coat, a plaid, and a philibeg, with a pistol and a dirk at his side. His garments were torn and dirty, his feet all but bare, and his whole appearance indicated the extremity of human privation.

"One of those unhappy sufferers!" thought Marion, as her bright eyes filled with tears. "So

"might my father and my poor cousin Archibald!"—even in her silent thoughts, she did not call him by a tenderer name—"so might they have wandered in their enemy's country, and have hidden in caves and rocks, had the day of Cul-loden ended differently."

"It is only my maid, sir—one for whose discretion I can answer," said Marion, aloud, as the entrance of Janet, and her exclamation of alarm and astonishment at sight of the stranger, produced a less emphatic expression of surprise on his part. "I will answer for her as for myself," said Marion, warmly.

"Heaven forbid that I should doubt of either!" responded the stranger. "Wherever, during my wanderings, I have met a woman, there I have been sure to find a friend. Pity and fidelity are synonymous with her name."

"How can we serve you?" said Marion, glancing towards the interior of the cave, where some heather, arranged with the blossoms upwards, the hardy couch of the Highlander, and the remains of a wood fire, gave token of a residence of some duration. "You seem to want"——

"Almost everything, madam!" interrupted he, gaily. "For my wardrobe, you see its condition: witness my two feet, with half a brogue between them. Never was barefooted friar in sinner's order for a pilgrimage. And as to my larder, that is reduced to a still lower ebb, as these few crumbs may bear testimony. I doubt if the leanest begging brother of St Francis was ever so sparsely furnished. I have been thinking, indeed, of making an onslaught upon your venison. I must have attempted it to-night, from sheer starvation, though the report of fire-arms"——

"Would bring upon you twenty armed men," rejoined Marion—"would produce instant discovery, perhaps instant death! Heaven be praised you refrained, and that Luath's curiosity led us here to supply your wants. If it had been my father!"

"Or if Captain Archibald had happened to gang along wi' Miss Marion the now, instead of me," interposed Janet—"whilk wasna unlikely, ye ken!"

"Hush, Janet!" resumed her mistress, blushing. "We have no time to waste in talk. They may miss us at home, and"——

"Eh! Miss Marion, but ye are richt!" exclaimed the incorrigible lady's maid. "The captain 'ill miss ye sure enoo, sae sune as he has dune thae weary letters. We hae nae time for clavers. He'll be seeking ye up the brae and doun the brae; and the loun Donald, the captain's man"——

"He'll be seeking after somebody else—will he not?" inquired the stranger, who had listened with an air of suppressed amusement, and aly, quiet intelligence, not a little provoking to the fair Marion, to the revelations of her waiting women.

"He'll be following his master's good example, and seeking up the brae and doun the brae for ye? Wadn't he, Mistress Janet?"

"Janet! hold your peace, I entreat ye!" cried her lady, interrupting something that the chattering dame was about to say. "Tell me, sir, and quickly, for the very moments are precious, how we can best serve you. With provisions, we can, I hope, supply you after dark."

"The tea-half of a red deer pasty, sin' the gentleman fancies the meat, and a tase of whisky, gin the loun Donald has left me mickle in the castle, for he's aye fou frae morn till nicht," quoth Janet.

"Unless our prolonged absence should excite suspicion, there is little doubt but we shall be able to supply you with food. Linen and shoes also can be procured from my father's wardrobe. But I ought to tell you, inhospitable as it seems, that your continuance here is attended with danger the most imminent. I feel that I am speaking to one of the unfortunate followers of the Pre— of Charles Edward," continued she, checking herself, as her listener drew himself up proudly; "and it is right to inform him that he is in the very midst of Argyle's country, surrounded by enemies on all sides, parties of soldiers in every direction, and an officer in the service of the King—nay, this is no time to quarrel for a word with one who is risking much to preserve you—an officer in King George's service actually in the castle. What madness brought you hither? You must not, cannot remain here. The same accident that discovered your retreat to us, may make it known to others. And then"——

The horrors of the executions at Kennington—an account of which, transmitted to her cousin from a friend in London, she had that morning overheard him reading to her father—struck at once upon her mind. She thought of the young man before her, evidently well-born and delicately nurtured, who, for a wrong cause it might be, but still for one which he thought right, was enduring so cheerfully the extremity of human privation—she thought of him, to-day talking with her, full of life and spirit, to-morrow undergoing the fearful sentence at which her flesh had crept as she heard it; and, unable to bear the image which her fancy had conjured up, she burst suddenly into a passion of tears.

Much affected by her sensibility, the object of her generous interest laid aside his levity and his haughtiness, and explained to her, simply and gravely, that, having been closely and unrelentingly pursued for many weeks, he had taken a sudden resolution to baffle, if possible, the sagacity of his enemies, by leaving the friendly country in which he had hitherto taken refuge, and planting himself in the very stronghold of his foes. The actual spot in which he was concealed had been suggested, he said, by the local knowledge of a companion, who had left him on the double errand of obtaining important intelligence and recruiting their stock of provisions; but whose return, unless he himself prevented his arrival by meeting him at a rendezvous some twenty miles distant, he expected to take place two days after. This companion was, he added, no stranger to Miss Marion Campbell, whose he

believed himself to have the honour of addressing, and to whom the house of Dungallan was certainly not unknown.

"Eh, puir Dungallan!" exclaimed Janet, whose sympathy extended to all her mistress's lovers. "We ken him weel, guid man! He gied me the vera brooch that ye see i' my plaidie, in return for an auld glove that he stealt of my leddy's, forbye ither tokens. Puir Dungallan!—sae it was he that fand the cove! He kent the place langsyne, did Dungallan; frae the time that he was a bairn, nae higher than the hound Luath. An' ye look for him the morn's morrow! Eh, sirs, but we maun pit a ewe-milk cheese an' a wheen bannocks, to the pasty—he'll be just famished—to sae naething of anither tass of the whisky."

"Let him not come, I beseech you," said Marion, earnestly. "His danger would be tenfold greater than yours. He is known. He is one of the chiefs of the Camerons—one of the principal planners of this unhappy insurrection; and said, also, to be a personal favourite of its unfortunate leader. I have known Dungallan all my life long. His sister was my early companion and instructress. Let me not have the misery of fearing that an old friend of my father's house should be dragged from his lands to a dreadful death. If he were taken, nothing could save him. My interest in him would be misconstrued. It would be thought—Heaven knows how falsely!—but it would be thought"—proceeded Marion, in a low tone, and blushing deeply—"I know that it would be suspected. Only this very morning, when I spoke of poor Helen, the feeling burst forth. His presence, whilst my hot-headed kinsman is at the castle, would, indeed, be dangerous to us all."

"As fire to tow," corroborated Janet. "Guid sirs! I had clean forgot the captain. He's ganging gyte upon that score. He garred the soldier lads tak auld Alison—who's as deaf as the stanes in the linn—to Inverary, to be examined, because the auld wife had a wee bit mutch of Cameron tartan, that the guidman had picked up at Falkirk, to cover her puir withered craig. No! no!—Dungallan maunna come hither. The captain was jalouse that he was hereabout, by instinct, ye ken, just as Luath was jalouse a brock or a tod by the mere effect of natural antepathy."

At this moment, the stranger—observing that Luath, who had hitherto stood quietly, and apparently half asleep, by the side of his mistress, pricked up his ears, and held his head slightly on one side, in the attitude of listening—laid his right hand firmly on his neck; and, in another instant, a quick step was heard in the glen below, succeeded by a loud, lively whistle, and a bold, manly voice calling, "Luath! Where are you, Luath, my man?" at short intervals. It was with considerable difficulty that the caresses of his lady, and the strong grasp of her companion, could restrain Luath from obeying the call. The footsteps were heard dashing through the loose, dry, gravelly bed of the wintry tor-

rent; pausing a moment, as if the passer-by were observing the marks made by the girls in their recent ascent, or as if his attention were attracted by the suppressed growls of Luath, or his repeated plunges, as he struggled with all his strength to escape from his holders; and in that moment—a moment that seemed an age—both Marion and Janet fancied that he might have heard the quick beating of their throbbing hearts. At length the sound of the footsteps died away; and the voice and the whistle grew fainter and fainter, and were gradually lost in the distance. For the present, at least, the danger was past.

After a long pause, Janet ventured a whisper. "Yon's Captain Archibald, calling Luath, puir fallow—be quiet, Luath, can't ye?—just to find whereabout Miss Marion may be. Eh, sirs!—there'd be wild wark, I trow, gin he and Dungallan should forgether!"

Their new acquaintance appeared to feel the full force of this observation.

"Well," said he, "I must, if possible, be off to-night. Heaven forbid that I should lead my faithful friend, or you, my kind protectress, into unnecessary danger! Supply me—if, without peril to yourselves, you can do so—with so much of the commonest food as may give me strength for the journey, and a pair of shoes to guard my feet from the rocks and briars, and the tass of whisky which Mistress Janet spoke of, to drink your health and happiness—and I will set forth this very night."

"Ye ken the road?" inquired Janet.

"I have passed it once; and have learnt, in my wanderings, almost with the skill of a wild Indian, to fix in my memory the great landmarks of nature—the outlines of the mountains, the course of the streams, and the positions of the stars in the heavens; nay, even to follow upon the trail of a companion, by the aid of almost imperceptible signs—a transverse cut upon the smooth bark of the mountain ash, a birch twig broken, a sprig of heather dropped upon the path—tokens which, even now that I have indicated them to you, none but an eye quickened by keen necessity and present danger could clearly apprehend. Oh, this necessity is the schoolmistress over all others, to sharpen observation, and teach a man the use of his wits! We may dwell in a palace all our lives, and not know for what purpose our senses were given us; but turn us, bare-foot and hungry, amongst these Scottish wildernesses, and we soon find that the chief aim and object of our faculties is to enable us to make a shift—in which grand art of existence I'll challenge any canny Scot, Lowlander or Highlander, from John o' Groat's House to the Tweed. It will be moonlight to-night," added he, more seriously, "and I have little doubt of finding my way to the place where I have appointed to join my friend. So now, my fair benefactress, I will detain you no longer."

And he took her hand, and bent his lips to it with an habitual grace and dignity; the effect of which was not at all diminished by his rude and squalid exterior, so independent of mere extrin-

circumstances are those qualities of mind and manner—that union of suavity and nobleness—which constitute a gentleman. Marion lingered.

"The night is, of all seasons, the most dangerous to a traveller, in these troubled times. Even the fact of being out in the dark exposes the wanderer to suspicion. Could no disguise be thought of that should enable you to elude suspicion by day?—a female garb, for instance?"

"The gentleman shall be welcome to my best kirtle and boddice, and a hood and screen to the wale of it," quoth Janet. "Eh, and he'll mak a braw strappin lassie!"

"A woman!" replied the fugitive, quickly. "There you must excuse me. Anything but that. Braggart that I was, I forgot my failure in that line. I'll play the woman no more."

"No more!" And Marion gazed fixedly on his face, whilst a fresh suspicion crossed her mind, and the colour mounted even to her temples. "No more!"

"But he maunna leave the cave, by daylight, in a plaid and phillibeg of the Cameron set. Gin he does, the captain, or the loun Donald, 'ill hoist him ahint a dragoon, and carry him awa to Inverary, like puir doited Alison. There's walth o' auld tartans about the town, belonging to ae laddie or anither; and I can lift him a suit as cannily as ever my forebears lifted a drove o' black cattle," said Janet, laughing. "And then, when he has trimmed that beard o' his, whilk wad be as kenspeckle in a kilt as in a kirtle, he may pass for as douce a Campbell, honest man, as Locheden himsel'."

"My father went this morning to a small hunting-lodge, and, having accidentally left Luath behind, one of the lads who attended him ran back to desire that, unless my cousin should follow him to-morrow—which it must be my care to prevent—the dog might be sent after him in the morning. Luckily, the messenger met Janet before arriving at the castle, and, after delivering his message to her, returned immediately to his master; so that, if your route, sir, should lie in that direction, or in whatsoever direction your route may lie—for it will be better for both of us that I should remain in my present ignorance—your safety will be best assured by taking Luath, who is known to the whole country; and a note from myself to my father, which would be your warrant with any parties of the soldiery whom you might chance to meet. So soon as you shall be clear of present danger, set Luath free. He will speedily run home; and his appearance will be a token—a most welcome token—of your safety. Should you be taken, I rely upon your honour to declare my dear father's ignorance of this transaction. My own share in it I am ready to abide."

Once again, and with deep emotion, he for whose sake she was risking so much, and who felt that she was herself fully conscious of the peril which she incurred, lifted her hand to his lips, as she stood on the ledge of rock at the entrance of the cave, ready to attempt the precipitous descent.

"A poor and homeless fugitive thanks you, madam. The result of a more fortunate attempt may one day enable him to return, in his own behalf, or in that of him whom he represents, some part of this obligation. When that time shall arrive, send but a leaf of this flower"—And he plucked a lingering blossom of the wild brier that straggled into the cave, and presented it to her.

Marion turned towards him with gentle dignity.

"God forbid that any wild and idle words should lessen the readiness and satisfaction with which I tender my poor assistance to an enemy in distress! But if any circumstance could diminish those feelings, it would be the finding him—even in this moment of extremest wretchedness, when the blood of his bravest friends is flowing like water, and the lives of weak and suffering women are perilled, by the endeavour to save him from a similar fate—looking forward, with exulting hope, to a renewal of these scenes of agony. Oh, sir! if you be, as your words import, of high and legitimate influence with him in whose name this expedition has been carried on, represent to him the utter desolation which it has brought upon this unhappy land! Warn him against incurring, for that thorny wreath, a crown, the tremendous responsibility of another such convulsion. Whatever be the abstract justice of his claim, the truest titles to a throne—the blessing of God, and the love of the people—rest with the House of Brunswick; and he and his gallant son will find a nobler greatness, a sweeter peace, in a patient acquiescence in the will of Providence and the voice of the nation, than in efforts which can but end in the slaughter of their bravest and their most faithful followers, and in rending asunder the ties of friendship and of kindred, from the castle to the hut. Save this devoted country from the recurrence of scenes heart-rending alike to friend and to foe, and take with you my prayers and my blessings." Blushing at her own earnestness, she stopped suddenly. "I accept your flower," added she, in calmer tone, "not as an emblem—yet, see, the leaves are already falling!—but as a memorial. Janet and Luath shall be with you as soon as they can steal away after nightfall. Farewell!"

And, attended by her faithful adherents, she stepped into the narrow bed formed by the waters, and slowly and cautiously gained the path beneath.

"Strange, yet noble creature!" muttered the fugitive to himself, as he stood at the entrance of the cavern, watching her descent. "She has not made any promise of secrecy; but one feels that a woman like that might be trusted with more than life. I faith! one might envy the Elector of Hanover and Captain Archibald Campbell such a subject and such a mistress. The reese was dropping, did she say? Flowers are but foolish emblems. There is an eagle, one of the same sort that hovered above the vessel as we approached the Scottish shore. Tullibar-

dine pointed it out to me at the time. That were a fitter symbol; and that sails on." And, catching, as, ambition is wont to catch, at such anguries, he watched the flight of the kingly bird, soaring upward until it was lost in the distance; and then, cheered by the omen, retired into his place of refuge, with his usual *sang froid*, where, excellent, as he had himself boasted, at making a shift, he speedily kindled some dry sticks, by snapping the lock of his pistol, and setting light, by that means, to the stump of a tobacco pipe, lengthened sufficiently for use by the insertion of a tube of oaten straw, applied himself vigorously to the task of stifling the sense of present anxiety and future danger, and the still more pressing claims of a keen appetite, in the fumes of the "fragrant weed."

Marion, on her part, flushed and agitated, contrived to reach home, unsuspected. She walked straight into the small room that she was accustomed to call her parlour, which contained what little property a Highland lady of that day could call her own; and Miss Marion Campbell's possessions in that way were the admiration of Argyleshire. She boasted, besides the ordinary complement of high-backed chairs, narrow settees, and diminutive tea-tables, a harpsichord, a scrutoire surmounted with glass doors, serving at once for writing-desk and book-case, and furnished with the usual limited female library; a japan cabinet, well stuffed with choice china, mixed with divers curiosities, natural and artificial, of questionable beauty, and not remarkable for preservation; a glass case of gorgeous humming birds; and a gilt cage, containing a recent gift of her cousin—a bullfinch of great tameness, and such extraordinary accomplishments, that he not only drew his own water in an ingenious bucket constructed for the purpose, but attested his loyalty by piping very successfully the whole of the national anthem, from the first bar to the last, and had completely won the old piper's affections, by making certain indistinct and far-off efforts to catch the notes of the "Gathering of the Clan," as performed by him for a full hour every morning, walking up and down in front of the hall door. Dutch tiles decorated the chimney, India paper covered the walls, and the little apartment had a look of snugness and comfort, hardly to have been expected amongst the wild hills of the north. The starry white jessamine, the everlasting pea, and the hardy purple clematis—

"The favoured flower

That bears the name of virgin's bower"—

were trained round the windows; and a half glass door opened upon a sheltered flower-plot, bordered with thrift, and gay with pinks, larkspurs, sweet-williams, and garden-lilies, intermixed with tall rose trees and carefully-trained bushes of Dutch honeysuckle, each almost as short, and quite as round, as a Dutch cheese; whilst another door, on the opposite side of the room, led, by a narrow winding staircase, to her sleeping chamber above. It was a very complete lady's apartment; although most of the advan-

tage of its insulation, and its power of access from the castle without the knowledge of the other inhabitants, had hitherto been thrown away upon its fair possessor. She now decided that Janet and Luath should pass through the glass door when setting forth on their moonlight expedition. There was, to be sure, a wall round one side of the little flower garden into which it opened; whilst, on the other, it sank abruptly to the lake from which her father derived his territorial title; but that wall was in so precarious a state, and Janet so strong and active, that there was little doubt of her surmounting the difficulty. As to Luath, he would clear it at a bound.

Sunny and cheerful was Marion's little parlour, with its in-door comforts and luxuries, and its out-door prettiesses, its pleasant garden, and its sidelong peep of the calm clear waters, shut in by sheltering hills; and cheerful and sunny had been the temper with which the young Scottish maiden—high-born, healthful, and fair, the beloved and only daughter of a kind and indulgent father, the betrothed bride of the man whom she loved best in the world—had been wont to return to it, to pursue her ordinary avocations, after her daily ramble among the mountains, or by the lake side. Now her mood was changed. Anxious, uneasy, unquiet, the secret with which she had become acquainted—a secret which she felt must be imparted to no one, save her faithful Janet—must be held sacred at every risk—weighed upon her like a sin. She sat down to her scrutoire, with the double purpose of depositing in one of its little recesses, the half-fallen rose, (for, with the softened feeling so natural to a woman, when rendering, at a great risk, a great service, she had already relented towards him by whom it had been presented,) and of writing the important billet, which, with Luath, was to form his passport; but, harassed with doubts whether, in following the impulse of the moment, she had done right or wrong, and weighed down by the horrible responsibility belonging to her situation, she had no sooner folded the flower carefully in silver paper, and cleared one of the pigeon-holes for its reception, than, with an irresistible movement of self-pity, mingled, it may be, with a shade of self-distrust, she laid her head upon her hand, and burst into tears.

Her heart, somewhat relieved by that great female comfort and privilege, a hearty fit of crying, she lifted up her head, with the intention of writing her letter forthwith, and chasing the subject, as much as might be, from her mind, when her attention was arrested by a packet, which she had dislodged from its place in depositing the token-flower, and which had unrolled itself in falling, and now lay open before her eyes.

It was a water-colour drawing, of great finish and beauty, executed by Helen, and representing the two friends in a glen near the castle. Marion, richly dressed, was seated in the foreground; one little hand thrown round the neck of the faithful Luath, whose honest countenance,

always animated and intelligent, was awakened into double life by the report of Dungallan's gun, whose figure was seen farther down the glen, firing at a red deer, bounding by. Helen had drawn herself in profile, standing behind her companion, accoutred in plaid and bodice, as a Highland lassie, and setting off, by her darker complexion and simpler garb, the delicate and swanlike loveliness of the young beauty of Loch-eden. Even in this picture, the unselfish and amiable character of the artist might be traced. Herself eminently handsome, she had cast into the shade her own graceful figure and noble features, and had given all her care to heighten the charms of her friend.

Marion's spirits, already weakened, could not resist the flood of recollection that burst upon her at sight of this drawing, and of some stanzas which had served it for an envelope; slight, but graceful verses, in which the poet had mingled, with fond praises of his sister's skill as a portrait painter, very intelligent hints of his own devotion to the fair original.

"Poor Helen!" sighed she; "poor, poor Dungallan!"

The sigh was echoed from behind her, and, turning round, with a shock of nervous trepidation, she saw her Cousin Archibald, leaning upon her chair.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Campbell, for daring to look over you," said he, somewhat stiffly; "but having, after despatching answers to communications of some consequence, sought you in vain in your usual walks, and receiving, upon my return to the castle, the most contradictory answers to my questions as to your 'whereabout,' I was tempted, by the open door, and the sight of my friend Luath, to use my old privilege of the *courré*, and make my appearance in your withdrawing room. Old Angus informed me that you were walking, and well; Mistress Janet, on the contrary, said that you were at home, and indisposed; and, without intending, believe me, to intrude upon meditations which were clearly not intended to meet the general eye, I could not resist the temptation to inquire personally, which of the two reports was correct."

"Both were right, to a certain point," said Marion, with some effort. "I walked out, as I generally do, after breakfast, and returned, not ill, indeed, but less well than usual."

"It pleased Mistress Janet to deny that you had been out at all," persisted Archibald, drily; eyeing, with no good will, the waiting damsel, who had, by this time, made her way into the apartment, and was busying herself in collecting her lady's bonnet and shawl. "However, to let that matter rest, I wished to warn you against rambling about unattended, at this particular time. Intelligence has been received that one of the prime leaders in this rebellion, the very chief over whose portrait, conjoined with your own, I find you weeping, has been traced to this neighbourhood."

"Ah, ah! Dungallan! Guidness save him,

puir chiel, free thae bloody redcoats!" was the ejaculation of Janet.

"Whether there be more truth in the exploded doctrine of sympathies than it suits the philosophers of this enlightened age to admit," continued Archibald, doggedly, "or whether the interest which you and Mistress Janet there, are pleased to testify in his fate, together with this mysterious walk, may serve to solve the enigma of his lurking about a place so remote from his own country, and apparently surrounded by enemies, remains to be determined. At all events, the coincidence is curious."

"My grateful affection for his sister, the daughter of my poor mother's dearest friend, the friend and instructress of my own childhood, might well account for any interest that I might take in Dungallan's fate," said Marion, rousing herself as she perceived the effect which her passive dejection and silent acquiescence in his suspicions, was producing upon the jealous temper of her lover. "If he fell a victim to these cruel, cruel laws, poor Helen's happiness would be ruined for ever."

"Sisters are convenient persons," observed Captain Campbell. "I am unfortunate in not possessing one; although, even if I were happy enough to boast a relation as accomplished as Miss Helen Cameron, I should lack the skill to set off her presents with a garnish of love verses. I am none of those same metre ballad-singers, thank Heaven!" added he, with increasing bitterness. "I am of Hotspur's mind, and

'Had rather hear a brazen candlestick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.'"

"As for my walk, this morning," began Marion, desirous of turning the conversation, "that"—Fettered by the recollection of all that had passed in that morning's walk, and heart-struck by the sternness of his gaze, her voice faltered, and she suddenly stopped.

"What have I done, Archibald, that you should look at me and speak to me so unkindly?" said she, after a short pause, turning to him, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and a sweetness and earnestness of manner that won its way instantly to the lover's heart. He soothed and apologized, and, before they parted to dress for dinner, a perfect reconciliation had taken place, and he had vowed, for the fiftieth time, never again to suffer a shade of jealousy to pass across his mind.

Such vows are easily made; but to keep them requires a cooler temperament than that of Archibald Campbell: twenty times, that very afternoon, was the stifled passion upon the brink of bursting forth.

We must all have felt, even although we may have been fortunate enough not to have a secret of life and death in our charge, like poor Marion. how difficult it is, when the mind is filled with one subject, to keep up an easy and unembarrassed conversation upon any other; the more especially when our companion is one to whom

we have been accustomed to consider every thought as it happened to arise. In such a situation, not only is our behaviour embarrassed and constrained, but there is a sort of spell over our faculties, so that, in steering clear of the one great danger, we run foul of all sorts of minor perils, and say and do, we hardly know what, in a vain endeavour to cover the awkwardness of our real position.

In the present case, for instance, Marion affected an exuberance of animal spirits, depressing, rather than exhilarating, to the listener; and as different from her general easy cheerfulness, as the rouge of a haggard court beauty, from the natural colouring of youth and health. She rattled on the harpsichord, with a rapidity which put melody quite out of the question, the liveliest tunes that she could recollect; sang, in a voice from which her usual arch sweetness was banished by agitation, the gayest of her national songs; choosing, quite unconsciously to herself, but in a manner which her auditor did not fail to remark, such airs as she had been accustomed to sing with Helen, and those which had been the particular favourites of her brother; and when, at last, she had quite exhausted herself with the exertion, she rose from the harpsichord, and, taking up the apron that she was flowering, requested that he would read to her while she worked, as Dungallan used to do to Helen.

It was now the Captain's turn to shew that a *l'été-d'été* between two lovers is not always so saccharine a matter as is erroneously supposed.

Turning over the newest books that he could find amongst her collection, he lighted upon Richardson's great novel, then in course of publication, the unknown catastrophe of which excited so much curiosity and interest, not merely amidst the flower-bed of young ladies by whom the author was surrounded, but amongst some score of persons of quality, who dispatched letter after letter, (one of them—Lady Bradshaigh—even writing upon her knees,) to ask for the reformation of the hero, and a happy conclusion to the story, with as earnest supplications, and as strong reasons to back their petition, as if they had been pleading for the real, actual, life-long felicity of two real, actual, living and existing human beings—the strongest tribute, by the way, to the power of the book, to its extraordinary verisimilitude and truthfulness, ever received by any author.

One of Lovelace's most characteristic letters did Captain Campbell address himself to read, avoiding, with the instinct of a high-bred gentleman, all that could be painful to female delicacy, and giving to the racy wit, the eloquent sophistry of that remarkable creation of Richardson's genius, all the advantage of the most intelligent and animated elocution; so that Marion's attention was excited in spite of herself.

"What a wretch!" exclaimed she, as he finished the account of one of his most teasing interviews with poor Clarissa. "What a cruel, unfeeling, cold-hearted wretch!"

"I don't know that," replied Archibald. (He it remembered, in vindication of my hero, that only four volumes out of the eight had yet been published, and that Lovelace's conduct was still in suspense.) "I don't know that. The lady seems to me to have been quite as cold-hearted as the gentleman; or, rather, hearts on both sides seem to have been pretty much out of the question. She, justly as you will say, distrusted his honour; and he, with at least as much justice, doubted of her affection. The whole affair seems to me a game of chess, at which—barring false moves, which it is the author's business to guard against—the most skillful player will be sure to prove victorious. All you ladies exclaim, 'Poor Clarissa!' and, if she had loved him, I should be as ready as the best of you to echo the cry. But love is synonymous with confidence, and this paragon of her sex does not know what the word means. If she had relied upon him!—if she had trusted him! One wonders that Richardson did not see how much his book would have gained in interest by representing Clarissa as enamoured of Lovelace; but he lives amongst ladies, and piques himself, it is said, upon his knowledge of the female heart; and, therefore, it is not wonderful that he should shew them as he sees them, and as they are," added he bitterly, "delighting in tormenting those that love them best. Poor Clarissa, indeed! rather, poor Lovelace!"

At this moment, it was some relief to Marion, whose apron had certainly not improved by her afternoon's labours, that the weather, which had been loaring all the afternoon, now assumed the appearance of one of the terrific storms of those mountain regions. The evening closed in prematurely, the clouds gathered dark and heavy, the wind moaned in gusts through the dark firs, and swept across the lake, whilst quick flashes of sharp, rapid lightning gleamed at the edge of the horizon, and the growl of distant thunder, proclaimed, in nature's awfulest voice, the gathering of the coming tempest. The momentary passions of man were hushed before it. The lover sat, contemplating, by the fitful glare of the lightning, the fair face of his beloved, pallid and sad from anxiety and sorrow; and once again his heart smote him for his unkindness.

"Marion, dearest Marion, do not you play the distrustful maiden with me, who, Heaven knows, have no wish upon this earth but for your happiness and honour! Be frank with me, confide in me, I conjure you! I see, I know, that there is a secret that weighs upon your mind at this moment. Trust it to me, and you shall not repent your reliance. Shew me but what you wish, and it shall be done. My power in this district is greater than you know of; my intelligence more accurate than you suspect. Say only, 'Dungallan is my friend's brother, and therefore I wish to save him;' say even, 'Dungallan is my own early friend'—and he shall be saved. Only prove that you think me worthy of your confidence, and see how I will deserve it. Nay,

even—although the thought be fatal to my every hope of happiness—even if his danger have revealed to you feelings hitherto unsuspected, and if, in aiding his escape, I give assistance to a favoured rival—yet, for your dear sake, to spare you the misery you would feel if he were taken, I swear to befriend him, at whatever peril it may be. I am not now on service, and there is only one of those unfortunate fugitives whom it would be eternal dishonour for a soldier to preserve. For Dungallan, since your happiness seems bound up in his safety, I will not hesitate to risk rank, fortune, life itself. Only trust me, only confide in me, if not as your devoted lover, yet as your nearest kinsman, your truest friend! Speak to me, I conjure you, Marion! I beseech you, speak!”

He hung over her affectionately, as he delivered, with an earnest truthfulness that could not be mistaken, this outburst of fond and disinterested love, gazing in her face as he spoke, and grasping, with all the fervour of passion, her cold and trembling hands.

“Will you not answer me? Do you disdain even to reply to my offer of service—my most sincere and honest offer? You do! I see plainly that you do! I see and feel, too plainly, that you desire my absence; and I will no longer intrude upon your privacy. Farewell, madam! May you find a truer and a more devoted heart than that which you have spurned from you!” And, lingering a moment on the threshold, in the hope, it may be, of being recalled, he left the room.

Marion wrung her hands in bitterness of vexation. Never had her heart so yearned towards the kinsman, the friend, the betrothed bridegroom, whom she had suffered to leave her, probably for ever.

“Oh, that I dared to undeceive him! But, for his own sake, I dare not, I must not. I have pledged myself to this adventure, and I must abide the trial. May the God of Mercy—who has willed that we should assist a fellow-creature in distress, who has gifted woman with a strength of sympathy which almost counterbalances her feebleness of body—may He grant that I bear it with firmness! It is a fearful night. Janet,” continued she, addressing the faithful soubrette, who just now entered the apartment, “Janet, do you fear to encounter the storm? If you do, say so honestly, and I will go myself. I have no right to impose upon your kindness and fidelity a danger from which I should shrink. There is little left, Heaven knows, that should make me cling to life. Speak frankly, my good girl. If your heart fails you, say so at once.”

Janet’s answer was bold and confident. And, somewhat soothed by the fearless readiness of her confidante, her predilections that they should succeed in their enterprise, and that all jealousies and suspicions would be ultimately cleared up, (for her acuteness did not fail to detect the chief source of her lady’s despondency,) Marion sat down to write, with more firmness than she had expected to be able to command, the important billet to her father, which, in case of the fugi-

tive being intercepted by the soldiers, would, she believed, from the respect paid to the name of one of the most loyal and most powerful chiefs of the powerful and loyal house of Campbell, prove an effectual and unquestioned passpost.

Her letter was short and simple; stating only that, as Captain Archibald Campbell had resolved not to join Locheden in his hunting expedition, she had sent Luath by the bearer; that all was well at the Castle; and that, wishing good sport to her dear father, she hoped to see him return in a few days.

Armed with this document, and laden with the promised provisions, the venison pasty and the whisky, (“lifted,” to use Janet’s own phrase,) together with a certain pair of “shoon,” belonging to her lover, Donald, plaid garments of the Campbell set, and a collar and chain for Luath, the faithful waiting damsel, followed by the no less faithful hound, took the opportunity of a lull in the storm to set forth upon their expedition.

Marion accompanied them as far as the garden wall, which Janet and her four-footed attendant cleared with somewhat more of difficulty than she had anticipated, and then returned alone to her solitary apartment, to start at every sound, and feel each moment, as it passed, marked by the beatings of her own anxious heart.

Sadly and wearily the hours dragged along. The tempest had returned with tenfold violence; and Marion, as she found the noises in the castle subsiding, one by one, giving token that the inhabitants had retired to rest, and that she remained the only watcher within its walls—whilst over the pelting rain and moaning wind without, burst ever and anon peals of thunder, reverberating in awful grandeur amongst the mountains, preceded by lightning that glared with livid and horrible lustre through the room—began to feel the pressure of a close-clinging fear, a down-weighting responsibility, as the possible fate of her attached dependent flashed across her mind. If her courage should give way as she returned alone, and she should fall in the darkness from the ledge of the rock! If the springs on the hill-top should rise suddenly, and, joining the gatherings from the pouring rain, gush down the channel of the winter water course! If she should be struck by the lightning! Either of these thoughts was too terrible to dwell upon.

The distant clap of a door within the mansion, followed, as she thought, (for the dizzying boundings of her own pulses, the throbbings of her heart and brain, were such as to confuse all outward sounds,) by the rapid footsteps of a man along the galleries, and through the vaulted passages of the old building, harbingered yet another fear. If Janet should be pursued! If she should be intercepted! If the stranger should be discovered! She heard, or thought she heard, the castle gates unfastened; and, the feeling of suspense becoming unsupportable, she ventured to open gently the door of her little parlour, when a rush of wind, as if from an outer door left open, extinguished her taper, and left her in all the horror

that a darkness as of midnight, interrupted only by the now less frequent flashes of the lightning, could add to her former terror.

The storm was at length abating. She found her way to the glass door, and opened it; and, after an interval, that seemed to be of hours rather than of minutes, she was aware of Luath, as he came bounding up the path, followed—could it be the footsteps of two persons that she heard, advancing with stealthy rapidity? A moment decided the question. Janet rushed fearfully in, dragging after her, her, as it seemed, unwilling companion; and, first carefully locking and bolting the door, and barring the shutters, an operation which, in spite of the darkness, she performed with singular dexterity, she then contrived to thrust the stranger (for it was no other) up the staircase leading to Marion's sleeping apartment, and, having locked that door also, and deposited the key in her pocket, began relating to her lady, in cautious whispers, but with her usual volubility, the causes that had induced her to resolve upon the bold measure of bringing him to the castle.

They had been pursued. The rain had rendered the descent from the cave so dangerous, and had so flooded the path below, that the fugitive, forgetting his own danger in the manly duty of protecting a female, had insisted, in spite of Janet's earnest remonstrances, on escorting her as far at least as the wall over which she had effected her exit from the castle gardens. The light, shielded from the action of the wind by an ingeniously-contrived lanthorn of oiled paper, by the aid of which he had contrived to obtain for her a safe footing down the face of the precipice, had, she imagined, been observed from the upper windows of the castle. Certain it was, that, before they reached the spot to which the fugitive had insisted upon accompanying her, they had heard footsteps at some distance behind them, and had, as the clouds partially cleared away, and the moon emerged for a few moments, been enabled to perceive that their pursuer was a soldier. Janet declared her conviction that it must be either "Captain Archie himself", or the loun Donald," come to reclaim "plaidie and shoon," which she had boasted, with so much glee, of having "lifted" from her military admirer, a few hours before. Some one from the house it certainly was; for Luath had recognised him, and, giving a sudden jerk to the chain by which he was held, had succeeded in freeing himself, and bounding towards the intruder, although he had returned to them upon hearing her voice. Under these circumstances, the active waiting-maid had, with great presence of mind, availed herself of a stunted pollard oak which concealed and facilitated the passage over the wall to the garden, and (first dashing away the tall-tale light) had literally hauled up, after her, both her companions, each of whom had, for a wonder, as she observed, been gifted with sufficient sense to submit to her guidance.

"All hafe that weary lanthron!" quoth Janet. "I tell the gentlemen, gin he wad stay quiet

i' the cave, I'd nae fear o' getting safe to the foot o' the rock. Wi' my plaidie rowed round me, and nane to look on, I should hae slid down the path, ye ken, like a snaw wreath at Yule. But he wadna be guidit. I'm minded that he's ane that has ta'en his singate owre lang. Weel, but ye maun hae a licht!" And off she ran, finding her way through the darkness with the security and ease which seems one of the many privileges of the light-hearted and the fearless.

During her absence, a fresh perplexity occurred to her mistress. Horses were heard galloping into the court, and a violent knocking at the gate was succeeded by a parley between Captain Archibald and the visitors. The voice of one of them was, she thought, familiar to her; and, to her unspeakable consternation, she found that he was advancing with Janet towards the apartment; Janet talking at the top of her voice, to give notice of his approach to her lady.

"Oot the night, General! Na, indeed, hae we not, except indeed to ca' Luath, poor hound, who's aye ganging forth in the rain. Sae my leddy and I we got a wee wet, and the wind put out the taper, and sae"—

Whilst Janet thus followed her instinct as a lady's maid, and lied," her companion, General Campbell, closely followed by Archibald, stepped forward into the room, where Marion sat trembling with anxiety and apprehension.

"I intrude upon you only for an instant, my fair cousin, late as is the hour and indisposed as I regret to see you are, merely to announce to you that I shall to-morrow, early, be obliged to steal away your visiter, whose presence is required in Edinburgh, to meet his brother, and Lord and Lady Bellasis, and their pretty daughter Lady Betty. Give my compliments to Locheden, and tell him that we have accounts of one of the rebel chiefs, Dungallan, one of the ring-leaders, having ventured into Argyle's country. Tell him that we have taken care of the land-passes, and that we shall borrow the castle boat in the morning, to dispatch a messenger across the loch. And now, good night. Go to bed, my dear, and refresh your roses. I don't like those pale cheeks." And, with a kind pressure of the hand, the good General quitted the apartment. Archibald lingered behind.

"You hear that Dungallan, that this favoured friend, I presume you call him, has been traced into this neighbourhood, that he is even supposed to be upon this estate. Why do I speak of reports and suppositions when I know that he is here?" added Captain Campbell, impressively.

"You are mistaken! Indeed you are mistaken!" rejoined his cousin.

"Mistaken!—when I saw him enter the garden this very night!—when I can track his footsteps across this room!—when here is his glove dropped upon the floor! dropped at the very door which leads to your bedchamber, and to your bedchamber only." cried he, bitterly, flinging from him with violence the glove which he had picked up. "The rebel is here, and I know not what weakness hinders me from do-

ing my duty as an officer in the King's service, and delivering him up at once to the General."

"Do as seems best to you, Captain Campbell," said Marion, faintly. "My life, and far more than my life, my reputation, are in your power. Deal with me as you will."

"Nay, madam, your safety, and the honour of my kinsman's house, must ever be sacred in my eyes. Unkindly, cruelly as you have treated me, I cannot forget what we once were to each other. I warn you, however, that escape is impossible. You will live to repent this night's work. Farewell for ever!" And, without even a parting glance, he hurried out of the room.

"Ye are mair like to repent this nicht's wark yersel, captain," observed Janet, quietly, as she bolted the door after him, and addressed herself to the double task of comforting her lady and releasing the prisoner. "Gin the land-passes be waylaid, we maun try the loch. I'll gie a gay guess that the castle boatie 'll be missin the morn."

And so it was managed. In less than two hours, the stranger, accompanied by Luath, was rowing across the loch; whilst, at daybreak the next morning, General Campbell and Archibald took their departure for Edinburgh.

Time dragged heavily on. Luath had returned, weary and travel-stained, without either his absence or his arrival having excited any suspicion in the castle. Nothing had been heard of the letter; and Marion had the satisfaction of believing that the sacrifice of her happiness had not been made in vain, that she had at least succeeded in rescuing the object of her compassion.

Locheden had, upon his return, found his daughter sick and drooping; and, as days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and left the prolonged absence of her lover unexplained, the old chief began to chafe with anger and impatience. He had heartily approved of a match which would unite his only child to the heir-male to whom, in default of a son, his own estate would descend, and who, besides his personal good gifts, and his high reputation for gallantry and military skill, inherited, in right of his English mother, a property which might be reckoned enormous for a Highlander in those days; but this neglect of one whom he regarded as the very apple of his eye, awakened all the irritability of his nature; and his fierce displeasure added tenfold, as that particular way of proving affection commonly does add, to the distress of her by whose injuries, real or supposed, his previous wrath had been originally excited.

Affairs were in this position, when, one fine morning in October, dispatches arrived from General Campbell, calculated to increase, if that were possible, the previous exasperation. After announcing his intention to visit Locheden, almost as soon as his letter could reach them, accompanied by their young kinsmen, (Captain Archibald's next brother, John, being an officer in his own regiment,) he proceeded to say:—

"You will have heard, I am sure, with great

pleasure, (for I take for granted that the bridegroom elect has apprised you of his good fortune,) of our gallant cousin's intended marriage with Lady Betty Bellasis, the English heiress and beauty, who has made so great a sensation in Edinburgh this summer. There have been difficulties, of course, upon the score of fortune and country with the Earl and Countess, but love has conquered them all; and the chief object of our journey to Locheden is to consult you, the kinsman, guardian, and friend, to whom both these young men are so deeply indebted, and upon the arrangements as to residence, &c., which this happy event will render necessary. The bridegroom elect is, in every way, a lucky fellow. In addition to her fortune and her beauty, *la future* is as charming a creature as one shall see on a summer's day—a fit companion for your sweet Marion, my pet and favourite. Heaven send them happy together!"

"A Lowlander! an Englishwoman! an heiress!—fortune-hunter! rascal! scoundrel, that he is!" exclaimed the old chieftain, throwing from him the unlucky letter, and striding up and down the hall, in breathless wrath. "And the doited idiot of a General, to even her with my Marion—the Sassenach dell! Let them take care how they speak of my daughter! Old as I am, the blood of M'Callamore runs as red in my veins as in theirs. Only let them dare to lightly *her*! And the very excess and fierceness of his anger took away the power of expression."

Marion listened tremblingly, delaying till calmer moments any attempts to soothe and expostulate.

"Coming, are they?" burst forth the enraged father. "Coming!—ay, by Heaven!" continued he, catching a glimpse of a party of horsemen approaching the castle—"here they come! And they think to find entrance, do they?" added he, bitterly. "They come to take account of our accommodations, that they may bring their braw young bride to insult over the old man and his daughter! Let them wait until I be dead. Not a foot shall that villain set in Locheden, until he walks over my corpse. Angus! Duncan! Where are the louns loitering! See that the gates be barred! Let none enter!"

"Stay, I implore you, I conjure you, my dearest father! For my peace and happiness, for the honour and dignity of your daughter and your house, refrain from this violence! Give entrance to them all. Receive them as usual. I ask you, in the name of maiden pride, of maiden modesty, to restrain all demonstrations of anger. Let him not imagine, let him not suspect—God knows how sincerely I wish him happy," cried Marion. "Give them admittance, I exhort you, I conjure you! Let them see no difference! Surely you will not vex and grieve your poor child. Yield to me in this, I implore you, dearest father!" And she threw her arms round his neck, leaned her head on his shoulder, and wept.

He kissed her with the fondest affection. "You are an angel, my darling, and shall have your own way in everything." Compare an

English moppet with my noble Marion! The scoundrel will be miserable—that's my comfort. His father married a Lowlander for the sake of the siller, a peevish Southron dame, that worried the life fairly out of him—and so will this great loddie. We are weel rid o' the leun. 'Dungallan, pair laddie, 's worth twenty of him. He's won safe to France, ye ken, to his sister; and, gin we can save the estate from the clutches of these Englishers," said the old chieftain, losing his English as he lost his temper, and checking himself as he perceived the effect his hint produced upon his daughter. "Weel! weel! We'll no talk of that the now. You shall see how civil I'll be to the villain. I'll no condescend to be angry. I'll take a lesson out of his ain book, and be as fause and fair as himsel. Here the rascal comes. You shall see how duncely I'll behave. Eh, now, that sic a perjured traitor should look so like an honest man!"

That Locheden fully intended his behaviour to be as false and fair as he believed his kinsman, there is no manner of doubt. But the inveterate truthfulness of threescore years was too much for his new resolution. He did not, it is true, bar his gates against his visitors, nor kick them out of doors, being entered. But he drew back haughtily from their proffered hands, with a look as fierce and wild as one of his own mountain eagles, and eyed Archibald, in particular, as if he had a mind to knock him down. General Campbell, a kind and acute person, and a man of the world, saw, at a glance, that something was amiss, and, determining not to enter upon family matters until the aspect of affairs should be somewhat cleared, began, after an affectionate expression of regret at Marion's pale cheeks, to talk over the news of the day.

"You have heard the grand piece of intelligence, I presume, Locheden, that this foolish young man, the Pretender, who has occasioned us so much trouble in chasing him up and down the country, has given us the slip at last, and got clear off to France? The thing is really so. Besides the accounts in the public papers, which are sufficiently precise and particular, I have a letter myself from a French friend, le Comte de Clermont, who actually saw him land.—Why, hey-day, my pretty Marion!" queth the good General, observing the involuntary clasping of her hands, and the sudden rush of blood that coloured her fair face to the brow, as she listened to his words with breathless interest—"what should there be in this news to make you brighten up on a sudden? You are no damsel of the White Rose, I hope? No Flora McDonald exploits here? Eh, Locheden?" And he turned to relate to the chief all that was then known of the escape of Charles Edward; whilst Archibald, to whom her emotion was as a flash of light that shewed him the whole thing at a glance, advanced to his fair cousin.

"He, then, and not Dungallan, was the stranger at the cave? Charles Edward, the Pretender, the Chevalier, the Prince?"

"Nay, give him what title you will. I am no damsel of the White Rose, as the General calls it; although I risked much—ay, and would risk much again—to preserve a fugitive, in peril of his life, thrown, under such extraordinary circumstances, upon my poor resources for protection and assistance."

"But why not intrust me with the secret? Why occasion so much unnecessary pain—certainly to me—may I not say to both of us?"

"To have trusted you, Captain Campbell, an officer in the service of the King of England, with such a secret as that, however the confidence might have relieved and comforted myself, would have been to endanger your professional reputation, your honour, perhaps even your life. No, I cannot think that I was wrong! The more especially," added she, in a lower voice, and with peculiar sweetness and gentleness of manner—"the more especially as the transient pain must have been long forgotten in your late and present happiness. Heaven knows, I congratulate you most sincerely."

"Happiness!—congratulate!" echoed Captain Campbell, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Marion, my dow!" said her father, striding rapidly across the room—"I have done a great injustice. It's no our friend here, but Johnay, his brother, that's about to marry Lady Betty, who seems to be a fine spunky lassie, for all she has the ill luck to be an Englishier. Archie, my lad, I crave your pardon for thinking you could be such a villain!" And the old chief and the young soldier shook hands, with hearty affection and goodwill.

"There has been a small mistake on both sides, as it seems," observed General Campbell, joining the little group; "but matters are clearing up now, to judge from the gentleman's smiles and the lady's blushes; and, if I be permitted to advise, the best way to prevent a recurrence of doubts and misgivings, would be to have both the weddings on the same day. What say you, Mistress Janet?" For that faithful dependent, very anxious upon her lady's account, and it may be a little inquisitive upon her own, had contrived, on some pretence or other, to edge herself into the room. "What say you?"

"I gie my consent," responded Janet; "barring jealousy and a' sic nonsense, for the time to come. The captain and the loun Donald baith ken that I forewarned them what ye nicht's wark would come to. But ye men folk are aye rash and headstrong—ye canna help yourselves—it's born wi' ye; and we women are saft and complying—that's our nature; see, an' ye hae repentit, we mun j'e'en færgie ye," quoth Janet, "an' tak ye for better for worse."

And so it was settled.

DIARY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TIMES OF GEORGE IV., &c. &c.

How an ill-natured admirer of a republican form of government must exult in this ILLUSTRATION OF THE GENIUS AND TENDENCIES OF HEREDITARY MONARCHISM, a title as apt as the original one, for a work which has thrown a certain class of society into a greater ferment than any publication that we can remember! The general, and still more the secret history of the immoral, vindictive, and utterly degrading conduct of George IV. to his consort, from the day of their ill-starred union, until the hour that saw the grave close over her sorrows and her frailties, would be one of the shrewdest commentaries upon the corrupting tendencies of monarchy that history affords. Well may the Democrat inquire, Can the tree be good which bears such corrupt and poisonous fruits? Deeper traces of venality, time-serving, moral cowardice, falsehood, fraud, circumvention, espionage, and treachery, but, above all, of dastardly pandering, by those in high places, to the envenomed and, as it seems to us, frenzied hatred of the reigning prince, cannot be found in the annals of monarchies. It is not enough that the mere courtiers and minions of the Regent of England were as vile as those of the more brutal, but not more vindictive, Henry VIII.; the ministers of the former were equally supple and subservient. That the will of the Regent, in this matter, was not law, or above all law, arose from no want of sycophancy and unprincipled acquiescence on their parts. The statesmen of those days not only prostituted themselves to the malignant pleasure of the would-be despot, but peers, and peeresses, and courtiers of all degrees, the noble and honoured of the land, sought, with greediness, to minister to the Regent's basest passions—those of hate and vengeance. This book has revived the memory of those degrading and infamous transactions—the history of that fiendish persecution of a life;—and the periodical press of the metropolis has been seized with one of its periodical fits of moral indignation at “the most scandalous publication” (so styled by *The Quarterly Review*) “that ever disgraced English, or any other European literature, not excepting the works of Mrs Manly, George Anne Bellamy, and Harriette Wilson.” It cannot be because the authoress, in betraying her royal mistress and benefactress, has not spared George IV. and his supple ministers, that this storm of wrath bursts on her devoted head? Up to the present hour, what *Quarterly Reviewer*, what writer of the Tory press, ever lifted a pen to shield the Princess of Wales from the calumny, falsehood, and treachery that dogged her path through life? We are far from volunteering as champions of Lady Charlotte Campbell, (*alias*, Bury)—and it were a piece of idle affectation not at once to recognise her as the author and editor of the work—but we look with some suspicion upon the quarter from whence

the first stone is cast, and with disgust upon the attempt of the Reviewer to convert this denounced book into an instrument for heaping fresh obloquy upon the unfortunate Queen. In the meanwhile, the great world may say, with a letter-writer in this work, of a scandalous book then expected, “We shall break our necks to buy it, of course crying ‘shameful!’ all the while.”

Of the works of Mrs Manly and Harriette Wilson—scandal and indecency of antiquated or of modern date—we confess ourselves entirely ignorant, though not altogether innocent of fashionable reading; so, after the first burst of virtuous indignation is expended, we would humbly inquire, if the denounced work of the Lady-in-waiting is one iota more scandalous, and slanderous, false, malicious, and satirical, than the letters of “De Grammont,” “Walpole’s Epistles,” “Sir Nathaniel Wraxall’s Memoirs,” or “The Correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley,” lately published by her great-grandson? With the vivid recollection of all those worthy and admired productions, we must pause before giving Lady Charlotte “the bad eminence” *The Quarterly* claims for her. That the book is nearly all hers, we consider established beyond question; nor do we pretend either to vindicate the character of the publication, or its motive; though we do not comprehend why it should call forth such bitter and unqualified reprobation, while the writings of the other noble gossip and treacherous scandal-mongers, have obtained an exalted place in the standard national literature. They may be more brilliant, but they are equally low-minded. From whom, after all, save valets, chambermaids, confessors, confidants, and lords and ladies-in-waiting, are we to expect memoirs of royal personages? And are journals of their lives and conversation to be only panegyrics? It is not because Lady Charlotte Campbell has, like hundreds before her, published her Diary, and the result of her observations upon her confiding mistress and benefactress, that we should complain, if she has said no more than is true, and presented the truth, without the distortion or false colouring attending a partial medium. Happily, in the case of the unfortunate Princess of Wales, the blackest tales which envenomed malice could now dictate, are but “tarts and cheese-cakes” to the foul and brutal calumnies with which the industry of the minions and spies of her royal husband long filled the post-horns of all Europe;—purity itself to that deluge of filth which they and their press poured over this indignant community. We defy the utmost ingenuity of woman’s malice, or man’s hatred, to heap any new calumny upon the unhappy Princess of Wales; and the *Lady-in-waiting* might have said twenty times more, without adding another shade of black to the picture. This, however, and even the fact that, in the lapse of years, every one has faded away to whom these anecdotes of

the friendless woman could have given much pain, are but a slender vindication of their author, in the circumstances in which she had been placed; though the virtuous indignation of the press is excessive in this instance, because it is partial. Had the author of this singular literary and scandalous hash-up, of which moral and religious cant is the most revolting feature, boldly put her name to her production, and seemed as unconscious of wrong as many a former treacherous detractor of the Princess of Wales, we are inclined to think that very little would have been said about that matter. It is the evident consciousness of guilt, and the dread of detection, which has opened the cry against her, and given false importance to a work that otherwise would soon have sunk into oblivion. Or if Queen Caroline alone had been the mark of her shafts, there might in many quarters have been room for forgiveness; but the *Diarist*, to give piquancy to her narrative, has revived, not originated, those "Tales of other times," which glance upon Holland House, and Devonshire House, and fair or frail Abercorns, and Oxfords, and Murrays, and L * * * s, and many more stars of nobility and fashion—and in this has sinned against her order. Yet most of her stories are stale, and not more wicked or malicious than those of Walpole or the Lady Mary, only differing from them by being from fifty to two score years more recent. We look in vain to the book for any piece of scandal that has not been bruited in trials, in newspapers, and a hundred hackneyed publications; or that has not been the table-talk of the second tables of May Fair, for a time immemorial to the younger race of chamber-maids and valets. If the scandal-loving public have anything to complain of on this score, it is that her Ladyship has not administered a fresher and stronger dose. Lady Charlotte Bury sold her work for a considerable sum, which, too probably, not being upon the pension-list, she, in spite of her many noble connexions, urgently required. The motive is neither high nor pure; and she yielded to a temptation which a high-minded woman, in a far inferior rank, would have scorned, from a sense of honour and self-respect. She yielded, too, in a cowardly and mean way; but the malice of the Reviewer, who, in a few pages, has concentrated more double-distilled venom, directed against the Princess of Wales, than is contained in these two bulky volumes, while he pretends to convey a severe and dignified rebuke to Lady Charlotte, is at least equally reprehensible. The *animus* here cannot be mistaken. The motive is as single as the object. Those sleuth-hounds of the Carlton House cabal, who, in fresh packs, hunted the unhappy Princess from her bridal-bed to her tomb, though happily fangless now, must have a last gnawing, toothless mumble at her remains. It was too much to expect that the memory of Queen Caroline should be left to the tender mercies and good faith of her confidential Lady-in-waiting, if another opportunity offered to inflict a new stab. We confidently affirm that the perverted ingenuity dis-

played by the Reviewer, in distorting, misrepresenting, and mutilating the facts contained in this work, inflicts more grievous injury on the Princess of Wales than the original *Diary*. The *Review* may not be so sordid in motive, nor is it any breach of the implied but sacred confidence of domestic and social life, but it certainly shows deeper malignity, far more *malice prepense* than the inconsistent and self-contradicted calumnies of the work reviewed. Any one forming an opinion of it, from the *Review* alone, must say—"A very naughty lady this Lady Charlotte Bury; but what an atrocious creature the Princess of Wales must have been!" Everything that is worst is placed by the Reviewer in a still darker or more suspicious light; nor do we find a single sentence anywhere cited of those redundant apologies and explanations, and praises of the Princess, the result of the conscientious pangs and "compunctious visitings" of the writer. The critic has chosen to batten wholly on the garbage of the book. The carrion only has attraction for the vulture. The *Quarterly* critic, charitably and candidly, and with true Old-Bailey logic, concludes, that, "although, perhaps, no fact is related concerning the unhappy Princess of Wales which is not substantially true, a great many circumstances of the same class are left untold;" while those that are told, his wilful perversion and delicate insinuations turn to the blackest use. Such is the whole affair of the *Sapio* as treated by him. These were a family of those fascinating foreign musicians whom the aristocracy "delight to honour" and fête; with whom the Princess of Wales, in her weary solitude and more miserable society, became more intimate during one season, than was consistent with the etiquette of her station and the notions of some of her household, jealous of all favourites and of each other. Any one reading the account of this affair in the *Quarterly Review*, must rise with the firm belief that the Princess hired a cottage at Bayswater, for the purpose of carrying on a disgraceful and criminal intrigue with the younger *Sapio*, to which his father and mother, and other relations, were privy; while the book itself, with all its inconsistencies and license of assumption and remark, bears out no such conclusion. We must go back a little. Lady Charlotte Campbell, a widow, with a young family not very well provided for, must have been very thankful to obtain an appointment in the household of the Princess, who, by her own account, treated her with uniform kindness, confidence, and generosity. Her Ladyship may be excused if she often found the duties of her situation quite as irksome, as royal personages generally find the attendance of their lynx-eyed and cold-hearted dames of honour tiresome and annoying. The lady-in-waiting began to keep an irregular diary, a true barometer of her own humours. If the dinner-party was agreeable, and the evening passed pleasantly, with nothing occurring to mortify her self-love, or wear out her spirits, the "*Diary*" was written in sun-beams, and the conduct of the Princess was viewed with indulgence

and an approach to truth. If, on the contrary, her Ladyship felt herself annoyed, bored, or uncomfortable, her black dog was freely laid on the shoulders of her royal mistress, whom, however, even in her most fretful moods, the noble Diarist ever avers to have been far more sinned against than sinning.

At the very commencement of the "Diary" we meet the following melancholy story:—

The Princess went to the play, a resource she always reserves to herself, to escape from a dull dinner. She was accompanied by Lord Fitz—, her lady-in-waiting, and myself. After the play, I was invited to sup with her Royal Highness—as usual, she talked of her own situation, and her previous life. "Judge," said she, "what it was to have a drunken husband on one's wedding-day, and one who passed the greatest part of his bridal night under the grate, where he fell, and where I lost him. If anybody say to me at this moment, Will you pass your life over again, or be killed? I would choose death, for you know, a little sooner or later, we must all die; but to live a life of wretchedness twice over—O mine God, no! Well, time went on, and de case was, I began to be wild child, and all de wise people said so; but it pilled down, for I ne more believed it dan anything for long time—at last, Charlotte was born. Well, after I lay in—je vous jure 'tis true; upon my honour, upon my soul, 'tis true—I received a message, through Lord Cholmondeley, to tell me I never was to have de great honours of inhabiting de same room wid my husband again. I said, Very well—but, as my memory was short, I begged to have dis polite message in writing from him. I had it—and was free—I left Carlton House, and went to Charlton. Oh, how happy I was!—everybody blamed me, but I never repented me of dis step. O mine God, what I have suffered!—luckily, I had a spirit, or I never should have outlived it." She said more, but I can never remember all she says. Poor Princess! she was an ill-treated woman, but a very wrong-headed one. Had she remained quietly at Carlton House, and conducted herself with silent dignity, how different might have been her lot! It is true, as her Privy Purse, Miss H—, once told a person of my acquaintance, she was so insulted whilst there, that every bit of furniture was taken out of the room she dined in, except two shabby chairs; and the pearl-bracelets, which had been given her by the Prince, were taken from her, to decorate the arms of Lady J—y. Still, had the Princess had the courage which arises from principle, and not that which is merely the offspring of a daring spirit, she would have sat out the storm, and weathered it.

Had this princess been otherwise nurtured and brought up—had she, when first she came to this country, found a husband at once strict and fond—how different a person she might have been! Her good qualities fostered, her evil ones restrained—her mind softened by cultivation, her manners regulated by decorum—what might she not have been? But she came from a court sufficiently base in its principles, to another, where the unfortunate state of the best of monarchs occupied all the thoughts and time of his devoted consort and the royal family, and left her an unprotected prey to the jargon who was the mistress of her husband!—To those who knew the Princess in the first days of her arrival in Britain, and the set by which she was surrounded, it must ever be apparent, that all her subsequent faults and follies admitted of great extenuation.

We find a not very meek-spirited letter, written by the Princess, reflecting upon the Queen—that venerable and proper personage, whom her dutiful son, the Duke of York, used to term, in his *billets-doux* to Mrs Clark, "Old Sally." But indulged sons may take liberties that become heinous crimes in neglected and ill-treated daughters-in-law. To that letter is appended the following note, after an equivocal

expression of regret, that the Princess should have entertained such feelings; or, at any rate, that she should have betrayed them.

The reasons the Princess alleged, though probably groundless, and the mere devices of mischievous persons, were in themselves sufficient to have justified her Royal Highness's dislike, had they been true.

In the first place, the favourite of her husband was sent for, to escort her to this country, (some say by consent of the Q—) and it is further said she gave the Princess the most insidious advice. On a particular occasion, after the birth of Princess Charlotte, she contrived, by a most unfeminine manoeuvre, to render the Prince's first visit to his wife after her lying-in, most unpleasant and disrespectful to his feelings. At Brighton all sorts of tricks, it is alleged, were played off upon the Princess. Spirits were mingled with her beverage, and horses were given her to ride which were dangerous for her to manage, and made her appear ridiculous. Lastly, there was undoubtedly a letter of her Royal Highness's, addressed in confidence to her mother the Duchess of B—, which was opened surreptitiously and carried to the Q—, who read the same, and acted upon its contents. Many other stories are related of the same nature, and of a blacker dye. A belief in these, however devoid of truth in reality, it must be confessed, was quite sufficient to excite an inimical feeling between the royal mother-in-law and her son's wife.

In another place, the author inquires—

Who and what was the woman sent to escort her Royal Highness to England? Was there any attempt made on the part of the Prince to disguise of what nature his connexion was with Lady J—y? None. He took every opportunity of wounding the Princess, by shewing her that Lady J—y was her rival. The ornaments with which he had decked his wife's arms, he took from her and gave to his mistress, who wore them in her presence. He ridiculed her person, and ordered Lady J—y to do so in the most open and offensive manner. And, finally, he wrote to her Royal Highness that he intended never to consider her as his wife—not even though such a misfortune should befall him as the death of his only child.

When the "—" made known this declaration, it does not appear that he assigned any cause of accusation against his wife. He was the first to blame; and when her subsequent follies (for from my heart I believe they never were more than follies) gave him an excuse for his ill treatment of her, it should be remembered what an example of barefaced vice was set before the Princess when she was first married to the Prince. Unfortunately she had not been brought up with a strict sense of moral rectitude or religious principle, in her childhood; neither was the example set her by her father, the Duke of Brunswick, likely to give her just notions of right and wrong. She loved her father, and therefore excused his errors.

While opprobrium was heaped on the Princess of Wales, and the smallest offence against etiquette or propriety which she committed, was magnified into crimes, the Prince of W— ran a career of lawless pleasure, unrebuked, nay, even applauded! How true is the proverb—"One man may steal a horse, and another may not look over a hedge."

The perpetual petty persecutions to which this unfortunate, high-tempered, and perhaps rash woman was subjected, must have been more irritating than the greater injuries and insults often studiously heaped upon her, by every member of the royal family, male and female, with the exception of the King, her uncle, and the Dukes of Kent and Gloucester. Passionate and imprudent, and insensible to the true dignity of the feminine character, as natural disposition, courtly education, and the most trying position had made her, the Princess, with much goodness of heart, of

which we find many little instances recorded, was capable of generosity of feeling, which might have shamed her mean-minded and vindictive husband.

While royal marriages remain what they are, the immoral bond of political expediency, it would be too much to blame either Prince or Princess for failing in conjugal affection. We do not therefore censure the Prince of Wales for not loving and cherishing the woman whom he married as the means of having his profligate debts once more paid by the nation—but because a rancorous, unmanly nature found no medium between indifference and brutality, and led him to hate and persecute the being he had injured and outraged. And why did the strict and decorous Queen Charlotte, that model of the domestic proprieties, submit to the gross and impudent outrage offered to public morals and decency, when the mistress of her son, a bold, intriguing, and abandoned woman, was not only sent to conduct her daughter-in-law into England, but appointed to a high place in her household? The insult offered by Charles II. to Catherine of Braganza, when he insisted that Lady Castlemain should be her principal lady, was trifling in comparison with this. And, indeed, the entire conduct of Charles to his wife, wicked as it was, brightens by comparison with that of George IV., who, to the vices of Charles, added the cold-blooded malignity towards his wife which we find justly imputed to him in this work. It is said, in one place—

It ought to be recorded to the honour of the Princess, that, until she was goaded to madness, she never felt any hatred against the Prince's friends, as such; only against persons who had been her adherents, and turned from her to bow the knee to Baal, did she shew any resentment.

Hypocrisy and dissimulation, the ordinary vices of princes, were not hers. She was even exasperated into the opposite extreme—of a wild and foolhardy defiance of opinion; and foolishly gloried in making people doubt and stare, with a recklessness not unusual in a situation like hers. Lord and Lady Essex dined with her one day, together with Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Hardwicke, Mr Grattan, and others, shortly before she left England. The Lady-in-waiting, or Diarist, says—

I was sorry the Princess did not behave very graciously to the Essexes: she is always committing some fatal mistakes respecting whom she ought to shew favour to, and to whom she ought not; but she said, when they were gone, "I cannot like people who take me up only because they are displeased with the Regent."

A few brief anecdotes will enable the reader to comprehend perfectly one aspect of the mingled character of the Princess, which gave occasion to much misrepresentation.

Her Royal Highness enjoys making people stare, so she gave free vent to her tongue, and said a number of odd things, some of which she thinks and some she does not; but it amuses her to astonish an innocent-minded being, and really such did this old man appear to be. He won her heart upon the whole, however, by paying a compliment to her fine arm, and asking for her glove. Obtaining it, he placed it next his heart, and, declaring it should be found in his tomb, he swore he was of the old school in all things.

This chivalrous old gentleman was the chamberlain of the King of Prussia. After telling that the Princess had one day requested a gentleman to relate some amusing but indecent story, the author, with the air of inconsistency or mock candour which pervades the whole book, remarks:—

It may be said, in excuse for the Princess, that she certainly did not understand English thoroughly; and, in her quest after diversion, encouraged everything which created a laugh, without often knowing the real meaning which excited it.

In another place, we are told that "She had a childishly wicked pleasure in making people think worse of her than she deserved." And, again, "She was that sort of person likely to have resented the imputation of guilt, by acting in such a manner as to suggest notions that she must have been guilty."

This may be the true explanation of some of the very bad and coarse practical jokes in which, like many other royal personages, she indulged, and of some of those sayings which startled the ears of very decorous English people, and at which others hypocritically affected to be shocked. "There may have been a spicing of revenge in her conduct," we are told, "but assuredly, (that is, in my opinion,) there was much of frank jocularity in her indiscretion." She very probably, with less polish, possessed some of those amiable feminine qualities with which Scott has endowed Queen Mary, when her ingenuity was exercised to taunt, provoke, and humiliate her lady-keeper in Lochleven Castle; or of the equally natural recklessness and caprice which Miss Edgeworth has skilfully delineated in the character of the heroine of fashion in "Belinda," who perversely delighted in setting opinion at defiance, especially in her husband's family, and at passing for much worse than she was or could be. This unhappy wilfulness and perversion of character—the consequence of being misunderstood or ill-appreciated, though not, as in the case of the Princess of Wales, treated with injustice and cruelty—ever brings its own punishment to a mind of any feeling.

Any one reading merely the insidious extracts taken by the *Quarterly Review*, regarding the Queen's conduct prior to her marriage, might believe that the royal lady, whose German manners did not square with English ideas, instead of being merely described as a high-spirited hoyden, was represented as a dissolute woman. Now, what is the fact? The Duke of York had informed his *chère amie*, Mrs Clarke, that it was at one time proposed he should marry the Princess of Brunswick; and that he went to see how the land lay, but it seemed, from many things he saw and heard of her, that her ways were not likely to take in England. The conclusion, in the work before us, is, "that the Princess of Wales, before her marriage, was hoydenish, and addicted to practical jokes, and not at all 'adorable' in the eyes of the Duke, whom, by the way, she always spoke of (that is, Mrs Clarke said) as naturally subject to *mauvais honte*." The Princess was not well fitted to play the grand rôle, which a very inferior personage might have enacted with

the utmost decorum. "Poor woman! she's endeavouring to be a lady," said an old gentleman to our author, in seeing the Princess pass to her carriage; and the author philosophically remarks—"Yet surely there is no moral crime in the manifestation of natural character." In princes and courts, it is ever deemed a crime, and, moreover, a danger of the greatest magnitude, to drop the mask. The Princess could assume dignity, but it was not her habitual demeanour. She loved amusement, wearied of the formality and dulness of "good society;" and, latterly, liked the company of those who could banish, though but momentarily, the bitter and ever-gnawing recollection of her humiliations and misery. Some one, one night, at a pleasant supper party at Kensington Palace, ventured to hint that morning was at hand. "Ah," said the Princess—"God, he knows when we may all meet again. To tell you God's truth, when I am happy and comfortable, I could sit on for ever!" There was heaviness in her mirth, and everybody seemed to feel it; so they sat on. Just as the party rose, a thunder-bolt burst near the house. The gentlemen returned, and said, that the sentinel on duty had been knocked down.

"Ah!" said the Princess, undismayed but solemnly—"this forbodes my downfall," and she shook her head; then rallying, she desired Sir H. Englefield to take especial notice of this meteoric phenomenon, and give an account of it in the "Philosophical Transactions;"—which he did.

The Princess of Wales had the merit of choosing her society well. Carlton House had its own set—courtiers, debauchees, and toadies, of all descriptions, and of both sexes; while at her table, we find—with a thin sprinkling of those of the nobility, too elevated in mind to become, in all things, sycophants to the Regent—many men illustrious in science, literature, or art. She even derived some reflected honour from the character of her imputed gallants and lovers, in her early days. They were, among others, Sir Sidney Smith, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Captain Manby, and Mr Canning—all of them men distinguished from the vulgar herd, by acquirements and accomplishments. When her reputation was cleared up, by what was divertingly called the *Delicate Investigation*, and her lovers, of course, acquitted with herself—her acquittal, we are here reminded, "to the disgrace of all parties concerned, as well as to the justice of the nation in general, was not made public at the time." She resolved, about this time, to publish her correspondence with the Prince, relative to Lady Jersey, and wished to employ the Diarist as her agent. The idea was afterwards abandoned. The Princess seems ever to have cherished too indignant a sense of injury, while she unwisely, like many proud and honourable persons, disdained to stoop to explanation.

A letter from Monk Lewis describes, to Lady Charlotte Campbell, the manner of life of her future royal mistress, just before she entered the service of the Princess. It is dated from Holland House, which house was, at one time,

neither favourable to the Princess of Wales, nor much in her good graces. Lewis says—

I have lately seen a good deal of your future mistress, and I am persuaded of her possessing many estimable qualities. She is extremely good-humoured and obliging, and seems very much attached to the persons in whose favour she conceives a prepossession. She is by no means *exigante*; at the same time, no little attention is lost upon her. She seems grateful for the slightest indications of good-will towards her, (probably, poor soul! the ill treatment which she has at times received since her arrival in this country has made them doubly acceptable to her,) and she is generous, indeed I may say profuse, in her manner of returning it. She reads a great deal, and buys all new books; is very fond of music and the play; has boxes at the Opera and both the theatres, which her Royal Highness attends frequently. She has concerts often at the palace, with the best performers; is fond of having persons of distinction at her table, either for rank or for political and literary merits; and I need not tell, that her ladies are all most agreeable persons. Lady Glenbervie and Lady C. Lindsay are *pâtissières d'esprit*, and Lady — will please you infinitely.

He proceeds to congratulate Lady Charlotte on her appointment. See her own note:—

There was a time when there was a galaxy of distinguished persons who sat at the Princess's board, and when the nobles of the land flocked to her parties. What changed the whole scene? Was it any particular novel occurrence in the Princess's own conduct? I have been assured by an eye-witness it was not. The pivot of her fortunes turned upon the deposition of George III. from his regal power, and the consequent succession of the Prince of Wales. The very instant the King's malady was declared to be incurable—as if some sorcerer's wand had waved over the fate of the Princess, to cast her in *this world* into the blackness of darkness—she was cast down from her high estate, and deprived of all that could make life valuable. She struggled on for a time: but she was goaded to madness and despair, and her enemies prevailed.

So vindictive are all members of the R— F— in their feelings towards her, even to this day, that nothing would induce them to have any person in their households who had ever been about the Princess. No *worldling* ever served her Royal Highness; and even those who were personally attached to her, and felt her wrongs, were at last compelled, one by one, to leave her service.

We have our own opinion as to no *worldling* ever having served her Royal Highness. None, at least, continued to serve her. There is, in this book, considerable thinly-veiled jealousy betrayed of Lady Anne Hamilton. That lady did not always make herself so agreeable to the Princess as other more insinuating members of her household. "She wanted tact," and sometimes presumed to meddle, to find fault, and give her opinion openly—different from our author, who says, "as advice could do her [the Princess] no good, and only harm myself, I laid it down as a rule of conduct never to offer it." Besides, a "natural suavity of manners and temper" sometimes induces the Diarist "to gloss over sentiments to which a more bold frame of mind would express its dislike and abhorrence." Disapprobation was reserved, to be confided to the "Diary," and, in the fulness of time, to the public. Lady Anne Hamilton—whose heroic fidelity to her royal mistress, whatever might be the faults, frailties, or guilt of that unfortunate woman, will ever remain the theme of praise, while honour and good-faith have power over the human heart—is affectedly pitied, and grudgingly

eulogized, in a style quite worthy of Mrs Candour.

Poor Lady A. H. has been very unjustly condemned—for she intended to do right, though she was always doing wrong. A spirit of intrigue and petty concealment, and a false idea of prudence, prevented that open uprightness of character, which walks erect through the world, and defies slander, because it has no little mean interests to serve. Nevertheless, it will be told of this lady hereafter, that she underwent all the contumely and all the opprobrium of the last public scenes of her unfortunate and misguided mistress, and never left her person in life, or her insulted remains, till they were deposited in the grave, where all things are forgotten. This moral courage on the part of Lady H., by which she could get little or nothing to compensate for the odium it entailed upon her, will be done justice to at last, and will cover a thousand little defects of meaner kind, the growth, it may be, of timidity, of a false idea of doing good—*que scit-je ?* of a littleness of conception, which, after all, was strangely contrasted in the same character with a greatness, during the last scenes of the historic tragedy in which she was a figurante, that will ultimately reverse the judgment which has been too hastily pronounced upon her:—*mais tout ou tard tout se scit*; and the public award is generally just at the last—though often too tardily so, to affect beneficially the happiness of the person on whom sentence is passed.

The Princess was wont, in pleasantry, to call Lady Anne, *Jeanned'Arc*, and she proved her title to the name. But who, save the Regent's minions, has ever blamed Lady Anne, whose opinion was worthy one moment's consideration? Surely our author cannot take into account the base creatures who originated that shameless, scurrilous, and impudently false journal, of which the avowed purpose was libelling and lampooning every respectable and modest woman who ventured to countenance the persecuted wife of the King. To Lady Anne Hamilton, Walter Scott dedicated one of his beautiful early poems. Alas! that, even of him—the courtly *Troubadour*, the poet of chivalry—the Lady-in-waiting should have too good cause to say—

Walter Scott!—There is a magic in the name, which arrests the pen, and almost makes it sacrilege to write one word which can disparage the chivalric character of his glorious memory! But truth must be told:—he behaved ill to a woman!—and that woman her who was to be his queen! From having literally sat at her feet—from having, in one of the most spirited of his songs, expressed devotion to her cause, he suddenly veered round to the Regent, and never after testified the slightest remembrance of his having once courted her favour.—Verily he had his reward.

The pitiful tricks and means, the despicable arts fallen upon, to torment and annoy the Princess of Wales, and give an evil and false appearance to her purest and to her simplest actions, may appear incredible to those unversed in the ways of courts and courtly creatures. We may select one or two specimens.

Saturday, 16th.—The Princess told me a strange circumstance, which has lately come to her knowledge—namely, that the editor of the *Star*, a Scotchman,* whose name she forgot, told Lord Perceval, that, when the paragraph announcing the publication of *The Letters* came out, Mr Macmahon went to the editor of the *Star*, and, giving him a scurrilous piece of abuse about the Princess, desired him to put it in his paper. The former refused, saying it was actionable; and then Mr Macmahon offered any sum to the man, to bribe him, which he equally

spurned and rejected. What meanness! How these histories make one feel the littleness of human beings!

This was in the year 1812. We need not remind our readers of what palace Colonel or Mr Macmahon was an inmate. In one of the Princess's letters, in which she complains very naturally of the fatigue and ennui occasioned by dull company, she observes—“My usual resource, on this occasion, is to shew them the great apartments and the rarities they contain. At last, (everything, alas! ends,) we were obliged to take to another resource, which was walking in the great avenue.” The fiendish nature of her persecutors, is seen in the note appended to this extract:—

This was a circumstance which her Royal Highness's enemies laid hold of to turn to her disadvantage, and the newspapers of the day found great fault with the Princess for taking her guests into those apartments, and insinuated that they were the scenes of improper conduct, being but partially lighted; whereas, her Royal Highness only took her company there when she had no other means of entertaining them. Thus was she often falsely accused; and, *unfortunately for her own welfare*, (though I think, in many instances, it speaks well for her character,) *the Princess of Wales did not heed what interpretation her enemies put on her actions*.

At one time, her Royal Highness wished to purchase the lease of a house in London, which she thought would suit her for a winter residence, as she felt that season dismal at Blackheath. Clinging, poor creature, to every straw that promised relief to her misery, she wrote, in high spirits, probably to her Lady-in-waiting, about the conclusion of the bargain. Her letters, often faulty in their English, though wonderful, even in this respect, for a German Princess, are frequently remarkable for ease, pleasantry, and natural grace. She writes—

“I shall in future be called ‘Queen Margaret in her sequestered bower,’ my dear —, and you will be the fair Rosamond living with me in that bower. The short and the long of this is, blessed dear old Lady Reid be, for her good taste! I think her *house perfection*, and to-day, I believe, the contract will be signed. Some of the rooms which I have chosen for my own use are extremely dirty; but with soap and water and brushing, and a little painting, I shall make them look well. The two drawing-rooms and the dining-room are truly magnificent old rooms, which would do credit to any old manor-house in Scotland. I have taken it for seven years, as it was impossible to take it for less; but, in case my situation should change before that period, I can let it whenever I please. It is no more than *eight hundred pounds a-year*, which is extremely cheap: it is like a complete villa in the midst of *town*, as you know that Curzon Street, May Fair, is close to Stanhope Gate, and the other to Piccadilly, which will make it very easy for my friends to come. I hope in ten days I shall be able to live in it.”

Will it be believed, that measures were taken to prevent the executors of Lady Reid from giving her Royal Highness the lease of this residence, by those who were inimical to her coming to London. Upon the other hand, she was advised by Mr Brougham not to leave Kensington Palace, as a pretext was only wanted to turn her out of it altogether, and deprive her of the contingent advantages of inhabiting a royal residence. The Regent was now omnipotent; and the baseness of his courtiers, and of those who wished to pay court, and the subservience of his

* Query.—Mr Mayne, author of “The Siller Gun?”

advisers, could scarcely have gone farther in the most despotie state.

The most heinous charge brought against her Royal Highness, in the Diary, is her connexion with the *Sapios*. It is a confused, contradictory, and unintelligible statement, and would scarcely be worth noticing, save for the malicious uses made of it in the *Quarterly Review*. At one time, the reader would imagine the connexion of the most disreputable and guilty kind; at another, that, in her musical intercourse with these accomplished and rapacious fiddling foreigners, the Princess only sought an unsafe relaxation from the cares and tedium of her life, in the agreeable exercise of her own musical talents; while the beggar-pride of some of her ladies disdained the low association. The last notice we have of this affair, is in a note appended to some letters, evidently written by the Lady-in-waiting herself, and describing the Princess' manner of life. The note states—

The foregoing letter reveals much of the Princess's life, and shews what annoyances her attendants had to submit to, in seeing her degrade herself by associating with such individuals as the *S—s*; yet, in this letter, which is evidently written in perfect confidence, (and the writer would, therefore, not have hesitated to tell, if there had been more to tell,) there is nothing which criminales the Princess. In this private communication, as in all others, she is only proved guilty of folly, of a partiality to low company, and of being totally incapable of putting any restraint on the whims which came into her head.

This being the final verdict of the Diarist, and it being evident that there was often a desperate and reckless affectation of gaiety in the conduct of the Princess, the wild mirth of despair, we may now look to the vague and varying charges on which so much is founded, or rather insinuated. The *Sapios*, then first fiddles, and the younger one an exquisite singer, appear to have been introduced to her Royal Highness, by Lady Perceval. They were also connected, as teachers, with a school at Lee, which had been established and was patronised by Lady Anne Hamilton. The Princess had always been in the habit of having eminent professional singers and musicians at her parties, though her Lady or Lord-in-waiting treats her musical taste in the most insolent and contemptuous way. "It is a custom to have musicians, in order that it may be said, She has had a concert. *Cats* would do just as well. Thursday, May 19.—In the evening, singing and playing—' *Vivent les beaux Arts!*' May 31.—There has been less music lately, and the *musicants* have been less with her. I am afraid, or rather I ought to rejoice, that she has not found that society quite congenial."

This society appears to have been continued only during the summer and autumn of 1813.

We now come to the head and front of this grave matter, which the Quarterly Reviewer, by the aid of judicious omissions, dashes, blanks, and capital, and Italic types, makes look formidable enough. It is necessary to keep in mind, that the Diarist, or Lady Charlotte Campbell, is the only authority for the facts ostensibly

communicated as if by one individual, and narrated by another.

The poor Princess is going on headlong to her ruin. Every day she becomes more imprudent in her conduct, more heedless of propriety and the respect she owes to herself. The society she is now surrounded by, is disgraceful.

Yesterday, when I dined with her Royal Highness, the old *ouran outang* [old *Sapio*] was there, and they sung together for some time, and, after that, the Princess set off with Lady —, to go to the vile *Maison de Plaisance*, or rather *de Nuisance*. It consists of two damp holes, that have no other merit than being next to the S. Kennel. I was shewn all over, or half over, this abominable place, and then dismissed. Lady — told me to-day that she was left to chew the cud of her reflection for several hours. She said, that she tried "to spit them out, for that truly they were neither nutritive nor sweet." She read one of Madame de Stael's *Petits Romans*, which I had lent her, and which she told me had given her great pleasure. Madame de Stael's *Essai sur les Fictions* delights me particularly; for every word in it is a beautified echo of my own feelings. Lady — told me the Princess was not content with being *next door* to the Kennel, but she would go into it; and there she was introduced to a new brother and sister-in-law of the L—s. Alas! what company for her to associate with! Lady — said she felt very distressed at seeing her royal mistress there; and thought the mother of the Princess felt so too, for that the latter neither wants feeling nor sense. After two hours of *music*, i. e. *charivari*, the Princess returned back again to the other hole, and supped *à-à-à-à* with Lady —; this, at least, was an appearance kept up; but Lady — is terrified, for the Princess talked of sleeping at the "cottage." Her Royal Highness's servants are infuriated, and there is no saying how long their fidelity may hold out.

The Princess, in ignorance or defiance of propriety, had actually deigned to go into the musical people's house, and to enjoy two hours of music in their "*kennel*," in spite of her Lady-in-waiting's secret displeasure—for that lady never ventured remonstrance or advice, "which could only harm herself"—and in contempt of the etiquette which forms so much of the morality of princes. The Quarterly Reviewer, first quoting as much of the above as suits his sinister purpose, gives the first sentence in a page or two afterwards, and he adds, after the words, "the society she is now surrounded by is *disgraceful*," (putting the emphatic word in Italic characters,) "And then follows the account of one of the *night visits* to 'the abominable place;'" that visit being the identical, not night, but evening one, the account of which we have quoted, and which the reviewer also had quoted in the page immediately preceding! Can anything like this be paralleled, in a publication claiming the character of being fair or respectable? Lady Charlotte Campbell—with whom, by the way, "abominable" is a favourite epithet, applied now to the Steyne at Brighton, now to the proceedings of the House of Lords in relation to Queen Caroline—has done her part to draw suspicion upon her mistress, which she a hundred times disclaims feeling herself; but the reviewer has overtopped it. Thus, he says, "While she [the Princess] was spending her evenings in the *Sapio 'kennel'*, her political advisers were penning letters to the Regent," &c. &c.; this charge being grounded on two hours of a single evening having been spent in what the individuals engaged called music performed in a cottage, but which

Lady Charlotte, who thought the whole business low and disgraceful to royalties, is pleased to term "*charivari* in a kennel." In another place, the Reviewer as wilfully and malignantly distorts the obvious meaning of the words of the Diarist, and out of her mouth draws a condemnation of Queen Caroline, on whose defence she has entered elaborately, and on the very ground of her defence. When, in April 1816, she joined her Royal Highness at Genoa, she observes, in a few days—

I have never been able to detect any impropriety of manner, or even familiarity, towards the *Courier* *xv*, but I live in fear every moment of having the *harrid* stories confirmed before my eyes. I should far rather go on doubting than be convinced of their truth. The rascal—for such I am sure he is in the way of cheating Her Royal Highness—is very handsome. I have never hitherto observed anything with regard to him, as I DID WITH THE SINGERS.

The emphatic capitals and Italics we borrow from the Reviewer. They do not belong to Lady Charlotte, though her calumnious entry is sufficiently offensive, and, coupled with her after vindication of the Queen on this particular charge, also ridiculous. She never says another word to vindicate the Reviewer's emphatic *xv*; but concludes, "I hope the whole is a lie," which hope it serves his purpose to omit.

We begin to repent of the little which we have said in extenuation of Lady Charlotte Campbell's treachery to her mistress, when we read such entries as this, preceding the paragraph of which the Reviewer has made so dishonest a use:—

Her Royal Highness received Lady Charlotte Campbell [the writer] with open arms, and evident pleasure, and without any flurry. She had no rouge on, wore tidy shoes, was grown rather thinner, and looked altogether uncommonly well.

She has heaped benefits on Lady C. —, and sent her a thousand ducats in hard cash as soon as she arrived. Lady C. — told me this, and spoke with gratitude and affection towards our poor mistress, though she confessed that it was painful to owe gratitude where esteem could not cancel the debt. "Yes," added Lady C. —, "I hope my services are of some use to her Royal Highness, and that the balance is pretty even on the score of obligation."

We cannot help turning from this with extreme disgust. If there ever was any gratitude and affection due, as this would intimate, Lady C. C. has strangely discharged the debt. One might fancy, from the way in which she talks of the Princess giving "shabby presents," and, perhaps—for it amounts to no more than conjecture—bestowing money on "the singers," that her Ladyship thought it wrong to let any *solid gifts* go out of the household. She is evidently jealous of, as well as furious at, these Sapios. Whether she really means to say that the Princess would have sold all her plate, &c. &c., to give the price to them—and we think her words do not bear out any such thing—the Reviewer charitably clutches at such a meaning, in citing this passage:—

He [Mr Gell] talked of a gentleman who sings divinely, and who is very handsome and agreeable, and wished to be allowed to be presented to her Royal Highness; at which I saw the Princess quite furious—a rival Squallini! mercy upon us—what should we do? how should we dare to listen to any other music than that of *the one*

par excellence? In short, nobody is to come into the house but Squallinis. She told me she should sell all her plate, all her toilette ornaments given her by the King, everything, in short, which she could convert into money—for money she must have.

Money, like all Royal Highnesses, she sometimes wanted; perhaps she might even have made some shift to obtain the above thousand ducats; as we are told that, shortly before this, she had at Naples sold some of her diamonds to assist another false and dangerous friend, evidently Lady Oxford. The Reviewer, as usual, stops short in his quotation, before the suspicion awakened can be removed by simple explanation; for the Diarist goes on to state that her Royal Highness had been complaining of "money grievances." What follows, of the *epithalamium* to be written by Campbell, the murder of the Regent, and the *Fiddler King*, with Lady Charlotte Campbell and Lady Charlotte Lindsay as ladies of his Court, is evidently a jest—a bitter one, and not in the best taste, but impossible to be mistaken in its character:—

She is absolutely infatuated, she even talks of marrying again—but never till she has tried the favoured mortal, and made him pass five times through the fiery furnace of constancy and truth: there is an ordeal for you!—it is more truly an ordeal than Miss Adair's. To kill the Regent, then go abroad with a court of her own making, of which the fiddler is to be king, is her favourite plan; Campbell is to write the *epithalamium*, and Lady C. L. — and Lady C. C. —, the two favourites, are to be the ladies of the bedchamber—and

"Don't you think this will be delightful?" she asks me. Writing these notes, though they are never to meet any eye but my own—seems to me unamiable, for I am more than overwhelmed with kindness. Though the Princess was playing at chess with Lord Palmerston, she overheard every word I said, and that was not agreeable, though, in fact, I said nothing that was of any consequence. . . . She cannot now bear to be in good society: she calls it *dull*; and, true enough, *good society* is often dull. . . .

The Princess is always seeking amusement, and, unfortunately, often at the expense of prudence and propriety. —She cannot endure a dull person: she has often said to me, "I can forgive any fault but that; and the anathema she frequently pronounces upon such persons is—"Mine G—! dat is de dullest person G— Almighty ever did born!"

The Lady-in-waiting—who, feelingly, and not without cause, laments the miserable slavery of all persons attendant on royal personages, while the great ones are at least equally to be pitted—seems to have been in very bad humour about this time—suspicious and evil-minded. Everything at Kensington was "bad," and "dull," and "intolerable;" and there, for her salary's sake, she was constrained to be. Thus she gets on:—"The Princess made many complaints of *La reine des Ostrogoths*, and long histories about the *Squallinis* and the *Grimas*, that really disgusted me—if she likes busying herself with such objects, I do not. The old ouran outang came to dinner—think of him, *pour tout bien*, more free and easy and detestable than ever. Then her Royal Highness sang—squally—squally, why invite me?"

The ouran outang is the elder Sapio; the younger is usually named *Chanticleer*. She at last dares to explain the nature of the con-

nexion, but not until the evil impression has been given:—

Her Royal Highness made a party to go to a small cottage which she had taken in the neighbourhood of Bayswater, where she could feel herself unshackled by all the restraints of royalty and etiquette; there she received a set of persons wholly unfit to be admitted to her society. It is true, that, since the days of Mary of Scotland, (when Rizzio sang in the Queen's closet,) and in the old time before her, all royal persons have delighted in some small retired place or apartment, where they conceived themselves at liberty to cast off the cares of their high station, and descend from the pedestal of power and place, to taste the sweets of private life. But, in all similar cases, this attempt to be what they were not, has only proved injurious to them—every station has its price—its penalty. Princes and Princesses must live for the public.

From whatever I do remember in tale or history, these princes have become despicable, and finally lost, who gave themselves up to favouritism and all its attendant unworthiness; and, by the Princess especially, a more unwise or foolish course could not have been pursued, than this imitation of her unfortunate Sister Queen, of France. All the follies, though not the eloquence and splendour of Trianon, were aped in the rural retreat of Bayswater!—and the Princess's foes were not backward at seizing upon this circumstance, and turning it (as well they might) to effect her downfall. As far as regards this world only, it is much more frequently imprudence than actual crime which finally hurls people to their destruction.

This leads to the one evening spent there, described above, and which is all we hear of. The Reviewer, in quoting this passage, leaves out all about Trianon. The follies of the sainted Marie Antoinette are sacred.—Caroline of Brunswick is common property. Who would imagine that, in a few days after such dark and woful doings at "the Kennel," we should find it resolved into the ordinary squabbles of petty courts:—

"Oh! my dear —," resumed the Princess, after a short pause, "there is all sort of tracasseries at Lee." Of that I had no doubt.—Such jealousies and quarrellings!—Lady Anne fighting with Lady Perceval—the one supporting the Sapios, the other, that is Lady Anne, wishing to turn them out of the seminary; then the young Miss Guin making love to the young captain; and the old man in a fury, and the young lover mighty cool.

The Princess of Wales, though she did "squall" occasionally "till one o'clock in the morning," was otherwise engaged at this time:—

Her Royal Highness shewed me Mr Brougham's letter, which she is copying, that it may go to the Prince. It is a most capital letter, setting forth her wrongs; and, providing the basis be solid upon which it is founded, her cause must be secure. No petulance, no anger, but dignity, tenderness, and propriety.

That letter produced a strong effect in the country. The Princess was at the height of her popularity; and the Regent never stirred abroad but to be neglected or hissed. She had, for the moment, triumphed over her enemies, whether in court, camp, or council. From the numerous congratulatory letters addressed to her ladies, a few extracts are given. The addresses of societies and of public bodies were a higher triumph. Yet, it is said, with true womanly spite—

May 10th, 1813.—After all these triumphs, we are only making a charivari upon an old tin tea kettle of a harpichord.

It was one o'clock in the morning before I was dismissed.—O ye gods and green geese! I wish I was one upon a goose green, instead of a court!

Friday 14th.—Yesterday came Sir J. Owen, with the Pembrokehire address. He is a well-looking young man. The Princess went through the ceremony with great dignity, and did the whole thing very well. Why does she not always so? I was present at a visit her Royal Highness paid the Duchess of Leinster, when she took a china cup to her, which her Royal Highness said had belonged to her mother, who was a friend of hers. What a magnificent old lady!

On Saturday, the 15th, came the Sheffield address. That night I dined at Blackheath, and sat up till two o'clock in the morning. The Princess read some of Mirabeau's letters of the private history of the Court of Berlin; but every now and then laid down the book, to talk of the personages mentioned therein, according to her own version of the story. This she did very well, and was extremely entertaining.

In a few weeks afterwards, the Diary bears that

Chanticleer has been fairly driven off his dunghill. Lady — [herself] does not know how this has been effected; but that it has is certain, thank heaven! Only, I fear, that, if *Chanticleer's wings are clipped*, they will grow again; and if *his neck is twisted*, some other dunghill-bird will roost on the same perch—and it is not only disgraceful that the Princess should have lived in intimacy with such persons as the S—s, but they have extracted so much money from her, that, had their reign continued longer, she would have been greatly embarrassed. All Mr H— has said to me on this melancholy subject, starts up and stares me in the face with damning truth. Even were there the excuse, though a bad one, of supposing *her heart interested* in any one person, I could forgive—nay, feel sympathy with her Royal Highness: but, taking pleasure merely in the admiration of low persons, is beneath her dignity as a woman, not to mention her rank and station.

So, after all, "her heart was not interested," only her vanity. But the Lady-in-waiting is not yet quite sure, and, ever prone to suspect the worst, she has frequent relapses; as this:—

Wednesday.—The Princess drove to Lady Perceval's, and dined there yesterday. Chanticleer was there. It was curious to see how she thought she *hid matters* from Lady P—. The latter is a weak intriguing woman, who seems to me to be a mere convenience, but can see as far into a millstone as another, especially such a broad *barefaced* one.

To-day, I went to Blackheath, by command. Her Royal Highness was in a low, gentle humour. I walked round her melancholy garden with her, and she made me feel quite sorry for her when she cried, and said it was all her own creation—meaning the garden and shrubbery, &c., but that now she must leave it for ever, for that she had not money to keep a house at Blackheath and one in London also; and that the last winter she had passed there had been so very dreary, she could not endure the thought of keeping such a one again. I did not wonder at this. All the time I staid and walked with her Royal Highness, she cried, and spoke with a desolation of heart that really made me sorry for her, and yet, at the end of our conversation, poor soul, she smiled, and an expression of resignation, even of content, irradiated her countenance as she said, "I will go on hoping for happier days. Do you think I *may*?" she asked me.

And this poor creature could be blamed for sometimes trying to sing away her sense of misery! Her personal danger from her enemies seems to have reached an overweening height in the minds of some of her foreign friends. It is stated, of her mother's lady—

I saw Madame de H—e; I think she is a good and an upright woman. Heavens! what an opinion she has of the Princess! She told me she dreamt the other night, that her Royal Highness's carriage was fired at, going down a lane, and that she was shot in the back. Madame

de H— and I agreed on the impropriety of her Royal Highness exposing her person as she does, without attendants, in lanes and by-ways near Kensington and at Blackheath.

Thursday.—Lady — was sent to the cottage, to fetch away books, &c., which had been left there. She heard that Chanticleer was ill—amiable distress, interesting denouement! I dined at Kensington. There was no one besides the Princess, except Lady —; we dined off mutton and onions, and I thought Lady — would have degobbled with the coarseness of the food, and the horror of seeing the Princess eat to satiety: afterwards, her Royal Highness walked about Paddington Fields, making Lady — and myself follow. These walks are very injudiciously chosen as to time and place, though perfectly innocent, and taken for no other purpose than for the pleasure of doing an extraordinary thing. It was almost dark when the Princess returned home in the evening.

How could a Royal Highness, so low in taste as to dine off plain mutton and onions, and take rural strolls, be either understood or pardoned by a high-born lady-in-waiting, who accordingly finds some wrong motive for the simplest action. Indeed, evil was ever uppermost in her mind:—*"Sunday.*—The Princess went to Lady Percival's, where Lady — says there is no amusement; it must be, therefore, that this intimacy is kept up for past reasons, not present pleasure—a sad consideration."

How could this woman, for her own sake, write thus maliciously and invidiously, and immediately afterwards—"I was for several days much alarmed by a change that I saw in the shape of the Princess' figure, and I could not help imparting the terrible fear I felt to Lady —. She also had noticed it; but I was much relieved by her telling me she knew for certain it was only caused by the Princess having left off stays, a custom which she is very fond of; and she ought to be warned not to indulge in this practice, for it might give rise to reports exceedingly injurious to her character."

Was a person in this frame of mind fitted to observe fairly, or to give impartial testimony?

The Allied Sovereigns about this time visited England, and the affronts and mortifications daily offered to the Princess became such as no woman of ordinary sensibility could have endured.

A pretext had, by this time, been found to separate her wholly from her daughter, who had previously been permitted occasionally to visit her. The ill-managed young Princess, in spite of the vigilance of governesses, and aunts, and grandmother, had found means to enter into a foolish, girlish correspondence with, it would seem, her cousin, Captain Fitzclarence, which it was impossible that her mother could either have known or sanctioned. When this affair was discovered, the Princess of Wales, however, naturally took part with her child, who had ever to her been affectionate and devoted. She, in brief, might attempt to palliate a past folly which she must have condemned. Her child was her last hope, and she repented, as we have seen in the case of Mr. Gravelle, injuries done to her unprotected daughter, which she despised when offered to herself. But, to return to the affair.

It is said—"The Princess of Wales, on the contrary, behaved very foolishly in this business; and it gave a handle to her enemies to represent to the Regent that she ought not to be allowed indiscriminate intercourse with her daughter. They took a fiendish pleasure in laying hold of this or any other plausible pretext to separate the Princess from her child."

The Quarterly Reviewer rests the complete vindication of the total separation of the unfortunate mother and her equally unfortunate child, upon this "behaving foolishly," as if the Princess had really approved or abetted an imprudence of which she must have been entirely ignorant. Princess Charlotte seems to have written, clandestinely no doubt, and to have sent messages to her mother; but, for many months, they had not met, when, in a fit of pride and anger, the young lady fled from her state-prison of Warwick House, and sought the protection of her mother. The Princess of Wales, acting, for once surely, with dignified submission to her husband, yielded up her daughter and her last hope in England. She had, by this time, made up her mind to leave that country, boasting of its free institutions and its high morality, which had, for twenty-three years, been to her the scene of unvarying injuries and humiliations, and in which she had encountered more baseness and treachery than had ever before, in peaceful times, fallen to the lot of princes, born as they are to generate moral depravity in those around them, and to suffer by it.

But, before entering upon the last of her injuries, previous to leaving this country, we may as well dismiss the Sapios. This is the last of them:—"Old Sapio dined at Connaught House. I was sorry to meet him there again, as I had hoped never to do so. The Princess treats him with a comical mixture of protection and scorn, which is very unlike what she ought to do in either way."

We may notice that the Diarist is still more uncharitable to the daughter than to the mother; but her curious account of the imperious temper and bold character of the Princess Charlotte, may be taken more effectually afterwards. The Allied Sovereigns were now in the country; London was a scene of gaiety, festivity, and triumph; while the proud, unhappy Princess secretly pined in neglect, longing for the slightest mark of attention from any one of those politic and mean-minded crowned persons. The age of chivalry, indeed! The Emperor of Russia had, at one time, intended to visit her; but, we are told, "It is publicly known the R—t sent over Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt with a private message to the Emperor of Russia, desiring him to take no notice of the Princess on his arrival in England. Whether or not the Emperor is weak enough, or politic enough, to choose to submit to this dictatorial order, will soon be known."

Again, it is said, that, when the Emperor was actually stepping into his carriage to visit her Royal Highness, a message, or mandate, brought

by Liverpool or Castlereagh, implored him not to go; and the Autocrat yielded to the Regent, No wonder that it is said—

It is difficult to conceive any man's being so mean as to persecute a woman in every trivial circumstance, in the manner the R—t did the Princess, only that, in looking at the conduct of mankind, there is as much littleness to be observed in the male character as there is in the female. No man likes his wife to be considered as anything, when he chooses to consider her as nothing.

It is shameful how our Regent is kicking the dust in the poor Princess of Wales' face. There are moments when her wrongs make all her errors forgotten. There is that little vile Prince of Wirtemberg, *her own nephew*, who has never been to see her. White's club is to give a great ball and fête; and they have given tickets to the Regent, that he may invite the *royal family*, and this on purpose to avoid asking the Princess. Was there ever anything so shameful?

Several days, she, poor woman, had dressed herself, in sickening hope of the Emperor's visit, for which, she said, she would have given her "ears, ugly as they were." His diplomatic sister, the Duchess of Oldenburgh, who was much with the Princess Charlotte, gave the latter frequent hopes that she would visit her poor mother: and many messages to that effect were sent by the daughter. But the Duchess followed the universal example. Even the philosophic and *soi-disante* independent Madame de Stael, was mean enough to avoid the unfortunate woman, whose only crime, at this period, was her husband's hatred. She treated this slight with proper spirit, setting down Madame de Stael as a time-serving woman, which, in this instance, she certainly was. We are told—

Madame de Stael did go with the torrent. She would not know the Princess, and paid the most servile court to the Regent, after she had once prevailed on him to visit her *first*, in her lodgings in George Street: she insisted upon this unusual compliment being paid her, and she carried her point. The Prince did visit her in her lodgings; it is reported that she treated him cavalierly, and spoke in a strain of personal praise, which was too strong for his taste, particularly dwelling on the beauty of the form of his legs, but saying very little to him of the glories of his country, or the powers of his mind. The interview was not supposed to be pleasant to either party; nevertheless, Madame de Stael continued her adulatory conduct to the Prince.

And, in a letter written by the Princess, it is said—

"I understand that Madame De Stael has been much offended at the Regent not inviting her the evening Louis XVIII. was at Carlton House. She now laments much that she never came to pay me a visit, and sacrificed me entirely to pay her court to him. She is a very time-serving person. She is going to Paris immediately. A long letter of congratulation was written by her to Louis XVIII., and paying all possible compliments, after having abused them, and done the Bourbons all the mischief in her power. She is a very worldly person, and it is no loss whatever to me never to have made her acquaintance. I shall return to my little antebell next Saturday, the 30th, and shall feel myself much more comfortable, and not so damp, as in my present habitation, and to live like 'La dame de qualité qui s'est retirée du monde.'"

"I could be very well and very comfortable in a fine warm climate, and liberty into the bargain. I came to the royal manège on Tuesday, the 19th, not from idle want of variety, but from duty mixed with very little inclination to be civil to the very uncivilized society of the metropolis. The following day I had a great dinner

of twenty people. The chief objects in the picture were the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia, and the Greys, Lansdownes, Cowpers, &c. In the evening every one who left their names at Connaught House, though many repeated of their civility, and sent shilly-shally excuses for not attending the party. Thank God, the dreadful here was over by twelve o'clock; the curtain dropped, and I retired in the green-room to my solitary den. The other three days I saw nobody except the Prince Condé, who was the only gentleman who shewed the least urbanity in taking leave of me.

"You may easily imagine I have not seen the Duchess of Oldenburgh, and I have also no curiosity to see a *Kalmuck* face. I shall have to-day Mr Canning's party to dinner, which will enable me to get a *frank* for all this random of mine."

Among those who strove to propitiate the Prince Regent, by affronting his wife, was Lady Elizabeth Foster, second Duchess of Devonshire, of whom that singular story of imposing an heir on a noble house, is again told, of which, we daresay, the world is, by this time, tired. With the question of her guilt or innocence in this matter, we do not interfere; but one might have presumed that pride of sex, if no nobler motive, would have saved at least one lady of high rank from that universal abjectness which, for a season, left the feelings of loyalty and generosity almost exclusively to the lower orders. This intriguing lady acted, it is said, as sort of Minister of England to the Pope; and we are told—

One of the occasions on which she exercised her sway over the Pope was, when the Queen Caroline (which she was then become) returned to Rome the last time, on her way back to England. The Duchess prevented his Holiness from shewing Her Majesty the smallest civility; and he refused her a guard of honour, or any of the honours due to her rank. It was a weak and servile trait of character in Pius VI. to allow himself to change his conduct toward the Queen, whom he had formerly received with so much courtesy; but Cardinal Gonzalvi it was who probably regulated him in this, as in most other points; and he was, as is well-known, subject to the Duchess of —, who was desperately in love with the Cardinal. Whenever she saw him approach, her whole frame was in trepidation; and no girl of fifteen ever betrayed a more romantic passion for her lover than did this distinguished, but then antiquated lady, for the Cardinal. It is to be doubted whether he returned the tender passion, but his idea of the Duchess' consequence at the English Court induced him to "*se laisser aimer*."

How entertaining these whims of the ancient Ladyships would be, were they not generally so heartless!

The conduct of the English Cabinet, at this period, was as disgraceful as that of the Regent was vindictive. Hatred seemed to have changed the little that ever was good or manly in his nature into a sort of diabolical frenzy; and this odious passion in him may be understood; but even this poor excuse was wanting to those statesmen who, in the eyes of posterity, debased themselves beyond all redemption, by becoming the panders to his malevolent and despotic will. In reference to their latter proceedings, the *Diarist* has the merit of not being bird-mouthed. In speaking of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, she says, or some one does, who writes what are called "Supplementary Letters:—

It subjects the King to the suspicion of driving at an object which will be a *stink* in the nostrils of all the civilised world that has any moral sense of what is odious; and it will be a flagrant and glaring demonstration that Liverpool & Co. are but the meanest hucksters in those scenes of politics which affect the principles of society—that they are, to use the most ignominious epithet possible, and advisedly, the filthiest panders to iniquity that ever lent themselves to a disgraceful purpose.

This iniquity the nation will not endure, or it is made up of different stuff from that which I have hitherto imagined, believed, and venerated.

I have no hesitation in saying that Lord Liverpool, by directing men's minds to the transactions of Henry the Eighth's time, manifested deplorable ignorance, or a disposition to find Queen Caroline guilty.

It either bespoke an opinion of the Queen's guilt, or implied that the King was such another as the unfeeling Henry. In whatever way the thing is considered, it was in bad taste, as affecting both the King and Queen.

Is it forgotten that her Majesty stands near the throne in her own right; that she is a stranger, as Katherine said of old, "In your realm;" that she had enough, first and last, as Captain M—— said, to drive her to death. There never was the case of any poor defenceless woman which called so much for civility, at least.

If she be innocent, God forgive those who afflict her; and if she be guilty, how much more is she already punished than any culprit in Bridewell!

What will posterity think of us, if it should turn out that the whole British ministry have lent themselves to an ignominious purpose of a King that cannot be much esteemed?

Did the King, and Liverpool & Co. forget that the people have sympathies, and that they could not but feel that *their* honour, the national honour, was tarnished by making the highest tribunal in the empire a tool to gratify individual malignity, and an aversion inspired by conscious neglect and ill usage?

These were not the only supple ministers. Many years before this, we find *Monk Lewis* writing, at the period when the condition of George III. made his immediate demise probable—"I have also been positively assured, that the Prince has announced, that the first exertion of his power will be to decide the fate of the Princess; and that Perceval, even though he demurred at endeavouring to bring about a divorce, gave it to be understood that he should have no objection to her being excluded from the coronation, and exiled to Holyrood House." No reign in England—not even that of Henry VIII., considering the difference of times—ever exhibited public men in a light so utterly despicable, as the persecution, first and last, of this unfortunate woman; to which, sooner or later, both Tories and Whigs—or "the Friends of the Prince," as they chose to be termed—lent themselves with equal willingness.

We can easily conceive why those flatterers of George IV., involved "art and part" in the baser details of those iniquitous and infamous transactions, should be furious at this publication. It may be treacherous to the Princess of Wales, but it spares not her persecutors and the time-servers of Carlton House, man nor woman. Many of the commentaries contained in the "Supplementary Letters," on the evidence brought forward at her trial, are extremely pertinent and acute. The frank admissions made by the writer, an individual evidently well acquainted with

foreign manners, are vilely distorted by the Quarterly Reviewer; whose pen is, probably, not now for the first time set in motion on this subject. Again, we would protest, that those who take their impression of the work from him will be egregiously misled in their estimate of it, bad as it is. For example, the letters say—"For my part, I can discover nothing very heinous in her being attended in the bath by Bergami. It should be recollected that she would be in a bathing-dress"—and the every-day case of bathing at Bath is mentioned. But this will not do. The Reviewer at once strips the Princess naked; or rather, by a very ingenious process, he makes the Diarist perform this manly office for him. This is done by quoting the words of the Diarist in describing the costume—"en Venus"—in which her Royal Highness appeared at a ball in Geneva, when she waltzed with Sismondi! A ludicrous enough exhibition it may have been, and, probably, not much more decorous, in elderly royalty, than George IV. in a tartan kilt and short hose at Holyrood; but the logical Reviewer makes out, to his own satisfaction at least, that, if her Royal Highness, on the verdict of Lady Charlotte Campbell, wore her tucker too low at a ball, she must certainly have been totally naked in a bath. The reasoning is worthy of the cause. Queen Caroline, like many other "royalties," was not distinguished, it seems, for good taste in dress, or for a nice *English* feeling of propriety in manners; and her Lady-in-waiting—who may not always have been so orthodox on the ticklish subject of short petticoats and scanty tuckers as she has shewn herself in the case of the Princess Charlotte and her mother—might do well to reprove her errors of costume; but this was no new fault. The Princess—*Hani soit qui mal y pense!*—had been accustomed, like the continental ladies of her age, to dress in a style which alarmed even her guardian angel, Mr Whitbread, lest John Bull himself might take offence about her naked neck, and occasion be given to the adversary. His necessary remonstrance, most kindly meant, was but one of the many petty mortifications to which the friendless woman was subjected. Nobody, however, seems to have dressed so as to have satisfied the Lady-in-waiting. We hear of Lady Anne Hamilton, dressed "like a mad Chinese," and of the Princess, proper for once, because cased in crimson velvet to the throat. Gracious Heaven! that the peace, the happiness, the good name of any woman should be made to rest on trifles such as these! The end of the Reviewer is worthy of his beginning and his middle. He charitably concludes that "the unhappy Princess was really insane;" and it must be confessed that she had suffered what might have driven a thousand women mad. So he adds, in a most ingenious note, that William Austin, the boy whom she adopted, was lately in a mad-house; thus leaving it to be inferred that he may really have been her son after all, and the grand-nephew of George III., especially as "the mystery of his birth is far from being cleared

up"—that is, by the new anecdotes of the Diarist, who states that "it never was any mystery," and although the Reviewer well knows that what was cunningly made a mystery, was cleared up to the satisfaction of every reasonable being, and was vouched to have been so, by the highest and most sacred authorities in the country, after an investigation such as no woman was ever before subjected to.

The "Supplementary Letters" were prepared for publication; and their author, who must be a native of Scotland, may not, perhaps, be the Lady-in-waiting, but a person of the other sex. He claims acquaintance with the Duke of York's clever and treacherous mistress, Mary Anne Clarke, and boasts of having wheedled her out of a sight of her papers, probably no very difficult feat. He says, of little Austin—

There never had been any mystery about him as a child, except in the conglomerated intellects of statesmen, and in the "filthy" imaginations of the detractors to whom they gave heed. The truth, at any time, might have been ascertained by a footman. My friend lived immediately as prior inhabitant in the house at Sydenham Common, which Lady Charlotte Campbell at one time possessed.

The Princess may have been not very fastidious, but all agree that she was a parental-hearted woman; that she had particular enjoyment in nursing children, and was denied the gratification of embracing her own. To be sure, tickling an innocent little one may not be so dignified as holding conclave with tailors about the cut of coats; but it is quite as important a duty in a Prince. In fact, the story about Billy Austin is of a piece with the whole of this wretched case.

As we mark this passage, another falls under our eye, which is exceedingly characteristic of the royal personage described; and, as in this case, many of her grossnesses must probably have arisen from a literal use of foreign idioms.

I don't doubt the Princess said many a strange thing in joke; for example, one day when she had a party dining with her at Kensington Palace, she noticed the eyes of some of her guests attracted to a bilious-looking picture of a child, and said, "*If Rodjair, de poet, were to make a child, it would be like dat child.*" Now, would anybody have said such a thing in a mixed company, and while the servants were present?—and yet there was no immorality in it.

The "Supplementary Letters" are written with spirit and honesty of purpose; and who shall call such passages as the following too severe? The first is a commentary on the evidence of one of the suborned host of Italians—Gastans Paturzo:—

The first questions put to this witness filled me with indescribable amazement and indignation, to think there were men in the world, with wigs on their upper ends, who could display such ignorance. Was not the Princess of Wales in a vessel, and was it to be supposed that she could be otherwise accommodated than she was? Why insinuate (for the asking of the questions did insinuate as much) that she was indolently accommodated at her own request, and by an arrangement purposely made to gratify improper desires? "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" The lewd imaginations of these lawyers seem not to be aware that guilt is always, yet always, diffident. They have assumed that it has set its nature with the Queen; and that it was part of its enjoyment with her, to be ostentatious of criminality. Smash the cranium of the Attorney-General, with a stone in a stocking, when you please. There are no human

brains in it! O Lord! how little intellect is necessary to a lawyer!"

In the course of the voyage to the coast of Palestine, to Jaffa, nothing whatever was elicited from the witness that ought to have been construed unfavourably, and yet, I do assert, that there was a sinister attempt to do so. Why was this, if there had not been a desire to blacken the character of the Princess, and to produce a predisposition to find her guilty? [The Scottish peasantry, so celebrated by one of themselves, Burns, in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," are acknowledged to be the purest race on the face of the whole earth. Is there one circumstance respecting the situation of beds and berths, in the vessel which carried the Princess to Tania, and thence to Palestine, that the holy sanctuaries of their cottages can equal for propriety? Is it not the case, that these sanctified dwellings often serve for kitchen, hall, and bed-room—yea, a bed-room with several dormitories. I remember, that, when a boy, two years before I was sent to the grammar-school, a housemaid took me into the country, to her father's. The house had but one apartment, and there were three beds in it, with sliding doors. What *ruffians* would have dared to imagine that it was not sacred? I see yet the old white-headed man, with "the big ha' Bible" before him, presiding at the evening exercises. Almighty God! does the Scottish peasantry every night insult thee with such imaginations as lawyers dare to utter in the House of Lords!]

Many of the Peers were probably struck with horror at the indelicacy of Her Royal Highness receiving company in her bedroom; but, assuredly, those who have been in France or Italy, would not. The only thing to cause wonder about it was, that the servants, used to the custom, should have noticed it at all. I do think that their noticing it, God forgive me, was very like the effect of prompting; yet the character of the Commissioners sent to hunt for facts by which certain charges might be supported, precludes this idea.

The imagination has been allowed to swelter in foulness with respect to the Queen.

The conclusion of these letters rises to true eloquence—

I shall never forget what was my emotion when it was announced to me that the bill of pains and penalties was to be abandoned. I was walking towards the west end of the long corridor of the House of Lords, wrapt in reverie, when one of the door-keepers touched me on the shoulder and told me the news. I turned instantly to go back into the House, when I met the Queen coming out alone from her waiting room, preceded by an usher. She had been there unknown to me. I stopped involuntarily; I could not, indeed, proceed, for she had a "daisied" look, more tragical than consternation. She passed me; the usher pushed open the folding doors of the great staircase, she began to descend, and I followed, instinctively, two or three steps behind her.

She was evidently all shuddering, and she took hold of the bannister, pausing for a moment. Oh! that sudden clutch with which she caught the railing! it was as if her hand had been a skinless heart. Never say again to me that any actor can feel like a principal. It was a visible manifestation of unspeakable grief, an echoing of the voice of the soul.

The multitude began to cheer, but at first there was a kind of stupor: but the sympathy, however, soon became general, and, winged by the voice, soon spread up the street; every one instantly, between Charing Cross and Whitehall, turned and came rushing down, filling Old and New Palace Yards, as if a deluge was unloosed.

The generous exultation and hurry of the people were beyond all description. It was as a conflagration of hearts; but, before I had struggled to St Margaret's, I was seized with hoarseness and rage.

The Queen of the greatest of all the nations was allowed to escape from jeopardy, with no little public deference, save the voluntary huzzas of the people, as

* We will do no such thing; we will give him promotion to the Bench, and his family title and pension, for this good service to his king and country.—*H. T. M.*

the vilest delinquent trull from a police office. Verily, verily, how little wisdom must, in truth, suffice for statement! She was virtually asseverated, and the ministers had no right to show that they were disappointed in their endeavours to pander to the anti-human passions of the King.

Will monarchy ever, in Great Britain, recover from the shock given to it by those unhallowed proceedings, which, by rudely destroying the old *prestige* for princes, first lowered them below mere frail mortality? The victimizing of this poor woman, so far as regards the interests of humanity, has not been altogether a vain sacrifice.

We have, perhaps, given too much attention to the *evil* spirit of this book. Notwithstanding all that is "set down in malice," it contains many traits of the Princess of Wales and her contemporaries, which will be instructive to the future historian and interesting to the student of human nature. Here is her portrait at different periods:—

I have often regretted that I never saw a tolerable likeness painted of her. Although, during the last years of her life, she was bleated and disfigured by sorrow and by the life she led, the Princess was in her early youth a pretty woman; fine light hair—very delicately formed features, and a fine complexion—quick, glancing, penetrating eyes, long cut and rather sunk in the head, which gave them much expression—and a remarkably delicately formed mouth; but her head was always too large for her body, and her neck too short; and, latterly, her whole figure was like a ball, and her countenance became hardened, and an expression of defiance and boldness took possession of it, that was very unpleasant. Nevertheless, when she chose to assume it, she had a very noble air; and I have seen her, on more than one occasion, put on a dignified carriage, which became her much more than the affectation of girlishness which she generally preferred.

Many traits are given of her good nature, which amounted to real goodness of heart, and a degree of consideration for the feelings of others, most opposite to the cold egotism and selfishness of princes. This German *heartiness* and simplicity is often naturally displayed in her letters. To her lady-in-waiting, she writes on one occasion:—"Yesterday, I received your amiable letter, and would have answered it sooner, but that I forgot to have a *frank*. After the hot and dull dinner at Spring Gardens, I went to the Opera House to see a play—one act of an opera, and the ballet of *Psyche*, for the benefit of Kelly: it was as full as it could hold, and I returned to my solitary supper. I am rather early this morning, as I expect the Marquis. I have not yet seen anybody that particularly *interests you* since you left this sphere. If I could be of any use to you, you know how glad I should be. I am always ready to do *mon petit possible*."

"She was," says the Diarist, "always inclined to do kind and noble things. She was decidedly liberal, and liked everything upon a grand scale. When she gave a shabby present, as she frequently did, it was from ignorance, not from parsimony. Sometimes, it might be, she had nothing better at the moment to give away; and she would take up anything which happened to lie about her room, (in which there was a

sufficient quantity of trash,) and present it to a friend. The feeling which prompted the deed was genuine kindness; and she would as readily have given away an article of costly price as one of a trumpery kind, had it lain in the way."

Of how few royal personages could this be said:—

Since "trifles form the sum of human things," it may be remarked in the Princess's favour, that she was perpetually balked in all the minor occurrences of daily life; and those who had most constant access to her person knew that, generally speaking, she bore these teasing circumstances with great good temper. The perpetual recurrence of trivial contradictions is more difficult to endure with equanimity than any disappointment of more serious kind.

The poor Princess receives daily affronts: it is really admirable to witness her equanimity of temper under these trials. She is not without feeling, either. She deeply feels the indignities cast upon her; but she is always equally kind and good to those about her, and considerate to them, though she might well be absorbed by her own sorrows.

Baron Nicolai was sent by the Emperor with a letter to the Princess of Wales, which letter says, that he regretted extremely not having been able to wait upon her Royal Highness, but that, under existing circumstances, delicacy only allowed him thus to express his high consideration, &c. The Princess, Lady ——— told me, received Mr Nicolai with great dignity and kindness. She was perfectly calm; and Lady ——— says she could not have commanded herself as her Royal Highness did.

Her teasing mortifications from the interference and advice of well-meaning, but sometimes ill-judging and officious friends, were frequent, and patiently borne. Their counsels were often contradictory, and she was the sufferer in every case of disagreement. One day, she had wept during the whole time of her morning drive. The Diarist remarks—"Truly, I cannot wonder, for she is made to live a wretched life;" and that day at dinner the poor creature herself said—"I know not who plagues me most, my friends or my enemies." . . . "Sunday.—The poor Princess is sadly teased about going to St Paul's—her advisers insisting that she *should* go, and all the chamberlains and deans writing word that there is no place kept for her, and that it is not in their power to give her Royal Highness one. 'It is ridiculous,' she says, 'to make me always the means of making a disturbance, for no end whatever.'"

Shortly afterwards, a message was received from Lord Castlereagh, that it was proposed to increase her establishment to £50,000 a-year. She received this intelligence without any manifestation of joy or surprise, and only said, as she handed the letter to one of her ladies, "*C'est mon droit*." Mr Whitbread termed the offer "insidious and unhandsome."

Friday, July 1st.—To day, I was sent for by the Princess, in consequence of a letter which she had received from Mr Whitbread, saying that he begged to be allowed to come to her Royal Highness at two o'clock, and advise her upon the steps which were to be taken, relative to the offer of fifty thousand pounds in addition to her income. He terms the offer "insidious and unhandsome." The moment the Princess read this note, she said that Mr Whitbread and Mr Brougham were again going to make war, and to throw aside all overtures towards a peaceful termination of the business. She was considerably annoyed, and walked up and down the room several times. At last she said, addressing Lady ——— and myself—

"*Croyez-moi, ma chère Lady* — and —, there is only one thing to be done, and I will do it. It is not in me to suspect evil till I see it plainly, only to be guarded against it. If de Princess refuse, they will say, what de devil does the woman want? We cannot make her husband like her, or make de Queen receive her; but we can set de seal upon all our public doings of last year by settling upon her a sufficient sum to enable her to hold the rank of Princess of Wales—a rank of which we tink her worthy; and wid her rank she must hold all her privileges. I will, therefore, accept—I will; and I will do it myself."

She then wrote two excellent letters; one to Lord Castlereagh, the other to Mr Whitbread. The one to Lord Castlereagh she desired Lady — to "make English of"—no easy job; that to Mr Whitbread she allowed to go, as she said, "in its natural state and ridiculous language;" but the sense was good. She told him she exonerated him from all blame as to the issue of the event, and took the whole responsibility upon herself. Her answer to Lord Castlereagh was as follows:—"The Princess of Wales acknowledges the receipt of Lord Castlereagh's letter of yesterday evening; and, as the proposal contained in it has no conditions annexed to it which are derogatory to her rank, her rights, or her honour, she accepts it unquestionably, in order to prove that the Princess is never averse to any proposition coming from the Crown, nor wishes to throw any obstacle in the way, to obstruct the tranquillity or impair the peace of mind of the Prince Regent."

I think the Princess has acted rightly in this instance; especially as her enemies have always said that she threw herself into Mr Whitbread's protection entirely to make a disturbance, and did not wish to ameliorate her own condition, save at the expense of the Prince's honour. This letter will prove the contrary, while, at the same time, should they make conditions which are degrading to her, it will enable her to assert her own rights and dignities.

This looks not like the conduct of a violent or unreasonable woman. The sum accepted was thirty-five thousand pounds. For the very first time in the history of this, or probably any country, it was said by a Royal Highness—"I don't want so much of the people's money;" yet this was not the spontaneous, disinterested act of the Princess:—

Mr Whitbread told the Princess that, although the House had voted her fifty thousand a-year, he thought it would have a much better effect if she would write a letter to the Speaker, purporting that she did not wish to be a burthen upon the nation, and that she hoped they would reconsider the matter, and give her only thirty-five thousand. Lady —, who was present when Mr Whitbread gave the Princess this advice, told me she saw a gloom overspread her countenance whilst he was speaking. Her Royal Highness is not mercenary: far from it. I believe her to be very noble-minded in money transactions: but she conceived this proposal not kind from a friend, and the sum not more than her due. However, Lady — says, that, when Mr Whitbread explained to the Princess that fifty thousand pounds would oblige her to remain in this country, and spend it where she received it, but that a less one would afford her liberty, she fell into the trap, and entered into his view of the subject with alacrity.

She was now more than ever desirous to leave the scene of her life-long sorrows, and perpetual mortifications; the last tie had been severed, when she was prevented from having any sort of personal intercourse with her daughter. Before advertising farther to these events, we may slightly notice the opinion which the Diarist has expressed of the younger Princess. It is severe, inconsistent, and probably unjust; yet, in the imperious and

head-strong will of Princess Charlotte, in her tender years, the germ of a much less amiable character than that of her mother is discernible. The position of the young Princess, her various matrimonial negotiations of that period, and what is said of that afflicted and ambiguous personage, a *King-consort*, give this portion of the Diary peculiar interest and piquancy at the present time, when similar events may be impending. As our space does not permit notice of this, we shall probably return to the Princess Charlotte, and the illustration of royal marriages.

At the very time the Princess of Wales was most popular with the nation, she was hated, with "an inveterate malice," by the Regent, his minions, and even some part of his family. The enthusiasm of the people, and the malice of the court and of the Prince's creatures, had reached the zenith exactly when the allied sovereigns came over:—

I hear that all ranks, except merely those who bank in the sunshine of the Regent's favour, have expressed themselves warmly for the Princess; and that the Prince cannot move out without hisses and groans. I am glad to think his bitterness and tyranny are mortified; but what good will it do her? None, I fear.

When I went to Connaught House yesterday, by appointment, I found the Princess dressed in a style as if she expected some visitors. She said that, if she did not look forward to going abroad, she should die of despair. I am really moved with indignation against the persecution offered to a princess and a woman. She read me a letter she was writing when I arrived: it was a letter to Lord Liverpool, demanding leave to quit this country, and retire whither she would; saying, that she did not, nor ever had, wished to render the Prince unpopular, and that she begged permission to go abroad. The matter was spirited, dignified, and clever, but was not clothed in English language, nor free from obscurity.

The Princess, after some time spent in general conversation, confessed to me that she had dressed herself in a half-dress, expecting the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, to call on her. But the moment I told her I heard those personages had refused to go to White's, or to any public place, she said, "*Then the Prince has conquered, and they will not come to see me.*" I saw she was very much vexed; but she bore it with a command of temper which would have done any one honour.

It will be a shame if the King of Prussia does not visit her once at least, considering what obligations he was under to her father, who died in battle, fighting in his cause—but, perhaps, *he has forgotten* this circumstance.

The Princess received an anonymous letter yesterday, which she put in the fire—the fate all such communications deserve to meet with: for the writer of an anonymous letter would be almost capable of murder. This letter was to say, that the Prince would be killed shortly, he was such a tyrant. I do not suppose the information shocked her very much.

Friday 10th June.—I heard Mr Whitbread called on the Princess this morning; and Lady — said, she thinks he is really interested in the Princess, and feels compassion for her cruel situation, besides being urged by his political career to make a tool of her for his own ends.

Those were happy days, in which the ill-used wives of Princes could escape persecution, by retiring to nunneries, instead of embittering their lives by braving it. The Princess of Wales had been advised to appear at the

Opera, upon a particular night, when the Kings and Emperors were to be there, and when the Regent unexpectedly appeared with his royal foreign brothers. At this time, it is stated, "The Prince Regent believes that he has reinstated Louis XVIII., and that Europe is at his command, because one or two of its potentates come to look at England." At this unlooked-for Opera trial, the Princess shewed far more good taste, and command of both mind and temper, than her consorciaries and pattern-ladies. Yet, she was blamed, even by her sincere friends, for having, in this instance, openly seemed to brave her tyrant.

Saturday 11th.—I was sent for by the Princess this morning to say that she was going to the Opera to-night, and wished me to attend her. Lady C. L. had just left her when I arrived; and the Princess complained that "her friends tormented her as much as her enemies." I found out afterwards, that this remark was occasioned by one of her friends having advised her Royal Highness not to take *Wilkin* to the Opera with her. The two Doctors Burney dined with the Princess; Lady —, Miss —, and myself were of the party. There came a note from Mr Whitbread, advising at what hour she should go to the Opera, and telling her that the Emperor was to be at eleven o'clock at the Institution, which was to be lighted up for him to see the pictures. All this advice tormented the Princess; and I do not wonder that she sometimes loses patience. No child was ever more thwarted and controlled than she is; and yet she often contrives to do herself mischief in spite of all the care that is taken of her. When we arrived at the Opera, to the Princess' and all her attendants' infinite surprise, we saw the Regent placed between the Emperor and the King of Prussia, and all the minor Princes in a box to the right. "God save the King" was performing when the Princess entered, and, consequently, she did not sit down. I was behind; so, of course, I could not see the house very distinctly; but I saw the Regent was at that time standing and applauding the *Grassini*. As soon as the air was over, the whole pit turned round to the Princess' box, and applauded her. We, who were in attendance on her Royal Highness, entreated her to rise and make a curtsy, but she sat *immovable*; and, at last, turning round, she said to Lady —, "My dear, Punch's wife is nobody when Punch is present." We all laughed, but still thought her wrong not to acknowledge the compliment paid her; but she was right, as the sequel will prove. "We shall be hissed," said Sir W. Gell. "No, no," again replied the Princess with infinite good humour, "I know my business better than to take the morsel out of my husband's mouth; I am not to seem to know that the applause is meant for me till they call my name." The Prince seemed to verify her words, for he got up and bowed to the audience. This was construed into a bow to the Princess, most unfortunately—I say most unfortunately, because she has been blamed for not returning it; but I, who was an eye-witness of the circumstance, know the Princess acted just as she ought to have done. The fact was, the Prince took the applause to himself; and his friends, or rather his *toadies*, (for they do not deserve the name of friends,) to save him from the imputation of this ridiculous vanity, chose to say, that he did the most beautiful and elegant thing in the world, and bowed to his wife!

When the Opera was finished, the Prince and his supporters were applauded, but not enthusiastically; and scarcely had his Royal Highness left the box, when the people called for the Princess, and gave her a very warm applause. She then went forward, and made three curtseys, and hastily withdrew.—I believe she acted perfectly right throughout the evening; but everybody tells a different story, and thinks differently.—How trivial all this seems! how much beneath the dignity of rational be-

ings! But trifles make up the sum of earthly things—and, in this instance, this trivial circumstance affects the Princess of Wales' interests; therefore, it becomes of consequence for the true statement to be made known; and, as I was present, I can and will tell the truth. When the coachman attempted to drive home through Charles' Street, the crowd of carriages was so immense it was impossible to pass down that street, and with difficulty the Princess's carriage backed, and we returned past Carlton House, where the mob surrounded her carriage, and, having once found out that it was her Royal Highness, they applauded and huzzed her Royal Highness till she, and Lady —, and myself, who were with her, were completely stunned. The mob opened the carriage doors, and some of them insisted upon shaking hands with her, and asked if they should burn Carlton House. "No, my good people," she said, "be quite quiet—let me pass, and go home to your beds." They would not, however, leave off following her carriage for some way, and cried out, "Long live the Princess of Wales! Long live the innocent," &c. &c. She was pleased at this demonstration of feeling in her favour, and I never saw her look so well, or behave with so much dignity. Yet I hear since, all this has been misconstrued, and various lies told.

I dined at Connaught House—the party consisted of Mr and Lady Charlotte Greville, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Mr Bennet, and Mr Hobhouse. After dinner, a few more persons came, and formed a dull stiff circle, but it was good company; therefore I was pleased to see there the Hardwicke, Pauleta, Lord and Lady Grey, Lord and Lady Dunmore, Lord Nugent, &c., to the amount of fifty or sixty persons. Many more *really* intended to come, after having been to Lady Salisbury's, where were the Emperor and King, and our mighty Prince R—t; but the crowd was so immense, they could not get their carriages till morning.

Next day, Monday, she was once more informed, and by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, that the Emperor would positively come.

She gradually gave way to the hope which charmed her, and said—poor soul—"my ears are very ugly, but I would give *them* both to persuade the Emperor to come to me, to a ball, a supper, any entertainment that he would choose." Well, she dressed, and waited till seven, but no Emperor came.

Tuesday, 14th.—Lady — told me, that in going slowly up a hill in the course of her drives to-day, a decently dressed and respectable looking countryman came close to the Princess's carriage, and said, "God bless you, we will make the Prince love you before we have done with him." Another of the same class of persons cried out, as she passed, "You will soon overcome all your enemies."—Such voluntary declarations prove that there is a strong feeling prevailing in her favour; still, it is not a few kind words uttered by a chance person as she passes in her carriage, that can be of real use or comfort to her, though gratifying at the moment.

On the Wednesday, she heard of an entertainment to be given by the city, and endured all this miserable humiliation:—

The Princess, Lady — informed me, received a note this morning from Mr Brandon, box-office, Covent Garden, telling her that no box could be kept for her Royal Highness at that theatre, as they were all engaged. What an answer to the Princess of Wales! Then arrived a note from Alderman Wood, informing her that, if she chose to go to see the monarchs pass in procession to the city, he would have a private house kept for her Royal Highness for that purpose. Alderman Wood did not mean to insult her; it was only his vulgarity that induced him to make her such a ludicrous offer. But, what was most vexatious of all these vexatious communications was, that the Duchess of Oldenburgh, and four other ladies, were to be *present at the dinner*; this was galling, and the Princess felt her own particular exclusion from this fête given by the city very hard to bear, as she had considered the city folks her friends. They,

* The child, William Austin.

however, are not to blame, as these royal ladies are self-invited, or invited by the Regent; and the Princess' friends had not time to call a common council and discuss the matter. Immediately after this bitter pill, came another from Mr Whitbread, recommending her, upon no account, to go to Drury-Lane on Thursday evening, after having, a few days before, desired her to go. "You see, my dear," she said to Lady ———, "how I am plagued;" and, although she mastered her resentment, Lady ——— says she saw the tears were in her eyes. "It is not the loss of the amusement which I regret, but being treated like a child, and made the puppet of a party. What signify whether I come in before or after the Regent, or whether I am applauded in his hearing or not—that is all for the gratification of the party, not for my gratification; 'tis of no consequence to the Princess, but to Mr Whitbread—and that's the way things always go, and always will, till I can leave this vile country."

We have then an account of her going, in a fit of mad and desperate mirth, to a masquerade, incognito, with some of the ladies and gentlemen of her household. Mr Whitbread had, shortly before this, astounded the House of Commons, by announcing that another "secret investigation," was a-foot. How much colour such frolics as the masquerade, perfectly harmless as it was, and probably the impulse of tortured feelings, might have given to the new

intrigue against her peace and honour! We have already exhausted our space, and cannot advert to many incidental sketches and portraits of the aristocracy, which are often true and graphic, and, as we have said above, not a whit more malicious than those things they have been accustomed to say of each other, ever since the example was first set by the books and letters of the courtiers of Charles II. There is, however, this to be said in favour of the Walpoles and Wortleys—they never once affect saintliness and a starched standard of morality; nor yet do they deal out moral reprobation, and visit divine retribution, upon the wicked among their dear friends. Like Queen Caroline, they were no hypocrites; and, if they left the worst parts of their lives to their friends to expose, they did not affect any sanctimonious reluctance to unveil the naked malevolence of their dispositions, and their love of backbiting, scandal, and satire; provided wit, and jest, and fashionable ribaldry lent point and brilliancy to malice. They did not, in short, live in the age of cant; and to the spirit of that age the author of the "Diary" has done profound obeisance.

LITERARY REGISTER.

POETRY.

AMONG a good many volumes of verses, we must content ourselves, for the present, with noticing *PORTIA, A TALK, AND OTHER POEMS*, by George Taylor, a bard of the Kingdom of Fife and the town of Maggy Lauder; and *ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS*, by Alexander Hume, whose first little volume, containing some sweet Scottish songs, we noticed three or four years since. There is nothing of very great mark or likelihood in Mr Taylor's bouquet of wildings; but it is always gratifying to meet with proofs of the diffusion of cultivated taste and refined feelings among the people; for, without those existing, such works as the present could find no acceptance. Several of the songs are worthy of being added to those choice treasures in which the Scottish people are already the richest nation on earth. What cottage maiden will not be the better and happier from being able to recite "The Jasmine," or "The Dew-Drops;" or to sing "Dight the Tear frae thy ee, Bonny Lassie?" A few sacred pieces, of considerable merit, harmonize well enough with the pure and sober-toned character of the collection.

—Whatever may be thought of the quality of the songs of Mr Hume—a man who has carried the spirit of his native land into the heart of London—he has evidently a living perception of what a song ought to be. In his dedication to W. J. Fox, Esq., he remarks:—"A true song is a hymn breathed out from the lowest depths of the heart, and, like electricity in the air, stirring all that comes within its influence. If the heart wills not, it is the pipe without the player—the spirit is not there. When the heart is full, it runs over, and finds relief in the dear joy of its own flowing." Our author, we think, realized his own idea of song fully better in his preceding volume than the present, which is altogether more polished and ambitious, and in a higher if not more genial and natural tone, than his rustic Scottish ditties. Some of the new verses are, however, free and noble in spirit. We would instance "King Midas," "A Song for a Drinker!" "Candour," and "A Feeling." We shall, however, select our specimen from the lowlier and kindlier order of these songs. The "Song to my Wife," was written on the day when the visit of the young Queen to the city, made a London holiday of the first magnitude.

"We'll not go nigh the 'sight' to-day,
For pomp or fashion's sake;

But have at home a holiday,

Which we ourselves shall make.

Thou'lt be a Queen of Love to me,

My heart shall be thy throne;

Lips, ears, and eyes thy subjects be,

And loyal every one.

"We'll gaze upon our blood and kind,

Which in the cradle lies,

And learn together from the mind

New-opened in her eyes;

We'll see our forms and features mixed

In less or more degree;

What earthly scene can come betwixt

That 'sight' to thee and me?

"Beside her couch we'll take our seat,

And hear her young breath play

Through her small lips, in sound so sweet

That silence keeps away,

For fear that, while it swallowed up

The sweet vibrations round,

'Twould lose itself within the cup,

And find its death in sound.

"The world from pomp can pleasure buy,

And for it dearly pay;

Yet it is only of the eye,

And fades with the day.

When life from mutual love is drawn,

Love knows no setting sun—

But, while we talk, behold the dawn!

Our holiday's begun!"

We will venture to affirm that not one of the huzzaing crowd spent their holiday more happily than Alexander Hume. We confess that we have had an object to serve in selecting the above elegant song. A kindred, though very rude effusion, has been for some time lying upon our table, which we could scarcely have ventured forth alone. It is, as we learn from the accompanying letter, (a greater curiosity in its way than the song itself,) the composition of a Glaswegian sturdy smiler upon the anvil, who informs us that he has the felicity of sometimes seeing a Scottish song in *Tail's Magazine*, at the Mechanics' Reading Room; and that these encounters have tempted him to put forth

THE BLACKSMITH'S HAMMER.

Oh, bonnie and sweet is my ain wife at hame;
Whatever bein's, she's ever the same;
And hard do I hammer the red bar o' airm
At the thoughts o' my winsome wee wife and my bairn.

Oh, fu' heit is my heart, and just loupin' wi' glee,
As, darker and darker, the sundy I see;
And, brighter and brighter, at every new heat,
The airm on the anvil sae steatly I beat.

When "six o'clock, six o'clock," the bells have loudly
sang,

Flung down is the hammer, wi' quick, ringing bang;
My shirt sleeves unbuttoned, and, no to take lang,
My coat I tear down, and put on as I gang.

Fu' soon I'm at hame: no to file her clean free,
I wash myself clean, and put on ither claes;
Then I yield to the love my heart that makes warm,
So I kiss Mary's lips, and the bairn on her arm.
How pleasant is a' at my ain humble hame!
My wife's glossy hair is bound trig by its kaim;
Her gown, though but coarse, is as neat as is seen;
Clean scoppit's the floor, and the hearth-stane is clean.

The jams on the inside are white as can be,
They are black on the outside, and sparkling to see;
The parritch are toom'd, at the ingle sae bright,
Neither het, nor owre cauld, but just unco right.

The night fichters by, ere we think it begun,
In daffin', and laughin', and kleein' our son;
But whiles Mary sews, while some good book I read;
In summer, to walk in the fields we proceed.

Oh, bonnie and sweet is my ain wife at hame!
Whatever may happen, she's ever the same.
Ye drinkers o' whisky, nae langer ye'd tyne
Your hard-gotten gains, we want your fresside like mine.

Our anonymous friend, the blacksmith, is neither, as the reader will be too ready to perceive, a Moore, a Burns, nor even a Hume. The hammer, no doubt, comes more readily to his hand than the smaller implement; but we trust that the truth of the *interior* which he has sketched, will atone for some rudeness of execution. In the meanwhile, we would kindly intimate to him, that it may be as well to reserve his future lyrics for Mary's partial ear, until he has served a longer apprenticeship to the Muses than we would recommend—namely, seven years. Sorry should we be to anticipate a period when hard times, and three or four more "bairns," by somewhat dimming the brightness of that *coatie* fire-side, might tend to banish both the muse and the blacksmith from its now sunny and charmed circle. This lamentable revolution, so often witnessed at the poor man's hearth, as his family and cares increase, requires that forethought, industry, resolution, and self-command should be summoned up in time, to ward off a too frequent catastrophe. To this change, a man so affectionate in his feelings and rational in his tastes as the blacksmith, is much less exposed than thoughtless fellows who squander their hard-gotten gains in the way he describes; and, holding Burns, he tells us, as his "darling poet," he need not be reminded of the Bard's noble sentiment—

"What mak's fresside a happy clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

Colloquies between the Shade of Dugald Stewart and a Phrenologist. By J. Slade, M.D., F.G.S., M.P.S.L., lately Physician to two Infirmarys, and author of "Letters on Phrenology;" on the "Physiology of the Brain;" and a "Treatise on Ophthalmia."

This is a tolerable length of running title for a man of science; but by no means all the claims which Dr Slade has to distinction. As Dugald Stewart refused in his life-time to be considered of the truth of the thirty-three organs then discovered, Dr Slade has boldly unsphered the spirit of the philosopher, to convert him, if possible, to the faith, on the principle, we suppose, of better late than never. The attempt is made in sixteen colloquies, each of which, by the way, is formally dedicated to different ladies and gentlemen.

Stewart, who makes admissions in favour of phrenology in Colloquy II., is considerably staggered in Colloquy V., and almost convinced at the close. In return for so much information upon phrenology, the philosopher, though at first shy of the topic, makes some discoveries of the secrets of his prison-house, or of the philosophers' heaven, Anacreon, Hume, and Voltaire, and their poetry and doctrines, do not seem favourites in these Elysian fields; but neither do we hear of Gall and Spurzheim. There is, with all this, and many peculiarities of the same sort, much that is ingenious in a book in which the shade of Dugald Stewart serves as an anvil to hammer the truth into the ignorant or unbelieving. A strain of elevated and generous sentiment pervades many of the colloquies. The VII., of which the text is *Acquisitiveness*, is, indeed, an excellent moral essay. Some rather remarkable sudden conversions to phrenology are recorded in these colloquies. The author himself was fortunate enough to have been converted by a lady of noble birth and great personal beauty; nor should we desire a more powerful missionary of any new, fashionable science.

With the greatest respect for Mr Combe's intellect, Dr Slade differs from him in one most important test. He holds that the grace of God, the divine influence or energy, may affect the mind of man, without the medium of material organs, while Mr Combe, as he states, argues "that a man cannot become penetrated by the love of God, except through the aid of sound and sufficient material organs." Dr Slade's opinion will probably help to explain certain phenomena, which have hitherto baffled phrenologists, whose moral and religious character has been found in direct opposition to what might have been anticipated from cerebral development. The case he has cited of a colonel in the East India Company's service, and many of similar character, in, we apprehend, only to be explained by the new principle. This gentleman, he states, "sustained a high reputation, for his great benevolence and rigidly religious life. He presented himself to me one morning, anxious that I should examine his head. He said:—'I have a son in Edinburgh, whose vices and irregularities of life are great, and who pleads excuse for his habitual indulgences, on the ground of his being so organized as to render it impossible for him to abandon his pursuits. He has been to a phrenologist, who tells him that he has certain propensities powerfully developed—propensities exactly corresponding with those he has for many years been in the habit of indulging.'—And, to cut a long tale short, the Colonel 'of large benevolence and a rigidly religious life,' was determined to test phrenology by his own pate. Dr Slade, though at first reluctant, at last consented to do his best to solve the Colonel's doubts. He says, 'The intellectual region I found well developed; the moral region comparatively small; the region of the propensities unusually large. Those of Approbation, Destructiveness, Firmness, and Amativeness, were the fullest developed of the animal passions; and they were so large as to leave no question in my mind that he had been actuated all through life in particular by these feelings.'

But then the "great benevolence and rigidly religious life" were stumbling-blocks. Dr. Slade was naturally puzzled; but now comes the gist of the argument—the new and invaluable discovery. "My first observation," he says, "was to this effect:—'Sir, had I not been told you were a religious man, I would not have believed it from your conformation; but your head only confirms the truth of one position I have long maintained, and that is, that the organization has little to do with the influence of Divine Grace. I doubt not the sincerity of your heart; your many good actions, your religious zeal, prove you to be honest; and the war between your natural passions and your holier desires, which are, as it were, super-added to your nature, must have been a powerful contest. Your nature, through the all-conquering power of the Deity, has yielded; and whose pride triumphed, there is now humility; whose selfishness existed towards the distressed, there are now sympathy and compassion; envying and reviling have passed away, and the proud obduracy which masked your original character—that love of distinction which animated you in war, that enmity

which you, without pain of conscience, committed, and that lust which you so inconsiderately indulged, have been brought into obedience to higher longings, and quelled in the vehemency of their tendencies." The Doctor spoke like an oracle; and the Colonel, "the deformed transformed," in spite of the ineradicable bumps which still bore testimony to his original villainess of nature, confessed that he had been a very pretty blackguard indeed, and a coward to boot; for his *combattiveness* was very small. But the blacker the sinner the brighter the saint:—he was now a chosen vessel. To fifteen different cases of seduction, if we understand aright, he confessed on the spot, though he had long since repented of the ostentation of his former *bonnes fortunes* and the pollution of his life; and "he left me," says our author, "fully persuaded of the truth of phrenology; nor was I the less inclined to think highly of the doctrine I advocated, so confirmative was the case before me of its validity. The Colonel asked for a pen and ink, and wrote down all I had said, to show it to one person who knew him almost as well as he knew himself." Upon this, the shade of Dugald Stewart sagely remarks—"This case certainly appears to be a corroboration of your science; and, backed by others equally so, would leave little room for any one to doubt its correctness."

The Colonel's case gives us a new view of Phrenology altogether; and, in time coming, many perplexing anomalies may be explained upon his principle; for wherever a man's development is in contradiction to his self-denied and pure life, the cause is ascertained. And why may not the converse hold, and a man with the noblest moral and intellectual development, and of small propensities, if divine influence is withheld, become sensual, cruel, false, and in every way profligate, in despite of his happily organized brain? These two positions ceded—and Dr Slade's of itself goes a great way—and Phrenology becomes a much less difficult science than it seems at present. To whatever the counteracting forces of the different organs, and of the temperaments, do not explain, we have obtained another key.

Dr Slade leaves off, combating the idea, that the doctrines of phrenology necessarily lead to fatalism, though such was the practical conclusion of the Colonel's prodigal son, who sheltered, or rather claimed immunity for his vices under favour of his unfortunate organs. We rejoice to learn, by Dr Slade's discovery, that, in spite of them, he may yet become quite as virtuous and religious a character as his father, the old Indian Colonel.

The Masterpieces of English Prose Literature.

VOL. IV.

We began to fear that, to the disgrace of the public taste, this excellent series had dropped. The appearance of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," and "The New Atlantis" of Bacon—most imaginative of philosophers!—has agreeably undeceived us. This is a work which ought to succeed, and which will succeed. The preliminary discourses of the editor, Mr St John, develop the nature and structure of the rare compositions given in the new volume, with precision and felicity, and with the same liberal philosophy which distinguishes all his writings.

Southey's Poetical Works. VOL. IV.

Gives us "Thalaba," the "wild Thalaba," which is prefaced by the author's tender and affecting reminiscences of the olden time, and the endeared locality in which much of his poetry was composed. "Mader" was begun at Bath, in 1794, and finished at the village of Westbury, near Bristol, during the most fertile year of a most fertile literary life—a season of double crops. Mr Southey says:—"I was then in habits of the most frequent and intimate intercourse with Davy, then in the flower and freshness of his youth. We were within an easy walk of each other, over some of the most beautiful ground of that beautiful part of England. When I went to the Bournemouth Institution, he had to tell me of some new discovery or experiment, and of the views which it opened for him; and when he came to Westbury, there was a fresh portion of 'Mader' for his hearing. Davy encouraged me with his hearty approbation during its progress; and the bag of nitrous

oxyde, with which he generally regaled me upon my visits to him, was not required for raising my spirits to the degree of settled-fair, and keeping them at that elevation. In November 1836, I walked to that village with my son, to show him a house endeared to me by so many recollections; but not a vestige of it remained, and local alterations rendered it impossible even to ascertain its site, which is now included within the grounds of a nursery! The bosom friends with whom I associated there have all departed before me; and of the domestic circle in which my happiness was then centred, I am the sole survivor." "Thalaba" was commenced while the author—ordered to the south of Europe for his health—remained wind-bound at Falmouth, walking on the beach, catching soldier-grabs, admiring the sea anemones, and reading Gebir. It was sent home from Portugal, and published while Southey was still abroad. He says that, deserving a better reception than "Joan of Arc," it received a worse; but the world will not allow a poet, any more than another man, to be judge in his own case.

Confessions of an Elderly Lady.

The Countess of Blessington has created a helpmate for her Elderly Gentleman. Could she not, in some future volume, bring the unhappy counterparts together, and shed one gleam of sunshine upon the evening of their days of single discontentedness? The fictionists have become too stern and rigid in their distribution of retributive justice. We would have them be merciful as they are powerful. The story of this novel is simple enough. A young lady of large fortune and great personal beauty is, like too many of the sex, similarly privileged, fastidious and unreasonable. She loses different sincere and worthy lovers to whom she is deeply attached—in Scottish phrase, "out-ats her market"—and is punished according to her deserts, as, one by one, her lovers drop off, and form suitable and happy alliances with beautiful and less *exigant* partners. There are some capital female strokes in the story, towards the close—as that where the old maidenly Arabella, still in excellent preservation, drops a couple of her quilted petticoats, that she may appear still slim and elegant in the eyes of an ancient admirer; who, bound to his gouty chair, and reflecting her lost years in her face, is no more ashamed of his chalk-stones than of his grandchildren. The old gentleman prattles of them, while his old love endeavours to astonish and mortify him by her youthful air, and the alertness of her movements as she proceeds to the dining-room, while he hobbles after her. Poor Arabella catches a dreadful cold, and is rendered lame, in consequence of the vanity of dropping her quilted petticoats; and her lame and aged lover is tacitly revenged. The Elderly Lady's Confessions are very handsomely *got up*, and adorned with portraits of the principal female characters, in the manner of very old editions of the English novelists, where were seen Clarissa, Pamela, and Amelia, in various aspects, and Sophia Western always with her muff.

Pascal Bruno.

How we must jumble things! A register of new publications is generally quite as miscellaneous in its contents as a stage-coach or an omnibus. "Pascal Bruno" is a translation from M. Alexander Dumas. It is a wild and extravagant fiction, written in a style which has not yet been, and which, we trust, never will be naturalized in the soil of England, though its rudiments may be traced in the compositions of "Monk Lewis," Maturin, and others. Many of the situations in "Pascal Bruno" are powerful and striking, and it is full of savage vigour—still we do not relish it. No matter; Mr Theodore Hook has thought it worthy of being introduced to the British public, and many of them will welcome it. In Prince Batsa we have one original character, which might redeem a romance, as it helps to redeem degenerated Sicilian chivalry.

Trifles for Leisure Hours.

Here we have a lively and pleasant *mingling* of Shakspeare, Remy, and Tales, in a variety of styles—the gay and happy predominating. We would not desire a more agreeable half-hour companion, *for the once and every*.

Chess Guide.

Mr Lewis, the Modern or English Philidor, has put forth yet another work upon the game he understands so well. This "Chess-Board Companion," though his smallest, is not his least meritorious work on chess. It is intended as an introduction or guide to beginners, and contains all that ninety-nine players in the hundred—or may we not say nine hundred and ninety-nine in the thousand?—can ever properly digest. We speak from some experience, when we say that, when beginners have mastered this small tome, they may repair to our Edinburgh Chess Club, without undue apprehensions; though we would certainly not advise them to try a fall with Baillie Donaldson.

Sketches of Young Gentlemen,

Come second to the clever "Sketches of Young Ladies," which we noticed last year with "great applause." They are, nevertheless, graphic and lively. The illustrations are sometimes outrageous caricatures.

More Hints on Etiquette

Have been published, illustrated by CRUIKSHANK. They are in the style of those we have quoted in the notice of the "Comic Almanac," though scarcely so terse or piquant. *Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry.*

By Alexander Bethune, a labourer.

These stories are written by a man who has spent his life among the sort of people and amidst the scenes he has described. They are faithful, if homely pictures of the loves, the joys, the trials, and sorrows of the humbler classes in Scotland—of sensible, manly working-men, village coquettes, and the gentle hearts that pine and die of unrequited affection in poor men's huts. The author is another of that host of self-taught men who have struggled into notice in the course of the present century. He has had the misfortune of being severely injured, and of losing an eye in the course of his labours as a quarrier; and, while unfit for work, his amusement was the composition of these tales and little poems, which he mentions in apology. They, however, require no apology. They are rustic but not rude, and will be popular, not only with the peasantry of Scotland, but with those who know and love their character and ways. The simple pathos of "The Fate of the Fairest," and the cheerful moral of "The Three Handsel Mondays," have our special commendation.

Selections from the Latin Anthology. Translated into English Verse, by John Dunlop, Esq. Edinburgh: Clark.

Mr Dunlop is already known favourably to the student by his elaborate "History of Roman Literature." In his present work, he has furnished a valuable addition to our stock of classical translations, and to the knowledge of many who, though well acquainted with the writings of Horace and Virgil, have hitherto never dreamed of the beauties of Pontadius and Avienus. He divides the selection into two classes, the first comprising reliques of the older Latin poets; the second, of the ingenious triflers in epigram, acrostic, and serpentine verses, who flourished between the reign of the Antonines and the end of the reign of Honorius. The versions are smooth and elegant, combining, in general, ease and harmony, with great accuracy and propriety of expression. He has prefixed the work with some interesting remarks on the literary character of the periods in which the anthologists lived.

The Satires and Epistles of Horace,

Have been "interpreted" by David Hunter, Esq., in a genial, gentlemanly, and Horatian spirit. We have been tempted to give specimens of these translations; but, without greater space than the *monodies* can afford to such ancient-fashioned gentlemen as Horace or his classical interpreters, we could not do any justice to a volume which is sure, in any event, to attract the notice of scholars.

WIELAND'S GAUDALIN; OR, LOVE FOR LOVE, has been translated by Francis Hope, Esq., and one or two small volumes of original poetry are before us, which must await their audit.

Hood's Own.

The Comic Annual is here reproduced, with its inimitable original illustrations, in one striking monthly number. It opens with the PUGSEY PAPERS. A great bargain may not be given, as the literary market goes, for the money; but then the article is compounded, as ladies like their tippie, "little and good."

Anglo-India, Social, Moral and Political.

We have here three volumes of gleanings, the cream, so to speak, of the *Asiatic Journal*, for a length of time. The lighter sketches are, in general, entertaining, and will form very pleasant half-hour's reading. The biographies are of greater merit.

British Power in India.

The Second volume of "Auber's History of the Rise and Progress of the British Power in India," has just appeared. It completes an accurate and pains-taking work, in which the author, who was secretary to the Board of Directors, has made diligent use of the opportunities of acquiring information afforded by the nature of his appointment.

Le Bijou Littéraire,

Is a collection of traits, stories, anecdotes, and literary extracts, gleaned by C. Victor Martin, "*professeur de langue Française*," for the use of students of that tongue. There is rather too much of Napoleon and *la gloire* in it for our taste in juvenile books, otherwise the *Vingt-Part* is well adapted to its purpose, and amusing withal; while the Second contains many excellent and unhackneyed extracts from classical French writers.

The Family Library, No. LXIV. A History of the Bastille and of the Principal Captives.

This is a very curious and interesting volume, which we heartily commend to all admirers of despotic governments. The history of this single State prison records more of human misery, the consequence of arbitrary power, than, we venture to predict, will be found in the public annals of the mighty United States of America, from their confederation onwards to the tenth century of their existence. The sufferings of Latude alone, would have justified the French Revolution.

Proverbial Philosophy; a Book of Thoughts and Arguments, &c. &c. By Martin Farquharson Tupper, Esq., M.A.

These proverbs, and pithy condensed sayings, treat of the duties and social relations of life, and are arranged in a quaint, antithetical, and Hebraic style. The mode is more original than the matter, which is often flat; or a sequence of commonplace and truisms in fine disguise.

A Visit to the British Museum.

This is a compendious and popular guide-book to the treasures contained in the different chambers of the national repository; and also a very amusing descriptive volume. It is in a series of dialogues between Mr Edwards, a London gentleman; his little son; and his nephew, Basil Montague, a young gentleman from the country.

Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays.

We sincerely rejoice in the re-appearance of a sterling work, now long out of print, and coming out in a form which places it within the reach of numerous purchasers. Still more do we rejoice in the prospect that this volume may be followed by others, until we have a complete cheap edition of the Miscellaneous Writings of this vigorous and original writer, and brilliant critic.

Conversations on Nature and Art. Second Series.

This pleasant melange for the juveniles is precisely the same in character and object as its predecessor, though it probably rises to more expanded capacities. The persons who carry on the dialogues are our former acquaintances, Mrs Fortescue, Mrs Clifford, and her children.

Popular Surgery. Translated from the French of M. Mayor, by Dr Thomas Cutler.

This book deserves to be known. Its object is original and its directions, we doubt not, are accurate and scientific. It professes to afford plain directions in cases of

accident, contagions, diseases, poisoning, &c. &c., when no regular practitioners can be got. Something of the same kind we have seen foisted into the rag-end of popular medical books, and particularly the universal Buchan. But here is a complete treatise which, in emergencies, will be found particularly useful to country families, ship-captains, emigrants, and persons engaged in extensive mining and manufacturing operations, where accidents are so woefully frequent, and where ignorance and helplessness cause not only mischief, but not seldom the loss of life and limb. The work will also be useful in mechanics' reading clubs, as artisans are peculiarly liable to many of the casualties for which the ready remedy is described.

Murphy on Teeth.

No part of the human economy receives the tenth part of the attention paid to the teeth. Treatises on teeth appear at least once a-quarter, and *dentistry*, as we find it called, is growing into a profession which numbers nearly as many members as surgery. Great rogues many of them are, according to Mr Murphy, and we can well believe him; and therefore, in name of the deluded public, receive his warnings and experiences as good offices. His book is rather for dentists than general readers, though some of its recommendations are of the simple and popular nature calculated to make every lady and gentleman, if not their own dentist, yet their own teeth-preserver.

Hudson's Plain Directions for Making Wills.

A Second Edition of this plain useful Treatise has been published, with special reference to the late alteration of the law regarding wills and intestacy. Are our readers aware of the increased necessity and duty of making a will which arise from the provisions of this act? The book, of course, does not refer to Scotland, but may be useful there.

Illustrated Family Bible.

Smith & Elder have just issued Part I. of Brown of Haddington's "Self-Interpreting Family Bible." It is somewhat in the style of the *illuminated* volumes of the early ages of printing, and remarkably tasteful and elegant in its decorations. The size, a foolscap folio, is not unwieldily large; the letterpress is beautiful, and the paper of first-rate quality. The work, notwithstanding the many ornamented Bibles published, is worthy of high commendation, and the attention of those laying wisely the foundations of their family treasures and heir-looms. It is to be completed in twenty Parts. The original work is too well known to require any notice from us, of those notes, annotations, and concordance which have stamped its value and authority.

Pietas Privata, or the Book of Private Devotions. Is a neat, nice, very little book, of *Prayers and Meditations*, selected chiefly from the works of Hannah More.

Mr A. Bell, by his title page, Professor of Elocution, has published a portion of the New Testament, for the purpose of improving the public and private reading of the Scriptures. This is attempted to be effected by a peculiar, or what is called rhetorical punctuation, by printing the emphatic words in capital letters, and other signs. One would require, perhaps, to be a professor of elocution to understand all the merits of the design, which, we have no doubt, may be subservient to teaching both young and old to read with the understanding, as well as to improving their style of reading.

The Cabinet Lawyer.

It appears unnecessary for us to say anything in recommendation of a work on which the public have set their unequivocal seal of approbation, by the purchase of nine large editions in the course of as many years. As a popular exposition of English law, in all its branches, public, civil, and criminal, it is greatly superior to anything we have seen, and more information will be derived from its perusal of it, than from Blackstone or the other books to which unprofessional persons are in the practice of resorting. A very great proportion of this comprehensive and cheap volume is as applicable to Scotland as to England, and we have nowhere so complete an analysis of the numerous statutes, whereby

the criminal law of England, and in part also that of Scotland, has, within the last half century, been so materially modified and changed. In perusing this volume, we have been struck with the great similarity, in many respects, between Scotch and English law; and, did our space permit, we think we could shew that the very desirable object of having one system of law for the whole united kingdom, is not a work so very difficult as is commonly imagined. A very slight view of the subject would shew that much may be taken from the law of either country beneficial to that of the other; and the time is surely now come, that, by means of a code or otherwise, the people generally should have some means of knowing authoritatively the system of law to which their lives, liberty, and property are subjected. It is fearful to think of the number of illegal acts of one sort or another one is yearly committing through ignorance of their illegality.

An Essay on the Coins of Rome, Greece, England, and Scotland, &c. &c. On Silver Pennies, Scottish Bodles, and Queen Anne's Farthings. By William Tall, Medallist, and Member of the Numismatic Society.

This is rather a curious piece of learned antiquarianism, into which our readers may look or not, as they are inclined. The public at large, we apprehend, are wonderfully indifferent to all coins, save those "current in this realm," except as bullion or old copper. In the long catalogue of coin and medal collectors, we notice but one in Scotland. The clergy, as a profession, appear the most remarkable coin collectors in England. In the present state of the coin market, we find that the best Queen Anne farthings are worth from £3 to £5—descending so low, for the inferior qualities, as ten or twelve shillings.—The essay will, we doubt not, be useful as a guide to collectors of coins and medals.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

A laboured and sophistical apology for just as much of the democratic principle as was requisite to the new system in France—to dethroning the elder branch of the Bourbons, and planting the Orleans family upon the throne of the Barricades, but stopping there—has been put forth by Guizot, in the *Revue Francoise*, and is translated, for the enlightenment or check of the Movement party in England, as it was written for the kindred party in France. The article, "Democracy in Modern Societies," attempts to prove that, its great object being now accomplished, the further progress of the democratic principle would be only destructive, and that Universal Suffrage would originate the worst of all tyrannies. "What," says M. Guizot, "do those very Governments do which call themselves founded upon that principle? [Such as the American Government, we presume.] They struggle hard against its consequences; they toll incessantly to restrain the power of the many, after having pompously proclaimed it. How much quackery and inconsistency, how much deceit and peril, in this pretended *invention* of the multitude! The majority in Universal Suffrage is neither the positive proof of the legitimacy of power, nor its best security. Experience proclaims it loudly. But I wish to go deeper into the question of the right of suffrage, and of the guarantees of liberty. Let us beware: we are becoming narrow and gross-minded." How does the reader think? Why, thus:—"Nice and complicated facts, indirect influences, scientific combinations, escape us. *Wherever we do not see meetings, elections, balloting urns, votes, we consider absolute power and liberty as being without guarantee.*" The English are quite as apt to look for these outward signs and securities as the French. Guizot ridicules the principle of right in the suffrage; neither women nor minors enjoy or claim it. The denial of it cannot be an iniquity, or three-fourths of mankind could not permanently be subjected to it; for no one, save Condorcet and Godwin, have yet claimed political rights for women. The principles which ought to regulate the social system, according to M. Guizot, are, "Respect for public authorities; the legal subordination of the individual will; the

division of rights according to capacity"—a principle which we do not pretend to understand, as enunciated here; "and everywhere security for liberty, at all steps of the social ladder; but power placed above, for the concerns of society are high, and cannot be managed from below." These principles kept in view, it matters not, we are told, whether the society be democratical or aristocratical, or its Government monarchical or republican—that is to say, in name; for, in essence, they are all the same, if these "conservative principles of social order" are maintained. Democracy, in the long strife, having completed its conquest, ought to have its further progress arrested, as it can only prove destructive to every rising society. It was useful in its day; but now, "Thanks to the victory of the good cause, and to God who gave it us, situations and interests are changed." And so they are, whether those of the dominant English Whigs, of the King of the Barricades, or M. Guizot. We are all changed; and how? "No more war from those below against those above," says the former Liberal. "No more motive for raising the standard of the many against the few. No more legitimate cause—no more specious pretext—for the maxims, the pretensions, the passions, so long placed under the standard of democracy. What was formerly democracy would now be anarchy; democratical spirit is now, and will long be, nothing but revolutionary spirit. . . . The relative situation of the little and the great, of the poor and the rich, is now regulated justly and liberally. Every one has his rights, his place, his prospects. . . . An old democratical routine is especially fatal to us, inasmuch as it lowers and narrows all persons as well as things." This brochure will be highly prized, by the Conservative Whigs especially. Let them not forget that their Gallican Burke calls a halt in the social movement, from a far more advanced position than they have attained. He looks to a society which is neither trammelled by hereditary legislation, nor cramped and corrupted by the law of primogeniture, insolent aristocratic privilege, or a grinding state church.

Remarks on the Evils of Primogeniture. By Henry Camplin.

A sensible small pamphlet, inscribed to Mr Ewart, exposing that crying iniquity of aristocratic institutions which is at once the cause and effect of many of its immoralities, and of all the national and social mischief which arise from the inordinate disproportion of fortunes.

FINE ARTS.

The Baptism of the Covenanters.

An engraving from HARVEY's *Covenanters' Baptism*, the companion picture to his *Covenanters' Preaching*, has just been published by Hodgson & Graves. The engraving is executed by Wagstaff, in a manner worthy of the painting. *The Baptism*, if not the most powerful of Harvey's series of national pictures, is certainly the sweetest, and that in which he has most felicitously combined the beautiful with the true. This artist, we believe, at once took a high place among his contemporaries, though we are tempted to think not exactly that to which public taste must yet elevate him; as, from admiration of graceful forms and brilliant colouring, it shall rise to that subtilty and delicacy of perception which penetrates the soul of Art, and sees in its choicest master-pieces the eloquent exponents of the invisible as well as of the visible beautiful. Much might be said on this topic, and on the distinction which ought to be made between *historical* painters and *national* painters, to which last small class of artists we would claim Mr Harvey—if he be not rather one of its founders. To return to the engraving of *The Baptism*, it is gratifying to national pride to reflect that this beautiful print will go abroad among other nations, and prove what a kindly-affectioned, manly, and even handsome race, those stalwart rebellious Covenanters were, of whom Scotland is so proud. The prevailing charm of this picture, is sweetness, gentleness, and purity of expression—we need not add truth; for, of all Harvey's paintings, "faithful and true" may be affirmed. The value of

The Baptism is enhanced by its stern predecessor, and its heroic successor, *The Battle of Drumclog*. Some of the earnest and resolute faces in *The Covenanters' Preaching*, re-appear in *The Baptism*, under the influence of the softer feelings; and in the countenances of the women in particular, a beaming expression of human interest and love has taken place of the grave concentration of feeling with which they listened to the Preacher. Of all Protestant religious ceremonies, infant baptism admits the freest mingling of the natural sympathies with devotional feelings; and here the scene and the period aggrandize the interest. The scene of the picture is of a softer character than that of *The Preaching*. A stupendous mountain range forms the back-ground, but the chosen recess where the persecuted remnant seek shelter from Claverhouse and the moss-troopers, is a lovely spot, rich in plants and herbage, and studded with craggy knolls and grassy slopes, over which the worshippers are charmingly grouped. From a sparkling cascade, a little inn, the pastor of the mountain-flock lifts the purifying waters of baptism. This natural font, and many other happy accessories, give the celebration of the rite a more poetic and impressive character than if it took place in the most gorgeous cathedral. The costume is, throughout, faithful to the country and the age, without that minute preciseness which, though often called clever, sometimes, we confess, strikes us as littleness, or mere trick. Indeed, it is as well to confess that every other artistic merit in this design is secondary to the expression and sentiment which pervades it. Save the younger children, and the admirable *colliers*, every living thing is wrapt in serene contemplation of the solemn yet sweet rite that is performing. Every feeling of the assembled worshippers is attuned to harmony, in witnessing those little ones received within the pale of the visible church, and made partakers of that glorious heritage, which has become more precious from the hot persecution then raging. But persecutors and tyrants are forgotten in that hour. How deep the brooding love of the youthful matron who receives back her Christian babe, while the father's looks of manly tenderness follow it to the sanctuary of her bosom! How bright the smiles of the happy maiden who restores it—the proud god-mother, so far as Presbytery permits such heterodox spiritual relationships! Still finer is the motherly gladness, the genial complacency, mantling the faces of the grand-dames and grandires, and the female gossips; while these again are exquisitely discriminated from the stern gentleness stealing visibly over the features of the steel-girt elders of the congregation, and the sympathetic looks of the younger armed men, as they look on their brother in faith and in righteous resistance, presenting his infant to the minister. *The Baptism* is of a size which fits it in form as in character to be the pendant of the *Covenanters' Preaching*. No two pictures that ever appeared in Great Britain display, with so much mastery in art, so much of a people's history.

Scenery in Mid-Lothian.

A first, we believe, and certainly a very creditable attempt has been made in Edinburgh to bring out engravings in that style of cheap elegance of which London has set the example. The subject chosen is the "Scenery of Edinburgh and Mid-Lothian." The designs are by W. B. Scott, the engraving by R. Scott. Ten plates, which, in execution, are highly honourable to Scottish art, are stored in a neat portfolio; which also contains a detached description of the scenery illustrated, and of Edinburgh in the olden time, written with considerable vivacity, and beautifully printed. And this elegant publication, with the engravings on India paper, and other embellishments, is sold for six shillings; and, in a humbler garb, for three and sixpence! It is far too low-priced; for, at the same rate, the publishers could not prosper in any field, and much less in the comparatively narrow one of Scotland. Among the finest and most characteristic subjects are, *Craig-Miller Castle*, *The Hunter's Bog*, and *Edinburgh from the Cat Nick*. But the plates are all really beautiful; and we can only wish that the reward of the publishers may be equal to their spirited attempt.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

CANADA continues to be the subject of paramount interest; and every report from that country is looked for with anxiety. The present year teems with great events. That tranquillity is restored on the western continent, or that matters can be brought back to the situation in which they were only a few months ago, no man who is in the slightest degree acquainted with history will assert. Britain has committed a great political crime, which not only the present generation, but men yet unborn, will rue. Her legislature has passed an act unequalled in the annals of despotism. The constitution of the most populous and most important colony of the British empire has been annihilated—suspended, it is called; but there is no certainty that it will soon or ever be restored. We, along with our more worthy coadjutors of the press, have now for many years been loud and incessant in the exposure of the atrocities of the Tories during their long reign of power; but when we were holding up the iniquities of the past, we never imagined that, in our own time, we should have been the witnesses of so barefaced, so atrocious, so unprincipled an exertion of might over right. Talk of the proceedings of 1794, 1799, of 1819, of Castlereagh's Gagging Bills, of the sanctified iniquity of Sidmouth, of Somerset's dolings at the Cape!—they are mere dust in the balance compared with the recent enactment of the British legislature. What is its justification? Why, that a political controversy having arisen in the colony, men of the most respectable character took different sides, and have, as universally happens, where the opinions are honestly and conscientiously entertained, expressed them with energy and vehemence, and have taken every legitimate means in their power to render what they conscientiously believed to be the just cause triumphant. The dominant party—which means those who have the command of the army—thought their opponents had gone beyond the proper limit of persons in the subordinate capacity of an opposition, and attempted to apprehend them; with the view, no doubt of their trial for one or other of the conveniently indefinite crimes of treason, misprison of treason, sedition, or what our Scotch law calls leasing-making—anything, in short, which displeases the “powers that be.” In the attempt to seize, by the uncalled for employment of an armed force, these men, for an imaginary offence, their neighbours and dependents turned out, and repelled force by force—judging that an affair which was set about in robber-like fashion could not be the act of a lawful Government. Before these “volunteer and yeomanry” attempts to enforce the law, there had not been a single attempt to resist the ordinary officers of the law in the execution of their duty.

That the peasantry were justified in giving the slightest impediment to any sort of person clothed with official authority, we are the last to assert; nor do we think that, had they been put down at St Denis, instead of defeating the soldiery, much notice would have been taken of the matter. But because an unnecessary resort to military force has had the general result of raising up resistance, and that only in a village or two, it has been considered a justification for placing the whole people of Lower Canada beyond the pale of the law. It is assumed, not only without the shadow of evidence, but in direct contradiction to the evidence, that the House of Assembly participated in the revolt, and that Papineau is at the head of it. But what single circumstance is there to induce such a belief? One only—that, after the office of the *Frédérateur*—the only liberal paper in Montreal—had been seized by a lawless Orange banditti—after the life of every man of liberal opinions had been threatened by armed *volontaires*—Papineau, as any other man of common sense would have done under similar circumstances, retired into the country. How can any one implicate him, the Legislative Assembly, or the people of Lower Canada generally with the late insurrection? And why, because two or three hundred of an easily ex-

cited population have taken arms, are half a million of men to be punished by the deprivation of their rights of freemen, and placed under a dictatorship?

But the first act of the drama has closed. The result is, that 8000 men have been added to our army—a force exceeding the number of the whole regular force of the United States. A British soldier, though he only receives a shilling a-day, costs the country, in barracks, moving from place to place, pensions, allowances, and by employing three times the number of officers to command him that is necessary—as nearly as may be, one hundred pounds a-year. Hence, the Canada insurrection has already entailed upon us a taxation something approaching to one million a-year. Then, war with the United States can hardly be avoided. We care nothing for the letters passing from the British embassy to the United States' Ministers of Foreign Relations—we look to facts. The Duke of Wellington is quite right. If you are to keep the Canadas, you must have a great war—by which we understand, that we must either conquer the States, or that they must conquer us. The tocin is again sounded. *Delenda est Carthago*, is the maxim. In a warfare between Britain and Canada, the United States will not be neutral. Can any one doubt which side they will take? Look at the necessity—for it is nothing else—of the Northern States of the Union having the navigation of the St Lawrence free from obstruction. Look at the necessity of the whole Union having their northern frontier protected from invasion. Look at the North-Eastern Boundary Question; at the necessity of the Northern States having the Canadas to meet the increasing preponderance in Congress of the slave-holding states, acquired by the annexation of Texas, and the other southern provinces. We hold at naught, we say, the documents which have passed between the British and American Governments. We look to facts. With the greatest difficulty have the American authorities, in the states of Vermont and New York, prevented a *levée en masse* for the purpose of marching into Upper Canada. The insurgents in Lower Canada, in the first instance, and on Navy Island afterwards, were armed entirely with American muskets and cannon. On their departure from Navy Island, the insurgents, as we learn from the best authority, re-delivered to officers of the United States' army, the cannon they had seized, because it was inconvenient, or rather impossible, to carry them along with them; and they were received as state property, without remark, and without any attempt to punish those who had taken the use of them. We believe there is no previous instance of the arsenals of any State having been so extensively plundered as those of America, on the Canada frontier, and so little complaint or defence made. Yet, with all their experience of the pilfering practices of the patriots, in as far as arms are concerned, on the very same day that the State cannon was delivered up at Grand Island, 400 muskets were seized at Munroe, being weapons more portable in Canadian warfare. The States are neutral—at least in writing, at present. Why? Because they want to see the full extent of the disaffection in the Canadas, and to allow the discontent to be increased, by the harsh measures resorted to by the British Legislature. Besides, they are not prepared for warfare. They have recently suffered the most extraordinary embarrassments from errors in relation to their currency, from which they are only beginning to recover; but these embarrassments will pass off shortly, and, before the expiry of the Presidency of Van Buren, the Canadas will either be surrendered by Britain, or we shall have war with the United States.

We hardly venture to speak of the proceedings in Upper Canada, in the terms they deserve. Can anything be more atrocious than Head's conduct? Chivalrous it has been called; but the real object of it was to drive his political opponents to rebellion, and then let loose

upon them his armed Orangemen, and either massacre them or force them to leave the colony, leaving their lands and other property as the prey of his myrmidons. His policy has fully succeeded in its aim; for hundreds of families have already taken refuge in the United States. Surely some one will bring Head's conduct before Parliament.

MR BUCKINGHAM IN AMERICA.—By a paragraph in *The New York Gazette*, we observe that our eloquent countryman is delivering lectures in that city, with great success. We cannot wish him a better reception in the great towns of the United States, than he met with in this our Scottish metropolis. His lectures gave universal satisfaction.

SCOTLAND.

DESTITUTION IN THE HIGHLANDS.—The Committee appointed in the spring of last year for procuring subscriptions for alleviating the distress in the Highlands, have published their report. It appears that the total subscriptions received, amounted to L.16,563, and the sums expended to L.13,515, leaving in hand a balance of L.3,038. Of the expenditure, L.7,639 was sent to the West Highlands, and L.5,368 to the North Highlands, Shetland, and Orkney. It appears, from this report, as we anticipated, that the outcry about want of food was grossly exaggerated; for, of the L.7,639 sent to the west coast, only L.49 was for food, and L.7,589 for seed-corn; so that the Highland lairds have had their estates sown last year out of the money collected for charity! Have they discharged the rent of the year 1836, or does it hang over the heads of their tenantry in the shape of arrears? We have no doubt that the latter supposition is the fact; and thus, as we predicted at the time, if grain and not meal was sent, the lairds have pocketed the subscription raised for their poor oppressed tenants and cottars. But what we have to beg attention to, is the attempt that is now proposed to be made to procure public money to a large amount, to encourage emigration from the Highlands, under the pretence of appropriating the surplus of L.3,038. The Committee state their opinion to be, "that money may be most beneficially employed, not only in assisting some of the old people to accompany some of the younger members of the family to Australia, but also in aiding a very large emigration to Canada. With reference to the latter, the committee entertain a very confident hope that the Government may be induced to aid liberally." It will, no doubt, be exceedingly convenient for the Highland proprietors—who take care never to assess themselves for the support of the poor—to get rid of their worn-out labourers at the public expense; for, to suppose that the proprietors will give any material contribution for the purpose, is contradicted by all experience. But, as the late Lord Selkirk has shewn in his book on "Highland Emigration," the project of diminishing the population, and lessening distress in the Highlands by emigration, is utterly hopeless. For example, he shews that the population of Skye, in 1755, was 11,262, and in 1794, 14,470; though between 1772 and 1791, 4000 people had emigrated, and at least 8000 had left the island to settle in the low country. At present, though the emigration has continued ever since with little interruption, the population exceeds 20,000. Mr. Irvine, in his "Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of Emigration," relates, upon the testimony of a person of unquestionable veracity, who had personal knowledge of the fact, that, "in 1790, a place on the west coast contained 1900 inhabitants, of whom 600 emigrated the same year to America. In 1801, a census was taken, and the same spot contained 1,967, though it had furnished 87 men for the army and navy, and not a single stranger had settled in it."

We suspect that the committee have inadequate notions of the expense of removing great bodies of men to distant countries; but there are sufficient data for ascertaining the fact. In 1823 and in 1825, two bodies of emigrants were settled in Canada at the public expense. The emigration in 1823 consisted of 568 Irish emigrants, and cost about £22 for each; that in 1825 consisted of 2024 persons, the expense of settling them was £43,145, or £20 to each person. Suppose that it was resolved to

furnish 25,000 persons with the means of emigrating, the expense would be half a million. How much of this sum would the Highland lairds advance? To talk of commencing a very large emigration to Canada, because the committee have £3000 in hand, is mere folly.

But we deny that there is any surplus population in the Highlands. Indeed, it is only a few years since the press resounded with lamentations that the introduction of sheep, and the increase of the size of farms, had caused their depopulation. Let the proprietors encourage the fisheries, which are in a great measure neglected; let them give inducements to farmers of skill and capital, from the south of Scotland, to take their farms, by giving them leases of a proper endurance, at a low rent; let them establish manufactures for which the country is adapted—for instance, the spinning and making into cloth the wool of their sheep. What is to prevent the establishment of woollen manufactures in the Highlands, as well as at Galashiels and Hawick? The project of saving the Highland proprietors from putting their hands into their pockets, by shipping off their old dependants at the public expense, ought to be resisted to the utmost, not only as a useless and uncalled for expenditure of the public money, but as tending to keep the Highlanders in their present state of ignorance and misery.

THE SCOTTISH CLERGY.—The outrageous conduct of the Edinburgh clergy, in preferring to seize and distrain the goods of their parishioners, and to imprison their persons, rather than accept the offer of £500 a-year, made them by the Town Council, renders the subject of the present mode of payment of the established clergy of Scotland one of interest. It appears to us, that, not only in Edinburgh, but throughout the whole kingdom, the mode of payment is extremely objectionable. The revenues of the clergy in Scotland before the Reformation, were very large. Sir George Mackenzie estimates the tithes paid to them at one-fourth part of the rents of lands, and their lands at another fourth—or, in other words, at one-half of the land rents of the kingdom. Forbes remarks, that the "clergy were most justly subjected to the payment of the half of the last roll in all public impositions." There can be no doubt that here, as elsewhere, the wealth of the Church, and the prospect of sharing in its spoil, was the great cause of the rapid adoption of Reformed opinions in religion. A scramble took place between the clergy and the nobility for the plunder, and, as might have been foreseen, the latter were the victorious party. Immediately after the Reformation, the ministers presented an application to the Convention of Estates, "praying that the patrimony of the Church should be employed to the sustentation of the ministry, the provision of schools, and entertainment of the poor." Had this application been granted, there would have been upwards of two millions a-year available for these purposes, instead of £300,000, as at present. But, as Spottiswoode remarks, "this proposal was not very pleasing to divers of the nobility; who, though they liked well enough to have the Pope, his authority and doctrine, condemned, had no will to quit the church patrimony, wherewith, in that stirring time, they had possessed themselves." In the "First Book of Discipline," the clergy again renewed their demands, stating, that "to our grief we hear that some gentlemen are now more rigorous in exacting the tithes and other duties paid before to the Church than ever the Papists were; and so the tyranny of priests is turned into the tyranny of lords or lairds; for this we require that the gentlemen, barons, lords, earls, and others be content to live upon their own rents, and suffer the Church to be restored to her right and liberty; that, by her restitution, the poor that have heretofore been oppressed, may now receive some comfort and relaxation." The cant here about the poor is amusing. For the Ministers go on to demand not only that the whole tithes, not forgetting those of lint, fish, and cheese, should be surrendered to them, "but also all things relative to hospitality in time past," with all the lands and houses belonging to priests, colleges, friars, and religious persons of all orders, "likewise the whole revenues of the temporalities of bishops, deans, and archdeacons, with all rents of land pertaining to cathedral

churches." And, not content with all this, they conclude with this modest proposal:—"And, further, we think, that merchants and craftsmen, in free burghs, who have nothing to do with manuring the ground, ought to make some provision in their cities and towns, and dwelling-places, for the support of the church and necessities thereof." These demands of the reformed church were very justly pronounced to be exorbitant, the nobility not being able to see how the Protestant clergy were any better entitled than themselves to the plunder of the Catholic Church. The clergy, however, long entertained hopes of being able to recover what they affected to consider their just rights; and John Knox expressed to the Regent Merton his conviction, that these hopes would sooner or later be realized: to which the Regent, who had obtained a large share of church property, made the characteristic reply—"that it was nothing but a devout imagination." Such was the rapacity of the lords and lairds—"the landed interest"—that the clergy were reduced to the greatest distress, and many had to give up their livings. As late as 1617, the highest stipend was only 1000 merks Scots, about L.55 sterling; but most of them did not exceed from L.20 to L.30. By a statute in 1633, the minimum was raised to 800 merks; but no maximum having been fixed, the Lords of Session exercised a discretion of augmenting the stipends at their discretion, where there were tithes in the parish which could be allocated. The consequences thence arising were unexpected, and most pernicious to the land proprietors; but we have not space to trace them in the present Register.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—TRADE AND THE CORN LAWS.—The great argument against the repeal of the Corn-Laws, and in favour of the prohibition of the importation of foreign food of all sorts, is, that we ought not to be dependent for the means of subsistence on foreign nations—rivals sometimes, and, as our aristocracy have managed our affairs, generally our enemies. The welfare of the landed interest—that is, of the owners of land, (whose preponderance, as Lord John Russell had the extraordinary indiscretion to reveal, was the real object of the Reform Act)—is not a matter in which the great body of the people of any country, and especially of Britain, need take any peculiar interest; because their numbers are very inconsiderable, probably not a hundred thousand in the united kingdom; and because every one is aware that they have not only the leisure and inclination, but the power, by their possession of the Upper House of Parliament, and by the great majority they possess in the Lower, to do themselves, at least, justice. The notion, that paying more than we need or ought to do for our food, enables us the more easily to bear the burden of our taxes, was once a favourite argument—if it ever could be so called; but its absurdity has, of late years, become so palpable even to the advocates of the land-owners, that it would be superfluous farther to advert to it. We object to be dependent on foreigners for food—why do we not also object to depend on them for clothing? The dress of our working classes—that is, of at least seven-eighths of the community—is composed almost entirely, and that of the other eighth, is, in a great measure, of cotton. Yet of cotton-wool, the material for this dress, not one ounce is or can be produced in the United Kingdom. We are, with an exception so trifling as to be hardly worthy of notice, entirely dependent on foreigners for this staple article, not only of our home consumption and manufactures, but, as we shall shew immediately, of our foreign commerce. And, fortunate it is, that our climate is so cold and intemperate that the cultivation of cotton in Britain, whatever labour and expense may be bestowed on it, is utterly hopeless; otherwise our land-owners would have extended their restrictive or prohibitory system against the importation of cotton-wool. No matter although we could have imported cotton-wool at one-half of the expense we could have raised it: its importation, without a "countervailing duty," would have been reprobated within as well as without the walls of Parliament, by the pulpit and the press; and free trade in cotton would have been held up as a scheme devised by Jacobins and Radicals, by Republicans and Revolutionists, for the overthrow of the established constitution

in Church and State, and for depriving Britain of the proud pre-eminence she has long enjoyed, of being "the wonder of surrounding nations, and the envy of the world." In truth, there is not one of the arguments constantly used against the free importation of corn, and in favour of the prohibition of foreign animal food, cattle, sheep, &c., which would not have applied with equal force to the importation of cotton-wool, the chief material of our clothing. It is indeed wonderful that the landed interest did not think we might have done very well with woollen clothing.

The manufacture of cotton is by far our most important branch of trade. Without taking into view the shipping employed in importing the raw material and exporting the manufactured article, the masons and other artisans who erect the factories and construct the machinery, one million and a half of persons are constantly employed within the United Kingdom in the spinning and weaving of cotton. Of the capital engaged in it we may form some conjecture, from the circumstance that the total value of the goods annually manufactured exceeds forty millions; and of its value as a branch of foreign trade, that it formed twenty-five out of forty-seven millions being the total declared value of our exports in 1836. The quantity of cotton-wool annually consumed by us, exceeds three hundred millions of pounds weight; and it is a singular circumstance that so enormous a quantity of an article the cultivation of which is necessarily confined to a few countries, is yearly procured, not only during peace, but during war, with so much regularity and certainty, that for ages the operations of our factories have never been suspended by the deficiency of the raw material. We are told that, if trade in corn were free, foreigners would combine to starve us. Why do they not combine to destroy our most important manufacture, a manufacture which they are using the utmost efforts to foster at home, and at the same time denude us of clothing?—for that would be the practical result. It would be much easier for the few countries which produce cotton to enter into combination, than for the whole habitable world, which produces corn, or food of some sort or other.

We are glad to see that, at Manchester, and in other manufacturing districts, public attention is at length awakened to the pernicious effects of the corn-laws, (including under this term the prohibition of, or restriction on the importation of food of all kinds,) and we can assure them that no time should be lost in using the most strenuous exertions for their repeal. Had one-half of the talent, perseverance, and money been expended on this object that has been used in organizing combinations of workmen to keep up wages, we should not now have to complain of a nuisance which is fast ruining the commercial prosperity of Britain; and, without commerce, how long would a national bankruptcy be averted? It is the fashion at present to deride the attempts of the Continental nations to retaliate on us our restrictive system of dealing, and to hold out the Prussian Custom-House League as inoperative. But have these attempts been so nugatory as have been represented? Let us see. We shall take, first, good Tory authority for our facts. First, then, it appears, that of the total quantity of raw cotton-wool imported into and worked up in this country, one half, at the very least, is consumed, not at home, but abroad. Thus—

1836.—"Total weight of cotton imported for consumption—that is, working up, lbs. 367,713,988.

"Of which exported in the shape of manufactured or piece goods, lbs. 111,644,310

"Yarn, . . . 85,136,762

"Thread, . . . 2,930,988

"Left for home consumption, only, 152,855,043."

We see here the absurdity of affecting to despise the foreign demand for our manufactures, and to hold it out as inferior to the home consumption; for, were it not for

the foreign demand for our cottons, the manufacture would instantly sink one-half, and nearly a million of people would be thrown out of employment. (D) *appeals*; from Burns' "Commercial Guide" for last year, that, comparing 1833 and 1836, the export of cotton cloth to Germany and Prussia has sunk, in four years only, four millions of yards, or one-fifth. On the other hand, such has been the increase of the German and Prussian cotton manufactures, that their demand for cotton yarns has increased, during the same period, from 34,871,680 lbs. to 45,928,153, eleven millions of pounds, or one-third, in four years. It is plain, that our export of cotton cloth to Germany will soon cease.

But, long previous to 1833, our export of manufactured cloths to the Continent had been in a sinking state, as appears from the following table, abridged from one given under the article, "Manufactures," in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

Printed and Dyed Cottons exported to the following countries in the years 1830 and 1831.

	1830.		1831.	
	Yards.	Value.	Yards.	Value.
Switzerland . . .	8,440,361	4948,550	392,306	£14,735
Prussia . . .	4,519,976	175,943	508	40
Germany . . .	32,790,466	1,970,730	28,353,466	680,902
On Netherlands .	4,418,235	598,026	7,896,169	288,877
Denmark . . .	195,974	12,981	36,536	977
	46,767,772	£2,987,947	36,068,076	£234,631

It will thus be observed, that, in these eleven years, the exports of manufactured cottons sank one-third in quantity and two-thirds in value, and that the trade with Russia and Prussia was annihilated. Nor was this loss compensated by a greater demand from other quarters. On the other hand, the export of cotton twist has gone on, year after year, increasing. The woollen trade presents, when examined, precisely the same results—viz., a continually decreasing export of cloth, and a continually increasing demand for yarns.

We find, accordingly, that not only over the whole continent, but in America, the cotton, as well as other manufactures, are making the most rapid advance. Between 1812 and 1835, the consumption of raw cotton wool in France rose from six to thirty-eight millions of kilograms; the United States of America consumed in 1810, 10,000 bales of cotton; in 1830, 126,000; in 1836, 237,000; in Switzerland, Germany, Prussia, Austria, Italy, we find similar results.

There is an argument which is used for the purpose of deterring the working classes of the towns from agitating the Repeal of the Corn Laws, which is generally admitted, even by the advocates of Repeal, to be sound. It is said that their repeal would occasion a great fall in the price of corn, and that fall would cause much land to be thrown out of cultivation; the consequence of which would be, that a part of the rural population being thrown out of employment, would resort to the towns, and, competing with the working classes there for employment, reduce wages. Now, we do not believe that the repeal would cause any great fall in price; and it is not on that ground chiefly that we think it would be advantageous. It would raise prices on the Continent, and place our working classes in the same situation as those of the Continent. But, even though there were a very great fall in price, we know, from experience, that it would not throw any land out of cultivation. Between 1811 and 1831, prices of agricultural produce fell nearly one-half; yet, so far from any land being thrown out of cultivation, large tracts were, for the first time, brought under the plough. Many counties, both in England and Scotland, are wholly dependent on agri-

culture, having not a single manufacture situated within them; yet, in every one of these counties, did the population increase, and not only so, but the number of persons chiefly employed in agriculture was greater in 1831 than in 1811. Between these two years, wheat sunk from 125s. to 64s. a-quarter, or 61s.; at present, the price is 53s., yet there never was more spirit in agriculture, nor more labour employed in it than at this moment.

As long as the corn-laws exist, any material rejection of the hours of labour can take place, without the annihilation of the export of our manufactures. The Corn Laws are at the root of all the distress which exists in the country. They cause low wages, by shutting up branches of trade and commerce, which would otherwise be carried on—hence, a surplus population and competition in the present trades. They render long hours absolutely necessary, that the great capital expended in buildings and machinery may remain for the least possible period unproductive. In short, they produce the effect which any person of common sense, unsophisticated with the doctrine of the necessity of keeping up the preponderance of the landed interest, cannot, by any possibility, fail to see—they make food scarce; and, as there is too little for the support of all the people of the country, they render a desperate scramble for it inevitable; the existence of which scramble is clearly shewn, by working young children beyond their physical powers; by combinations of workmen, tending in violence, fire-raising, and murder; and by a severe struggle for maintenance—not from honest industry, for that is found impossible where people are prevented from working—but by the miserable expedient of Poor Laws. But matters are not yet at the worst. Let the present systematic circulation of foreign food be persisted in for ten years longer, and we will venture to predict, that there will not be one estate in England worth four years' purchase. There is a point beyond which human endurance cannot go, and there are many symptoms abroad, which show that that point has nearly been reached. We, therefore, advise every one, whatever may be his rank or station, to use whatever influence he may possess for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and the vindication of his right to purchase his food where he chooses.

AFRICA.

The French are beginning to find that Algiers is likely to prove more burdensome than they expected; but their national pride will not only prevent them from relinquishing their conquest, but induce them to extend their territories. On the 13th October, they took Constantine by storm, after seven days' siege, but with serious loss. General Damremont, their commander, being killed, with 1000 men, and 2000 wounded; though there is little doubt that the loss was still greater than has been represented; and the proportion of the killed to the wounded is far under the ordinary proportion. The town was defended with the greatest bravery; and the loss on the part of the assailants greater in proportion to the number employed, than in the taking of any town by storm during the Peninsular war. The expense of maintaining in Algiers the French army alone, exceeds a million a-year, and the whole revenue they have hitherto been able to draw from all sources, legitimate and illegitimate, does not exceed £160,000; but then, the establishment is useful to Louis Philippe, from the patronage it affords, and as a place for keeping the turbulent spirits of the army from combining against him. There is, therefore, every probability of Constantine being retained and garrisoned. Its retention is said to be a direct violation of the treaties between France and Britain. But this country has no reason to oppose the French colonization of Algiers. The substitution of a French colony for a nest of pirates and barbarians, cannot fail to prove an advantage to Britain and to the world. We cordially wish the French may succeed, and benefit by their success.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1838.

LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECHES ON SLAVERY.

It is not for their matchless eloquence that we select these speeches as the text of a few observations on the important topic which they handle; nor yet for their masculine, compact reasoning, and consummate oratorical skill; not even for the stronger fascination of that fervid and holy tone of pleading and appeal—that

“Still, sad music of humanity”—

which never before breathed so passionately from the lips of the same distinguished individual. It is solely the mighty object which they advocate which has won our attention to the noblest specimens of modern eloquence, sanctified by the noblest purpose. Lord Brougham has surpassed himself in the present session of Parliament. His moral nature has warmed and expanded in the divine office which he has latterly assumed—to him no new one—of breaking the chains of the African slave, tearing the scourge from the grasp of the oppressor, and now in endeavouring to preserve to another helpless race, the blessings, with the rights, of freemen.

We do not pretend to award the palm of eloquence, to one speech or the other of the three speeches before us. Lord Brougham cannot be the rival of himself. His powerful reasoning, his eloquent pleading for the IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION OF THE NEGRO APPRENTICES, will, in the present excited state of the public mind—most generously and righteously excited—probably make the most lively impression. But the exposition of the new, the EASTERN SLAVE TRADE—delivered in denouncing that invidious Order in Council, of which it would be uncharitable to imagine that the authors were aware of half its incipient wickedness—we consider incomparably the more important. The public were tolerably well acquainted with the condition of the negro apprentices, and the injustice of their masters. Missionaries in the islands, and a host of benevolent and vigilant Abolitionists at home, were watching the course of events, fearlessly searching out oppression and cruelty in their secret places, and dragging them into light; but the Order in Council—laying deep the foundations of a new scheme of slavery as flagitious as that which, after so memorable a contest, is hardly yet extirpated, and more cruel, in the same proportion as the

feeble and sensitive Hindoo is a more helpless creature than the African—was an invidious lurking serpent, the more dangerous that its envenomed nature was unsuspected.

We shall not here enter into the question of the justice or propriety of making the unfortunate Colonial Secretary the scape-goat for the delinquencies of the entire Cabinet. There might have been as great wisdom, as there unquestionably would have been more manliness, in grappling boldly with the whole body, instead of singling out one victim, because, though not considered the most culpable, he might be fancied the most helpless, and the least fortified by party alliance and collateral influences. We, therefore, altogether concur in the opinion expressed by Lord Brougham, when he denied the charge of having instigated the attempt to separate from his colleagues in the Government—to cut out, as it were—Lord Glenelg, for particular punishment or opprobrium. In relation to Canada, the Colonial Secretary is probably less worthy of blame than others of his colleagues. As Lord Brougham remarked at the Exeter Hall abolition meeting, when the Colonial Secretary was blamed exclusively for the permitted iniquity of the planters—“With him all his colleagues take a part, and nothing can be more rankly unjust than to bestow all the blame upon him. *There is plenty to spare for all*; and it ought to be divided between him and all his colleagues in just and rateable proportions.”

But this just and candid reasoning will hardly avail Lord Glenelg, in the case of the Order in Council. Besides his official duty and responsibility, he ought, individually, to have been more completely alive than any of his colleagues, to the incipient mischief with which this Order, extorted by the artifices and importunity of the planters of Guiana, was fraught. It was indefensible in principle, and obviously cruel in its immediate operation; while, in creating an Eastern slave trade, it again set open the flood-gates to human misery, exceeding all other shapes of misery which the world has ever known—that which kills the body by lingering tortures, while it brutalizes the soul. And this Order in Council, devised

in culpable ignorance, or in more culpable knowledge, and passed in mystery, was defended by its authors; who were sheltered from the consequences of their error by the Duke of Wellington. Though the Duke could not help condemning their measure, he found it necessary to compromise the affair, and allow them to recede shabbily from the awkward dilemma. In moving the Previous Question, while he neither denied nor impugned the truth of Lord Brougham's resolutions, the Duke of Wellington, to shelter the helpless Government—doubtless not without kind nor yet sufficient motives—compromised himself, and brought in question that character for candour, fairness, and sagacity, with which the Whigs at present delight to invest him.

In January last, if not earlier, Lord Brougham gave notice of his intention to drag into light this half-smuggled Act of Council. It had been passed, on the 12th of July 1837, as an amendment most favourable to the planters, of another Order, passed in March of the same year, though until this day not the least intimation of its existence has appeared in the *Gazette*. The practice of publishing acts for the colonies is said to be unusual; but the omission of this one, ought to establish the practice of publication in all future time. Lord Brougham truly remarked—

When we consider that such orders framed in private by the Minister, make the law of the Crown Colonies as absolutely as the law of England is made by the enactments, the open and public enactments, of King, Lords, and Commons, surely it is not too much to desire that those resolutions of the executive Government, thus private in their adoption, and, it may be, little considered before made, should not be consigned at once to the Council books, where they can only be accessible to the clerks, but should be promulgated to the whole people whose interests they concern, whose conduct they govern. When I denounced this order, I stated, shortly, but distinctly, my reasons for condemning it; I shewed in some detail how it must work; I referred to the former history of slave-trading to illustrate my meaning; and, believing, or willing to believe, that it had been issued through inattention, or negligence, or indolence, or ignorance of the subject, I said, "Let it only be withdrawn, and I shall never again advert to the subject in anyway—nor comment upon the issuing it—nor in any manner make it the subject of observation." I have waited since then, anxiously looking for its recall; but I find my not unfriendly suggestion was thrown away, and that the measure is persisted in, maintained, defended, by its authors.

The nature of the Order in Council complained of, and which the Duke of Wellington has said that the Whigs shall amend, as the price of his protection, is specious enough. In name, and probably in the belief of Lord Glenelg, it is one to enable the planters of Guiana to bring labourers, or indentured apprentices, as they are pleased to call them—slaves, as they are in reality—from India, in the same manner as they have been brought to the Mauritius for several years, after the planters there had found that their contraband trade in men was become perilous. This hopeful scheme—a godsend, or rather an instigation of the Devil—had been adopted by the planters of the Mauritius, when the British Peo-

ple—the Parliament having, many years before, passed Mr Brougham's bill, making man-stealing a capital felony—insisted that the full penalty should be exacted from the speculators in human beings, and after 25,000 slaves had been illegally brought to the island—25,000 capital felonies perpetrated in the course of a few years, by sordid and greedy speculators. So early as 1811—when the planters, after the trade was abolished, were as much haunted by the alarm of the slave population decreasing, as they now are, that, though the negroes may work under terror of the cart-whip, the stimulus of wages will never render them industrious as free labourers—the introduction of *free* labourers from Asia was proposed, to counteract the anticipated bad effects of the decrease of the population, which might occasion overtaking of the slaves; as the same amount of labour must be performed, with fewer labourers. It was a scheme of pretended philanthropy. Lord Brougham remarks:—

The reception of this plan in Parliament was very remarkable. Mr Anthony Browne, then and now the respectable agent for Antigua, cautioned the House against being led astray by its feelings in behalf of the slaves, to sanction an impracticable and visionary scheme. But Mr Stephen gave it his decided opposition upon higher grounds. Now, than Mr Stephen's there can no higher authority be cited on slavery and slave-trading, and everything connected with these subjects. He had long made them his study; he had been at all times the zealous co-operator with his friend and brother-in-law, Mr Wilberforce, in the Abolition Committee; he had passed the best years of his life in a slave colony, St. Kitt's; and, since his return to Europe, he had never ceased to watch over every branch of the great questions connected with West India affairs. His resistance to the proposition of introducing free labourers into the colonies, as it was called then and is called now, was grounded upon the injuries thus certain to be inflicted upon the people whom it was proposed to transport from Asia; and Mr Huskisson, adopting the same views, opposed the project upon the same grounds. An accident prevented Mr Canning from attending this debate, as absence from town upon the circuit kept me also away from it. I felt exceedingly anxious when the subject was announced; and, when I saw that eminent person after the committee had been appointed, I found he viewed the subject in the same light with Mr Stephen and myself. No, no, said he—it is enough to have desolated Africa, without introducing this pest into Asia too.

The next circumstance to which we must look in pursuing this historical retrospect, is the traffic which for some years has been going on between India and the Mauritius; for it is to the alleged success of this experiment that we are desired to look by the patrons of the new scheme—the Government and the Guiana planters. I own that I regard whatever relates to the Mauritius with extreme jealousy in all slave questions. There is no quarter of the globe where more gross abuses have been practised—nay, more flagrant violations of the law, from the eager appetite for new hands which the fertile land excites in the uncleared districts of that island. . . . The position of the island is singularly adapted for carrying on this detested commerce. Near the continent, and near that part of it where we have no settlement and keep hardly ever any cruisers, no effective check upon such operations can ever be maintained, if the authorities in the island itself do not exercise the most vigilant attention; and there is but too much reason to suspect, from what came out in Mr Buxton's committee, that, instead of watching, they connived at one time, whilst some high in office encouraged the offenders and even partook in the fruits of their crimes. Doubtless, if the Guiana Order in Council is suffered to subsist, a like pro-

the trade will be extended to this island. But, in this case, the African coast is under the operation of this new traffic. That Order comprehends it in terms the most distinct. Nor does it only open the trade to

“them that sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Moambique.”

It stretches along Sofala, and to Guardafui and Arabia—comprising all the Asian Islands

“Ceylon and Timor, Ternate and Cadora.”

It then includes the whole coast of India, and all the regions of that vast domain, stretching

“O'er hills where flocks do feed, beyond the springs
Of Ganges and Hydaspes, Indian streams.”

All these plains and mountains—all those ports, and bays, and creeks—long lines of sea-beach without a fort or a wicket, a magistrate to control, or an eye to see what is done—from Madagascar to the Red Sea—from the Arabian Gulf along Malabar, to Travancore, thence from Comorine to the mouths of the Ganges, and of all the unknown and unnamed streams that water the peninsula and flow into the Indian Ocean. It is in such vast and such desolate regions, that we are to be told this Order will never be abused, and none be taken by force, nor any circumvented by fraud. When in the heart of Europe, with all men's eyes to watch him and his agents, the King of Prussia could drive his trade of a crimp, and fill his army with recruits spirited away from the banks of the Rhine, populous, civilized countries, enjoying the blessings of regular government, the protection of a vigilant police, and entertaining ambassadors at the court of Berlin—when that monarch could, in such countries, and in the face of day, carry off the priest at the altar, and the professor at his desk, from the countries on the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Oder, and these reverend and learned recruits were, for months afterwards, found carrying his firelocks, and serving in his ranks—how can the folly be sufficiently derided, which represents it as difficult to abuse this abominable regulation, and make it the cover of common slave-trading in the remote desolate countries watered by the Niger, and the yet more deserted shores of eastern Africa, through which nameless rivers flow into the sea? The order was passed without a single regulation being subjoined, either here or in the East Indies, to prevent such abuses or to limit their amount. But to speak of regulations in such circumstances, is too absurd. What regulations can the wit of man devise, which can have any effect at all? Nay, in the very places where the abuse is most likely to occur, you have not the shadow of authority to make rules. How can you legislate for the slave-dealers on the eastern coast, north of the Cape? Yet there the worst branches of the old slave-trade at this moment exist. I saw, only yesterday, a person who had been present at the capture of a Portuguese slave-ship, which had sailed from the coast of Zanzibar, with 900 negroes on board, and lost above 300 before she reached her port of destination in the Brazil. Let it not then be said, that regulations may be devised for preventing abuse. But none have been attempted or thought of. The wretched beings, apprentices you call them, are to be carried, without a word said, specifying the tonnage—regulating the space for accommodation between the decks—fixing the proportion of water to drink, or provision to sustain life—ordering medical attendance—directing the course of the voyage, or limiting its duration. The Order was issued here in July, before it could possibly be known that any law had been promulgated in Bengal—nor the date of the Bengal regulation was May 1, and it was sent over on the 7th of June. The regulation, too, was, and still is, confined to the presidency of Fort William. Nay, more, it is altogether silent on every one of the important particulars which I have mentioned, and merely prescribes, in vague and general terms, that the parties interested in disobeying it, and on whose conduct it sets no kind of watch, shall attend to the concerns of the crew and cargo.

We make no apology for the length of this extract from the speech, which, very imperfectly reported in the newspapers, is before us in an au-

thentic form; nor do we select those passages for any reason save that they contain a plain statement of matters of fact, and cogent argument.

Lord Brougham contrasts, with the permitted facility of crimping, kidnapping, and deceiving the simple Asiatics, the extreme jealousy and vigilance with which our law protects those voluntary and well-informed British emigrants, who are so much more capable of taking care of themselves than the natives of India. He enumerates every preliminary regulation and safeguard, provided by statute, for the protection of British subjects; and continues—

With the additional penalty of no less than £500, for any passenger taken on board in any place where no Custom-house stands, and no officers are ready to perform the examination—lest, peradventure, a single Englishman may, by some improbable combination of accidents, be kidnapped and carried, innocently or ignorantly, into a foreign land. And then comes my noble friend, (Lord Glenelg,) with his Order in Council—the crown-made law—to encourage the shipment, not of enlightened Englishmen, but simple Hindoos and savage Africans, in distant, desert coasts, in remote creeks and bays of the sea, laid down in no charts, bearing no name, as the mouth of rivers which drain unknown regions far inland, and carry down their streams the barbarous natives to an ocean which they had never beheld. Knowing the watchful care, the scrupulous and suspicious jealousy of the English law made by Parliament on all that relates to the emigration of our own civilized people—knowing that the shipper would be ruined who should suffer an Englishman to embark, of his own free will, and more desirous to go than he to take him, where there was no custom-house officer to watch the operation—my noble friend makes his colonial law with the avowed purpose of enabling thousands and thousands of simple, ignorant, uncivilized men, to be taken in any speculating trader's vessel, in obscure, nameless places, where, instead of revenue establishments and public offices being stationed, the footstep of no European, save the slave-trader and the crimp, ever was known to have trodden since the creation. The law made by Parliament suspects all engaged in the trade of emigration, even from the city of London, and the law-givers have framed its enactments on the assumption that abuse and offence must come. The law of the Colonial Office suspects no one, even of those who navigate the Indian seas, and sweep the coasts of Southern Africa—it proceeds upon the assumption that neither abuse nor offence can ever come where the temptation is the strongest and the difficulty of prevention the most insurmountable.

After adverting to the injustice to the freed negro labourers, of pouring in a host of foreign labourers upon them, habituated, like the Coolies of India, to the lowest rate of hire and sustenance, and that, at the very moment the negro, long deprived of his rights by the injustice of his owner, is emancipated, he is to be defrauded of his hire by his owner's craft—his Lordship returns to the main point:—

But this is the very least part of the evil inflicted by the measure; this is taking the argument on the lowest ground. Look to the inevitable consequences of the system upon the eastern coast of Africa, and all our Indian dominions. The language used by its patrons and their abettors in Downing Street, is just what used to be heard in the days of open slave-trading. “We wish to bring over a number of labouring people from Asia,” says one planter. “We contemplate drawing a supply of labourers for our estates,” say others—respectable men, whom I personally know. It is “the engaging of labourers,” according to the President of the Board of Control, under whose protection India is placed; while the Colonial Secretary, under whose care all our other settlements

repose, speaks of the "Emigration from India," and "East India Emigrants." The voyage which brings these poor creatures from the indolence of their native plains to the hard and unwholesome toils of Guiana, (as hardly yet to be described as proving an agreeable passage, for time has not yet been allowed to carry any over, but the experiment already made in the Mauritius furnishes the means of commendation, and that passage has been distinctly termed by the schemers one of no sufferings, but of sufficient ease and comfort to the cargoes. So they have described the change of the Coolie's situation as beneficial to him. "They are represented," it is said, "to be much pleased with their new situation, it being considered by them as more desirable and beneficial than that from which they have been removed"—in the very language, your Lordships observe, of the slave-traders and their defenders fifty years ago. The experience of the Mauritius planters is in these papers cited at large, and paraded through many a long page, to shew how happy is the lot of the transported labourer in the bondage of that blissful land. The queries sent to various proprietors are given at length, with the answers returned by them. The fourth question, as to the comforts and happiness of the imported apprentices, is answered alike by all but one—from whom the truth escapes. The others say, the men are quite contented and happy, exactly as Sir William Young found the African slaves in the Leeward Islands.

That one planter, however, gives a somewhat different account of the matter. "Has any feeling of uneasiness and discontent been observable among the Indian labourers on your estate, as arising out of separation from their families, or from any other similar cause?" The answer is signed Bickagee; and this name seems to indicate a Malabar origin; so that probably the reason why the account is so different from that of other proprietors may be, that Bickagee could converse with the poor Indians in their own language, as another witness who gives a similar account certainly could. The answer is "Yes; and for these reasons.—In their country they live happy and comfortable with their wives and families on three or four rupees a-month. They engage to leave their native country on a small increase of salary, say five rupees and rations, in the hope of receiving the same comfort here, but experience has proved the reverse. Uneasiness and discontent arise from these privations, besides their being deprived of the holidays their religion entitles them to." So Mr Scott, a gentleman resident in Bengal and acquainted with the people, their language, and habits, plainly says, that, "with very rare exceptions, he doubts if there are any who congratulate themselves on the bargain they have made." He makes an observation of much wisdom upon the inefficacy of all regulations respecting treatment, and of all conditions in contracts for apprenticeships. "The main result of my inquiry," says he, "leads me to the conclusion that the condition of the labourer practically depends on the individual character of his employer, and that the terms of the agreements are trifling compared with the spirit in which they are interpreted."

This must hold true; for what are these simple and deluded exiles but slaves?—and on what other foundation can their comfort rest but the individual character of their employer? Mr Scott has shewn more directly that these poor Hindoos were deceived by the crimps:—

"They all stated (says he) that they left Calcutta under the impression that they were going to the Company Bhatties (Company's village) the name by which the Mauritius is designated"—but by whom? In the vernacular tongue of India? By all men in common parlance? Oh, no, nothing of the kind! But "by the agents in India!"—By the slave-trader's agents—by his crimps—his intelligents—his kidnappers. Mr Scott adds, "How far the terms are complimentary or complimentary I cannot say," so that he has his suspicions of these poor ignorant people being made to believe that they might be compelled to go to the Mauritius as a part of the Com-

pany's territory. He adds this remarkable observation: "While I make no charge of misrepresentation, I am bound to acknowledge the difficulty of accurately and intelligibly describing an island in the Indian Ocean to a person who had never seen the sea, or knew what an island was." Some, there may doubtless be, who will say, that this representation of the Mauritius, where the powers of Leadenhall Street have not one servant, and possess not one yard of ground, being a village of the Company, was plausibly rather than justly made. For my part, I hold it to have been wickedly, deceitfully, fraudulently, crimpingly, kidnappingly done, and with the purpose of inveigling, and cheating, and carrying away the natives of Asia, after the most approved practices of slave traders, in their nefarious proceedings on the African coast.

But the probable suffering of the Hindoo slaves does not rest upon conjecture. Lord Brougham said he held in his hand—

The despatch from the Mauritius government, of April last, in which three vessels are said to have carried over, one of them 224, the other 200, and the third seventy-two labourers, as you are pleased to term what I plainly name slaves. Each had a full cargo of rice besides; so that the despatch says they could not have proper accommodation for the Indians, nor protection from the weather, nor had any one of the three a medical officer. The William Wilson, out of 224, lost thirty-one on the voyage—a sacrifice in the pestilential hold in which they were compelled to breathe. The Adelaide, still worse, lost twenty-six out of seventy-two—between a third and a half in five or six weeks. The statements I have given from the slave-trader's arguments in 1788 and 1787 were absurd enough when they represented the mortality of the middle passage as one in the hundred. But never did I hear it put higher than this of thirty or forty per cent. Only see once more how the record of your own statute-book rises up in judgment against your own conduct! While you not merely allow, but encourage and stimulate the carrying away of untutored Indians and savage Africans from the desolate shores of Malabar, and Ceylon, and Mosambique, giving free scope to all the practices of fraud and treachery, which the arts of wicked ingenuity can devise to entrap them, and bear them into bondage, that the sordid desires of a few grasping planters may be gratified—read the wise and humane words on the front of the British statute—read them, and blush for shame! "Whereas, in various parts"—of Hindostan! Of the Indian Archipelago! Of the Mosambique and Sofala coasts? No—but "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, persons have been seduced to leave their native country under false representations, and have suffered great hardships for want of provisions and proper accommodation, and no security whatever being afforded that they shall be carried to the ports for which they have agreed—be it therefore enacted,"—Has the faintest attempt been made to afford such security to the Indians and the Africans, as this statute anxiously provides, for the free and enlightened native of our own island—any precaution against his being trepanned and seduced on board, under representations that he is only going to another village of his own country, where he will enjoy his own ease, work in his own way, and worship according to his own religion—any precautions against being hurried away by force, while others are decoyed by fraud—any precautions against being scantly provided and pestilentially lodged—any precaution against his being carried to one destination after bargaining for another? Nothing whatever of the kind.

The condition of the negro apprentices we consider immeasurably better than that of the expatriated Coolies. They are among their relatives, and in their own country. They understand its language; they have a perception of their rights; they have advisers, friends, and protectors, in their spiritual teachers; they appeal to the magistrate; and they travel to, the

Governor. If justice is denied them. They are cruelly oppressed, and that under the forms of justice; but the apprenticed negro, even were complete emancipation not at hand, is in a far safer position than the forlorn Coolie. In granting this Order in Council, the Colonial Secretary has looked chiefly to latitude, while we think he overlooked more imminent dangers. When he received the Ordinance of the Court of Policy in Demerara, authorizing the importation of apprentices into the colony from India, he warned the planters against letting this license become a cover for slave-dealing, and for bringing apprentices from Africa; as if slaves could not be as effectually made of Hindoos as of negroes.

Another striking argument which Lord Brougham employs against the Order in Council, is the use which may be made of it by the Spanish and Portuguese governments, when they hear their continued nefarious traffic stigmatized by the English, who impatiently demand its abolition.

They will hold, and truly, that they have a just right to tax us with insincerity, and with fraud and dishonesty; while we affect to reprobate slave-trading in them under its own name, we continue to carry it on ourselves under false pretences, and by a false and borrowed title. As long as Africans are brought over under the vile 'Quilic' by the name of apprenticed labourers, it is still strange just then it is plausible to accuse us of insincerity and these frauds; and how does my noble friend (Lord Glenelg) escape the charge? By a regulation which he adds to the ordinance, and which I pledge myself instantly to demonstrate does nothing whatever to prevent the very thing here denounced. Nothing of the kind, absolutely nothing, has been done by the additional provision of my noble friend: For what is that provision? You will find it in page 21, and it only makes indentures of apprenticeship void if executed in Africa, or the adjacent islands inhabited wholly or in part by the negro race. Why, what signifies that? Who is prevented by such a silly folly as that article, from carrying over as many Africans as he pleases, and in whatever way he likes? To escape this most ridiculous check, the slave-trader (my noble friend himself calls him by this name) has only to take the negroes on board of his slave-ships, and there execute their indentures, or to Brazil, or to Cuba, or to Monte Video, or, indeed, to Guiana itself; and then he complies with the conditions of this inconceivable restriction, and imports as many negroes as he pleases, and can afford to buy. To be sure, there is added another provision of the same notable kind, requiring that all contracts be made and witnessed before two justices, or, it is added, magistrates. What then? The slave-trader has only to carry his prey, his human victims, to the Mauritius, where he will find two, or twenty, magistrates fully ready to help him, and to do anything for the encouragement of the business there most popular, the slave-trade; or if it be the western coast of Africa which he has been desolating with his traffic, under the encouragement of this Order in Council, he has only to touch at the Brazils, where all slave-traders are at home; or at Monte Video, where the governors such as bribe of £10,000 to allow, in the teeth of the Spanish law, 2000 slaves, which he termed, in the language of these papers and this Order in Council, la compra, to be introduced; or at Cuba, where the governor does not suffer the sailing of slave-ships to be interrupted; or the newspapers, for fear of our cruisers taking them by word and stopping them. In all these slave-trading ports, justices and magistrates, and governors, will give the ready to witness indentures for Guiana, and make this most ludicrous provision utterly void and of no effect.

How can this be gained? The experience of

fifty years has sufficiently taught us the kind of protection which colonial magistrates afford to colonial labourers. One might now suppose that this plan of bringing over indentured labourers to the West Indies from Asia, had not a leg to stand upon; but, lest it should still hobble on, a case was brought forward, so apt, so directly to the point, that we are not surprised the Colonial Secretary gave it the go-by. Some few years ago, a person named Letord, seeing the Mauritius so much in want of labourers, graciously propounded to the Governor a plan for importing twenty thousand African—not Asiatic, labourers, which makes the only visible distinction between his scheme and that sanctioned by Lord Glenelg's Order in Council.

His plan was circumstantially and elaborately framed. . . . The ingenious projector, (who, I understand, was one of those most deeply concerned in the Mauritius slave-trading some time ago, and therefore well versed in the subject) gave his plan the name of "Projet d'Emancipation Africaine"—for he was, of course, to liberate all the slaves he bought of the chiefs, or kidnapped on his own account, and to convert them, as the plan of our Government proposes, into indentured apprentices. Your Lordships smile at the plan and its title, because you see through the trick at once: so did the worthy Governor, General Nicolay—whose answer was short, whose refusal was flat and unqualified, just such as the Government at home should have given to the Letords of Guiana. He said he had read the details of the plan "with much interest, and felt bound to give it his unqualified refusal, considering it, however speciously coloured, as neither more nor less than a renewal of the slave-trade, and, therefore, entirely inadmissible." And so to be sure it was. . . . But I now ask, if there is one single title of the plan thus instantly seen through, which differs from the present project for Guiana? I defy the most ingenious, subtle, and astute person who now hears me, to shew any one thing that could have been done under Letord's plan, denounced by Sir W. Nicolay, as common slave-trading—in other words, felony—which may not be done exactly in the same manner, if this Order in Council is suffered to continue in operation.

The nation, or that, we hope, fast-increasing portion of it, alive to the incipient evils wrapped up in this ill-advised Order in Council, wrung, we fully believe, from Lord Glenelg by the importunity and craft of the planters of Guiana, now wait for those corrective amendments, those regulations which were conceded by Ministers, as the price of the Duke of Wellington's protection on the night of the 6th March.

Like Lord Brougham, we entertain no fears for the emancipation of the negro apprentices—if not now, in 1838, when it is earnestly and right equally demanded, as a purchased right, by almost the unanimous voice of the nation—yet speedily; and, like him, we consider the insidious and gradual renewal of the traffic, under a new form, a far more pressing danger, though one less apprehended. The spirit and growing intelligence of the negro apprentices; the hope, and the sweet foretaste of liberty which they already enjoy; the millions of generous and watchful friends which they have in Britain—guarantee them against the chain and the cart-whip. But, against the renewal of the trade, there is, we fear, no security to be found in the most cunningly devised regulations which the Colonial Office can invent. Avarice and self-interest are power-

ful opponents to cope withal. "I know," said Lord Brougham, in his reply—

I know the Indian crimp and the African trader; the inexhaustible perfidies of the dealers in men, and the scope which those frauds have among hordes of uncivilized men, many of them in their own country slaves; the comfort and aid which those wretches may reckon upon receiving from accomplices ready made, such as the bribed governor on the Spanish Main, and the friendly authorities of Cuba.

And wise it is that he will not permit the hydra to rear its head, although there be a Press and a Parliament to watch its movements; and although another Clarkson might be found to grapple with and destroy in its strength, the monster Lord Brougham would strangle in its cradle.

The monster is down, and I prefer keeping him down to relying upon all our resources for gaining a second triumph. I will not suffer the Upas tree to be transplanted, on the chance of its not thriving in an ungenial soil, and in the hope that, after it shall be found to blight with death all beneath its shade, my arm may be found strong enough to wield the axe which shall lay it low. I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to me, and on which I have unwillingly trespassed so long. My bounden duty could not otherwise have been performed; and I had no choice but to act now as I have acted ever through the whole of my life—maintaining to the end the implacable enmity with which I have at all times pursued this infernal trade.

Such is the animated winding-up of this noble speech; spoken at the right moment, thrust home, direct to the heart of the lurking iniquity which, in exposing, it must annihilate. It cannot be for a moment believed that those who will not patiently tolerate another two years of mitigated slavery among the negroes, will sit quietly by while a more flagrant enormity is perpetrated, and the foundation silently laid for centuries of systematic crime.

This speech we consider—looking to its mighty object—as the most important that ever Lord Brougham delivered in Parliament. His pleading for immediate emancipation is, however, more brilliant and glowing, and more highly graced with the flights of the orator, and the skill of the rhetorician. Instead of the close and sober reasoning, and the solemn tones of the warning voice, prophetically denouncing the new-born Eastern slave-trade, we have graphic, soul-harrowing narrative, contrasted with such beautiful passages as the following, which we expect to see flourishing among the finest of the lessons which English mothers select as exercises for their sons—themes addressed to the heart, to the dawning intellect, and to the tender conscience of early youth. The day of Emancipation has arrived—that day when the star of freedom first rose, rejoicing over those sun-smitten, slave islands:—

The first of August came, the object of so much anxiety and so many predictions—that day so joyfully expected by the poor slaves, so sorely dreaded by their hard task-masters; and surely, if ever there was a picture interesting, even fascinating to look upon—if ever there was a passage in a people's history that redounded to their eternal honour—if ever triumphant answer was given to all the standstill accusations for ages heaped upon an oppressed race, as if to justify the wrongs done them—that picture, and that passage, and that answer, were exhibited in the untarnished history of that auspicious day off over the islands of the Western Sea. Instead of the horizon being lit up with the lurid fire of rebellion

kindled by a sense of natural though lawless revenge, and the just resistance to insupportable oppression—the whole of that wide-spreading scene was mildly illuminated with joy, contentment, peace and good-will towards men. No civilized nation, no people of the most refined character, could have displayed, after gaining a sudden and signal victory, more forbearance, more delicacy, in the enjoyment of their triumph, than these poor untutored slaves did upon the great consummation of all their wishes, which they had just obtained. Not a gesture or a look was seen to smart the eye—not a sound or a breath from the negro's lips was heard to grate on the ear of the planter. All was joy, congratulation, and hope. Every where were to be seen groups of these harmless folks assembled to talk over their good fortunes; to communicate their mutual feelings of happiness; to speculate on their future prospects. Finding that they were now free in name, they hoped soon to taste the reality of liberty. Feeling their fetters loosened, they looked forward to the day which should see them fall off, and the degrading marks which they left be effaced from their limbs. But all this was accompanied with not a whisper that could give offence to the master by reminding him of the change. This delicate, calm, tranquil joy, was alone to be marked on that day, over all the chain of the Antilles.—Amusements there were none to be seen on that day—not even their simple pastimes by which they had been wont to beguile the hard hours of bondage, and which reminded that innocent people of the happy land of their forefathers, whence they had been torn by the hands of Christian and civilized men. The day was kept sacred as the festival of their liberation; for the negroes are an eminently pious race. They enjoy the advantages of much religious instruction, and partake in a large measure of spiritual consolation. These blessings they derive not from the ministrations of the Established Church—not that the aid of its priests is withheld from them, but the services of others, of zealous Missionaries, are found more acceptable and more effectual, because they are more suited to the capacity of the people. The meek and humble pastor, although perhaps more deficient in secular accomplishments, is far more abounding in zeal for the work of the vineyard, and, being less raised above his flock, is better fitted to guide them in the path of religious duty. Not made too fine for his work by pride of science, nor kept apart by any peculiar refinement of taste, but inspired with a fervent devotion to the interests of his flock, the Missionary pastor lives but for them; their companion on the week-day, as their instructor on the Sabbath; their friend and counsellor in temporal matters, as their guide in spiritual concerns. These are the causes of the influence he enjoys—this the source from whence the good he does them flows. Nor can I pass by this part of the West Indian picture without rendering the tribute of heartfelt admiration which I am proud to pay, when I contemplate the pious zeal, the indefatigable labours of these holy and disinterested men; and I know full well that, if I make my appeal to my noble friend (Lord Sligo) he will repeat the testimony he elsewhere bore to the same high merits, when he promulgated his honest opinion, that "for the origin of all religious feeling among the negroes, it is among the Missionaries and not the Clergy we must look." Therefore it was that, fourteen years ago, I felt all the deep anxiety to which I this night began by referring, when it was my lot to drag before the Commons of England the persecutions of one among the most useful, most devoted, and unsexedly, of that inestimable class of men, who, for his piety and his self-devotion, had been trampled down by wicked men conspiring with unjust judges, and made to die the death, for teaching to the poor negroes the gospel of peace. I am unspeakably proud of the part I then took; I glory mightily in reflecting that I then struck, aided and comforted by far abler men, the first of those blows, of

* Our readers will recollect the case of Smith, the Demerara missionary. The able men to whom Lord Brougham alludes, are his associates in the defence of Queen Caroline—Lord Chief-Justice Denman, Mr Justice Williams, and Dr Lushington.

which we saw now rising the last, at the chains that bind the hapless race of our Colonial peasantry. The 1st of August came—and the day was kept a sacred holiday, as it will ever be kept to the end of time throughout all the West-Indies. Every church was crowded, from early dawn, with devout and earnest worshippers. Five or six times in the course of that memorable Friday, were all those churches filled and emptied in succession by multitudes, who came, not coldly to comply with a formal ceremonial, not to give mouth-worship or eye-worship, but to render humble and hearty thanks to God for their freedom, at length bestowed.

One more passage we are tempted to transfer to pages which may claim, if no higher merit, that of being less costly than those of volumes—less perishable and more widely diffused than those of newspapers. It sends a voice across the Atlantic to the shores of America; it embodies another of those glorious lessons which the children of Britain—free, and the offspring of the free—should imbibed at the knees of their mothers:—

I regard the freedom of the negro as accomplished and sure. Why? Because it is his right—because he has shown himself fit for it—because a pretext or a shadow of a pretext can no longer be devised for withholding that right from its possessor. I know that all men at this day take a part in the question, and they will no longer bear to be imposed upon now they are well informed. My reliance is firm and unflinching upon the great change which I have witnessed—the education of the people unfettered by party or by sect—witnessed from the beginning of its progress, I may say from the hour of its birth. Yes! It was not for an humble man like me to assist at royal births with the illustrious Prince who condescended to grace the pageant of this opening season, or the Great Captain and Statesman in whose presence I am now proud to speak. But with that il-

lustrous Prince, and with the father of the Queen, I assisted at that other birth, more conspicuous still. With them, and with the Head of the house of Russell, incomparably more illustrious in my eyes. I watched over its cradle—I marked its growth—I rejoiced in its strength—I witnessed its maturity—I have been spared to see it ascend the very height of supreme power; directing the councils of State; accelerating every great improvement; uniting itself with every good work; propping all useful institutions; extirpating abuses in all our institutions; passing the bounds of our European dominion, and in the New World, as in the Old, proclaiming that freedom is the birth-right of man—that distinction of colour gives no title to oppression—that the chains now loosed must be struck off, and even the marks they have left effaced—proclaiming this by the same eternal law of our nature which makes nations the masters of their own destiny, and which in Europe has caused every tyrant's throne to quake! But they need feel no alarm at the progress of light who defend a limited monarchy and support popular institutions—who place their chiefest pride, not in ruling over slaves, be they white or be they black, not in protecting the oppressor, but in wearing a constitutional crown, in holding the sword of justice with the hand of mercy, in being the first citizen of a country whose air is too pure for slavery to breathe, and on whose shores, if the captive's foot but touch, his fetters of themselves fall off. To the relentless progress of this great principle I look with a confidence which nothing can shake; it makes all improvement certain; it makes all change safe which it produces; for none can be brought about, unless all has been prepared in a cautious and salutary spirit. So now the fulness of time is come for at length discharging our duty to the African captive. I have demonstrated to you that everything is ordered—every previous step taken—all safe, by experienced men to be safe, for the long-desired consummation. (The time has come, the trial has been made, the hour is striking; you have no longer a pretext for hesitation, or faltering, or delay.

THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ.*

A BALLAD.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

* "Take a single captive."—SCOTT.

No star!—all was dark!—not a cloud could be seen!
Naught was heard, but the whisper'd command,
And the beating of hearts, where the bravest, I ween,
Held weapons that shook in the hand;
For strong was the fortress, and well knew the foe
Of our noiseless advancing array;
And night, in a moment, like lightning on snow,
Shone horribly brighter than day.

Ay—stare not her own, sent on missions of bale,
With arrow-like speed, climb'd the sky,
And, startling the bold, turn'd the number'd cheeks pale
Of men sworn to conquer or die.
Then, like a river of thunder, rush'd o'er
The warrior-watch'd line in our van;
And he who, untroubled, could hear his waves roar,
Were never the features of man.

One dropp'd out of six, at each rattle of balls;
We blacken'd, we rush'd—and were down;
On, up, to th' assault! we must walk o'er the walls
To their daughters and wives in the town.
And who that knows aught of our lords, and their lives,
And the paupers of state we maintain,
Would not kill our allies, and then ravish their wives,
For the Protestant cause in old Spain?

From the mouth of one of the heroes who, on that occasion, uttered a libel on the Pope and the bread-tax. Are we on the eve of another crusade for chains?

Still o'er us the glare of their fireballs they cast,
Their shot on our masses to throw:
"Up! up! scale the wall, boys!" We scaled it—and that
Fell, spiked on our bayonets below.
But who that knows aught of our lords, and their laws,
And the Protestant cause they sustain,
Would not combat and die for the Protestant cause,
And its old Popish priesthood in Spain?

My God! how we're riddled! They flap us like flies!
Climb, devils! and fight hand to hand!
They burn up the gleam of our guns and our cries—
Damnation! what ladder can stand?
Our dead fill the ditch—but we tread where they stood:
Christ's death! will they flap us again?
Now! now!—or our gentry, who hate to shed blood,
Will despair of their church in old Spain.

"Don't falter! we're alive!"—bought in Britain with
gold;
And what will the gentlemen say,
And what their sweet ladies and gossams, if told
That the Hird-of-the-Spoil ran away?
"Hurrah! we are victorious!"—on waves of red foam
We ride over Frenchmen again,
That our lords may still feed on the people at home,
And the old Popish priesthood in Spain.

Hey, Spaniards! thank England for friendship and war—
 Take care, if you can, of your liver;
 And we'll make a hymn to the pale-throated star
 Of the shrieks of your daughters and wives.
 "In Freedom's wrong'd name, her purple robe we sustain,
 And sheath in her bosom our swords;
 Sink, Papist of Erin! swim, Papist of Spain!
 Sowder our squires and our lords."

Now, star'd he be useful—the honest bound down
 In the doorless and windowless jail!
 Ring out through all England, thorpe, city, and town,
 That the *arms* of the pious avail!
 Let anthems to Moloch be heard on the breeze,
 Wherever his name hath a fame!
 And kneel, pious ladies, give thanks on your knees,
 For the triumphs of hell in old Spain!

"Still, Thanks of the Isles! bet against my right-hand,
 Nor be warn'd," saith the Lord, "till ye've lost!
 When my fire-worm in France crept by night o'er the land,
 Did her nobles take note of the cost?
 No! nor then, when her peasantry rose like the sea,
 And her palaces sank in their art;
 Nor then, when arm'd Paris found vengeance in me,
 And the heart of a people took fire."

But, gamblers of nations! there cometh a day
 When the debt of the doom'd must be paid:
 Even now, while ye boast, saith the God of Dimmay,
 " 'Twas with Me that your wager ye laid:
 What stak'd ye? The future against my right-hand!
 The fortunes of all ye love most!
 The hopes of your children! your houses, your land!
 And how stands the game? Ye have lost!"

BULWER'S ALICE; OR, THE MYSTERIES.

THOSE ladies who talk of "the rights of woman," and the few of "the nobler sex," Quakers and others, who join in the outcry, are assuredly very unreasonable persons. What do they wish for? What would they be at? Do they know their own minds? The rights of women, though not recorded in the statute-book, are, by the sanctity of opinion, as broadly chartered as those of angels. They far transcend, in their immaculate purity, and strictness of definition, those which we claim for our frail human selves. To women, we generously give up the monopoly of all the graces, and the sole and unquestioned possession of many of the virtues. Save property and power, with the exercise of the varied rights flowing from their enjoyment, and that intellectual superiority which men hold by virtue of the nobility of sex, nothing is denied to women. They have the absolute possession of most of the spiritual virtues, and of all those which we may call the corporeal. Of the latter, we dispute the possession of none with the ladies, save active courage, which we consider one of our exclusive prerogatives; so far, at least, as boxing, quarrelling, fighting duels, and using fire-arms are concerned. Women are permitted to be as firm, truthful, loving, disinterested, generous, compassionate, and self-denied as ever they please; while they are required to be constant, faithful, forbearing, forgiving, submissive, peaceful, long-suffering, prudent, pious, patient, temperate, "enduring all things, hoping all things." And with this wide charter, women complain of their rights being denied! So do slaves: yet to slaves also great latitude is permitted. Like women, they may be as faithful, affectionate, and good-humoured as they choose; while they must be industrious, honest, and obedient, under pains and penalties; and, in lieu of the few striking rights and enjoyments denied here, Heaven is freely given up to them by their Christian masters. To women, the Christian world is equally indulgent.

To a certain very limited extent, Mr E. L. Bulwer seems inclined to advocate some new

fangled notions about the rights of women, so far as pains and penalties are concerned. He has not, indeed, ventured very far on newly-broken slippery ground, and he has moved cautiously and gingerly; yet he is a bald man, and, as men go, a daring innovator; for he had to deal not alone with the rights of men as opposed to the wrongs of women, but with the equally sacred privileges of birth and rank, as well as with what are considered the great bulwarks of morality.

The moral tendency of the first portion of this romance, we considered enervating, and altogether very questionable. In the concluding volumes, Mr Bulwer has perhaps made all the atonement possible, he has made the best of bad things; and yet he seems to fear the severe judgment of society, upon points about which it is peculiarly tenacious, far more than when he came before its tribunal, laden with the burden of what we consider his weightier original offence. That was telling a beautiful and seductive tale, of what is conventionally called seduction—the equivocal phrase with which mercy often softens the unequal awards which men's justice deals to women. Now, he has had the hardihood to make his hero, Maltravers—gentleman by birth, and, by temperament and education, a fastidious and sensitive man of honour—at the close of the eighteenth year of her probation, marry his own mistress—that low-born girl, of pure and elevated nature—that beautiful and tender Alice, whom he had betrayed in early girlhood, and whose heart, during the long sad years of separation, "had never once swerved from its earliest worship." This faithful devotion to one being, one image, one memory—and to poor Alice, Maltravers had been no more than a memory—is one of those angelic immunities which men freely grant to women—one of the especial "rights of women," for which the nobler sex have neither taste nor calling. Mr Bulwer employs all his eloquence and all his invention, to reconcile society to the *dénouement*, which justice and the true morality of punishment and compensation, of error and atonement, demanded from

him. In order to propitiate the worldly-minded, the straitlaced, and those whose conventional morality could easily have overlooked the seduction, but who will never pardon the "very improper marriage," he has had recourse to things improbable and things impossible; and yet he seems to have felt that all was insufficient, and direct apology necessary. True, Alice had long been the equal in rank, if not in birth, of her early lover. She was well endowed with wealth, lovely as in her first youth, the pattern of every amiable grace and feminine virtue, and her early error was unknown; but still the *sacrifice* of Maltravers, the *precedent*, must be reconciled to the world's law, and secured against the world's sneer, stronger than its law—and thus it is attempted:—

And Alice!—Will the world blame us if you are left happy at the last? We are daily banishing from our law books the statutes that disproportion punishment to crime. Daily we preach the doctrine that we demoralize, wherever we strain justice into cruelty. It is time that we should apply to the social code the wisdom we recognise in legislation; it is time that we should do away with the punishment of death for inadequate offences, even in books—it is time that we should allow the possibility of atonement, and permit to Error the right to hope, as the reward of submission to its sufferings. Nor let it be thought that the close to Alice's career can offer temptation to the offence of its commencement. Eighteen years of sadness—a youth consumed in silent sorrow over the grave of Joy—have images that throw over these pages a dark and warning shadow that will haunt the young long after they turn from the tale that is about to close!

The judgments pronounced upon the *denouement* which Mr Bulwer has had the courage to hazard, will be as various as the opinions of mankind upon the great questions which it involves—the relative position of men and women, and the privileges guaranteed to rank by opinion. The minority will say—"Having given your heroine wealth, title, the world's esteem, and an honourable station in society, you need not be so very much alarmed for allowing her lover to make her that tardy and slight atonement which, by the merest chance, it was still in his power to offer." While a very few, included in that minority, in whose judgment we are strongly disposed to concur, may close the book saying, "This weak, sophisticated, capricious Maltravers is unworthy of this noble and natural woman, Alice Darvil. It is a breach of poetic justice, to permit their union; and, on his part, it is made an act of high virtue, a sacrifice, forsooth! a breach of usage, for which the writer must deprecate the severity of society! He must ask pardon for having ventured so bold an innovation on the most solemn points of its code!"

We hold to the belief that, when Mr Bulwer had concluded the first three volumes of this fiction, he had no clear notion of how he was to hape out the remainder—

"Perhaps it might turn out a song,
"Perhaps turn out a sermon."

It is a *song*—a thing of amusement, with many clever *metaphors* interwoven, and a sermon tagged to the end of it. The connexion between the hero and heroine, Maltravers and Alice, is

throughout the slightest possible. From the time that they are ruthlessly separated by fate, in the bloom of their early loves, they meet no more, and have no knowledge of each other's existence, until, at the close, Maltravers, who, in the interval, has been twenty times in and out of loves, and scrapes, and entanglements, besides two betrothments—is thrown back upon his early love, blighted in hope, wasted and chilled in affection.

The new volumes are not, in literary merit, equal to the first three; but they are the production of a man of mind and accomplishment; they bear in every page his individual stamp and impress; and are immeasurably superior to the common herd of romances. They introduce us to a new set of actors—and this might be necessary, as so many of the old were killed off; though we should have preferred cultivating a closer intimacy with our old friends, and obtaining a deeper insight into characters already vigorously outlined. This might be overtaking the rapid author. He has restored Lumley Ferrers, Lord Vargrave, to his English identity, which had been considerably destroyed by the part of the villain of a melodrama, which he was made to play. The author has also imparted a few heightening touches to his Byronic hero—for Maltravers is essentially Byronic; and he has produced some clever new groups. The Merton family is one. It is that of a worldly-minded, well-endowed clergyman, holding an excellent family-living, and in hopes of yet becoming, by dint of proper management, a bishop. The sketch of the father, the Rev. Charles Merton, Rector of Merton, and brother of Sir John Merton, is distinct though slight; that of his ambitious and world-trained elder daughter, is better, because it dives deeper into the causes which influence the formation of the character of women in fashionable society. Here is Rector Merton's portrait—that of his daughter is too elaborate for this slight notice. "The Mertons were a delightful family!"

In person, Mr Merton was of the middle height: fair, and inclined to stoutness—with small features, beautiful teeth, and great suavity of address. Mindful still of the time when he had been "about town," he was very particular in his dress: his black coat, neatly relieved in the evening by a white under-waistcoat, and a shirt-front admirably platted, with plain studs of dark enamel—his well-cut trousers, and elaborately-polished shoes—(he was good humouredly vain of his feet and hands)—won for him the common praise of the dandies, (who occasionally honoured him with a visit, to shoot his game, and flirt with his daughter,) "that old Merton was a most gentlemanlike fellow—so damned nice for a person!"

Into "this delightful family," Evelyn Cameron—now a lovely young woman, whom the reader has reason to believe the daughter of Alice and Maltravers, and who is known to the world as the step-child and rich heiress of the deceased banker, Templeton, afterwards Lord Vargrave, and the destined bride of his nephew, Lumley Ferrers, now Lord Vargrave—has just been received as a distinguished visitor. Mrs Merton is the daughter, though most unlike, that benevolent Mrs Leslie, who had rescued Alice and

her infant from disgrace and poverty; and procured her the friendship of the banker, and who has faithfully preserved her secret. The Sequel opens some years after the death of the banker, and when Evelyn has nearly attained the age of eighteen, at which period she was, by the banker's will, either to give her hand to Lumley or forfeit a part of her fortune. Mother and daughter had spent the last few years in a cottage in Devonshire, a beautiful retirement, to which Alice Lady Vargrave was deeply attached, for mysterious reasons unknown to her daughter. Evelyn is the true heroine of the new volumes, and, until the consummation, the melancholy Alice, her alleged mother, is but slightly noticed. She is, from the first to last, a meek, passive character, acted upon by others, through the medium of her affections, and without moving impulse, save the illusion on which her heart had been concentrated, since the Miranda of the moor had first become conscious of any self-existent sentiment. She was now some years beyond thirty, "that critical boundary in the life of beauty." "Her form was slight and delicate in its proportion, nor was her countenance the less lovely, because, from its gentleness and repose, (not unmixed with a certain sadness,) the coarse and the gay might have thought it wanting in expression." With this lady, sat the venerable Mrs Lealie; once the consolator and the benefactress, now the warmly-approving friend, to whose affectionate compliments Alice replied:—

"You cannot make me vain," said she, with a sweet and melancholy smile. "I remember what I was when you first gave shelter to the poor desolate wanderer and her fatherless child; and I, who was then so poor and destitute, what should I be, if I was deaf to the poverty and sorrows of others—others, too, who are better than I am? But now, Evelyn, as you say, is growing up; the time approaches when she must decide on accepting or rejecting Lord Vargrave;—and yet in this village how can she compare him with others? how can she form a choice?"

And Evelyn was, accordingly, sent to learn the sciences of the world, in the rectory of Merton. It was a good school; but she was not an apt pupil. Her young grief at leaving, for the first time, her home, her mother, and her guardian genius, the venerable Aubrey, the curate of the parish, and a true Chaucer-priest, are all beautifully described; though, we confess, there is relief from the tedium of excessive affection and amiability in the worldly shrewdness of Lumley Ferrers, and in the frank, if commonplace, ambition of Caroline Merton. She is already old in the science of the world; but, if weak in principle, she is not wholly destitute of heart.

And Evelyn, the daughter of Alice Lady Vargrave—another beautiful combination of the sweet qualities and attributes of woman, as different from the low-born, devoted mistress of the English affection, as from the accomplished Madame de St. Vantadour, or the lofty Lady Florence Lascelles—how, when they meet, shall her unconscious father, the impassioned Malteser, the enthusiastic adorer of the good and the beautiful, help being deeply in

love with her? It is a tantalizing mystery; but the reader need neither be grieved nor shocked. Mr Elwer has made the freest use of the license of romance, in outraging probability; and so all comes right at last. *Wesley* this week in *Amica*—that we may have the more confidence in presenting his youngest beauty, his most perfect specimen of the sex in every adorable and engaging attribute.

Evelyn Cameron was beautiful—a beauty that came from the heart and went to the heart—a beauty, the very spirit of which was love. Love smiled on her dimpled lips; it reposed on her open brow; it played in the profuse and careless ringlets of darkest yet sunniest auburn, that a breeze could lift from her delicate and virgin cheek. Love, in all its tenderness, murmured in her low, melodious voice; in all its kindness—its unsuspecting truth—love coloured every thought; in all its symmetry and glorious womanhood, love swelled the swan-like neck, and moulded the rounded limb.

She was just the kind of person that takes the judgment by storm—whether gay or grave—there was so charming and irresistible a grace about her. She seemed born not only to captivate the giddy, but to turn the heads of the sage. Roxalana was nothing to her. How, in the obscure hamlet of Brook Green, she had learned all the arts of pleasing, it is impossible to say. In her arch smile, the pretty toss of her head, the half-shyness, half-freedom of her winning ways, it was as if Nature had made her to delight one heart, and torment all others.

Without being learned, the mind of Evelyn was cultivated and well informed. Her heart, perhaps, helped to instruct her understanding; for, by a kind of intuition, she could appreciate all that was beautiful and elevated. Her unvitiated and guileless taste had a logic of its own: no schoolman had ever a quicker penetration into truth—no critic ever more readily detected the meretricious and the false. The book that Evelyn could admire, was sure to be stamped with the impress of the noble, the lovely, or the true.

But Evelyn had faults—the faults of her age—yes, rather, she had tendencies that might conduct to error. She was of so generous a nature, that the very thought of sacrificing herself for another had a charm. She ever acted from impulse—impulse pure and good, but often rash and imprudent. She was yielding to weakness—persuaded into anything—so sensitive that even a cold look from one moderately liked, cut her to the heart; and, by the sympathy that accompanies sensitiveness, no pain was so great as that of giving pain to another. Hence it was that Vargrave might form reasonable hopes of his ultimate success. It was a dangerous constitution for happiness. How many chances must combine to preserve to the mid-day of characters like this, the sunshine of their dawn!

Yet Evelyn escaped all these dangers. Her share of "The Mysteries," is neither perplexed nor painful.

The rector duly appreciated his young guest, the rich heiress, and future wife of Lord Vargrave, a man already in office, and a probable Cabinet Minister, whom, moreover, she might reject, for his own son, the *astoré*. He ordered her dresses more suitable to her fortune and rank than her simple Devonshire wardrobe; procured her a fashionable abigail; and, instead of the intended small chamber, with its French bed, installed her in the apartments usually occupied by the *Dowager Countess of Chipperton*, at her yearly Christmas visit to the rectory. The rectory was opportunely situated in the very vicinity of Burleigh—the fine old Elizabethan place of the ancient Maltesers, who had kept re-

turned to England since grief for the death of his betrothed Lady Florence had driven him from public life, and into exile. It so chanced that, when the young ladies of the rectory went one day to explore the beauties and wonders of Barchin, the misanthropic owner had returned. To his great indignation, the strangers had made their way through an open window into his magnificent ancient library, and he was just ordering his steward, in a very haughty, Norman-like tone, to drive away the intruders, when "a voice of such heavenly sweetness was heard without, that it arrested his own step, and made the stern Maltravers start in his seat. He held up his hand to the steward, to delay his errand, and listened, charmed and spell-bound. His own words came on his ear—words long unfamiliar to him, and, at first, but imperfectly remembered—words connected with the early and virgin years of poetry and aspiration—words that were as the ghosts of thoughts now far too gentle for his altered soul. He bowed down his head, and the dark shade left his brow."

At the conclusion of her song, Evelyn was left alone by her companions, gazing, absorbed, on an interesting portrait of the mother of the owner of the Hall, who had expired in giving him birth:—

It was a beautiful vision, as she thus stood, with her delicate bloom, her luxuriant hair, (for the hat was not yet replaced,) her elastic form, so full of youth, and health, and hope—the living form beside the faded canvas of the dead—once youthful, tender, lovely as herself! Evelyn turned away with a sigh—the sigh was swooned yet more deeply. She started: the door that led to the study was opened, and, in the aperture, was the figure of a man in the prime of life. His hair, still luxuriant as in his earliest youth, though darkened by the suns of the East, curled over a forehead of majestic expanse. The high and proud features, that well became a stature above the ordinary standard; the pale but bronzed complexion; the large eyes, of deepest blue, shaded by dark brows and lashes; and, more than all, that expression at once of passion and repose which characterizes the old Italian portraits, and seems to denote the inscrutable power that experience imparts to intellect—constituted an ensemble which, if not faultlessly handsome, was eminently striking, and adapted at once to interest and command. It was a face, once seen, never to be forgotten; it was a face that had long, half unconsciously, haunted Evelyn's young dreams; it was a face she had seen before, though, then younger, and milder, and fairer; it wore a different aspect.

This is the reader's old friend, Maltravers, and, as the said reader has every reason to imagine, the father of Evelyn. Maltravers, who on former occasions, had repelled the polite advances of the rector, now gladly accepted his civilities, and became a daily guest at the rectory, the playmate of the children; the companion and admirer, in the fair way of becoming the ardent lover of Evelyn, the affianced bride of his perfidious friend, Lumley Ferrers—his own child, as the reader of "The Mysteries" trembles to remember. Meanwhile, how had time and experience dealt with him? Hitherto, we have seen but the exterior, and "The Man of Gentian" is now in another stage of being—

clothed with civilization, and clothed with many of the triumphs which civilization brings, and still, and

disquiet, the gloom of his nature, he had almost forgotten; his scarce redeemed from primal baseness. The adventures through which he had passed, and in which life itself could only be preserved by wary vigilance and ready energies, had forced him, for a while, from the indulgence of morbid contemplations. His heart, indeed, had been left inactive; but his intellect, and his physical powers, had been kept in hourly exercise. He returned to the world of his equals with a mind laden with the treasures of a various and vast experience, and with much of the same gloomy moral as that which, on emerging from the Catacombs, assailed the restless speculations of Rabelais, of the vanity of human life, and the folly of mortal aspirations.

Ernest Maltravers, never a faultless or completed character, falling short in practice of his own capacities; moral and intellectual, from his very desire to overpass the limits of the Great and Good, was seemingly as far as heretofore from the grand secret of life. It was not so in reality—his mind had acquired what before it wanted—hardness; and we are nearer to true virtue and true happiness, when we demand too little from men, than when we exact too much.

Nevertheless, partly from the strange life that had thrown him amongst men whom safety itself made it necessary to command despotically—partly from the habit of power, and disdain of the world—his nature was incrustated with a stern imperiousness of manner, often approaching to the harsh and morose, though beneath it lurked generosity and benevolence.

Many of his younger feelings, more amiable and complex, had settled into one predominant quality, which more or less had always characterized him—Pride! Self-esteem made inactive, and Ambition made discontented, usually engender haughtiness. In Maltravers this quality, which, properly controlled and duly softened, is the essence and life of honour, was carried to a vice. He was perfectly conscious of its excess, but he cherished it as a virtue. Pride had served to console him in sorrow, and, therefore, it was a friend—it had supported him when disgusted with fraud, or in resistance to violence; and, therefore, it was a champion and a fortress. It was a pride of a peculiar sort—it attached itself to no one point in especial—not to talent, knowledge, mental gifts—still less to the vulgar commonplaces of birth and fortune;—it rather resulted from a supreme and wholesale contempt of all other men, and all their objects—of ambition—of glory—of the hard business of life. His favourite virtue was fortitude—it was on this that he now mainly valued himself.

Enough of Maltravers—of the man actuated by "morbid and morose philosophy, begot by a proud spirit upon a lonely heart"—a philosophy fast disappearing before the smiles and fascinations of Evelyn. And now the proud man shared in childish sports, and claimed his prize in the baby lottery, of which the prizes were drawn by Evelyn, and "remained all day at the Rectory, and shared in the buff—yes, he danced with Evelyn—he—Maltravers—who had never been known to dance since he was twenty-two! The ice was fairly broken—Maltravers was at home with the Mertons."

And Evelyn combated his false philosophy, his misanthropic pride, his scepticism, his contempt of mankind, their needs and pursuits—combated them with the "fistiness of truth, powerful in her young and pure hands; she would convince him of his error, and restore him to his race." The task, perilous to herself, was not less dangerous to her pupil, her daughter.

By degrees she grew more and more familiar with her stern friend; and in that familiarity there was perhaps fascination to Maltravers. She could laugh him at any moment, but of his most touching and tender side, she

a pretty willfulness, his most favourite woman may, even would have, with tolerating starting, if he was not always at the command of her wishes or caprice. At this time, it seemed certain that Maltravers would fall in love with Evelyn; but it rested on more doubtful probabilities whether Evelyn would fall in love with him.

One seems getting on ticklish ground; but we are quit for our fears. Lumley Ferrers, the gay, bold-faced, frank villain, comes upon the scene, and Maltravers retires for a time, to struggle against his dawning passion, and cherish "his peasantry," correct the abuses of the old poor-laws, and play the benevolent landlord, which, it seems, may best be done by curbing public charity, and exercising individual beneficence through the small allotment system. The portrait of Lumley Ferrers—transformed from the able, dexterous commoner, who gave easy, unpretending, bachelor dinners in his small house in Great George Street, with plenty of flour in the sauce for the personal od's head, into a member of the Upper House, and a rising man in the government—is, in many respects, both more real and not less profound than the more ambitious sketch of his rival.

Before a large table, covered with Parliamentary papers, sat Lumley Lord Vargrave. His complexion, though still healthy, had faded from the freshness of hue that distinguished him in youth. His features, always sharp, had grown yet more angular; his brow seemed to project more broodingly over his eyes, which, though of undiminished brightness, were sunk deep in their sockets, and had lost much of their quick restlessness. The character of his mind had begun to stamp itself on the physiognomy, especially on the mouth when in repose—it was a face striking for acute intelligence, for concentrated energy; but there was something written in it which said, "BEWARE!" It would have inspired any one who had mixed much amongst men, with a vague suspicion and distrust.

Lumley had been always careful, though plain in dress; but there was now a more evident attention bestowed on his person than he had ever manifested in youth, while there was something of the Roman's celebrated foppiness in the skill with which his hair was arranged on his high forehead, as either to conceal or relieve a partial baldness at the temples. Perhaps, too, from the possession of high station, or the habit of living only amongst the great, there was a certain dignity insensibly diffused over his whole person, that was not noticeable in his earlier years—when a certain *ton de garcon* was blended with his ease of manner; yet, even now, dignity was not his prevalent characteristic; and, in ordinary occasions, or mixed society, he still found a familiar frankness, a more useful species of simulation.

The political career of Lumley, his arts and intrigues, are sketched in a masterly style; but, to understand the merits of this delineation of a modern second-rate statesman, he must be seen at large. He was suspected by his own party, to whom he played false, and left out of the administration when it was reinstated, but afterwards terrified the government into taking him back, though he obtained no higher office, and was still excluded from the Cabinet, the grand object of his ambition:—

Lumley, burning with resentment, longed to decline the offer; but, still, he was poor, and what was worse, inferior to his poverty, but not his will, consented. He was grieved that, though passionately improved as a politician, he felt that he had not advanced as a public man. His ambition inflamed by his discontent, he had, and his means to time, strained every nerve to strengthen

his position. He met the sarcasms on his poverty, he greatly increasing his expenditure; and by advertising everywhere his engagement to an heiress, whose fortune, great as it was, he easily contrived to magnify. As his old house in Great George Street—well fitted for the bustling commoner—was no longer suited to the official and fashionable peer, he had, on his accession to the title, exchanged that respectable residence for a large mansion in Hamilton Place; and his sober dinners were succeeded by splendid banquets. Naturally, he had no taste for such things; his mind was too nervous and his temper too hard to take pleasure in luxury or ostentation. But, now as ever, he acted upon a system. Living in a country governed by the mightiest and wealthiest aristocracy in the world, which, from the first class almost to the lowest, ostentation pervades—the very backbone and marrow of society—he felt that to fall far short of his rivals in display was to give them an advantage which he could not compensate, either by the power of his connexions, or the surpassing loftiness of his character and genius. Playing for a great game, and with his eyes open to all the consequences, he cared not for involving his private fortunes in a lottery, in which a great prize might be drawn. To do Vargrave justice, money which him had never been an object, but a means—he was grasping, but not avaricious.

He more than ever required Evelyn's fortune, and his arts had converted the ambitious Caroline Merton into his reluctant, though subervient instrument in this and other purposes of aggrandizement. In return for her love and her devotion, he helps her to a husband, of whom this is the portrait. It looks like an original.

Lord Doltimore—

Was a small, pale man, with a very limited share of understanding; supercilious in manner, elaborate in dress, not ill-natured *au fond*, and with much of the English gentleman in his disposition—that is, he was honourable in his ideas and actions, whenever his natural dulness and neglected education enabled him clearly to perceive (through the midst of prejudices, the delusions of others, and the false lights of the dissipated society in which he had lived) what was right and what wrong. But his leading characteristics were vanity and conceit. He had lived much with younger sons, cleverer than himself, who borrowed his money, sold him their horses, and won from him at cards. In return, they gave him all that species of flattery which young men can give with so hearty an appearance of cordial admiration. "You certainly have the best horses in Paris. You are really a devilish good fellow, Doltimore. Oh, do you know, Doltimore, what little *Désiré* says of you? You have certainly turned the girl's head."

We may add that, at twenty-two, with a proxy in the House of Peers, and a county and borough at command, Doltimore was worth cultivating. The cold, callous, deliberate villainy of Lumley, and the gradual acquiescence of Caroline Merton in his schemes, when she had played with the serpent till it coiled around her, and she could not longer escape its fascinations and folds, are ably depicted, and with a strong air of reality, in spite of the repulsive nature of their compact, and the improbability of communications unnaturally frank, upon subjects so humiliating to the pride and painful to the affection of the victim.

Meantime, Mr Cleveland, Maltravers' old and most paternal guardian, is as desirous as ever that his young friend—now no longer young—should mix again with the world—and give Bunleigh a mistress:—

Maltravers shook his head, and sighed. "I do not say," continued Cleveland, wrapt in the

showing interest of the theme, "that you should marry a mere ~~thing~~ but an amiable woman, who, like yourself, has seen something of life, and knows how to reckon on its cares, and to be contented with its enjoyments."

"You have said enough," said Maltravers, impatiently—"an experienced woman of the world, whose freshness of hope and heart is gone! What a picture! No; to me there is something inexpressively beautiful in innocence and youth. But you say justly, my years are not those that would make a union with youth desirable, or well suited."

"I do not say that," said Cleveland, taking a pinch of snuff; "but you should avoid great disparity of age—not for the sake of that disparity itself, but because, with it, is involved discord of temper, pursuits. A very young woman, new to the world, will not be contented with home alone; you are at once too gentle to curb her wishes, and a little too stern and reserved (pardon me for saying so) to be quite congenial to very early and sanguine youth."

Cleveland made a visit to the Rectory that night alone, and saw the new-arrived Lord Vargrave devoting himself to Evelyn Cameron, and she—

"What a sweet face!—so modest, yet so intelligent! I talked with her a good deal during the deals, in which I cut out. I almost lost my heart to her."

"So Lord Vargrave devoted himself to Miss Cameron?"

"To be sure; you know they are to be married soon. Merton told me so. She is very rich. He is the luckiest fellow imaginable, that Vargrave! But he is much too old for her: she seems to think so too. I can't explain why I think it; but, by her pretty, reserved manner, I saw that she tried to keep the gay minister at distance; but it would not do. Now, if you were ten years younger, or Miss Cameron ten years older, you might have had some chance of cutting out your old friend."

"So you think I also am too old for a lover?"

"For a lover of a girl of seventeen, certainly. You seem touchy on the score of age, Ernest."

"Not I," and Maltravers laughed.

"No! There was a young gentleman present, who, I think, Vargrave might really find a dangerous rival—Colonel Legard—one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life; just the style to turn a romantic young lady's head; a mixture of the wild and the thoroughbred; black curls, superb eyes, and the softest manners in the world. But, to be sure, he has lived all his life in the best society."

"I can't help pitying her—married to one so careless and worldly as Lord Vargrave—thrown so young into the whirl of London. Poor thing! she had better have fallen in love with Legard; which, I dare say, she will do after all."

And so she did, and married him too, but not until she has suffered herself, and been the cause of great distraction and final despair to Maltravers, who, after her known rejection of Lumley, and a variety of incidents, is led to believe that he has made a deep impression upon her affections, and obtains the promise of her hand. This fair prospect is blighted by the interference of the rejected Lumley, now almost hating the girl who had stepped between him and his uncle's inheritance, and yet resolving that she should be his, as the only means of acquiring the fortune which his style of living had made so necessary. He was, by this time, drowned in debt.

By a string of lucky accidents, and his own wit, Lumley learns the early connexion between Alice Darvil, his uncle's wife, and Maltravers, and the birth of their child, whose existence was still unknown to its supposed father. The mocking fiend hurries to Paris, to

dash the cup of felicity from the lip of his enraptured friend, so when paradise was opening, in the prospect of an immediate marriage with the charming Evelyn. A conversation held with her respecting her beloved mother's musical tastes and secluded habits, has, in some degree, prepared Maltravers for the agitating interview with Lumley. After he returned home—

He felt a vague, unaccountable curiosity respecting this secluded and solitary mother; all concerning her early fate seemed so wrapped in mystery. . . . He sleeps ill that night—dark and ill-boding dreams disturbed his slumber. He rose late, and dejected by presentiments he could not master; his morning meal was scarcely over—and he had already taken his hat to go to Evelyn's for comfort and sunshine—when the door opened, and he was surprised by the entrance of Lord Vargrave.

Lumley seated himself with a formal gravity very unusual to him; and, as if anxious to waive unnecessary explanations, began, as follows, with a serious and impressive voice and aspect:—

"Maltravers, of late years we have both estranged from each other; I do not presume to dictate to you your friendships or your dislikes. Why this estrangement has happened, you alone can determine. For my part, I am conscious of no offence; that which I was I am still. It is you who have changed. Whether it be the difference of our political opinions, or any other and more secret cause, I know not."

But we may pass these preliminary explanations and recriminations. Maltravers defended in frankly proclaiming, his love for Evelyn—

"Stay!" said Lord Vargrave (who, plunged in a gloomy reverie, had scarcely seemed to hear the last few sentences of his rival); "Stay, Maltravers. Speak not of love to Evelyn!—a horrible foreboding tells me that, a few hours hence, you would rather pluck out your tongue by the roots, than couple the words of love with the thought of that unfortunate girl. Oh, if I were vindictive, what awful triumph would await me now! What retaliation on your harsh judgment—your cold contempt—your momentary and wretched victory over me!—Heaven is my witness, that my only sentiment is that of terror and woe! Maltravers, in your earliest youth, did you form connexion with one whom they called Alice Darvil?"

"Alice!—merciful Heaven! what of her?"

"Did you never know that the Christian name of Evelyn's mother is Alice?"

"I never asked—I never knew—but it is a common name," faltered Maltravers.

"Listen to me," resumed Vargrave: "with Alice Darvil you lived in the neighbourhood of—, did you not?"

"Go on—go on!"

"You took the name of Butler—by that name Alice Darvil was afterwards known, in the town in which my uncle resided—(there are gaps in the history that I cannot, of my own knowledge fill up)—she taught music—my uncle became enamoured of her—but he was vain and worldly. She removed into Devonshire, and he married her there, under the name of Cameron; by which name he hoped to conceal from the world the lowliness of her origin, and the humble calling she had followed. Hold! do not interrupt me. Alice had one daughter, as was supposed, by a former marriage—that daughter was the offspring of him whose name she bore—yes, of the false Butler!—that daughter is Evelyn Cameron!"

"Liar—devil!" cried Maltravers, springing to his feet, as if a shot had pierced his heart. "Prove your proofs!"

These were produced to the satisfaction of the dupe—for Maltravers had been duped, and Lumley was now in possession of the key to the grand mystery. He was aware that Evelyn was the mysterious child of his uncle, and that, in consequence of the

though Alice had adopted her as her own—as soon as her infant—the child of her lover—had been laid in the lonely churchyard, near the cottage in Devonshire. An affecting interview between Maltravers and his betrothed confirms his fears, and raises his despair to passionate horror. He returned to Lumley:—

“You have saved me from a dreadful crime—from an everlasting remorse—I thank you!”

Hardened and frigid as his nature was, Lumley was touched: the movement of Maltravers took him by surprise. “It has been a dreadful duty, Ernest,” said he, pressing the hand he held; “but to come, too, from me, your rival!”

“Proceed, proceed, I pray you; explain all this. Yet explanation—what do I want to know?—Evelyn is my daughter—Alice’s child! For God’s sake, give me hope—say it is not so—say that she is Alice’s child, but not mine! Father, father!—and they call it a holy name—it is a horrible one!”

“Compose yourself, my dear friend: recollect what you have escaped! You will recover this shock: time—travel!”

“Peace, man, peace. Now, then, I am calm! When Alice left me, she had no child. I knew not that she bore within her the pledge of our ill-omened and erring love. Verily, the sins of my youth have risen against me; and The Curse has come home to root!”

“I cannot explain to you all details.”

“But why not have told me of this? Why not have warned me?—why not have said to me, when my heart could have been satisfied by so sweet a tie—‘Thou hast a daughter—thou art not desolate?’ Why reserve the knowledge of the blessing until it has turned to poison? Fie! that you are!—you have waited this hour to gloat over the agony from which a word from you a year, nay, a month ago—a little month ago—might have saved me and her!” Maltravers, as he spoke, approached Vargrave, with eyes sparkling with fierce passion; his hands clenched, his form dilated, the veins on his forehead swelled like cords. It was a fearful spectacle; for the frame of Maltravers was one that, from its perfect symmetry, was endowed with extraordinary power and strength; and now the governing intellect seemed benumbed and laid asleep; and all the fierceness, and might, and wrath, of the animal man alone, were visibly aroused. Lumley, brave as he was, recoiled.

These are among the most powerful of the dramatic scenes in the new volumes. It was necessary to the success of the schemes of Lumley, that Maltravers and Alice should not meet; and he invents many plausible reasons to prevent an event fatal to his designs.

Maltravers fixed his piercing eyes on Lumley, while he thus spoke, and listened in deep attention.

“It matters not,” said he, after a long pause, “whether these be your real reasons for wishing to defer or prevent a meeting between Alice and myself. The affliction that has come upon me bursts with too clear and scorching a blaze of light, for me to see any chance of escape or mitigation. Even if she were the daughter of Alice by another, she would be for ever separated from me. The mother and the child!—pah! there is a kind of incest even in that thought! But such an alleviation of my anguish is forbidden to my reason. No, poor Alice, I will not disturb the repose thou hast won at last! Thou shalt never have the grief to know that our error has brought upon thy lover so black a doom! All is over!—the world never shall find me again. Nothing is left for me but the desert and the grave!”

“Speak not so, Ernest,” said Lord Vargrave, soothingly. “A little while and you will recover this blow: your control over passion has, even in youth, inspired me with magnification and surprise; and now, in calmer years, and with such incentives to self-mastery, your strength will come sooner than you think. Evelyn, too, is so young, she has not known you long; perhaps her

love, after all, is thus caused by some anxiety, but cannot working of nature, and she would rejoice to call you ‘father.’ Happy years are yet in store for you!”

Maltravers did not listen to these vain and hollow consolations. With his head drooping on his bosom, his whole form unmoved, the large tears rolling unobscured down his cheeks, he seemed the very picture of the broken-hearted man, whom Fate never again could raise from despair.

Lord Vargrave’s plots succeed so far that Maltravers is driven from the scene, and the young Legard, the really beloved of Evelyn, is also absent, having ceded his pretensions to the higher claims of his benefactor, Maltravers. The young heiress has at last consented to reconcile all her duties, by becoming the wife of Lumley. In the meantime, a secret impulse, the spiriting of his good genius, leads the despairing Maltravers from his retreat in Switzerland back to England, where business besides demanded his presence; and, by a romantic accident, a poor wandering woman rode over by Lumley Ferrers, whom Ernest had benevolently relieved a year before, gives him on her death-bed, and unconscious of his deep interest in her strange tale, a key to the mystery of Evelyn’s birth. He forthwith hastens to the cottage of Alice, the ever true, the early beloved; and the ostensible, not the real wife of the banker. But we must borrow a snatch of explanatory retrospect, before the early lovers meet again. Before the marriage ceremony, Alice had made the banker take a strange oath.

For the first year or two, Templeton evinced some alarming disposition to escape from the oath he had imposed upon himself; but, on the slightest hint, there was a sternness in the wife, in all else so respectful, so submissive, that repressed and awed him. She even threatened—and at one time was with difficulty prevented carrying the threat into effect—to leave his roof for ever, if there were the slightest question of the sanctity of his vow. Templeton trembled; such a separation would excite gossip, curiosity, scandal, a noise in the world, public talk, possible discovery. Besides, Alice was necessary to Evelyn, necessary to his own comfort; something to soid in health, something to rely upon in illness. Gradually then, but sullenly, he reconciled himself to his lot, and, as years and infirmities grew upon him, he was contented, at least, to have secured a faithful friend and an anxious nurse. Still a marriage of this sort was not bliss: Templeton’s vanity was wounded; his temper, always harsh, was soured; he avenged his affront by a thousand petty tyrannies; and, without a murmur, Alice perhaps, in those years of rank and opulence, suffered more than in all her roofless wanderings, with love at her heart, and her infant in her arms.

While her husband—if husband he might be called—lived, Alice had seemed to bury in her bosom her regret—deep, mighty, passionate, as it was—for her lost child—the child of the forgotten lover, to whom, through such trials, and amid such new ties, she had been faithful from first to last. But, when each wave free, her heart flew back to the far and lowly grave. Hence, her yearly visits to Brook Green—hence, her purchase of the cottage, hallowed by memories of the dead. There, on that lawn, had she borne forth the fragile form, to breathe the soft nocturnal air;—there, in that chamber, had she watched, and hoped, and prayed, and despaired; there, in that quiet burial-ground, rested the beloved dead!

And now the image of the lover of her youth—which, during her marriage, she had sought, at least, to banish—returned to her, and, at times, inspired her with the only hopes that the grave had not yet extinguished.

Humboldt interrupted her with an exclamation, on an conversation with Mrs. Leslie—whose friendship she still maintained—she found that both concurred in thinking that this obscure and wandering Butler, so skilled in an art in which even himself in man is generally professional, must have had some great past; perhaps a humble station. Ah! now that she was free and rich, if she were to meet him again, and his love was not all gone, and he would believe in her strange and constant truth—now, his infidelity could be forgiven—forgotten, in the benefits it might be hers to bestow! And how, poor Alice, in that remote village, was chance to throw him in your way? She knew not; but something often whispered to her—“Again you shall meet those eyes—again you shall hear that voice; and you shall tell him, weeping on his breast, how you loved his child!” And would he not have forgotten her?—would he not have formed new ties?—could he read the loveliness of unchangeable affection in that pale and pensive face? Alas! when we love intensely, it is difficult to make us fancy that there is no love in return!

And they met again. It was in the little parlour of the curate Aubrey, which Alice entered, fancying all the while the stranger seated in the accustomed chair, her venerable friend.

“Do not let me interrupt you,” said that sweet, low voice whose music had been dumb for so many years to Maltravers—“but I have a letter from France, from a stranger—it alarms me so, it is about Evelyn!”—and, as if to imply that she meditated a longer visit than ordinary, Lady Vargrave removed her bonnet, and placed it on the table. Surprised that the curate had not answered, had not come forward to welcome her, she then approached: Maltravers rose, and they stood before each other face to face. And how lovely still was Alice! levelier he thought even than of old! And those eyes, so distinctly blue, so dewlike and soft, yet with some spiritual and unfathomable mystery in their clear depth, were once more fixed upon him. Alice seemed turned to stone; she moved not—she spoke not—she scarcely breathed; she gazed spell-bound, as if her senses—as if life itself—had deserted her.

“Alice!” murmured Maltravers—“Alice, we meet at last!”

His voice restored memory, consciousness, youth, at once to her! She uttered a loud cry of unspeakable joy, of rapture! She sprang forward—reserve, fear, time, change, all forgotten—she threw herself into his arms, she clasped him to her heart again and again!—the faithful dog that has found his master expresses not his transport more uncontrollably, more wildly. It was something fearful—the excess of her ecstasy!—she kissed his hands, his clothes; she laughed, she wept; and at last, as words came, she laid her head on his breast, and said, passionately—“I have been true to thee! I have been true to thee—or this hour would have killed me!” Then, as if alarmed by his silence, she looked up into his face, and, as his burning tears fell upon her cheek, she said again, and with a more hurried vehemence—“I have been faithful—do you not believe me?”

“I do—I do, noble, unequalled Alice! Why, why were you so long lost to me? Why now does your love so shame my own?”

At these words, Alice appeared to awaken from her first oblivion of all that had chanced since they met: she blushed deeply, and drew herself gently and bashfully from his embrace. “Ah!” she said, in altered and humbled accents, “you have loved another! perhaps you have no love left for me! Is it so? Is it? No, no—those eyes—you love me—you love me still!”

And again she clung to him, as if it were heaven to believe all things, and dash to dust. Then, after a pause, she drew him gently with both her hands, towards the light, and gazed upon him fondly, proudly, as if to trace, line by line, and feature by feature, the countenance which had been to her sweet thoughts as the sunlight to the flower—of silence, changed, she murmured—“but still the same—still beautiful, still divine!” She stopped; a sudden thought struck her, his garments were worn and

called by travel, and that princely dress, fallen and rejected, no longer powered in proud defiance above the sons of men. “You are not rich,” she exclaimed, eagerly—“say you are not rich! I am rich enough for both; it is all yours—all yours—I did not betray you for it; there is no shame in it—oh, we shall be so happy. Thou art come back to thy poor Alice! thou knowest how she loved thee!” There was in Alice’s manner, her wild joy, something so different from her ordinary self, that none who could have seen her—quiet, pensive, subdued—could have fancied her the same being.

Suddenly her colour faded; the smile passed from the dimpled lips; a sad and solemn aspect succeeded to that expression of passionate joy—“Come,” she said, in a whisper, “come, follow”—and, still clasping his hand, she drew him to the door. Silent and wonderingly he followed her across the lawn, through the moss-grown gate, and into the lonely burial-ground. She moved on with a noiseless and gliding step—so pale, so hushed, so breathless, that, even in the noon-day, you might have half fancied the fair shape was not owned by earth. She paused where the yew tree cast its gloomy shadow; and the small and tombless mound, separated from the rest, was before them. She pointed to it, and, falling on her knees beside it, murmured—“Hush! it sleeps below—thy child!” She covered her face with both her hands, and her form shook convulsively.

Beside that form, and before that grave, knelt Maltravers. There, vanished the last remnant of his stoic pride; and there—Evelyn herself forgotten—there did he pray to Heaven for pardon to himself, and blessings on the heart he had betrayed. There, solemnly did he vow the remainder of his years to guard, from all future ill, the faithful and childless mother!

We have forbore to notice the De Montaignes and the poetic, half-mad Italian of the former volumes, now the inmate of a mad-house near Versailles. By his hand, retributive justice is dealt to Lumley, who is found dead in his bed, just when his villainous schemes, as they seemed fast ripening, were once more toppling upon his head. He had been suffocated by the powerful and cunning maniac, the deceived instrument of his former villany and treachery. The history and the fate of this Italian give rise to some powerful and poetical writing. The crime of the madman, who immediately commits suicide, passes undetected by the authorities; and his amiable relatives, the De Montaignes, escape the consequent disgrace.

Justice is also done upon the unhappy Caroline Merton, Lady Doltimore; and everything is satisfactorily explained to Evelyn, who is made aware of her real parentage, and in Maltravers sees Mr Butler, the early and long-lost lover of her supposed mother. Her fortune has been lost by the schemes of Lumley; gulled by a cunning rascal, whom he had tried to deceive. But it matters not—Legard loved Evelyn for herself; and her hand was, in due time, bestowed on him by Maltravers. As the carriage bore away the newly-married pair from the cottage of Alice, the spell was dissolved for ever.

There stood before the lonely man the idol of his early youth, the Alice, still perhaps as fair and once young and passionate, as Evelyn—pale, changed, but lovelier than of old, if heavenly patience and holy thought, and the trials that purify and exalt, can shed ever human features something more beautiful than bloom.

The good Curate alone was present, besides these two survivors of the error and the love that make the happiness and the misery of so many of our kind. And the old man, after contemplating them a moment, stood silent.

ceived away. . . . "And, ah," murmured Alice softly, as she looked up from his breast—"I ask not if you have loved others since we parted—man's faith is so different from ours—I ask only if you love me now?"

"More! oh, immeasurably more, than in our youngest days," cried Maltravers, with fervent passion. "More fondly—more reverently—more trustfully, than I ever loved living being!—even her in whose youth and innocence I adored the memory of thee! Here have I found that which shames the ideal. Here have I found a virtue that, coming at once from God and Nature, has been wiser than all my false philosophy, and firmer than all my pride!"

Such is a meagre outline of the sequel to "Maltravers"—a work remarkable for beauties, and abounding in defects even as a literary composition. To the incidental discussions on literature, philosophy, or politics—the embossed

ornaments, which, though not essential to the work, harmonize well enough with its character and structure—we have not adverted. They are worthy of the author; and, in tone and sentiment, exactly what might be expected from him. The moral of his story is as good as one who "writes to please" durst make it; but, when a man of genius shall sit down to illustrate the true philosophy of error and atonement, compensation and reward, in a fiction, he must take higher ground than this. Fifty years later in time, fifty years equal to centuries of ordinary time, Mr Bulwer, on moral vantage ground, lags thousands of leagues behind Inchbald, Godwin, and even Kotzebue.

A HYMN FOR THE STUDENTS OF GOTTINGEN.

AWAKE, Allemaine!

From your slumber awake,
And shake off your chains,
For humanity's sake!
Shall the savage unlettered
E'er pant to be free,
While slavery's bondage
Dishonours e'en thee?

Shake off, Allemaine,
Your inglorious trance;
Besotted as Spain,
And derided by France!

New despots are forging
New fetters to gail thee—
Awake, Allemaine!

Or may ages enthral thee! ¶

Arise, Allemaine,
'Gainst your tyrants, in scorn!
Disperse them like mist
In the eye of the morn!

The shrines of your learning
They've dared to profane—
New GORAS are your rulers!—
Arise, Allemaine!

Awake, Allemaine!
For the last of your Lords
Your young blood hath spilt
With his satellite swords;
On the threshold, fair SCIENCE!
That leads to thy Fane,
His horsemen have charged them—
Awake, Allemaine!

Arise, Allemaine!
From the storm that hath lowered,
Let the lightning of vengeance
Spring forth on the coward;
Shall thy greyheaded sages
Invoke thee in vain?
They are mourning in exile!—
Arise, Allemaine!

T. M. H.

DO KINGS OR NOBLES CARE FOR US?

WHEN you behold a king enthroned,
Or toiling to a foolish feast,
Or queens in luxury ensoned,
And treated like some heavenly guest—
Restrain yourself, keep on your hat,
Make not the least degrading fuss;
For, when the truth is spoken, what
Do kings or nobles care for us?

When you behold, with rakish lords,
A pompous bishop take his place,
And mark his empty, measured words,
And simpering nothingness of face—
Restrain yourself, keep on your hat,
Make not the least degrading fuss;
For, when the truth is spoken, what
Do lords or bishops care for us?

When you behold a reckless lord,
Great by his grandfather's deserts,
Walk boldly to the council board,
And frown as if a man of parts—
Restrain yourself, keep on your hat,
Make not the least degrading fuss;
For, if the truth were spoken, what
Does any lordling care for us?

When at the hustings called to vote,
And having passed the taxman's shift,
You stand unshaved, in thread-bare coat,
To send a gentleman to thrift—

Restrain yourself, keep on your hat,
Your power is short, and think of this:
'Twere shame to cheer an empty flat,
Or help a scoundrel to a place.

When pensioned peers or dowagers,
With thousands by the month or year,
Pretend to open up their purse,
That they may in the prints appear—
Is't not as ocean should give back
A wave, while fifty thousand streams
Make barren many a beauteous track
To fill her?—whence, then, your acclaims?

The WORKING MAN should have one thought—
To be for ever free to toil;
And keep the wealth so dearly bought,
To make his own hearthstone to smile.
Some toil in this, and some in that;
But o'er the great make you no fuss;
Their toils may soon be told—and what
Does any great man care for us?

The right divine to govern wrong
Is now an old insanity;
And lordly beggars will ere long
Be—what all beggars ought to be:
To such, all such, keep on your hat;
Despite their coldness or their fuss;
Despite them—were it even that
They should affect to care for us!

MISS MARTINEAU'S RETROSPECT OF AMERICAN TRAVEL

Two citizens of the young Republic of America have already realized, for themselves, wishes in effectually formed by two of the most powerful and benevolent of European sovereigns. Every child can read its Bible; and every working man has a pullet in the pot, if not something more substantial. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that those good wishes were expressed by *Henri Quatre* and *George III.*, for the peasants of France and the children of Great Britain. The cause of the easy command over the comforts, and even the luxuries of life, which is enjoyed by every American citizen, of moderate industry, is the grand problem which has occupied the minds of the people of the Old World, since the democratic society of the United States took form, and began to display those splendid results, which the People of England now generally agree in resolving into the principle of self-government. "We are the happiest and the most prosperous nation on earth," say these proud Republicans, "precisely because we choose to manage our own interests ourselves, and that our system of government keeps us free of the evils under which the Old World groans; because we have no law of primogeniture, no state-church, no hereditary nobles, no standing army, no dead-weight, no national debt. Our democratic institutions act on our social prosperity, both as cause and effect. We have already put in action, as far as it has yet been done upon the face of the globe, the principle adopted as the basis of all government by the great English philosopher. Our rule is the happiness of the majority; and we press onward, to the higher social condition of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and, finally, of all. If the best means to promote this noblest condition of humanity have not always been taken, there is, at all events, no obstruction offered by our institutions to its triumphant progress." It is these considerations chiefly, which, since the suffering People of Europe have been aroused to thoughtfulness, have made every book be received with eagerness, which describes the condition of that democratic Republic, which has already, in prosperity and security, celebrated its first jubilee. Accounts of the poor man's land of promise, have become as fascinating as ancient legends, or the glorious tales of the old wars of fatherland. Real suffering—the actual lack of bread, or the equally distressing want of leisure, quiet, and ease of mind—has wrought mighty changes in opinion, since it has been discovered how, by energy and endeavour, these great wants may be supplied. This is especially the case in the country, parent and kindred to America, where, casting behind the dreams of the past, perhaps too recklessly, thought and hope are projected into the future. In travelling on a railway, some time since, we chanced to overhear a conversation between two individuals, or men of a similar rank,

the one Whiggish, the other a Radical. The argument ended by the former declaring, with some heat—"Well, well, the like of you should all go to America!"—"We will do better than that," returned the astute democrat, in a tone of quiet determination—"we will bring America here." Along with many secondary reasons, the hope of bringing the attendant blessings of American institutions home to the bosom of a country which has no faults in the eyes of its sons, save those of its government—the England which, with all these faults, they love—was the report of every new traveller in the United States be perused with eager interest. Thus, every year has its new volumes, and all find readers. To gratify this appetite, Miss Martineau, in addition to her elaborate essay upon the mechanism and operation of the social order of America, has presented us with three new volumes, containing her "Random Recollections." These will probably be quite as welcome to the bulk of readers as their precursors. A good deal of the information and speculation found in the first work, might have been gained from other sources, and must have been familiar to all students of America, and to persons but moderately conversant with the history of the Republic, and the development of its institutions; whereas, the new work contains mainly the record or results of the author's personal adventures and observation, which could be obtained nowhere else.

After Miss Fanny Kemble's dash, and Mrs Trollope's "cuteness," one longed to see what a third lady, of equal accomplishment, but with more enlarged views, and, consequently, a better regulated temper, had to report of that great western world, which presents social phenomena of unceasing interest. Miss Martineau follows no strict rule of arrangement in her "Retrospect of Travel." After a rather minute account of her outward voyage, she selects her themes rather as they are related by character, than in the natural order of their occurrence. She seems to have borne the inconveniences and privations of the voyage with great good temper. Indeed, she acknowledges no hardship; and, on the contrary, regards a sea voyage as among the choice pastimes of life. Her remedies for unavoidable annoyances are admirable. For hard beds and seats, "patience—though, perhaps, air-cushions may be better still." Sour bread—remedy: to eat biscuit. Getting sunburnt—remedy: do not look in the glass. Scanty supply of water—remedy: drink cider at dinner; and, remedy second: if cider get low, take soda water, ale, hock, or claret. This might satisfy a cockney sworn at Highgate. One source of amusement on the outward voyage is noticed, which we feel bound to recommend to the particular attention of the post-office department of both the countries.

A regular piece of amusement on board the

Packet ships is, emptying the letter-bags out on the decks.

A fine morning is chosen for this; and to a person who sits on the rail it affords a pretty picture. The ladies draw their chairs round the immense heap of letters; the gentlemen lie at length, and scarcely an epistle escapes comment. A shout of mirth bursts forth now and then, at some singular name, or mode of address; commonly at some Irish epistle, addressed to an emigrant in some out-of-the-way place, which there is scarcely room to insert, though the direction runs from corner to corner over the whole square.

A very pretty piece of amusement certainly; nor is it wonderful that, in consequence of it, many letters which are affectionately despatched to dear Judies or Paddies, never reach their destination.

The first impressions of a new country upon an intelligent foreigner, are always worthy of notice. Miss Martineau's were, upon the whole, exceedingly favourable—for she went to be pleased. Her party landed at New York on an evening. Broadway did not appear so magnificent nor picturesque as it does in the panorama which everybody has seen; but the same thing holds, we suspect, of every street so represented. In the boarding-house where apartments had been secured for the party, General Mason and his family were residing; a fortunate accident for the traveller. Perhaps the minute observation on domestic details may, to some, appear trivial; our complaint is, however, not of the number, but rather of the scantiness of the sketches *à la* Trollope. At the boarding-house, which must have been a very respectable place of its kind, the four-posted bed had no tester—an arrangement which physicians would approve, though it might seem awkward to English ladies; and the wash-stand "was without tumbler, glass, soap, or brush-tray." We are not, however, to conclude, that such superfluities are unknown in the American toilet, although they were not seen; any more than that snufflers are not used in the States, although "the candlesticks had no snufflers." At five next morning, Miss Martineau threw up her sash, and beheld nothing that one could have seen at home, except the grass in the court-yard, and the sky.

The houses were all neatly and brightly painted, had green outside blinds to every window, and an apparatus for drying linen on the roof. A young lady in black silk, with her hair neatly dressed, was mopping the steps of one house; and a similar young lady was dusting the parlour of another. A large locust-tree grew in the middle of the court-yard of the house I was in; and under it was a truly American wood-pile. Two negroes were at the pump, and a third was carrying musk-melons.

When the breakfast-bell rang, the long and cross tables in the eating-room were filled in five minutes. The cross table, at which our hostess presided, was occupied by General Mason's family, a party of Spaniards, and ourselves. The long one was filled up with families returning southwards from the Springs; married persons without children, who preferred boarding to housekeeping; and single gentlemen, chiefly merchants. I found this mode of living rather formidable the first day; and not all the good manners that I witnessed at public tables ever reconciled me to it.

The young lady mopping the steps in a black silk gown, will be held as a mark of the wealth and luxury of the people; but this is an equivocal sign. A daughter of the house was probably do-

ing the work which would have been performed in England by a maid-servant in a cotton wrapper—though the balance of happiness may still be in favour of American domestic arrangements.

A voyage by steam up the Hudson, is one of the first excursions usually made by strangers landing at New York, and a common recreation of the inhabitants. Those who have not been up and down the Hudson, as often as we have been, with all manner of travellers, within the last ten years, will find the description of the scenery, and of the most remarkable objects, very agreeable reading. In Kosciusko's garden, Miss Martineau made acquaintance with one of the cadets of the military Academy at West Point, who volunteered as her cicerone, and with whom she conversed freely about the institution, and his course of study. Like every other military establishment, its tendencies are aristocratic; and its principle and administration are stated to be anti-republican, and yet, she thinks, useful, as securing a uniformity of military conduct, in case of war, with greater proficiency in science, and the checking of sectional prejudice, from all the young soldiers of the Union receiving a common education. The average of health is very high at West Point, which Miss Martineau considers remarkable, as the students indulge freely in the use of tobacco. Mrs Trollope bitterly scolds the use of tobacco, whether in Germany or America, as a rude, disgusting, and barbarous practice; while Miss Martineau attacks it on the more philosophic ground of unwholesomeness. Are the ladies sure they understand the philosophy of smoking? The cadets are allowed, under certain limitations, to mix, at balls and dinners, with the company frequenting the hotel at West Point, a place of fashionable resort; and this indulgence is rightly considered of advantage to their manners. One distinguishing trait of American manners, appears to be freedom of intercourse in these public summer resorts. Introductions and chaperons seem quite unnecessary.

Hackneyed as the scenery of the Hudson, and the descriptions of its endless describers, have become, Miss Martineau has contrived to interest us by a new region. She was more moved by the views from MOUNTAIN HOUSE than by the Falls of Niagara. The subject is certainly fresher. The scene burst on her, too, with the charm of unexpectedness. This Mountain House is a hotel, built for the accommodation of travellers who desire to have a more complete view of the Valley of the Hudson than can be obtained from any other point; and Miss Martineau thinks she would rather have missed the Prairies, the Hawk's Nest, (no great miss,) the Mississippi, and Niagara itself, than this. The ascent to the Mountain House was made upon the evening of a Saturday in July. The elevation is about 1800 feet; and the road winds through flourishing farms, and up the mountain's side, through woods and glades. Miss Martineau was, probably, new to mountain travel and mountain dwellings, and the picturesque hotel burst upon her vision with the dazzling effect of novelty:—

"After another level reach of road, and another scrambling ascent, I saw something on the rocky platform above our heads, like (to compare great things with small) an illumined fairy palace perched among clouds in open scenery;—a large building, whose numerous window-lights marked out its figure from amidst the thunder-clouds and black twilight which overshadowed it. It was now half-past eight o'clock, and a stormy evening. Everything was chill, and we were glad of lights and tea in the first place." The river, revealed by the sudden flashes of lightning, and as quickly swallowed up in darkness, was the charm of the night-view. The landscape of the morning, did our space permit, we should take at large, as we consider it a characteristic as well as a favourable specimen of the author's tone of feeling and style of composition. Sunrise is one of the lions at Mountain House. The raptures of the traveller were too deep and sacred for utterance. She had seen, probably for the first time from such an elevation, the ever grand phenomena of a wide landscape emerging from the mists of a summer's dawn, and gradually unfolding and brightening, until the chaos took form and rejoiced in light; and her chagrin with those *natives* who could neither understand her feelings nor sympathize with her enthusiasm, led to the following amusing dialogue:—

A gentleman and lady in the hotel intended to have left the place on Sunday. Having overslept that morning's sunrise, and arrived too late for that on Saturday, they were persuaded to stay till Monday noon; and I was pleased, on rising at four on Monday morning, to see that they were in the piazza below, with a telescope. We met at breakfast, all faint with hunger, of course.

"Well, Miss M.," said the gentleman, discontentedly, "I suppose you were disappointed in the sunrise?"—"No, I was not."—"Why, do you think the sun was any handsomer here than at New York?"

I made no answer; for what could one say? But he drove me by questions to tell what I expected to see in the sun.

"I did not expect to see the sun green or blue."

"What did you expect then?"

I was obliged to explain that it was the effect of the sun on the landscape that I had been looking for.

"Upon the landscape! Oh, but we saw that yesterday."

The gentleman was perfectly serious—quite earnest in all this. When we were departing, a foreign tourist was heard to complain of the high charges! High charges! As if we were to be supplied for nothing on a perch, where the wonder is, if any but the young ravens get fed. When I considered what a drawback it is in visiting mountain-tops, that one is driven down again almost immediately by one's bodily wants, I was ready to thank the people devoutly for harbouring us on any terms, so that we might think out our thoughts, and compose our emotions, and take our fill of that portion of our universal and eternal inheritance.

These are philosophic consolations under high bills—of which, indeed, travellers in America rarely have reason to complain. Miss Martineau, indeed, suspects that persons whose literary reputation is spread abroad before them, are rather undercharged than otherwise.

In all the late books of travel, we do not remember to have read of a wedding. Miss Martineau was present at four, in church or private dwellings. A Quaker wedding appears

the exact ceremony familiar to us at home; but "the bride was most beautifully dressed"—and there will probably be applications from lady-readers to know how. There was, too, long waiting in a crowded church for "a communication," while the poor bride sat exposed to the public gaze, and the bridegroom, most unquaker-like, seemed ready to suffocate with suppressed laughter. The traveller had been invited to attend by one of her friends, a Quaker lady, a frequent preacher, who somehow guessed, or had some dim intimation that "there might be communications." Miss Martineau, accordingly, conceived hopes which were not disappointed. Five preachers of the Hickrites held forth in succession:—

One was an old gentleman whose discourse was an entire perplexity to me. For nearly an hour, he discoursed on Jacob's ladder; but in a style so rambling, and in a chant so singularly unmusical, as to set attention and remembrance at defiance. Some parenthetical observations alone stood a chance of being retained, from their singularity;—one, for instance, which he introduced in the course of his narrative about Jacob setting a stone for a pillow;—"a very different," cried the preacher, raising his chant to the highest pitch—"a very different pillow, by the way, from any that we—are—accommodated—with." What a contrast was the brief discourse of my Quaker friend which followed! Her noble countenance was radiant as the morning; her soft voice, though low, so firm that she was heard to the furthest corner, and her little sermon as philosophical as it was devout. "Send forth thy light and thy truth," was her text. She spoke gratefully of intellectual light as a guide to spiritual truth, and anticipated and prayed for an ultimate universal diffusion of both. The certificate of the marriage was read by Dr Parrish, an elderly physician of Philadelphia, the very realization of all my imaginings of the personal appearance of William Penn; with all the dignity and bonhomie that one fancies Penn invested with in his dealings with the Indians. Dr Parrish speaks with affection of the Indians, from the experience some ancestors of his had of the hospitality of these poor people, when they were in a condition to shew hospitality. His grandfather's family were shipwrecked; and the Indians took the poor lady and her children home to an inhabited cave, and fed them for many weeks or months. The tree stump round which they used to sit at meals is still standing; and Dr Parrish says that, let it stand as long as it will, the love of his family to the Indians shall outlast it.

The Hickrites, and the orthodox societies of Quakers, hate each other intensely, according to Miss Martineau. The ceremonies of a fashionable wedding in Boston, shew the height to which the external pomps and vulgarities, as well as the refinements of luxury, have reached in the principal cities of the Republic. The want of repose, of English high-bred composure and quiet of manner, if not of mind, seems to have been as much felt by Miss Martineau as by Mrs Butler, though she is rarely so frankly condemnatory.

The parties were opulent, and in the first rank of society. They were married in the drawing-room of the bride's house, at half-past eight in the evening, by Dr Channing. The moment the ceremony was over, crowds of company began to arrive; and the bride, young and delicate, and her maidens, were niched in a corner of one of the drawing-rooms, to curtsy to all comers. They were so formally placed, so richly and (as it then seemed) formally dressed—for the present revived antique style of dress was then quite new,—that, in the interval of their curtsies, they looked like an old picture brought from Windsor Castle. The bride's mother presided in the other

drawing-room, and the bridegroom flitted about, universally attentive, and on the watch to introduce all visitors to his lady. The transition from the solemnity of Dr Channing's service to the noisy gaieties of a rout, was not at all to my taste. I imagined that it was not to Dr Channing's edify, for his talk with me was on matters very little resembling anything that we had before our eyes: and he soon went away. The noise became such as to silence all who were not inured to the gabble of an American party—the noisiest kind of assemblage, I imagine (not excepting a Jew's synagogue) on the face of the globe. I doubt whether any Pagans in their worship can raise any hubbub to equal it. I constantly found, in a large party, after trying in vain every kind of scream that I was capable of, that I must give up, and satisfy myself with nodding and shaking my head. If I was rightly understood, well and good: if not, I must let it pass. As the noise thickened, and the heat grew more oppressive, I glanced towards the poor bride in her corner, still standing, still curtsying; her pale face growing paler; her nonchalant manner (perhaps the best she could assume) more indifferent. I was afraid that, if all this went on much longer, she would faint or die upon the spot. It did not last much longer. By eleven, some of the company began to go away, and, by a quarter before twelve, all were gone but the comparatively small party (including ourselves) who were invited to stay to supper.

The chandelier and mantelpiece, I then saw, were dressed with flowers. There was a splendid supper; and, before we departed, we were carried up to a large, well-lighted apartment, where bride cake and the wedding presents were set out in bright array.

Five days afterwards, we went, in common with all her acquaintance, to pay our respects to the bride. The courtyard of her mother's house was thronged with carriages, though no one seemed to stay five minutes. The bridegroom received us at the head of the stairs, and led us to his lady, who curtsied as before. Cake, wine, and liqueurs were handed round, the visitors all standing. A few words on common subjects were exchanged, and we were gone, to make way for others.

Rocking-chairs are among the peculiar American modes of enjoyment which Miss Martineau, rather contemptuously, denounces, probably without sufficient consideration in one generally so indulgent to harmless though novel practices, and to individual tastes in luxuries or things indifferent. In small wayside inns, *rocking* in the chair is carried to excess, and may, perhaps, be found an indemnification to ladies for the privation of tobacco; an excellent sedative, if things should go cross, or dinner be long of appearing.

In travelling by the canal to Utica—a delightful mode of slow travelling by day, but by night deserving all the vituperation that is given to it, and to those attendant annoyances which are not peculiar to America—Miss Martineau relates a grievance new to us:—

We suffered under an additional annoyance, in the presence of sixteen Presbyterian clergymen—some of the most unprepossessing of their class. If there be a duty more obvious than another on board a canal-boat, it is to walk on the bank occasionally in fair weather, or, at least, to remain outside, in order to air the cabin, (close enough at best,) and get rid of the scents of the table, before the unhappy passengers are shut up to sleep there. These sixteen gentlemen, on their way to a convention at Utica, could not wait till they got there to begin their devotional observances, but obtruded them upon the passengers in a most unjustifiable manner. They were not satisfied with saying an almost interminable grace before and after each meal, but shut up the cabin for prayers before dinner, for missionary conversation in the afternoon, and for Scripture reading and prayers quite late into the night, keeping tired travellers from their rest, and every one from his fair allowance of fresh air.

The passengers were all invited to listen to, and to question a missionary from China, who was of the party. The gentleman did not seem to have profited much by his travels, however; for he declared himself unable to answer some very simple inquiries:—"Is the religion of the Christian missionaries tolerated by the Chinese government?"—"I am not prepared to answer that question."—"Are the Chinese cannibals?"—"I am not prepared to answer that question." One requested that any brother would offer a suggestion as to how Government might be awakened to the sinfulness of permitting Sunday mails; during the continuance of which practice, there was no hope of the Sabbath being duly sanctified. No one was ready with a suggestion; but one offered a story, which every head was bent to hear. The story was of two sheep-drovers, one of whom feared God, and the other did not. The profane drover set out with his sheep, for a particular destination, two hours earlier than the other, and did not rest on Sunday like his pious comrade. What was the catastrophe? The God-fearing drover, though he had stood still all Sunday, arrived at his destination two hours earlier than the other. "Ah!" "Ah!" resounded through the cabin in all conceivable tones of conviction, no one asking particulars of what had happened on the road—of how and where the profane drover had been delayed. Temperance was, of course, a great topic with these divines, and they fairly provoked ridicule upon it. One passenger told me that they were so strict that they would not drink water out of the Brandywine river; and another remarked that they partook with much reliâ of the strong wine sauce served with our puddings.

This is a dismal picture of so large a section of the Presbyterian Synod of Utica; and we should hope that it is not without a touch of perhaps unconscious exaggeration.

Miss Martineau sympathizes more deeply with the wronged aborigines of America than we should have anticipated from her known opinions on certain points of political economy, by which the wise in their generation, vindicate the crying injustice with which the Red race have been treated by the Whites. On viewing the Trenton Falls, of which the name, in the beautiful and sonorous language of the native tribes, is *Cayohariv*, she says, with true feeling—"How the poor banished Indians most mourn when the lights of their Cayoharic visit their senses again in the dreams of memory or of sleep! The recollection of these poor exiles was an ever-present saddening thought in the midst of all the most beautiful scenes of the New World."

By the way, Miss Martineau, in one place, describes certain squaws, whom they saw, as dressed in cloth trowsers. She must have mistaken the cloth *leggings*, worn by female Indians, when partially seen under their short full petticoat and blanket, for this part of male attire. The uncorrupted Indian women are remarkable for their sense of delicacy and propriety in dress and demeanour. A young Indian woman, of the Delaware nation, and the wife of a chief who visited this country with her husband shortly after the war of 1814, was inexpressibly shocked by the loud tones, the erected head, and, above all, the turned-out toes of the white ladies. The latter custom in particular, appeared to her the extreme of feminine indecorum—the dancing-master's first position, one of extreme impropriety.

The town of Buffalo has lately attracted con-

considerable attention in this country, from the spirit evinced by the inhabitants in behalf of the insurgents of Upper Canada. Miss Martineau reports most unfavourably of its moral condition, and the character of the society found there. She considers that Buffalo is "as undesirable as a residence as any place in the free States." It would seem to be a large Cave of Adul-lam:—

It is the rendezvous of all manner of persons; the passage through which fugitives pass from the States to Canada, from Canada to the States, and from Europe and the Eastern States into the wild West. Runaway slaves come here, and their owners follow in hopes of recapturing them. Indian traders, land-speculators, and poor emigrants, come here; and the most debased Indians, the half-civilized, hang about the outskirts. No influence that the mass of respectable inhabitants can exert, can neutralize the bad effects of a floating population like this; and the place is unavoidably a very vicious one. A sufficient proof of this is, that ladies cannot walk beyond the streets without the protection of a gentleman. Some excellent English ladies opened a school in Buffalo, and, not being aware of the peculiarities of the place, followed, with their pupils, the English practice of taking country walks. They persevered for some time, hoping to obtain countenance for the wholesome practice, but were compelled, after a time, not only to give up walking, but to quit the place. It will be understood that I do not give this as any specimen of American towns. The corruption of Buffalo is owing chiefly to its frontier position, and consequent liability to a vicious, transient population.

One day, Miss Martineau crossed from Buffalo to the British side, with a female friend, a hardy pedestrian, who has a very romantic history. They were entertained by an American woman, settled on the British side, who amused them with stories of how eggs and butter were smuggled into Buffalo from her neighbourhood. The prohibition of a free trade in eggs and butter! "What a worthy subject of contention," she remarks, "between two great nations!—the one breaking the laws to provide Buffalo with butter and eggs, and the preventive force of the other exercised in opposition!" She seems to think that Canada would be better off in connexion with the United States than attached to Britain. "My eyes," she continues, "never rested on the Canada shore without my feeling how absurd it was that that poor country should belong to us; its poverty and hopeless inactivity contrasting, so much to our disgrace, with the prosperous activity of the opposite shore."

A good deal was said and done by Miss Martineau and her friends about these endless Falls of Niagara; and one day spent under them was devoted to giving a German friend, who had learned English to the last perfection in little more than two years, a practical idea of the word *dawdle*, which he could not comprehend. The travelling party *lounged* and *sauntered* about all day; but, when it was concluded, Dr F——, the German, could not, we opine, have anything like a true understanding of what it is to *dawdle*—a process impossible in the open air, and, in short, a spurious sort of lazy activity, which can only be put in operation by ladies in their apartments, when they tumble over and over the contents of drawers and cupboards, and *dawdle* away

a whole morning, doing nothing; always seeming to be employed, but shewing no useful result.

A chapter is devoted to Priestley, of whom Miss Martineau is the enthusiastic admirer. Dr Channing—who, we suspect, she considers not to be named in the same day with the great modern apostle of the Unitarian faith—"speaks of him in a tone of patronage, admitting that he is under obligations to him for one or two detached sermons which breathe the true spirit." Miss Martineau, shortly after her arrival in the States, visited the persecuted philosopher's retreat on the Susquehanna, collected some traditions of his latter years, and, sentimentally, planted a rose on his grave, which grave, she anticipates, will yet be the resort of many pilgrims. We should doubt it. Imagination rules the world; and her favourite philosopher had no faculty in life, or beyond it, of stimulating imagination. Though Priestley had much to suffer in severe domestic bereavements after his exile, it is grateful to learn that his latter days were spent in serenity and competence.

Miss Martineau visited some of the prisons of America; but she adds little, we think, to the amount of information already obtained, save some original and delightful instances of the power of kindness and confidence in softening the most depraved and rugged natures. She considers the system of solitary confinement pursued at Philadelphia as the best that has been adopted in the States, and very much superior to that of the Auburn prison, which, though so highly extolled in this country, is considered faulty in the extreme. Captain Pillsbury of the Weatherfield prison has accomplished what looks like moral miracles; but, unfortunately, this gentleman can neither live for ever nor multiply himself. Still, it is something to have proved what may be done in reclaiming and ameliorating vitiated natures, by the simple means of treating men like beings made after God's image. Some of Miss Martineau's adventures, when she was locked up in the solitary cells of the criminals in the Penitentiary, required, we think, more courage than the worst perils of her journeys, or her braving the threats of Lynching as an abolitionist. She imagines that she gained the confidence of the prisoners, and, in some instances, this may have been so. Solitary imprisonment must dispose every victim to spontaneous confidence. Miss Martineau regards this mode of punishment, combined with labour, as the perfection of corrective discipline; and secrecy, or the absence of shame—of the humiliating sense of personal degradation—as essential to restoration to moral soundness. Men tried in a remote part of the country, and under feigned names—unbranded men—are always in a hopeful condition. The prisoners were accustomed to receive the visits of benevolent persons, and probably of well-meaning pious ladies, anxious to give them religious instruction. Prison-visiting has, indeed, become one of the many modes of religious excitement and dissipation, both in the Old and New World. Miss Martineau sometimes found

it necessary to say, that she did not come for prayer, but for inquiring into the causes of crime. This she did to stay the flood of "shocking cant," too often, we fear, reckoned appropriate to prison interviews between sinners and the Pharisaical righteous. The cases which Miss Martineau encountered were not all hopeful. It is not even clear that the majority were so. She says—

Some of the convicts were so stupid as not to be relied upon, more or less. Others canted so detestably, and were (always in connexion with their cant) so certain that they should never sin more, that I have every expectation that they will find themselves in prison again some day. One fellow, a sailor, notorious for having taken more lives probably than any man in the United States, was quite confident that he should be perfectly virtuous henceforth. He should never touch anything stronger than tea, or lift his hand against money or life. I told him I thought he could not be sure of all this till he was within sight of money, and the smell of strong liquors; and that he was more confident than I should like to be. He shook his shock of red hair at me, and glared with his one ferocious eye, as he said he knew all about it, as he had been the worst of men, and Christ had had mercy on his poor soul. When I had got him away from his cant, and upon subjects on which he could talk with some simplicity, I found that even this man preferred this prison to others that he had been in. It so happened that no conviction for murder had ever been procurable against him; his imprisonments were all for theft. His account of the old Walnut Street prison was dreadful. He there daily heard stories of crimes, from four in the winter afternoons till daylight. "Poor boasting!—for the crimes they bragged of were never done." I asked him how he got into that prison. "For a couple o' larcenies, a grand and a little," said he, with the most business-like nonchalance. He was waylaid by two old burglars on his coming out, and on the spot agreed upon an enterprise for the next night. His mother died in his arms: he went and committed the burglary, was caught, and before midnight was in prison again. His accounts of his deeds were too scientific for my understanding; but I made out enough to be ready when he asked my advice what to do when he came out. I answered as if he were in earnest, advising him to leave Philadelphia and all towns, and settle in the woods, out of the way of grog-shops, bad company, and other people's property. But his keepers expect that he will end his days with them; and this is the hope of that part of society which fears his ferocity.

Under proper regulation, the practice of visiting prisons might be made one of the best means of improving the character of the prisoners; but the bold and hardy inmates, acute daring burglars, or adroit forgers and coiners, require to be brought under other influences than those sometimes employed for their amendment.—Miss Martineau had so much enjoyed her residence in New York that she was spoiled for Washington. In Philadelphia, she was an inmate in the family of a Unitarian clergyman, with whom she had made acquaintance at New York on the first Sunday after her landing; and who, with his wife, became her "American brother and sister." Of this gentleman's preaching, she speaks as the "most true, simple, and solemn" she had ever listened to.

Washington is represented as a dreary sojourn to those whose pursuits and affections are domestic. Our traveller spent five weeks there, which she accounts profitable, though by far the

least agreeable of her sojourn in the United States.

She formed one of a party, which included a Senator, and a Member of the House of Representatives, with two female relations, having a drawing-room and table in common, in a boarding-house. The gentlemen were, of course, acquainted with many public characters, who were continually dropping in. The society of Washington is of an unique character, compounded of a large variety of elements. There were to be seen the foreign ambassadors;

The American government; members of Congress, from Clay and Webster down to Davy Crockett, Benton from Missouri, and Cuthbert, with the freshest Irish brogue, from Georgia; flippant young belles; "pious" wives, dutifully attending their husbands, and groaning over the frivolities of the place; grave judges, saucy travellers, pert newspaper reporters, melancholy Indian chiefs, and timid New-England ladies, trembling on the verge of the vortex: all this was wholly unlike anything that is to be seen in any other city in the world; for all these are mixed up together in daily intercourse, like the higher circle of a little village, and there is nothing else. You have this or nothing; you pass your days among these people, or you spend them alone. There the Southerners appear to the most advantage, and the New-Englanders to the least: the ease and frank courtesy of the gentry of the south, (with an occasional touch of arrogance, however,) contrasting favourably with the cautious, somewhat *gauche*, and too deferential air of the members from the north. One fancies one can tell a New-England member in the open air by his deferential walk. He seems to bear in mind perpetually that he cannot fight a duel, while other people can. The odd mortals that wander in from the western border cannot be described as a class; for no one is like anybody else. One has a neck like a crane, making an interval of inches between stock and chin. Another wears no cravat, apparently because there is no room for one. A third has his lank black hair parted accurately down the middle, and disposed in bands in front, so that he is taken for a woman when only the head is seen in a crowd. A fourth puts an arm round the neck of a neighbour on either side as he stands, seeming afraid of his tall, wire-hung frame, dropping to pieces if he tries to stand alone. A fifth makes something between a bow and a curtsy to everybody who comes near, and proceeds with a knowing air—all having shrewd faces, and being probably very fit for the business they come upon.

The domestic arrangements at Washington are strongly indicative of the frugal genius of the Republic. Conceive, in London or Paris, a member of the Upper, and one of the Lower House of Parliament—together with a wife and a sister-in-law, Miss Martineau, and her party—clubbing together for a common drawing-room and mess-table. This was a refinement on the common mode of living *en masse* in the boarding-house; and we can conceive the arrangement, where there are congenial minds and pursuits, exceedingly agreeable. She frequently praises the Americans for sweetness of temper; and their being able to live together in amity in that close association which would be intolerable even to the nearest relatives in England, is a strong evidence of it, and not improbably part of its cause. The difference between the capital of the Western Republic, and the capitals of any European state, with the exception perhaps of some petty German principality, is amusingly illustrated by the following anecdote:—

I remember that some of our party went one day to

dine at Mr Secretary Cass's, and the rest of us at Mr Secretary Woodbury's. The next morning, a lady of the Cass party asked me whether we had candied oranges at the Woodburys'. "No." "Then," said she, "they had candied oranges at the Attorney-General's." "How do you know?" "Oh, as we were on the way, I saw a dish carried; and, as we had none at the Cass's, I knew they must be either for the Woodburys or the Attorney-General." There were candied oranges at the Attorney-General's.

Miss Martineau was frequently present at sittings of the Senate. We shall employ our limited space to better advantage in noticing her historical grouping and original portraits, than in adverting to her strictures upon the political opinions and conduct of the leading characters seen at Washington.

The American Senate (she says) is a most imposing assemblage. When I first entered it, I thought I never saw a finer set of heads than the forty-six before my eyes: two only being absent, and the Union then consisting of twenty-four States: Mr Calhoun's countenance first fixed my attention: the splendid eye, the straight forehead, surmounted by a load of stiff, upright, dark hair; the stern brow; the inflexible mouth—it is one of the most remarkable heads in the country. Next him, sat his colleague, Mr Preston, in singular contrast—stout in person, with a round, ruddy, good-humoured face, large blue eyes, and a wig, orange to-day, brown yesterday, and golden to-morrow. Near them, sat Colonel Benton, a temporary people's man, remarkable chiefly for his pomposity. He sat swelling amidst his piles of papers and books, looking like a being designed by nature to be a good-humoured barber or innkeeper, but forced by fate to make himself into a mock-heroic senator. Opposite, sat the transcendent Webster, with his square forehead and cavernous eyes; and behind him the homely Clay, with the face and figure of a farmer, but something of the air of a divine, from his hair being combed straight back from his temples. . . . Some were descended from Dutch farmers, some from French Huguenots, some from Scotch Puritans, some from English Cavaliers, some from Irish chieftains. They were brought together out of law-courts, sugar-fields, merchants' stores, mountain-farms, forests, and prairies. The stamp of originality was impressed on every one, and inspired a deep, involuntary respect. I have seen no assembly of chosen men, and no company of the high-born, invested with the antique dignities of an antique realm, half so imposing to the imagination as this collection of stout-souled, full-grown, original men, brought together, on the ground of their supposed efficiency, to work out the will of their diverse constituencies. In this splendid chamber, thus splendidly inhabited, we spent many hours of many weeks.

Ladies attend the Senate; but their behaviour there will hardly afford Mr Grantley Berkeley either an argument or a good precedent:—

They came in with waving plumes, and glittering in all the colours of the rainbow, causing no little bustle in the place—no little annoyance to the gentlemen spectators; and rarely sat still for any length of time. I know that these ladies are no fair specimens of the women who would attend parliamentary proceedings in any other metropolis. I know that they were the wives, daughters, and sisters of legislators, women thronging to Washington for purposes of convenience or pleasure, leaving their usual employments behind them, and seeking to pass away the time. I knew this, and made allowance accordingly; but I still wished that they could understand the gravity of such an assembly, and shew so much respect to it as to repay the privilege of admission by striving to excite as little attention as possible; and, by having the patience to sit still when they happened not to be amused, till some interruption gave them opportunity to depart quietly.

Then, certain members would stalk towards these fluttering dames, as an American quaintly said, "like cranes in search of fish." It was chiefly to see that the traveller went to the House of Representatives; for there she could not hear. Some of Miss Martineau's political portraits are painted *en beau*; while others are traced through the black medium of anti-abolition. The first of these pictures, that of the President, Van Buren, is not favourable. She saw him first at Albany, and afterwards at Washington.

He is small in person, with light hair and blue eyes. I was often asked whether I did not think his manners gentlemanly. There is much friendliness in his manners, for he is a kindhearted man; he is also rich in information, and lets it come out on subjects in which he cannot contrive to see any danger in speaking. But his manner wants the frankness and confidence which are essential to good breeding. He questions closely without giving anything in return. Moreover, he flatters to a degree which so cautious a man should long ago have found out to be disagreeable; and his flattery is not merely praise of the person he is speaking to, but a worse kind still—a scepticism and ridicule of objects and persons supposed to be distasteful to the one he is conversing with. I fully believe that he is an amiable and indulgent domestic man, and a reasonable political master, a good scholar, and a shrewd man of business; but he has the scepticism which marks the lower orders of politicians. His public career exhibits no one exercise of that faith in men, and preference of principle to petty expediency by which a statesman shews himself to be great. The consequence is, that, with all his opportunities, no great deeds have ever been put to his account, and his shrewdness has been at fault in some of the most trying crises of his career. The man who so little trusts others, and so intensely regards self as to make it the study of his life not to commit himself, is liable to a more than ordinary danger of judging wrong, when compelled, by the pressure of circumstances, to act a decided part. . . . Mr Calhoun is, I believe, Mr Van Buren's evil genius.

The great Nullifier is a more interesting moral study. The elements of which his character is compounded, seem of a less vulgar nature, and they are more subtly combined. We do not, however, pretend to understand perfectly the character which is presented to us as that of Calhoun.

It is at first extremely interesting to hear Mr Calhoun talk; and there is a never-failing evidence of power in all he says and does, which commands intellectual reverence; but the admiration is too soon turned into regret—into absolute melancholy. It is impossible to resist the conviction that all this force can be at best but useless, and is but too likely to be very mischievous. His mind has long lost all power of communicating with any other. I know no man who lives in such utter intellectual solitude. He meets men and harangues them by the fire-side, as in the Senate; he is wrought like a piece of machinery, set a-going vehemently by a weight, and stops while you answer: he either passes by what you say, or twists it into a suitability with what is in his head, and begins to lecture again. Of course, a mind like this can have little influence in the Senate, except by virtue, perpetually wearing out, of what it did in its less eccentric days; but its influence at home is to be dreaded.

Relaxation is no longer in the power of his will. I never saw any one who so completely gave me the idea of possession. Half an hour's conversation with him is enough to make a necessarian of anybody.

Webster, another celebrated member of the Senate, attracts notice, if not among our statesmen, yet from the lawyers of this country. In the portrait given of him, it is easier to recog-

nise the likeness of a real man than in that of Calhoun. What a number of Lowland Scotch names, by the way, are to be found in the American Senate and House of Representatives. Calhoun, Webster, and Ewing, are decided. The pure Irish names are equally abundant.

Wigs and gowns are unknown in the pleadings of American barristers. Yet they contrive to make a tolerably imposing appearance without those antiquated helps of dignity and oratory, though they are not altogether superior to some other arts, as inimical to Republican severity and simplicity, as masses of powdered horse-hair or split whalebone, and flowing vestments.

There was no knowing, when Webster sauntered in, threw himself down, and leaned back against the table, his dreamy eyes seeming to see nothing about him, whether he would by-and-by take up his hat, and go away, or whether he would rouse himself suddenly, and stand up to address the judges. For the generality, there was no knowing; and to us, who were forewarned, it was amusing to see how the Court would fill after the entrance of Webster, and empty when he had gone back to the Senate Chamber. The chief interest to me in Webster's pleading, and also in his speaking in the Senate, was from seeing one so dreamy and *nonchalant* roused into strong excitement. It seemed like having a curtain lifted up, through which it was impossible to pry; like hearing autobiographical secrets. Webster is a lover of ease and pleasure, and has an air of the most unaffected indolence and careless self-sufficiency. It is something to see him moved with anxiety and the toll of intellectual conflict; to see his lips tremble, his nostrils expand, the perspiration start upon his brow; to hear his voice vary with emotion, and to watch the expression of laborious thought, while he pauses for minutes together, to consider his notes, and decide upon the arrangement of his argument. These are the moments when it becomes clear that this pleasure-loving man works for his honours and his gains. He seems to have the desire which other remarkable men have shewn, to conceal the extent of his toils; and his wish has been favoured by some accidents—some sudden, unexpected call upon him for a display of knowledge and power which has electrified the beholders. But, on such occasions, he has been able to bring into use acquisitions and exercises intended for other occasions, on which they may or may not have been wanted. No one will suppose that this is said in disparagement of Mr Webster. It is only saying that he owes to his own industry what he must otherwise owe to miracle.

This gentleman, so good an economist of reputation, is gay and jocular in company, and a clever talker.

General Jackson seems scarcely a favourite with Miss Martineau; and she relates some circumstances which certainly do not redound much either to his sagacity or his magnanimity of character. He is a man of strong prejudices, and they are not all on the right side.

General Jackson is extremely tall and thin, with a slight stoop, betokening more weakness than naturally belongs to his years. He has a profusion of stiff grey hair, which gives to his appearance whatever there is of formidable in it. His countenance bears commonly an expression of melancholy gravity; though, when roused, the fire of passion flashes from his eyes; and his whole person looks then formidable enough. His mode of speech is slow and quiet; and his phraseology sufficiently betokens that his time has not been passed among books.

A more remarkable man than the Ex-President is his friend, and alleged secret adviser, Amos Kendall. This singular personage appears to act the part in the American government of

those old Jesuit confessors who moved the hidden springs of policy in despotic courts. He is, in some sort, the Talleyrand of America. In early life, Kendall had been rescued from disease and poverty, by Mr Clay, who entrusted him with the education of his sons, and heaped benefits upon him. His benefactor had not, however, been able to gain his good-will. Kendall deserted the political party of Clay, and went over to his rival, Jackson; and for this he may have had conscientious motives; but he has since never ceased to persecute Mr Clay through the newspapers, for which the motive is not clear. Miss Martineau relates—

I was fortunate enough once to catch a glimpse of the invisible Amos Kendall, one of the most remarkable men in America. He is supposed to be the moving spring of the whole administration; the thinker, planner, and doer—but it is all in the dark. Documents are issued of an excellence which prevents their being attributed to persons who take the responsibility of them; a correspondence is kept up all over the country for which no one seems to be answerable; work is done, of goblin extent and with goblin speed, which makes men look about them with a superstitious wonder; and the invisible Amos Kendall has the credit of it all. President Jackson's Letters to his Cabinet are said to be Kendall's; the Report on Sunday Mails is attributed to Kendall; the letters sent from Washington to appear in remote country newspapers, whence they are collected and published in *The Globe*, as demonstrations of public opinion, are pronounced to be written by Kendall. Every mysterious paragraph in opposition newspapers relates to Kendall; and it is some relief to the timid that his having now the office of Postmaster-General affords opportunity for open attacks upon this twilight personage; who is proved, by the faults in the Post-Office administration, not to be able to do quite everything well. But he is undoubtedly a great genius. He unites, with his "great talent for silence," a splendid audacity.

It is clear that he could not do the work he does (incredible enough in amount any way) if he went into society like other men. He did, however, one evening—I think it was at the Attorney-General's. The moment I went in, intimations reached me from all quarters, amidst nods and winks, "Kendall is here;" "That is he." I saw at once that his plea for seclusion—bad health—is no false one. The extreme sallowness of his complexion, and hair of such perfect whiteness as is rarely seen in a man of middle age, testified to disease. His countenance does not help the superstitious to throw off their dread of him. He probably does not desire this superstition to melt away; for there is no calculating how much influence was given to Jackson's administration by the universal belief that there was a concealed eye and hand behind the machinery of government, by which everything could be foreseen, and the hardest deeds done.

What description of the American people can be such ninnies? We should scarcely have expected to find the Americans borrowing the same method of vamping up a spurious public opinion that is practised by our great metropolitan Tory clubs, through the columns of the newspapers they have established throughout the country.

Mr Clay and the late Chief-Justice Marshall are great favourites with Miss Martineau; and it is extremely natural that the first should be so with any right-hearted woman. Of the venerable Chief-Justice she declares, that "he maintained through life, and carried to his grave, a reverence for woman as rare in its kind as in its degree." Mr Madison, the friend of the Chief-Justice, is next in Miss Martineau's good love.

Her visit to Mr Madison is one of the most agreeable passages of the "Retrospect." It took place in early spring, immediately after leaving Washington.

Mr Madison had suffered severely from rheumatism in the preceding season, but was now rather a comfortable invalid, though—

During this winter he confined himself to one room, rising after breakfast, before nine o'clock, and sitting in his easy chair till ten at night. He appeared perfectly well during my visit, and was a wonderful man of eighty-three. He complained of one ear being deaf, and that his sight, which had never been perfect, prevented his reading much, so that his studies "lay in a nutshell;" but he could hear Mrs Madison read; and I did not perceive that he lost any part of the conversation. He was in his chair, with a pillow behind him, when I first saw him; his little person wrapped in a black silk gown; a warm grey and white cap upon his head, which his lady took care should always sit becomingly; and grey worsted gloves, his hands having been rheumatic. His voice was clear and strong, and his manner of speaking particularly lively—often playful. Except that the face was smaller, and of course older, the likeness to the common engravings of him was perfect. He seemed not to have lost any teeth, and the form of the face was therefore preserved, without any striking marks of age. It was an uncommonly pleasant countenance.

His relish for conversation could never have been keener. I was in perpetual fear of his being exhausted; and, at the end of every few hours, I left my seat by the arm of his chair, and went to the sofa by Mrs Madison, on the other side of the room: but he was sure to follow, and sit down between us.

Madison, from his locality, was of course the holder of slaves, but he was the enemy of slavery. His faint hope—for he almost despaired of a remedy—was the illusive one of colonization. It is not surprising that parties deeply interested in the question should have been deceived by a fallacy which was, for a season, eagerly adopted by many intelligent persons in this country.

The household slaves of the Ex-President were continually coming and going to their lady for her huge bunch of keys, and lounging in every apartment. No degree, station, or fortune, gives immunity to ladies in the slave States from the veriest and most degrading drudgery of domestic life—that of guarding against the dishonesty, sloth, and stupidity of their slave servants.

From a long and minute record of Miss Martineau's conversations with Mr Madison during their three days of talk, we gather his opinions on many subjects. He asked by what influence our corn-laws were kept up, though truly he must have made a shrewd guess; he declared himself in favour of free trade, but also favourable to securing of literary property all over the world—a favourite scheme with the majority, if not with all authors, including Miss Martineau; and yet a very questionable one. The Ex-President considered the provision for pastors, and for the religious instruction of the people of the States, better secured than it could be by a religious establishment of any kind. Indeed, some of the American statesmen announced the not very original discovery, that our Established Church was entirely a state machine; nor need Miss Martineau have travelled so far to gather just opinions "on the

idiotcy of forcibly maintaining the Church of England in Ireland."

"I do not understand this Lord John Russell of yours," said one of the most sagacious of American statesmen. "Is he serious in supposing that he can allow a penny of the revenues, a plait of the lawn-sleeves of that Irish Church to be touched, and keep the whole from coming down, in Ireland first, and in England afterwards?" We fully agreed in the difficulty of supposing Lord John Russell serious. The comparison of various, but I believe pretty extensive American opinions about the Church of England yields rather a curious result. No one dreams of the Establishment being necessary, or being designed for the maintenance of religion: it is seen, by Chief-Justice Marshall and a host of others, to be an institution turned to political purposes. Mr Van Buren, among many others, considers that the Church has supported the State for many years. Mr Clay, and a multitude with him, anticipate the speedy fall of the Establishment. The result yielded by all this is a persuasion not very favourable (to use the American phrase) "to the permanence of our institutions."

To return to Mr Madison's "notions." He thought, with Miss Martineau, that English authors should be protected from piracy in the United States. Surely, it is a strong, and moreover a lax use of this ugly word *piracy*, which Miss Martineau makes both here and in her former work. It will be time enough to talk of the "piracy" of American or English publishers, when the new international law regarding literary property shall have passed. And, if Mr Madison's opinion be correct, that, in America, "the utterance of the national mind will be through *small literature*, rather than large, enduring works," we should greatly doubt the wisdom of the legislature which entertained a project so little in accordance with the liberal views of its admirers on nearly every other question important to mankind. Literature might, perhaps, become a better-paying trade to British authors and publishers, though we do not see clearly even thus far; but how greatly must that advantage be overbalanced by the impediments placed in the way of the present free and cheap diffusion in the States of the best books. It resolves itself, in another view, into the prohibition of English books, for the benefit of American writers; and is thus equivalent to what Miss Martineau would impugn—a ransom duty on French silks, to encourage the looms of Spitalfields.

On some other subjects, Mr Madison entertained perfect coincidence of opinion with his guest.

He thought it of the utmost importance to the country, and to human beings everywhere, that the brain and the hands should be trained together; and that no distinction in this respect should be made between men and women. He remembered an interesting conversation on this subject with Mr Owen, from whom he learned with satisfaction, that well-educated women in his settlement turned, with ease and pleasure, from playing the harp to milking the cows.

Some of his opinions are of solemn meaning at this juncture; and, if we may not substitute Great Britain for France, there is surely nothing to forbid her association with the two movement countries and onward governments. The quarrel between the United States and France was, at that period, come to a crisis.

He said it would be an afflicting sight if the two representative governments, which are in the van of the world, should go to war; it would acquit towards a confirmation of what is said of the restlessness of popular governments. If the people, who pay for war, are eager for it, it is quite a different thing from potentates being so, who are at no cost. He mentioned that George the Fourth, as Prince Regent, was a large gainer in the last war, from his share of the Droits of the Admiralty, amounting to £1,000,000 per annum—a pretty premium, Mr Madison observed, to pay a king for going to war.

Any premium ought to be made to operate the other way; and, if war be found necessary, the Civil List should be handsomely mulcted for its support. A prince cannot grudge his *quota*, when all are making sacrifices for the commonwealth.

Miss Martineau made a visit to Jefferson's University at Charlottesville, which produced nothing very remarkable. On her arrival in America, she knew nothing of the party of Abolitionists, of which she afterwards became first a disciple and then an apostle; though, like at least nine-tenths of all Englishwomen, she was opposed, on principle, to slavery. Before leaving Philadelphia, or coming into contact with existing prejudices, she was seriously warned against personal danger from the planters of the Southern States. She was not much afraid—not even when, afterwards, the newspapers said she would be *Lynched*; and so she ventured south. In Philadelphia, a lady asked her, if she would not prevent the marriage of a white person with a black. Miss Martineau's reply was reasonable and Christian—still she would make some allowance for the anti-amalgamationists:—

I replied that I would never, under any circumstances, try to separate persons who really loved, believing such to be truly those whom God hath joined; but I observed that the case she put was one not likely to happen, as I believed the blacks were no more disposed to marry the whites than the whites to marry the blacks. "You are an amalgamationist!" cried she. I told her that the party term was new to me; but that she must give what name she pleased to the principle I had declared in answer to her question. This lady is an eminent religionist, and denunciations spread rapidly from her.

At Baltimore, a clergyman's wife threw a volume of Miss Edgeworth's "*Belinda*" to the opposite side of the room, because *Juba*, the faithful negro, was married at last to an English farmer's daughter. The lady was hasty and unreasonable; but would Miss Edgeworth have ventured to marry the fairest-skinned baker or carpenter to the daughter of an English peer—though "they had really loved"—or yet an African prince to a high-born English lady? Our national prejudices are mainly of caste—those of the Republicans of colour; both are the growth of circumstance. And which is the most rational?—Miss Martineau was extremely nervous on the subject of seeing a slave, and she had seen one before she was aware—a tall, handsome mulatto, who handed tea. She was glad the shock was over for once. At Washington, she was again warned, in various "stealthy ways," of perils awaiting her in the South. Some of these warning friends must surely have been hoaxing the stranger. Instead of being mobbed, or *Lynched*, or anything of the sort, she met in the South with kind and cour-

teous treatment; and it was only in enlightened Boston, that insult was offered, when she was induced to take a prominent part at an abolition meeting. We are half inclined to agree with the American malecontents, that a foreigner, and a lady, might have rested content with *publishing* against the iniquity of slavery, and with never disguising her opinions when the subject came fairly into question; but Miss Martineau states that she felt herself bound, in conscience, to act the conspicuous part which she did. Those who cannot praise her wisdom, will, at least, admire her zeal; and we may form an idea of the extreme exasperation of those feelings, which, we fear, the lectures of foreign abolitionists neither tend to enlighten nor soften, from the senseless and unmannerly storm which burst over the stranger's head, when she had delivered her public testimony. "The hubbub," she says, "was so great, and the modes of insult were so various, as to justify distant observers in concluding that the whole nation had risen against me. I soon found how few can make a great noise, while the many are careless or ignorant of what is going on about a person or a party with whom they have nothing to do, and while not a few are rendered more hearty in their regard, and more generous in their hospitality, by the disgraces of the individual who is under the oppression of public censure."

This affair accounts for the severe and depreciating style in which Miss Martineau, in her former book, allowed herself to speak of the community of Boston. It is almost needless, in this country, either to expose or argue farther about the unavoidable evils of slavery; but those who wish to learn what it is in America, should read Mr Abdy's work, Mr Stuart's travels, and Miss Martineau's volumes, for illustrations of domestic life in the slave States. It is not, however, for a female pen to depict the worst aspects of slavery. Some of them we see softened, by reflection, in such pleasing sketches as the following:—

Our stationary rural life in the south was various and pleasant enough: all shaded with the presence of slavery; but without any other drawback. There is something in the make-shift, irregular mode of life which exists where there are slaves, that is amusing when the cause is forgotten.

The waking in the morning is accomplished by two or three black women staring at you from the bed-posts. Then it is five minutes' work to get them out of the room. Perhaps, before you are half dressed, you are summoned to breakfast. You look at your watch, and listen whether it has stopped; for it seems not to be seven o'clock yet. You hasten, however, and find your hostess making the coffee. The young people drop in when the meal is half done; and then it is discovered that breakfast has been served an hour too early, because the clock has stopped, and cook has ordered affairs according to her own conjectures. Everybody laughs, and nothing ensues. After breakfast, a farmer, in home-spun—blue trousers and an orange-brown coat—or all over grey—comes to speak with your host. A drunken white has shot one of his negroes, and he fears no punishment can be obtained, because there were no witnesses of the deed but blacks. A consultation is held whether the affair shall go into court; and, before the farmer departs, he is offered cake and liquor.

Your hostess, meantime, has given her orders, and is now engaged in a back room, or out in the piazza behind the house, cutting out clothes for her slaves—very laborious work in warm weather. There may be a pretence of lessons among the young people; and something more than pretence, if they happen to have a tutor or governess; but the probability is that their occupations are as various as their tempers. Rosa cannot be found; she is lying on the bed in her own room, reading a novel. Clara is weeping for her canary, which has flown away while she was playing with it. Alfred is trying to ascertain how soon we may all go out to ride; and the little ones are lounging about the court, with their arms round the necks of blacks, of their own size. You sit down to the piano, or to read; and one slave or another enters every half hour, to ask what is o'clock. Your hostess comes in, at length; and you sit down to work with her: she gratifies your curiosity about her "people;" telling you how soon they burn out their shoes at the toes, and wear out their winter woollens, and tear up their summer cottons; and how impossible it is to get black women to learn to cut out clothes without waste; and how she never inquires when and where the whipping is done, as it is the overseer's business, and not hers. She has not been seated many minutes when she is called away, and returns, saying how babyish these people are, that they will not take medicine unless she gives it to them; and how careless of each other, so that she has been obliged to stand by and see Diana put clean linen upon her infant, and to compel Bet to get her sick husband some breakfast. Morning visitors next arrive. It may be the clergyman, with some new book that you want to look at; and he inquires whether your host sees any prospect of getting the requisite number of professors for the new college; or whether the present head of the institution is to continue to fill all the chairs. It may be a hank judge from some raw district, with a quid in his cheek, a sword cane in his hand, and a legal doubt in his mind, which he wants your host to resolve. It may be a sensible woman, with courtesy in her countenance, and decision in her air, who is accustomed really to rule her household, and to make the most of such human material, and such a human lot as are pressing around and upon her. . . . Or it may be a lady of a different cast, who is delighted at the prospect of seeing you soon again. You look perplexed, and mention that you fear you shall be unable to return this way. Oh, but you will come and live here. You plead family, friends, and occupation in England—to say nothing of England being your home. Oh, but you can bring your family and friends with you. You laughingly ask why. She draws up, and replies, "for the honour and glory of living in a Republic."

Silly women, and men too, may be found in plenty in all parts of the world; but, in America, they have a peculiar mode of "utterance."

There is something inexpressibly disgusting in the sight of a slave woman in the field. I do not share in the horror of the Americans at the idea of women being employed in out-door labour. It did not particularly gratify me to see the cows always milked by men, (where there were no slaves;) and the hay and harvest fields would have looked brighter, in my eyes, if women had been there, to share the wholesome and cheerful toil. But a negro woman behind the plough, presents a very different object from the English mother with her children in the turnip field, or the Scotch lassie among the reapers. In her pre-eminently ugly costume, the long, scanty, dirty woollen garment, with the shabby large bonnet at the back of her head, the perspiration streaming down her dull face, the heavy tread of the splay foot, the slovenly air with which she guides her plough—a more hideous object cannot well be conceived; unless it be the same woman at home, in the negro quarter, as the cluster of slave dwellings are called.

Is Miss Martineau quite sure that some subtle, lurking idea of mere colour, does not enter into her feelings of disgust, besides the "splay-foot"

which she acknowledges? Indeed, she repeatedly stumbles on the "long heel"—the form of the African, not the badge of the slave; at least, we do not suppose that slavery is the cause of splay-foot.

At Charleston, Miss Martineau had found the inhabitants still in the heat of *Nullification*, and the Nullifiers receiving back their champion, Calhoun, like a triumphant chief returning to the bosom of his clan. The annexation of Texas may give a new aspect to American politics; but, while Miss Martineau was in the States, Madison laughed at the idea of the separation of the South from the North—a subject which baffles European speculation. The description of the Nullifiers is edifying. Calhoun "stalked about like a monarch in his little domain," says the traveller; and

There was certainly an air of mysterious understanding between him and his followers; whether there was really any great secret under it or not. One lady who had contributed ample amounts of money to the Nullification funds, and a catechism to Nullification lore, amused, while she grieved me, by the strength of her political feelings. While calling on her, one morning, the conversation turned on prints, and I asked an explanation of a strange-looking one which hung opposite my eye—the portrait of a gentleman—the top of the head and the dress visible, but the face obliterated or covered over. She was only too ready to explain. It was a portrait of President Jackson, which she had hung up in days when he enjoyed her favour. Since Nullification, she had covered over the face, to shew how she hated him. A stranger hardly knows what to think of a cause whose leaders will flatter and cherish the perpetrators of a piece of petty spite like this; yet this lady is treated as if she were a main pillar of the Nullification party.

Another Charleston lady is still more amusing. She is a philosophic Liberal, it would seem. Standing looking at an auctioneer knocking down a human black lot, she turned to Miss Martineau with a cheerful air of complacency—"You know my theory, that one race must be subservient to the other. I do not care which: if the blacks should ever have the upper hand, I would not mind standing on that table, and being sold with two of my children." The contrast between the degradations of slavery and the refinements and luxury of polite society in Charleston, was painful to the traveller; though only what is to be witnessed in every city where slavery is known, and where a restless external gaiety is far from being the measure of heart-felt ease and pleasure. A fact of considerable importance at the present moment is mentioned in the travels; nor is Miss Martineau the sole authority for a statement which, as regards numbers, may seem exaggerated. "The refuge of runaway slaves is Canada; and, in the Upper Province alone, it is said there are 10,000 people of colour, chiefly fugitive slaves, who prosper in the country which they have chosen as a refuge. Scarcely an instance is known of their having received alms; and they are as respectable for their intelligence as for their morals. One peculiarity of them is the extravagance of their loyalty. They exert themselves vehemently in defence of all the acts of the executive, whatever they may be. The reason of this is obvi-

ous—they exceedingly dread the annexation of Canada to the United States.”

Among the anecdotes told to the honour of slaves, is one of a relative of Chief-Justice Marshall, who had attached his negroes by the un-failing means of judicious kindness. Circumstances compelled him to leave his plantation for another residence, and he could not endure the idea of selling his people. He therefore called them together, stated the case, and inquired if they could manage the estate for themselves, and remit him the surplus of the profits. The experiment has been completely successful, and was attended with many pleasing and grateful consequences. It should, however, have been told how long this system had been in operation. The slaves themselves freely elected an overseer.

The visit to New Orleans, though agreeably related, contains little that is of general interest, after all that has been heard within these seven years of that singular city. Texas, then a topic of discussion, is now past date; and the battle of New Orleans, with “the imbecility of the British leaders”—a theme never agreeable—has become tiresome to British ears.

A friend at Mobile lent Miss Martineau and her travelling companions his residence at New Orleans; and his slaves kept house for them, during the ten days of their stay, “intelligently and well.” Their master, however, had previously complained that he was unable to make good domestics of his slaves, though he had tried all ways to obtain efficient service.

Miss Martineau ascended the Mississippi in the *Henry Clay*, a first-rate steamer. She has given a circumstantial and sometimes picturesque account of her nine days’ voyage, which puts the reader completely at home as to the modes of travelling on the great western waters. They touched at many of the settlements on the banks of the mighty river, either to accommodate passengers, or obtain provisions and fuel. The voyage gives occasion to a good many episodes; and, indeed, the filling up of the three supplementary volumes has made a cast of the spinster’s craft occasionally necessary, and caused the drawing out of yarns, which would have been quite as suitably woven into any other tissue as into an account of America. This, however, does not apply to the sojourn in Cincinnati, which was reached by descending the Ohio, after leaving the *Henry Clay*. Cholera was then just breaking out, both in the south and the west, and the *agremens* on the way, and in the Ohio steamer, such as deserved to be celebrated by that public benefactress, Mrs Trollope. A very bad dinner in the boat; sour bread, dirty tumblers, and muddy water abounded; and, next morning, in the Broadway Hotel and boarding-house, things looked at first unfavourably, though they turned out well. The poor landlord, probably as much afraid of the traveller and the press, as if he had been a young M.P., representing for the first time a noisy Radical constituency, appeared at breakfast,

Heated and confused, and looked as if he had a bad headache. He requested us to excuse any forgetfulness that we might observe, and mentioned that he had, by mistake, taken a dangerous dose of laudanum. We begged he would leave the table, and not trouble himself about us, and hoped he had immediately taken measures to relieve himself of the dose. He replied that he had had no time to attend to himself till a few minutes ago. We found that he had actually *put off taking an emetic* till he had gone to market, and sent home all the provisions for the day. He had not got over the consequences of the mistake the next morning. The ladies at the breakfast table looked somewhat vulgar; and it is undeniable that the mustard was spilled, and that the relics of the meal were left in some disorder by the gentlemen who were most in a hurry to be off to business. But every one was obliging; and I saw at that table a better thing than I saw at any other table in the United States—a lady of colour breakfasting in the midst of us!

As Miss M. looked out at the window, she saw a house travelling up a wide, well-built street. In a few hours, it had gone out of sight. Dr Drake, the first physician in the town, which means in point of date, we presume, as well as eminence, is described as a complete but favourable specimen of a *Westerner*.

He entered Ohio just forty-seven years before this time, when there were not above a hundred white persons in the State, and they all French, and when the shores were one expanse of cane-brake, infested by buffalo. He had seen the foundation of the great city laid; he had watched its growth till he was now able to point out to the stranger, not only the apparatus for the exportation of 6,000,000 dollars’ worth a-year of produce and manufactures, but things which he values far more—the ten or twelve edifices erected for the use of the common schools—the new church of St Paul—the two fine banking-houses—and the hundred and fifty handsome private dwellings—all the creations of the year 1835. He points to the periodicals—the respectable monthlies, and the four dailies, and six weekly papers of the city. He looks with a sort of paternal complacency on the 35,000 inhabitants, scarcely one of whom is without the comforts of life, the means of education, and a bright prospect for the future. Though a true Westerner, and devoutly believing the *duckeyes* (natives of Ohio) to be superior to all others of God’s creatures, he hails every accession of intelligent members to his darling society.

In a drive with the agreeable and intelligent Galen of Cincinnati, the traveller was shewn two handsome houses, with gardens, built by artisans from Birmingham; and he presently alighted to visit a *Welsh* patient. The scenery of the environs of the western city is romantic and fine; and, altogether, Cincinnati is a stirring, active, forward place. A museum is begun—the foundation of the collection laid in trumpery and rubbish, as in older towns; but Rome was not built in a day.

In Mrs Trollope’s Bazaar, Miss Martineau attended the first public concert ever given in Cincinnati. The particulars are interesting:—

One of the best performers was an elderly man, clothed from head to foot in grey homespun. He was absorbed in his enjoyment; so intent on his violin that one might watch the changes of his pleased countenance, the whole performance through, without fear of disconcerting him. There was a young girl, in a plain white frock, with a splendid voice, a good ear, and a love of warbling which carried her through very well indeed, though her own taste had obviously been her only teacher. If I remember right, there were about five-and-twenty instrumental performers, and six or seven vocalists, besides a

long row for the closing chorus. It was a most promising beginning.

Mrs Trollope's Bazaar must be a curious piece of architecture. It is completely of the *Composite* Order: built of brick, with *Gothic* windows, *Grecian* pillars, a *Turkish* dome, and originally ornamented with *Egyptian* devices, which, however, the whitewasher has cruelly obliterated. Miss Martineau discovered here a young native artist, named Beard, for whom she predicts a European reputation. His pictures of children, and humorous infant groups, "almost worthy of Wilkie," are especially eulogized. He means to go to Italy when he can afford the undertaking. Meanwhile, in order to see a little of the world, he came to Boston, where Miss Martineau saw him "stalking along like a chief among inferiors, his broad white collar laid over his coat, his throat bare, and his hair parted in the middle of his forehead, and waving down the sides of his face. People turned to look after him. He staid only a fortnight, and went back to Ohio, expressing great contempt for cities." In his remote home, this artist had probably heard of the "fantastic tricks" of some English painters of celebrity, and so had fallen into the kindred mistake of those youngling rhymesters who at one time fancied a bare throat made a Byron. Mr Flash, who keeps a book-store in Cincinnati, gave good accounts of the improving literary taste of the town. He, together with his partner, agreed in the propriety of protecting foreign literary property as a matter of interest as well as principle. It is not easy to perceive how it can be anything else than a matter of interest, and of narrow exclusive interest. We must notice a Cincinnati party, since it reveals much of western manners, while it furnishes fresh proofs, were any needed, that men and women who can afford to dress well and give parties, are essentially the same everywhere. There were complaints of *exclusiveness*; and badges of distinction were rigidly maintained by the *Easterners*, who conceive themselves the *élite* of society, and turn up their noses at the *buckeyes*. The *buckeyes* retaliate with spirit. Here we have a party of Easterners followed by one of Westerners:—

At one evening party, the company sat round the drawing-room, occasionally changing places, or forming groups without much formality. They were chiefly Yankees, of various accomplishments, from the learned lawyer who talked with enthusiasm about Channing, and with strong sense about everything but politics, in which his aristocratic bias drew him aside into something like nonsense—to the sentimental young widow, who instantly began talking to me of her dear Mr —, and who would return to the subject as often as I led away from it. Every place was remarkable for her dear Mr — having been better or worse there; and every event was measured by its having happened so long before or after her dear Mr — was buried. The conversation of the society was most about books, and society and its leaders at home and abroad. The manners of the lady of the house were, though slightly impaired by timidity, such as would grace any society of any country.

At another party, there was a greater variety. An enormous buckeye bowl of lemonade, with a ladle of buckeye, stood on the hall table; and symbolical sprigs of the same adorned the walls. On entering the draw-

ing-room, I was presented with a splendid bouquet, sent by a lady by the hands of her brother, from a garden and conservatory which are the pride of the city. My first introduction was to the Catholic bishop; my next to a lady whom I thought then and afterwards one of the cleverest women I met in the country. There was a slight touch of pedantry to be excused, and a degree of Tory prejudice against the bulk of the human race which could scarcely be exceeded even in England: but there was a charming good-humour in the midst of it all, and a power both of observation and reasoning which commanded high respect. One western gentleman sidled about in a sort of minuet step, unquestionably a gentleman as he was in all essential respects; and one young lady, who was, I fancy, taking her first peep at the world, kept her eyes earnestly fixed on the guests as they entered, bowing unconsciously in sympathy with every gentleman who bowed, and curtsying with every lady who curtsied. She must have been well practised in salutation before the evening was over, for the party was a large one. All the rest, with the exception of a forward Scotchman, were well-bred, and the evening passed off very pleasantly, amidst brisk conversation, mirth, and excellent refreshments.

The reader must now have a lively idea of Cincinnati parties, whether polished and somewhat pedantic; or of those equally aspiring, less polished, and as pedantic.

The "infant-reciting bore," an infliction prevalent everywhere, seems a positive pest in America, where all young citizens and probable future legislators, are trained to the tricks of oratory. Miss Martineau makes some excellent observations on the influence of popular oratory, and on that useful revolution in the public taste which is exalting the power of reason and dispassionate persuasion over frothy declamation and fustian spouting. The boys whom she had heard declaim at Cincinnati, upon a day of public exhibition, shewed "no false shame," and had no modest misgivings about the effect of the vehement action they had been taught to employ. The spectatress wondered how they would hereafter speak in Congress. Not the better, we dare venture to predict, for these juvenile rehearsals. Other educational peculiarities are of more promising character, though, indeed, we have enough of *eloquence* so called, at home, where it is the inveterate vice of quack schools. At the College of Amherst in Massachusetts—that State which, in spite of Miss Martineau's denunciations of Bostonian pride, assumption, and pedantry, foreigners must ever consider the Athens of America—young girls from a neighbouring school were found attending the lectures of the Professor of Natural History, along with the students. They were the daughters of the farmers and citizens of the village. The lecture at which Miss Martineau happened to be present was upon Geology. The admission of the girls was a practice of some years standing. The students sat in front, the girls ranged on each side of the lecturer. It is said, truly, "It was a gladdening sight, testifying both to the simplicity of manners and eagerness for education."

The changeableness, the rigour, and the excessive heat of the climate, in all parts of the Union, from the Bay of Massachusetts to the swamp of New Orleans, is a frequent complaint with the traveller, and indeed with all enlight-

omed natives, and shews the magnitude of an inevitable evil, which should be duly weighed by intending emigrants, and also devoutly pondered by the discontented at home. The evils of climate are, no doubt, to a certain degree relative. Temperate England proves as fatal to the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, as Java or Sierra Leone to the Englishman. Still there is much to be said for a *civilized* climate in enumerating the substantial blessings of life; and, in climate, taking the average of years, from frozen January round to dark December, "there is no place like home." The American ladies—like the ladies of every northern country, until one approaches the Pole—certainly aggravate the evils of climate by their manner of dressing, where the unavoidable suffering from cold might be thought sufficient probation, without wifful folly.

At Washington, in January, so changeable is the temperature, that Miss Martineau and her friends going abroad muffled in furs, would sometimes be compelled to return to put on light shawls; or the reverse. She was, in that city, compelled, for comfort, to stretch on a sofa drawn close up to the fire. The climate of New England, in particular, is described as "wretched," and as peculiarly fatal to children. The mortality among children is everywhere a dark feature—yet how population increases! "Never," says the traveller, "did I see so many wo-worn mothers as in America." The "lung-fever" is the complaint alike of infancy and adolescence. The English lady had no idea of what cold was until she walked out in Boston, with the thermometer seven degrees and a half below zero, with a cutting wind, and when her muff seemed to be made of ice. The following description may help to reconcile us to the prospect of another winter as severe as the past—or should we rather say the present?—

On a December morning, [in Boston,] you are awakened by the domestic scraping at your hearth. Your anthracite fire has been in all night; and now the ashes are carried away, more coal is put on, and the blower hides the kindly red from you for a time. In half an hour the fire is intense, though, at the other end of the room, everything you touch seems to blister your fingers with cold. If you happen to turn up a corner of the carpet with your foot, it gives out a flash; and your hair crackles as you brush it. Breakfast is always hot, be the weather what it may. The coffee is scalding, and the buck-wheat cakes steam when the cover is taken off. Your host's little boy asks whether he may go coasting to-day; and his sisters tell you what day the schools will all go sleighing. . . . To coast is to ride on a board down a frozen slope; [the *hurley-hacket* of Scotland in the olden times;] and this affords them more exercise than they are at all aware of taking.

As for the sleighing, I heard much more than I experienced of its charms. . . . I do not know the author of a description of sleighing which was quoted to me, but I admire it for its fidelity. "Do you want to know what sleighing is like? You can soon try. Set your chair on a spring board out in the porch on Christmas-day; put your feet in a pail full of powdered ice; have somebody to jingle a bell in one ear, and somebody else to blow into the other with the bellows—and you will have an exact idea of sleighing."

Miss Martineau has devoted an entire chapter to *Originals*. The very motto to the chapter is

from an *original*, though not an American original. She found them in all *locations*, though they are principally either remotely-settled Yankees, or natives of the back States. Well-bred Virginia and Carolina afford few originals, and Kentucky and Tennessee a rich harvest. The Americans imagine that England is the country of humorists and oddities, unconscious of the amount of native oddity. The proof of their want of original character, found in their chameleon-like habit of assuming every passing hue of circumstance, is rebutted; though the general impressibility of the New-Englanders in particular is fully admitted. New England seems to be the best soil in the world for planting any novel science. The extraordinary impressibility of the people, about any new "systems of science, philosophy, and morals, which exceeds anything ever seen or heard of in the sober old country," is assumed to prove merely, that the nation, in its large divisions, is not original in character.

Meanwhile, America must be the very Elysium of itinerant lecturers; for

A conjuror's trip through the English counties, is very like the progress of a lecturer, or newly-imported philosopher, through the American cities. The wonder, the excitement, the unbounded credulity, are much alike in the two cases; but, in the English village, there may be old man under the elm, smiling good-naturedly at the show, without following after it; or a sage young man who could tell how the puppets are moved, as well as if he saw the wires. And so it is in the American cities. The crowd is large, but everybody is not in it—the believers are many—but there are some who foresee how soon the belief will take a new turn.

When Spurzheim was in America, the great mass of society became phrenologists in a day, wherever he appeared; and, ever since, itinerant lecturers have been reproducing the same sensation, in a milder way, by retailing Spurzheimism, much deteriorated, in places where the philosopher had not been. Meantime, the light is always going out behind, as fast as it blazes up round the steps of the lecturer. While the world of Richmond and Charleston is working at a multiplication of the fifteen casts (the same fifteen or so) which every lecturer carries about, and all caps and wigs are pulled off, and all fair tresses dishevelled, in the search after organization, Boston has gone completely round to the opposite philosophy, and is raving about spiritualism, to an excess which can scarcely be credited by any who have not heard the Unknown Tongues. If a phrenological lecturer from Paris, London, or Edinburgh, should go to Boston, the superficial, viable portion of the public would wheel round once more, so rapidly and with so clamorous a welcome on their tongues, that the transported lecturer would bless his stars, which had guided him over to a country whose inhabitants are so candid, so enlightened, so ravenous for truth. Before five years are out, however, the lecturer will find himself superseded by some professor of animal magnetism, some preacher of homeopathy, some teacher who will undertake to analyze children, prove to them that their spirits made their bodies, and elicit from them truths fresh from heaven.

We are inclined to think that the old country resembles the new in this respect, more than the traveller is aware. It is one decisive indication of a certain stage of popular mental advancement, and one in which our provincial towns are treading on the heels of the American cities, while following more slowly the self-same line of march. The rush to the lecture-room may not be so simultaneous—for our population are less alive to such pursuits, and have also less leisure

and fewer spare dollars. Among the originals, was "a charming pair of professors, discovered in a remote State—able men," yet most blest in their opinions of themselves.

One speaking of the other says—"A. has been examining my cranium. He says I am the most concealed man in the States—except himself."

The exception was a fair one. When I saw B., I thought that I had seen the topmost wonder of the world for self-complacency; but upon this Alp another was to arise, as I found when I knew A. The only point of inferiority in A. is, that he is not quite immovably happy in himself. His feet are far from handsome; and ne boot-maker in the West End could make them look so. This is the bitter drop in A.'s cup. This is the vulnerable point in his peace. His pupils have found it out, and have obtained a hold over him by it. They have but to fix their eyes upon his feet to throw him into disturbance; but, if they have gone too far, and desire to grow into favour again, they need only compliment his head, and all is well again. He lectures to them on Phrenology; and when on the topic of Galen's skull, declares that there is but one head known, which can compare with Galen's in its most important characteristics. The students all raise their eyes to the professor's bald crown, and the professor bows. He exhibits a cast of Burke's head, mentioning that it combines in the most perfect manner conceivable, all grand intellectual and moral characteristics; and adding that only one head has been known perfectly to resemble it. Again the students fix their gaze on the summit of the professor, and he congratulates them on their scientific discernment.

Probably, these may be "college stories," or they may be literally true. Professor Leslie, and other savans, as eminent, have furnished mirth with innumerable stories equally ludicrous, of the personal vanity of grotesque-looking philosophers.

Miss Martineau's specimen, after an animated eulogium on Mrs Somerville, whom he had seen in London, finally declared—"In short, I actually find that Mrs Somerville knows more than I do." His auditor mechanically replied, "I have no doubt of it." A burst of laughter from the whole party shewed her the error of taking the professor at his own estimate. His look of mortification was pitiable. She relates—"One of the professor's most serious declarations to me was, that the time had long been past when he believed he might be mistaken. He had once thought that he might be in the wrong, like other people; but experience had taught him that he never erred"—a state of beatitude not peculiar to American professors. To one of two literary ladies, sisters, and stars of the first magnitude, Miss Martineau paid a visit one morning, and took three female friends, strangers to the lady, along with her—a freedom, by the way, at which English pride, or etiquette, or shyness, would have boggled, and justly. One of the three—

Was an avowed authoress; a second was a deep and thoroughly exercised scholar, and happened to have published; which the pedantic lady did not know. The third was also a stranger to her, but a very clever woman. We were treated with ludicrous precision, according to our supposed merits; the third-mentioned lady being just honoured with a passing notice, and the fourth totally neglected.

She would deign to look at nothing under a blue-socking. The other sister made Miss Martineau a visit, and—

She informed me that she lectured on mental and moral philosophy to young ladies. She talked with much admiration of Mr Brown as a metaphysician. I concluded

this gentleman to be some American worthy, with whom I had to become acquainted; but it came out to be Dr Thomas Brown whom she was praising. She appeared not to know even the names of metaphysicians out of the Scotch school; and if the ghosts of the Scotch schoolmen were present, they might well question whether she understood much of them.

As we have as yet no female lecturers on "mental and moral philosophy," this lady is deservedly placed among American Originals, though, after all, her true place is with the host of half-instructed, shallow, and presumptuous persons that may be found in every country. Could Miss Martineau see but one tenth of the communications and requests made to the conductors of newspapers and magazines, and to persons of any poetical celebrity, by "ambitious girls" and "aspiring youths," she would no longer consider the "ambitious girl," who sent her verses, and laboured to attract her notice, as of a genus peculiar to the United States.

A friend had desired the traveller to bring her home something *exclusively American*; and we do believe that the western judge she longed to pack up and send per packet would have strictly fulfilled the conditions.

He was about six feet high, lank as a stall, and seeming to be held together only by the long-tailed drab great-coat into which he was put. He had a quid in his cheek whenever I saw him, and squirted tobacco-juice into the the fire-place or elsewhere, at intervals of about twenty seconds. His face was long and solemn, his voice monotonous, his manner dogmatical to a most amusing degree. He was a dogged Republican, with an uncompromising hatred of the blacks, and with an indifferent sort of pity for all foreigners. This last feeling probably induced him to instruct me on various matters. He fixed his eyes on the fire, and talked on for my edification, but without taking express notice of the presence of any one; so that his lecture had the droll appearance of being a formal soliloquy.

The matter was, we think, not quite so American as the manner. In England, there are judges, and many others of equal station, who would indulge the lower orders in exercising all wisdom and knowledge about the affairs of another world, and also to entitle themselves, by the probation of patient suffering, and toil, and privation here, to the enjoyment of Heaven hereafter.

American humour and drollery break out in puffing advertisements, in which the Republicans beat the Old World out of sight. At an optician's in Baltimore, were miniature busts of Franklin, Washington, &c. &c.; each ornamented with a pair of tiny spectacles, and looking remarkably sage. America has also its Curls and Lintots. But these are not original. Some of the best strokes in the early papers of *Blackwood's* "Nottes," turned upon the idea of the worthy publisher seeing everything that occurred, or was spoken about, only in the one aspect of its capabilities of being fabricated into "a capital magazine article." Miss Martineau is not sure that her American bookseller's originality extended farther than the frankness of his professional discourse—"but that was infinitely striking:"—

He told me that he wanted to publish for me, and would offer as good terms as anybody. I thanked him, but objected that I had nothing to publish. He was

sure I must have a book written about America. I had not, and did not know that I ever should have. His answer, given with a patronising air of suggestion, was—"Why, surely, madam, you need not be at a loss about that. You must have got incident plenty by this time; and then you can Trollopeize a bit, and so make a readable book."

Sometimes we wish that the author to whom this sage advice was offered, had really *Trollopeized* a little more. She is evidently often struck with a sense of incongruity, or of the ludicrous, to which she does not heartily give way; while some odd things which she does relate as odd, seem to us not peculiar to America, though perhaps new to the traveller.

The founder of the Peace Societies in America, the venerable Noah Worcester, is one of those rare Originals of which there are far too few in every country. He submitted to voluntary poverty, from the conscientious love of truth, and long struggled with distress and poverty in his endeavours to reveal and enforce it. Among men at once remarkable and original, is a gentleman named Emerson, whose claims to intellectual superiority are supported by a long quotation from an eloquent and highly moral-toned discourse, delivered at the celebration of a literary anniversary. We must not forget that Miss Martineau frequently displays an amiable partiality for her personal intimates and literary friends. This discourse, however, contains noble passages, embodying exalted feelings and high aspirations.

Father Taylor, the seamen's apostle, is, we believe, tolerably well-known in England, through the medium of the "small literature" of Boston. He is one of the busiest and most cheerful of men. The Yankees, who are very sensitive on all points of national glory, call him a second homely Jeremy Taylor. Might not a George Whitefield content them?—a more useful character. Miss Martineau makes a polite compromise in doubting whether

Jeremy Taylor himself could more absolutely sway the minds and hearts of the learned and pious of his day than the seamen's friend does those of his flock. He has a great advantage over other preachers, in being able to speak to his hearers from the ground of their common experience; in being able to appeal to his own sea-life. He can say, "You have lodged with me in the fore-castle: did you ever know me profane?" "You have seen me land from a long voyage: where did I betake myself? Am not I a proof that a sea-life need not be soiled with vice on land?" All this gives him some power; but it would be little without the prodigious force which he carries in his magnificent intellect and earnest heart.

Father Taylor presides over several most useful institutions for seamen in Boston; and it looks impossible that his place in them can ever again be filled up with the same zeal and energy. He is a liberal Presbyterian.

His chapel is filled, from year's end to year's end, with sailors. He has no salary, and will not hear of one. He takes charge of all the poor connected with his chapel. To many this must look like an act of insanity. No class is more exposed to casualties than that of seamen; and, when a life is lost, an entire helpless family comes upon the charity of society. Father Taylor speaks of his ten thousand children; and all the woes and faults of a multitude are accumulated upon his hands; and yet

he retains the charge of all his poor, though he has no fixed income whatever. He does it by putting his charge in the way of helping each other and themselves. He encourages sobriety and economy in all their habits, and enforces them with a power which it would be vain to attempt to give an idea of.

Mr Taylor has a remarkable person. He is stoutly built, and looks more like a skipper than a preacher. His face is hard and weather-beaten, but with an expression of sensibility, as well as acuteness, which it is wonderful that features apparently so immoveable can convey. He uses a profusion of action. His wife told me that she thought his health was promoted by his taking so much exercise in the shape of action, in conversation as well as in the pulpit. He is very loud, and prodigiously rapid. His splendid thoughts come faster than he can speak them; and at times he would be totally overwhelmed by them, if, in the midst of his most rapid utterances of them, a burst of tears, of which he is wholly unconscious, did not aid in his relief. I have seen them streaming, bathing his face, when his words breathed the very spirit of joy, and every tone of his voice was full of exhilaration. His pathos, shed in thoughts and tones so fleeting as to be gone like lightning, is the most awful of his powers. I have seen a single clause of a short sentence call up an instantaneous flush on the hundreds of hard faces turned to the preacher; and it is no wonder to me that the widow and orphan are cherished by those who hear his prayers for them. The tone of his petitions is importunate—even passionate; and his sailor hearers may be forgiven for their faith, that Father Taylor's prayers cannot be refused.

With such petitions, urged with every beauty of expression, he mixes up whatever may have struck his fancy during the week, whether mythology, politics, housewifery, or anything else. He prayed one day, when dwelling on the moral perils of seamen, "that Bacchus and Venus might be driven to the end of the earth, and off of it." I heard him pray that Members of Congress might be preserved from buffoonery. Thence he passes to supplication, offered in a spirit of sympathy which may appear bold at another moment, but which is true to the emotion of the hour. "Father! look upon us! *We are a widow.*" "Father! the mother's heart thou knowest: the mother's bleeding heart thou pitiest. Sanctify to us the removal of this lamb!"

Such preaching exerts prodigious power over an occasional hearer; and it is an exquisite pleasure to listen to it: but it does not, for a continuance, meet the religious wants of any but those to whom it is expressly addressed. The preacher shares the mental and moral characteristics, as well as the experience in life, of his nautical hearers; their imaginative cast of mind, their superstition, their strong capacity for friendship and love, their ease about the future—called recklessness in some, and faith in others. This is so unlike the common mind of landmen, that the same expression of worship will not suit them both. So Father Taylor will continue to be the seamen's apostle; and, however admired and beloved by the landsman, not his priest.

In short, Father Taylor is a great natural orator, an Original, a truly good man, and a brave Christian sailor. He tells the seamen that "they are the seed-carriers of the world—the winged seeds, from which good or evil must spring up on the wildest shores of God's earth."

Another original and zealous apostle of humanity is William Lloyd Garrison, not many years since a printer's boy; first, a colonizationist, but latterly a martyr of abolition, into which he was persecuted. He became a lecturer for the abolition cause, after suffering a short imprisonment for a libel, published in a newspaper, exposing a nefarious slave transac-

tion. At Garrison's first lecture in Boston, he so impressed Mr May, a Unitarian clergyman, that, next Sunday, in praying for all distressed persons, he prayed for the slaves, and was asked if he was mad. This is but a recent affair.

Garrison, and his fellow-workman, both in the printing-office and the cause—his friend Knapp—set up the *Liberator*—in its first days a little sheet of shabby paper, printed with old types, and now a handsome and flourishing newspaper. These two heroes, in order to publish their paper, lived for a series of years in one room, on bread and water, "with sometimes," when the paper sold unusually well, "the luxury of a bowl of milk." In course of time, twelve men formed themselves into an abolition society at Boston, and the cause was fairly afoot. It was undergoing its worst persecutions just before I entered Boston for the winter.

Garrison came to see Miss Martineau. She says:—

His aspect put to flight in an instant what prejudices his slanderers had raised in me. I was wholly taken by surprise. It was a countenance glowing with health, and wholly expressive of purity, animation, and gentleness. I did not now wonder at the citizen who, seeing a print of Garrison at a shop window, without a name to it, went in and bought it, and framed it, as the most saint-like of countenances. The end of the story is, that, when the citizen found whose portrait he had been hanging up in his parlour, he took the print out of the frame and huddled it away.

He was agitated and abashed when he entered, and humbly thanked the lady for desiring to see one "so odious." If abashed in society, he seems bold enough with his pen. His fervent admirer cannot approve of the severe style of his censure; but she adds:—

It is only fair to mention that Garrison adopts it warily; and that I am persuaded that he is elevated above passion, and has no unrighteous anger to vent in harsh expressions. He considers his task to be the exposure of fallacy, the denunciation of hypocrisy, and the rebuke of selfish timidity. He is looked upon, by those who defend him in this particular, as holding the branding-iron: and it seems true enough that no one branded by Garrison ever recovers it.

Dr Channing, who has been partly goaded into abolitionism since Mr Abdy's visit, has been frequently subjected to this meek apostle's branding-iron; but has since shaken hands with him, and given him his affectionate respect. When asked why he could speak so severely of a man whom he esteemed, his remarkable reply was—

"The most difficult duty of an office like mine is to find fault with those whom I love and honour most. I have been obliged to do it about ———, who is one of my best friends. He is clearly wrong in a matter important to the cause; and I must expose it. In the same way, Dr Channing, while aiding our cause, has thought fit to say that the abolitionists are fanatical; in other words, that we set up our wayward wills in opposition to the will we profess to obey. I cannot suffer the cause to be injured by letting this pass: but I do not the less value Dr Channing for the things he has done."

We have purposely reserved the account of Dr Channing to the last, as, to say truth, Miss Martineau's utterance on this head is less intelligible and articulate than when she descants on other American magnates. In waiting, our difficulties have not cleared away. We fancy we can comprehend her idea of Father Taylor, and of Garrison, and Madison, all of whom she admired, and even of Calhoun; but that of Chan-

ning comes to us complex and perplexed, and wanting the oneness and simplicity which characterise the portraits of other remarkable men. The truth seems to be, that Miss Martineau, high though her opinion is, does not think Dr Channing quite so great a man as the majority of her English readers may have preconceived, and she is somewhat at a loss how to intimate as much. This is not, indeed, apparent in the formal eulogy of many pages contained in her last volume, though there is something even there to bear out our idea; but it breaks out incidentally through all the work, and by reflection in her references to Priestley, and to other American Unitarian clergymen, and morally heroic characters in private life, whom she met with in her travels. Channing was, besides, a tardy abolitionist, pricked on by the more fiery and zealous spirits around him; and, perhaps, unconsciously influenced by the public opinion of that distant nation, where his reputation is high; and Miss Martineau is still under the warm feelings of her Boston martyrdom. She visited Channing at a favourite country place in Rhode Island, where he spends the greater part of the year.

The stage set me down at the garden-gate at Oakland, whither my host came out to receive me. I knew it could be no other than Dr Channing; but his appearance surprised me. He looked younger and pleasanter than I had expected. The common engraving of him is undeniably very like; but it does not altogether do him justice. A bust of him was modelled by Persico, the next winter, which is an admirable likeness—favourable, but not flattering. Dr Channing is short, and very slightly made. His countenance varies more than its first aspect would lead the stranger to suppose it could. In mirth, it is perfectly changed, and very remarkable. The lower part of other faces is the most expressive of mirth: not so with Dr Channing's, whose muscles keep very composed, while his laughter pours out at his eyes. I have seen him laugh till it seemed doubtful where the matter would end. His voice is, however, the great charm. I do not mean in the pulpit: of what it is there I am not qualified to speak, for I could not hear a tone of his preaching; but in conversation his voice becomes delightful after one is familiarised with it. At first, his tones partake of the unfortunate dryness of his manner; but by use they grow, or seem to grow, more and more genial, till, at last, the ear waits and watches for them. Of the "repulsiveness" of his manners, on a first acquaintance, he is himself aware; though not, I think, of all the evil it causes, in compelling mere strangers to carry away a wrong idea of him, and in deterring even familiar acquaintances from opening their minds, and letting their speech run on as freely to him as he earnestly desires that it should. It might not be difficult to account for this manner; but this is not the place in which we have to do with any but the facts of the case. The natural, but erroneous conclusion of most strangers is, that the dryness proceeds from spiritual pride.

No man is, however, according to Miss Martineau's observation, more free from this fault, or from the dogmatism apparent in his writings. She remarks:—

I say this confidently, the tone of his writings notwithstanding: and I say it, not as a friend, but from such being the result of a very few hours' study of him. Whenever his conversation is not to be earnest—and it is not always earnest—it is for the sake of drawing out the person he is talking with, and getting at his views. This method of conversation is not to be defended—even on the ground of expediency—for a person's real views are not

to be got at in this way—no one liking to be managed: but Dr Channing's own part in this kind of conversation is not played in the spirit of condescension, but of inquiry. One proof of this is the use he makes of the views of the persons with whom he converses. Nothing is lost upon him. He lays up what he obtains for meditation; and it reappears, sooner or later, amplified, enriched, and made perfectly his own. I believe that he is, to a singular degree, unconscious of both processes, and unaware of his part in them—both the drawing out of information, and the subsequent assimilation; but both are very evident to the observation of even strangers.

We had fancied Mr Abdy severe, if not capacious, in his reported conversation with Mr Channing; but the utility of frank though ungracious dealing was never more striking. Immediately after Mr Abdy's remonstrance and departure, Dr Channing "took measures to inform himself of the real state of the blacks, [strange that he should not have known a good deal about it before!] and within the next month published a thorough-going abolition sermon." This was followed by the publication of his book on slavery, and latterly by his Letter to Mr Clay on the Annexation of Texas; which Miss Martineau describes "as of all his works the one by which his most attached friends would have him judged and remembered." What severe condemnation does this convey of the American government! She gives Dr Channing credit for great moral courage in coming forward at last; and one can easily understand that it is far easier to be an abolitionist in England than in America or the West Indies. Channing had a high reputation to endanger, the esteem of many powerful friends to hazard or forfeit; and he is not indifferent to such considerations. It is alleged, strongly we would hope, "that he could not, after his testimony against slavery, have set foot within the boundaries of half the States, without danger to his life." But, as he and the surrounding society, at the same time, imagined Miss Martineau in a similar predicament, and as she met with undeviating kindness and civility, instead of the threatened *Lynching*, we should hope that Dr Channing would not have been in much greater peril. His habits of composition are described. They are quite compatible with those of an author whose beautiful writings are choice and ornate, but neither voluminous nor remarkably profound.

He never sits in his study for hours together, occupied with books and thoughts; but, even when most deeply engaged in composition, walks out into his garden so frequently that the wonder to persons who use different methods is how, amidst so many interruptions, he keeps up any continuity of thought, or accomplishes any amount of composition at all. He rarely has his pen in his hand for more than an hour at a time, and does not, therefore, enter into the enjoyments of writers who find the second hour twice as productive and pleasurable as the first, and the third as the second, and who grudge moving under five or six hours.

The noblest feature of character revealed to us in Channing is his "entire exemption from all professional narrowness—from all priestly prejudice," as he has been imagined more than ordinarily professional in his views, judgment, and conduct. "In this," his visitor says, "I do not agree."

No one sees more clearly than he the necessity of proving and exercising principles by hourly action in all kinds of worldly business. No one is more free from attachment to forms, or more practically convinced that rules and institutions are mere means to an end. He shewed this, in one instance out of a thousand, by proposing to his congregation, some time ago, that they should not always depend on their pastors for the guidance of their worship, but that any members who had anything to say should offer to do so. As might have been foreseen, every one shrank from being concerned in so new an administration of religion; but Dr Channing was disappointed that the effort was not made. No one, again is more free from all pride of virtue.

What is Channing's chief merit with the majority of his admirers does not recommend him to his English guest—his unretracted opinions of Priestley, and especially his attachment to the poetry of philosophy, and to mysticism in religion. His natural tendency is to an excess of caution; and in his case, as in many others, excessive caution has led to occasional rashness. But this is all over now, and Dr Channing has firmly taken his place in the vanguard of the abolitionists. We end this section as we began it, without having any definite notion of Miss Martineau's final estimate of the man, and especially of the intellectual stature of Channing; and the reason seems, that her own convictions were fluctuating; and the belief inevitable that, among the great men of the young Republic, he is not considered one of the greatest.

From the few specimens given—and we consider them among the choicest passages of the three volumes—the reader may have a clear idea of the nature of the supplementary work. It is far more entertaining than its predecessor; and, though less authoritative in tone, and in conveying information and instruction, than "Society in America," it is more original, and, what is all in all, more American. The British public would, we dare say, gladly have received a little more "Trollopizing;" but, even in this respect, the illustrative *bite* are either rich, or else dainty and piquant. There is one blemish in this lady's writing which we are bound to hint at, and which she has described in accounting for a fault, erroneously, she imagines, imputed to Channing—an appearance, not, as in him, of "spiritual pride," but of a certain complacent pride *d'esprit*, (if we may coin a phrase,) displayed in the shape of "rather formal declarations of ways of thinking *as his own*, and of accounts of his own views and states of mind, *still as his own*." For his read *her*, and our idea of Miss Martineau's tendency is admirably expressed. There is, too, the slightest possible taint, the faintest *souppçon*, not of sectarian prejudice, but of sectarian temper, apparent in her writings; of the bigotry of liberality, and the suppressed indignation unavoidably excited by the narrow views and petty persecutions of the orthodox. Though the traveller was fully tolerated herself, it is manifest both from the tone of the book and the facts recorded, that, in many localities, the Unitarians are still suffering, either under social proscription or from the tyranny of opinion, quite as much as in this country.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

AMONGST the earliest literary acquaintances I made was that with the inimitable Charles Lamb: inimitable, I say, but that word is too limited in its meaning; for, as is said of Milton in that well-known life of him attached to all common editions of the "Paradise Lost," (Fenton's, I think,) "in both senses he was above imitation." Yes; it was as impossible to the moral nature of Charles Lamb that he should imitate another, as, in an intellectual sense, it was impossible that any other should successfully imitate him. To write with patience even, not to say genially, for Charles Lamb it was a very necessity of his constitution that he should write from his own wayward nature; and that nature was so peculiar that no other man, the ablest at mimicry, could counterfeit its voice. But, let me not anticipate; for these were opinions about Lamb which I had not when I first knew him, nor could have had by any reasonable title. "Elia," he it observed, the exquisite "Elia," was then unborn; Lamb had as yet published nothing to the world which proclaimed him in his proper character of a most original man of genius;* at best, he could have been thought no more than a man of talent—and of talent moving in a narrow path, with a power rather of mimicking the quaint and the fantastic, than any large grasp over catholic beauty. And, therefore, it need not offend the most dotting admirer of Lamb as he is now known to us, a brilliant star for ever fixed in the firmament of English literature, that I acknowledge myself to have sought his acquaintance rather under the reflex honour he had enjoyed of being known as Coleridge's friend, than for any which he yet held directly and separately in his own person. My earliest advances towards this acquaintance had an inauspicious aspect; and it may be worth while reporting the circumstances, for they were characteristic of Charles Lamb; and the immediate result was—that we parted, not perhaps (as Lamb says of his philosophical friend R. and the Parisians) "with mu-

tual contempt," but at least with coolness; and on my part, with something that might have even turned to disgust—founded, however, entirely on my utter misapprehension of Lamb's character and his manners—had it not been for the winning goodness of Miss Lamb, before which all resentment must have melted in a moment,

It was either late in 1804 or early in 1805, according to my present computations, that I had obtained from a literary friend a letter of introduction to Mr Lamb. All that I knew of his works was his play of "John Woodvil," which I had bought in Oxford, and perhaps I only had bought throughout that great University, at the time of my matriculation there, about the Christmas of 1803. Another book fell into my hands on that same morning, I recollect—the "Gebir" of Mr Walter Savage Landor—which astonished me by the splendour of its descriptions (for I had opened accidentally upon the sea-nymph's marriage with Tamor, the youthful brother of Gebir)—and I bought this also. Afterwards, when placing these two most unpopular of books on the same shelf with the other far holier idols of my heart, the joint poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge as then associated in the "Lyrical Ballads"—poems not equally unknown, perhaps a little better known, but only with the result of being more openly scorned and rejected—I could not but smile internally at the fair prospect I had of congregating a library which no man had read but myself. "John Woodvil" I had almost studied, and Miss Lamb's pretty "High-Born Helen," and the ingenious imitations of Burton; these I had read, and, to a certain degree, must have admired, for some parts of them had settled without effort in my memory! I had read also the *Edinburgh* notice of them; and with what contempt may be supposed from the fact, that my veneration for Wordsworth transcended all that I felt for any created being, past or present; inasmuch that, in the summer, or spring rather, of that same year, and full eight months before I first went to Oxford, I had ventured to address a letter to him, through his publishers, the Messrs Longman, (which letter, Miss Wordsworth in after years assured me they believed to be the production of some person much older than I represented myself,) and that in due time I had been honoured by a long answer from Wordsworth; an honour which, I well remember, kept me awake, from mere excess of pleasure, through a long night in June 1803. It was not to be supposed that the very feeblest of admirations could be shaken by mere scorn and contumely, unsupported by any shadow of a reason; Wordsworth, therefore, could not have suffered in any man's opinion, from the puny efforts of this new autocrat amongst reviews; but what was said of Lamb, though not containing one iota of criticism,

* "Man of genius"—"man of talent." I have, in a former number of this journal, laid down what I conceive to be the true ground of distinction between *genius* and *talent*; which lies mainly in this—that genius is intellectual power impregnated with the moral nature, and expresses a synthesis of the active in man with his original organic capacity of pleasure and pain. Hence the very word *genius*, because the *genial* nature in its whole organization is expressed and involved in it. Hence, also, arises the reason that genius is always peculiar and individual; one man's genius never exactly repeats another man's. But talent is the same in all men; and that which is effected by talent, can never serve to identify or indicate its author. Hence, too, that, although talent is the object of respect, it never conciliates love; you love a man of talent perhaps in *concreto*, but not talent; whereas genius, even for itself, is idolized. I am the more proud of this distinction, since I have seen the utter failure of Mr Coleridge, judging from his attempt in his "Table-Talk."

either good or bad, had certainly more point and cleverness. The supposition that "John Woodvil" might be a lost drama, recovered from the age of Thespis, and entitled to the hircus, &c., must, I should think, have won a smile from Lamb himself; or why say "Lamb himself," which means "*even* Lamb," when he would have been the *very* first to laugh, (as he was afterwards among the first to hoot at his own farce,) provided only he could detach his mind from the ill-nature and hard contempt which accompanied the wit. This wit had certainly not dazzled my eyes in the slightest degree. So far as I was left at leisure, by a more potent order of poetry, to think of the "John Woodvil" at all, I had felt and acknowledged a delicacy and tenderness in the situations as well as the sentiments, but disfigured, as I thought, by quaint, grotesque, and *mimetic* phraseology. The main defect, however, of which I complained, was defect of power. I thought Lamb had no right to take his station amongst the inspired writers who had just then arisen, to throw new blood into our literature, and to breathe a breath of life through the worn-out, or, at least, torpid organization of the national mind. He belonged, I thought, to the old literature; and, as a poet, he certainly does. There were in his verses minute scintillations of genius—now and then, even a subtle sense of beauty; and there were shy graces, lurking half-unseen, like violets in the shade. But there was no power on a colossal scale; no breadth; no choice of great subjects; no wrestling with difficulty; no creative energy. So I thought then; and so I should think now, if Lamb were viewed chiefly as a poet. Since those days, he has established his right to a seat in any company. But why? and in what character? As "Elia":—the essays of "Elia" are as exquisite a gem amongst the jewellery of literature, as any nation can shew. They do not, indeed, suggest to the typifying imagination, a Last Supper of Da Vinci, or a Group from the Sistine Chapel; but they suggest some exquisite cabinet painting; such, for instance, as that Carlo Dolce known to all who have visited Lord Exeter's place of Burleigh; (by the way, I bar the allusion to Charles Lamb, which a shameless punster suggests in the name *Carlo Dolce*;) and in this also resembling that famous picture—that many critics (Hazlitt amongst others) can see little or nothing in it. *Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!* Those, therefore, err, in my opinion, who present Lamb to our notice amongst the poets. Very pretty, very elegant, very tender, very beautiful verses he has written; nay, twice he has written verses of extraordinary force, almost demoniac force—viz., "The Three Graves," and "The Gipsy's Malison." But, speaking generally, he writes verses as one to whom that function was a secondary and occasional function; not his original and natural vocation; not an *εργον*, but a *πάρεργον*.

For the reasons, therefore, I have given, never thinking of Charles Lamb as a poet, and, at that time, having no means for judging of him in any

other character, I had requested the letter of introduction to him, rather with a view to some further knowledge of Coleridge, (who was then absent from England,) than from any special interest about Lamb himself. However, I felt the extreme discourtesy of approaching a man, and asking for his time and civility under such an avowal: and the letter, therefore, as I believe, or as I requested, represented me in the light of an admirer. I hope it did; for that character might have some excuse for what followed, and heal the unpleasant impression likely to be left by a sort of *fracas* which occurred at my first meeting with Lamb. This was so characteristic of Lamb, that I have often laughed at it since I came to know what *was* characteristic of Lamb. But first let me describe my brief introductory call upon him at the India House. I had been told that he was never to be found at home except in the evenings; and to have called then would have been, in a manner, forcing myself upon his hospitalities, and at a moment when he might have confidential friends about him; besides that, he was sometimes tempted away to the theatres. I went, therefore, to the India House; made inquiries amongst the servants; and, after some trouble, (for *that* was early in his Leadenhall Street career, and, possibly, he was not much known,) I was shewn into a small room, or else a small section of a large one, (thirty-four years affect one's remembrance of some circumstances,) in which was a very lofty writing-desk, separated by a still higher railing from that part of the floor on which the profane—the laity, like myself—were allowed to approach the *clerus*, or clerically rulers of the room. Within the railing, sat, to the best of my remembrance, six quill-driving gentlemen; not gentlemen whose duty or profession it was merely to drive the quill, but who were then driving it—*gens de plume*, such *in esse*, as well as *in posse*—in act as well as habit; for, as if they supposed me a spy, sent by some superior power to report upon the situation of affairs as surprised by me, they were all too profoundly immersed in their oriental studies to have any sense of my presence. Consequently, I was reduced to a necessity of announcing myself and my errand. I walked, therefore, into one of the two open doorways of the railing, and stood closely by the high stool of him who occupied the first place within the little aisle. I touched his arm, by way of recalling him from his lofty Leadenhall speculations to this sublunary world; and, presenting my letter, asked if that gentleman (pointing to the address) were really a citizen of the present room; for I had been repeatedly misled, by the directions given me, into wrong rooms. The gentleman smiled; it was a smile not to be forgotten. This was Lamb. And here occurred a *very*, *very* little incident—one of those which pass so fugitively that they are gone and hurrying away into Lethe almost before your attention can have arrested them; but it was an incident which, to me, who happened to notice it, served to ex-

press the courtesy and delicate consideration of Lamb's manners. The seat upon which he sat, was a very high one; so absurdly high, by the way, that I can imagine no possible use or sense in such an altitude, unless it were to restrain the occupant from playing truant at the fire, by opposing Alpine difficulties to his descent. Whatever might be the original purpose of this aspiring seat, one serious dilemma arose from it, and this it was which gave the occasion to Lamb's act of courtesy. Somewhere there is an anecdote, meant to illustrate the ultra-obsequiousness of the man: either I have heard of it in connexion with some actual man known to myself, or it is told in a book of some historical coxcomb—that, being on horseback, and meeting some person or other whom it seemed advisable to flatter, he actually dismounted, in order to pay his court by a more ceremonious bow. In Russia, as we all know, this was, at one time, upon meeting any of the Imperial family, an act of legal necessity: and there, accordingly, but there only, it would have worn no ludicrous aspect. Now, in this situation of Lamb's, the act of descending from his throne, a very elaborate process, with steps and stages analogous to those on horseback—of slipping your right foot out of the stirrup, throwing your leg over the crupper, &c.—was, to all intents and purposes, the same thing as dismounting from a great elephant of a horse. Therefore it both was, and was felt to be by Lamb, supremely ludicrous. On the other hand, to have sat still and stately upon this aerial station, to have bowed condescendingly from this altitude, would have been—not ludicrous indeed; performed by a very superb person, and supported by a very superb bow, it might have been vastly fine, and even terrifying to many young gentlemen under sixteen: but it would have had an air of ungentlemanly assumption. Between these extremes, therefore, Lamb had to choose: between appearing ridiculous himself for a moment, by going through a ridiculous evolution, which no man could execute with grace; or, on the other hand, appearing lofty and assuming, in a degree which his truly humble nature (for he was the humblest of men in the pretensions which he put forward for himself) must have shrunk from with horror. Nobody who knew Lamb can doubt how the problem was solved: he began to dismount instantly; and, as it happened that the very first round of his descent obliged him to turn his back upon me as if for a sudden purpose of flight, he had an excuse for laughing; which he did heartily—saying, at the same time, something to this effect, that I must not judge from first appearances; that he should revolve upon me; that he was not going to fly; and other facetiæ, which challenged a general laugh from the clerical brotherhood. When he had reached the basis of terra firma on which I was standing, naturally, as a mode of thanking him for his courtesy, I presented my hand; which, in a general case, I should certainly not have done; for I cherished, in an ultra-English degree, the English custom (a wise custom) of

bowing in frigid silence on a first introduction to a stranger; but, to a man of literary talent, and one who had just practised so much kindness in my favour at so probable a hazard to himself of being laughed at for his pains—I could not maintain that frosty reserve. Lamb took my hand; did not absolutely reject it; but rather repelled my advance by his manner. This, however, long afterwards I found, was only a habit derived from his too great sensitiveness to the variety of people's feelings, which run through a gamut so infinite of degrees and modes as to make it unsafe for any man who respects himself, to be too hasty in his allowances of familiarity. Lamb had, as he was entitled to have, a high self-respect; and me he probably suspected (as a young Oxonian) of some aristocratic tendencies. The letter of introduction, containing (I imagine) no matters of business, was speedily run through; and I instantly received an invitation to spend the evening with him. Lamb was not one of those who catch at the chance of escaping from a bore by fixing some distant day, when accidents (in duplicate proportion, perhaps, to the number of intervening days) may have carried you away from the place: he sought to benefit by no luck of that kind; for he was, with his limited income—and I say it deliberately—positively the most hospitable man I have known in this world. That night, the same night, I was to come and spend the evening with him. I had gone to the India House with the express purpose of accepting whatever invitation he should give me; and, therefore, I accepted this, took my leave, and left Lamb in the act of resuming his aerial position.

I was to come so early as to drink tea with Lamb; and the hour was seven. He lived in the Temple; and I, who was not then, as afterwards I became, a student and member of "the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple," did not know much of the localities. However, I found out his abode, not greatly beyond my time: nobody had been asked to meet me, which a little surprised me, but I was glad of it; for, besides Lamb, there was present, his sister, Miss Lamb, of whom, and whose talents and sweetness of disposition, I had heard. I turned the conversation, upon the first opening which offered, to the subject of Coleridge; and many of my questions were answered satisfactorily, because seriously, by Miss Lamb. But Lamb took a pleasure in baffling me, or in throwing ridicule upon the subject. Out of this grew the matter of our affray. We were speaking of "The Ancient Mariner." Now, to explain what followed, and a little to excuse myself, I must beg the reader to understand that I was under twenty years of age, and that my admiration for Coleridge (as in, perhaps, a still greater degree, for Wordsworth) was literally in no respect short of a religious feeling: it had, indeed, all the sanctity of religion, and all the tenderness of a human veneration. Then, also, to imagine the strength which it would derive from circumstances that do not exist now, but did then, let the reader further suppose a case—not such as he may have

known since that era about Sir Walter Scotts and Lord Byrons, where every man you could possibly fall foul of, early or late, night or day, summer or winter, was in perfect readiness to feel and express his sympathy with the admirer—but when no man, beyond one or two in each ten thousand, had so much as heard of either Coleridge or Wordsworth; and that one, or those two, knew them only to scorn them—trample on them—spit upon them: men so abject in public estimation, I maintain, as that Coleridge and that Wordsworth, had not existed before—have not existed since—will not exist again. We have heard, in old times, of donkeys insulting effete or dying lions, by kicking them; but, in the case of Coleridge and Wordsworth, it was effete donkeys that kicked living lions. They, Coleridge and Wordsworth, were the Pariahs of literature in those days: as much scorned wherever they were known; but escaping that scorn only because they were as little known as Pariahs, and even more obscure.

Well, after this bravura, by way of conveying my sense of the real position then occupied by these two authors—a position which thirty and odd years have altered, by a revolution more astonishing and total than ever before happened in literature or in life—let the reader figure to himself the sensitive horror with which a young person, carrying his devotion about with him, of necessity, as the profoundest of secrets, like a primitive Christian amongst a nation of Pagans, or a Roman Catholic convert amongst the bloody idolaters of Japan—in Oxford, above all places, hoping for no sympathy, and feeling a daily grief, almost a shame, in harbouring this devotion to that which, nevertheless, had done more for the expansion and sustenance of his own inner mind than all literature besides—let the reader figure, I say, to himself, the shock with which such a person must recoil from hearing the very friend and associate of these authors utter what seemed at that time a burning ridicule of all which belonged to them—their books, their thoughts, their places, their persons. This had gone on for some time, before we came upon the ground of “The Ancient Mariner:” I had been grieved, perplexed, astonished; and how else could I have felt reasonably, knowing nothing of Lamb’s propensity to mystify a stranger; he, on the other hand, knowing nothing of the depth of my feelings on these subjects, and that they were not so much mere literary preferences as something that went deeper than life or household affections? At length, when he had given utterance to some ferocious canon of judgment, which seemed to question the entire value of the poem, I said, perspiring, (I dare say,) in this detestable crisis—“But, Mr Lamb, good heavens! how is it possible you can allow yourself in such opinions? What instance could you bring from the poem that would bear you out in these insinuations?” “Instances!” said Lamb: “oh, I’ll instance you, if you come to that. Instance, indeed! Pray, what do you say to this—

‘The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie?’

So beautiful indeed! Beautiful! Just think of such a gang of Wapping vagabonds, all covered with pitch, and chewing tobacco; and the old gentleman himself—what do you call him?—the bright-eyed fellow?” What more might follow, I never heard; for, at this point, in a perfect rapture of horror, I raised my hands—both hands—to both ears; and, without stopping to think or to apologize, I endeavoured to restore equanimity to my disturbed sensibilities, by shutting out all further knowledge of Lamb’s impieties. At length he seemed to have finished; so I, on my part, thought I might venture to take off the embargo: and, in fact, he *had* ceased; but no sooner did he find me restored to my hearing than he said, with a most sarcastic smile—which he could assume upon occasion—“If you please, sir, we’ll say grace before we begin.” I know not whether Lamb were really piqued or not at the mode by which I had expressed my disturbance: Miss Lamb certainly was not; her goodness led her to pardon me, and to treat me—in whatever light she might really view my almost involuntary rudeness—as the party who had suffered wrong; and, for the rest of the evening, she was so pointedly kind and conciliatory in her manner, that I felt greatly ashamed of my boyish failure in self-command. Yet, after all, Lamb necessarily appeared so much worse, in my eyes, as a traitor: is worse than an open enemy.

Lamb, after this one visit—not knowing at that time any particular reason for continuing to seek his acquaintance—I did not trouble with my calls for some years. At length, however, about the year 1808, and for the six or seven following years, in my evening visits to Coleridge, I used to meet him again; not often, but sufficiently to correct altogether the very false impression I had received of his character and manners. I have elsewhere described him as a “Diogenes with the heart of a St John”—where, by the way, the reader must not, by laying the accent falsely on St John, convert it into the name of Lord Bolingbroke: I meant St John the evangelist. And by ascribing to Lamb any sort of resemblance to Diogenes, I had a view only to his plain speaking in the first place—his unequalled freedom from every mode of hypocrisy or affectation; and, secondly, to his talent for saying keen, pointed things, sudden flashes, or revelations of hidden truths, in a short condensed form of words. In fact, the very foundation of Lamb’s peculiar character was laid in his absolute abhorrence of all affectation. This shewed itself in self-disparagement of every kind; never the mock disparagement, which is self-praise in an indirect form, as when people accuse themselves of all the virtues, by professing an inability to pay proper attention to prudence or economy—or uncontrollable disposition to be rash and inconsiderate on behalf of a weaker party when suffering apparent wrong. But Lamb’s confessions of error, of infirmity, were never at any time acts

of mock humility, meant to involve oblique compliment in the rebound. Thus, he honestly and frankly confessed his blank insensibility to music.

"King David's harp, that made the madness flee
From Saul, had been but a Jew's harp to me,"

is his plain, unvarnished admission, in verses admirable for their wit and their elegance: nor did he attempt to break the force of this unfortunate truth, by claiming, which, perhaps, he might have claimed, a compensatory superiority in the endowments of his eye. It happened to him, as I believe it has often done to others—to Pope, perhaps, but certainly to Wordsworth—that the imperfect structure or imperfect development of the ear, denying any profound sensibility to the highest modes of impassioned music, has been balanced by a more than usual sensibility to some modes of visual beauty. With respect to Wordsworth, it has been doubted, by some of his friends, upon very good grounds, whether, as a connoisseur in painting, he has a very learned eye, or one that can be relied upon. I hold it to be very doubtful, also, whether Wordsworth's judgment in the human face—its features and its expression—be altogether sound, and in conformity to the highest standards of art. But it is undeniable—and must be most familiar to all who have associated upon intimate terms with Wordsworth and his sister—that they both derive a pleasure, originally and organically more profound than is often witnessed, both from the forms and the colouring of rural nature. The very same tests by which I recognise my own sensibility to music, as rising above the common standard—viz., by the indispensableness of it to my daily comfort; the readiness with which I make any sacrifices to obtain a "grand debauch" of this nature, &c. &c.—these, when applied to Wordsworth, manifest him to have an analogous craving, in a degree much transcending the general ratio for the luxuries of the eye. These luxuries Wordsworth seeks in their great original exemplar—in Nature as exhibiting herself amongst the bold forms and the rich but harmonious colouring of mountainous scenery; there especially where the hand of injudicious art, or of mercenary craft, has not much interfered, with monotonous repetition of unmeaning forms, with offensive outlines, or, still more, with harsh and glaring contrasts of colour. The offence which strikes upon Wordsworth's eye from such disfigurations of nature is, really and without affectation, as keen, as intense, and as inevitable as to other men the pain to the mere physical eye-sight from the glare of snow or the irritations of flying dust. Lamb, on the other hand, sought his pleasures of this class—not, as by this time all the world knows, in external nature, for which it was his pleasure to profess, not merely an indifference, but even a horror which it delighted him to exaggerate with a kind of playful malice to those whom he was hearing—but in the works of the great painters: and for these I have good reason to think that both he and his sister had a peculiarly deep sensibility, and, after long

practice, a fine and matured taste. Here, then, was both a gift and an attainment which Lamb might have fairly pleaded in the way of a set-off to his acknowledged defects of ear. But Lamb was too really and sincerely humble ever to think of nursing and tending his own character in any man's estimation, or of attempting to blunt the effect of his own honest avowals of imperfection, by dexterously playing off before your eyes some counterbalancing accomplishment. He was, in fact, as I have said before, the most humble and unpretending of human beings, the most thoroughly sincere, the most impatient of either simulation or dissimulation, and the one who threw himself the most unreservedly for your good opinion upon the plain natural expression of his real qualities, as nature had formed them, without artifice, or design, or disguise, more than you find in the most child-like of children.

There was a notion prevalent about Lamb, which I can affirm to have been a most erroneous one: it was—that any flagrant act of wickedness formed a recommendation to his favour. "Ah!" said one man to me, when asking a letter of introduction from him—"ah! that I could but recommend you as a man that had robbed the mail, or the King's exchequer—which would be better. In that case, I need not add a word; you would take rank instantly amongst the privileged friends of Lamb, without a word from me." Now, as to "*the King's Exchequer*," I cannot say. A man who should have placed himself in relation with Falstaff, by obeying his commands* at a distance of four centuries, (like the traveller, who demanded of the turnpike-man—"How do you like your eggs dressed?" and, ten years after, on passing the same gate, received the monosyllabic reply—*poached*)—that man might have presented irresistible claims to Lamb's affection. Shakspeare, or anything connected with Shakspeare, might have proved too much for his Roman virtue. But, putting aside any case so impossible as this, I can affirm that—so far from this being the truth, or approaching the truth—a rule the very opposite governed Lamb's conduct: so far from welcoming wicked, profligate, or dissolute people by preference, if they happened to be clever—he bore with numerous dull people, stupid people, asinine people, for no other reason upon earth than because he knew them, or believed them to have been ill-used or oppressed by some clever but dissolute man. That was enough. Sufficient it was that they had been the objects of injustice, calumny, persecution, or wrong in any shape—and, without further question, they had "their place allowed" at Lamb's fireside. I knew some eminent instances of what I am now saying. And I used to think to myself, Were this feature of Lamb's character made known, and the natural results followed, what would he do? Refuse anybody, reject anybody, tell him to begone, he could not, no more than he could have danced

* "Rob me thy father's exchequer."—*Falstaff*, in *Henry IV., Part 1st.*

upon his mother's grave. He would have received all who presented themselves with any rational pretensions; and would finally have gone to prison rather than reject anybody. I do not say this rhetorically. I knew Lamb; and I know certain cases in which he was concerned—cases which it is difficult to publish with any regard to the feelings of persons now living, but which (if published in all their circumstances) would shew him to be the very noblest of human beings. He was a man, in a sense more eminent than would be conceivable by many people, *principely*—nothing short of that in his beneficence. Many liberal people I have known in this world—many who were charitable in the widest sense—many munificent people; but never any one upon whom, for bounty, for indulgence and forgiveness, for charitable construction of doubtful or mixed actions, and for regal munificence, you might have thrown yourself with so absolute a reliance as upon this comparatively poor Charles Lamb. Considered as a man of genius, he was not in the very first rank, simply because his range was a contracted one: within that range, he was perfect; of the peculiar powers which he possessed, he has left to the world as exquisite a specimen as this planet is likely to exhibit. But, as a *moral* being, in the total compass of his relations to this world's duties, in the largeness and diffusiveness of his charity, in the graciousness of his condescension to inferior intellects, I am disposed, after a deliberate review of my own entire experience, to pronounce him the best man, the nearest in his approaches to an ideal standard of excellence, that I have known or read of. In the mingled purity—a child-like purity—and the benignity of his nature, I again express my own deep feeling of the truth, when I say that he recalled to my mind the image and character of St John the Evangelist—of him who was at once the beloved apostle, and also, more peculiarly, the apostle of love. Well and truly, therefore, did the poet say, in his beautiful lines upon this man's grave and memory—

"Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived!"*

* One feature there was in Lamb's charity, which is but too frequently found wanting amongst the most liberal and large-hearted of the charitable, and especially where the national temper is melancholy or desponding; one, moreover, which, beyond any other aspect of charity, wears a winning grace—one finally which is indistinctly pointed out as a *duty* in our scriptural code of ethics—the habit of *hoping* cheerfully and kindly on behalf of those who were otherwise objects of moral blame. Lamb, if anybody, plagued as he was by a constitutional taint of morbid melancholy, might have been privileged to fail in this duty; but he did not. His goodness, making it too painful to him to cherish as *final* conclusions any opinions with regard to any individual which seemed to shut him out from the sympathy or the brotherly feeling of the just and good, overpowered the acuteness of his discernment; and, where it was quite impossible to find matter of approbation in the past or the present conduct, he would turn to the future for encouraging views of amendment, and would insist upon regarding what was past, as the accidental irregularity, the anomaly, the exception, warranting no inferences with regard to what remained; and (whenever that was possible) would charge it all upon unfortunate circumstances. Everybody must have felt the profound pathos of that passage in scripture—"Let him that stole, steal no more;" a pathos which rests evidently upon the sudden substitution for a judicial sentence proportioned to the offence, (such as an ordinary lawgiver would have uttered, and such as the listener anticipates,) of a heavenly light opened upon the guilty heart, shewing to it a hope and an escape, and whispering that for itself also there may be final peace in reversion, where otherwise all had seemed blank despair and the darkness of coming vengeance. The poor benighted Pariah of social life—who durst not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, and, by the angry tone of human laws, as well as of society in general, finds but too much that disposes him to despond, and perhaps makes no effort, merely because all efforts seem likely to be unavailing—will often, in the simple utterance of a cheerful hope on his behalf, see as it were a window opening in heaven, and faces radiant with promise looking out upon him. These words I mean to apply as the distinguishing description of Christian ethics, as contrasted with all other ethical theories. For it is a just inquiry with respect to any system of morals—not merely, What are your substantial doctrines, what is the *corpus* of your laws?—but also, What is your preparatory discipline?—what are the means at your disposal for winning over the reluctant disciple, the bold recusant, or the

Perhaps the foundation for the false notion I have mentioned about Lamb's predilections, was to be found in his carelessness for those social proscriptions which have sometimes occurred in our stormy times with respect to writers, male and female, who set the dominant notions, or the prevailing feelings of men—(feelings with regard to sexual proprieties, to social distinctions, to the sanctity of property, to the sanctity of religious formulæ, &c. &c.)—at open defiance. Take, for example, Thelwall, at one time, Holcroft, Godwin, Mrs Wolstonecraft, Dr Priestley, Hazlitt, all of whom were, more or less, in a backward or inverse sense, *tabooed*—that is, consecrated to public hatred and scorn:—with respect to all these persons, feeling that the public alienation had gone too far, or had begun originally upon false grounds, Lamb threw his heart and his doors wide open. Politics—what cared he for politics? Religion—in the sense of theological dogmas—what cared he for religion? For religion in its moral aspects, and its relations to the heart of man, no human being ever cared more. With respect to politics, some of his friends could have wished him to hate men when they grew *anti-national*, and in that case only; but he would not. He persisted in liking men who made an idol of Napoleon, who sighed over the dread name of Waterloo, and frowned upon Trafalgar. There I thought him wrong; but, in that, as one of my guardians used to say of me, he "followed his own devil;" though, after all, I believe he took a secret silent pleasure in the grandeur of his country, and would have suffered in her suffering—would have been humiliated in her humiliation—more than he altogether acknowledged to himself; in fact, his carelessness grew out of the depth of his security. He could well afford to be free of anxiety in a case like this; for the solicitudes of jealous affection, the tremulous and apprehensive love, as "of a mother or a child," (which painful mood of love Wordsworth professes for his country, but only in a wayward fit of passion,) could scarcely be thought applicable, even in the worst days of Napoleon, to a national gran-

dear and power which seem as little liable to chance or change, as essentially unapproachable by any serious impeachment, as the principle of gravitation or the composition of the air. Why, therefore, should he trouble himself more about the nice momentary oscillations of the national fortunes in war or council, more than about adjusting his balance, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the earth?

There was another trait of character about Charles Lamb which might have countenanced the common notion that he looked indulgently upon dissolute men, or men notorious for some criminal escapade. This was his thorough hatred of all hypocrisy, and his practical display of that hatred on all possible occasions. Even in a point so foreign, as it might seem, from this subject as his style, though chiefly founded upon his intellectual differences and his peculiar taste, the prevailing tone of it was in part influenced (or at least sustained) by his disgust for all which transcended the naked simplicity of truth. This is a deep subject, with as many faces, or *facets*, (to speak the language of jewellers,) as a rose-cut diamond; and far be it from me to say one word in praise of those—people of how narrow a sensibility!—who imagine that a simple (that is, according to many tastes, an unelevated and *unrhythmical*) style—take, for instance, an Addisonian or a Swiftian style—is *unconditionally* good. Not so: all depends upon the subject; and there is a style, transcending these and all other modes of simplicity, by infinite degrees, and, in the same proportion, impossible to most men—the rhythmical—the continuous—what, in French, is called the *soutenu*, which, to humbler styles, stands in the relation of an organ to a shepherd's pipe. This also finds its justification in its subject; and the subject which can justify it must be of a corresponding quality—loftier—and, therefore, rare.

If, then, in style—so indirect an expression as *that* must be considered of his nature and moral feelings—how much more, in their direct and conscious expressions, was Lamb impatient of hypocrisy! Hypocrisy may be considered as the “heroic” form of affectation. Now, the very basis of Lamb's character was laid in downright horror of affectation. If he found himself by accident using a rather fine word, not-

withstanding it might be the most forcible in that place, (the word *arrest*, suppose, in certain situations, for the word *catch*,) he would, if it were allowed to stand, make merry with his own grandiloquence at the moment; and, in after moments, he would continually ridicule that class of words, by others carried to an extreme of pedantry—the word “*arride*,” for instance, used in the sense of *pleasing, or winning the approbation*—just as Charles Fox, another patron of simplicity, or, at least, of humility in style, was accustomed to use the word “*vilipend*,” as a standing way of sarcastically recalling to the reader's mind the Latinizing writers of English. Hence—that is, from this intense sincerity and truth of character—Lamb would allow himself to say things that shocked the feelings of the company—shocked sometimes in the sense of startling or electrifying, as by something that was odd; but also sometimes shocked with the sense of what was revolting, as by a Swiftian laying bare of naked shivering human nature. Such exposures of masquerading vanity—such surgical probings and vexings of the secret feelings—I have seen almost truculently pursued by Lamb. He seemed angry and fierce in such cases only; but the anger was for the affectation and insincerity, which he could not endure, unless where they covered some shame or timidity, never where they were masks for attacking an individual. The case of insincerity, above all others, which moved his bile, was where, out of some pretended homage to public decorum, an individual was run down on account of any moral infirmities, such as we all have, or have had, or at least so easily and naturally may have had that nobody knows whether we have them or not. In such a case, and in this only almost, Lamb could be savage in his manner. I remember one instance, where many of the leading authors of our age were assembled—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, &c. Lamb was amongst them; and, when — was denounced as a man careless in the education of his children, and generally reputed to lead a licentious life—“Pretty fellows we are,” said Lamb, “to abuse him on that last score, when every one of us, I suppose, on going out this night into the Strand, will make up to the first pretty girl he sees.” Some laughed—some looked grim—some looked grand—but

timid doubter? And it is worthy of remark that, in this case of hoping on behalf of those who seem no just objects of hope—the very same absence of all compromise with human infirmity is found, which a distinguished German infidel described as the great distinction of Christianity, and one which raised it *prima facie* above all other codes of morality. There is indeed a descent—a condescension to humanity and its weakness; but no shadow of a compromise—a capitulation—or what in Roman law is called a “transaction” with it. For, said Immanuel Kant, here lies the point:—the Stoic maintains the moral principle in its ideal purity; he sacrifices nothing at all to human weakness; and so far he deserves praise. But then, for that same reason, he is useless: his standard is exalted beyond all human approach. On the other hand, the Epicurean relaxes so far as to make his method of “holiness” attainable. But how? It is by debasing and lowering the standard. Each, therefore, in a different sense, and for different reasons, is useless to human nature as it is. Now comes Christianity, and effects a synthesis of all which is good in each, whilst she purifies herself from all taint of what is evil. She presents a standard of holiness, a “*maximum perfectionis*,” (as the scholastic phrase is,) no less exalted, no less jealous of all earthly taint or soil, than Stoicism. This, however, she makes accessible to man: not by any compromise or adaptation of its demands to a lower nature; but by means peculiarly her own—by promise of supernatural aid. Thus she is celestial like the one, and terrestrial like the other, but by such a reconciliation as celestial means only could effect. This Kant allowed to constitute a philosophic character for Christianity, which offered itself at the very vestibule. And in this function of hope, as one which is foremost amongst the functions of charity, there is the very same harmony of rigour in the judge, and loyalty to the standard erected, with human condescension and consideration for the criminal.

Wordsworth, smiling, and yet with solemnity, said—"I hope, I trust, Mr Lamb, you are mistaken, or, at least, you do not include us all in this sweeping judgment?" "Oh, as to that," said Lamb, "who knows? There's no telling: said Josephs are some of us in this very room." Upon which everybody laughed, and Lamb amongst them; but he had been indignant and sincere in this rebuke of the hypocritical sacrifice to decorum. He manifested a fervor of feeling in such cases; not of anger primarily to the assailant—that was but a reaction—his fervor was a movement of intense and conscientious justice towards the person assailed, as in one who felt that he himself, if not by the very same trespasses, had erred and was liable to err; that he also was a brother in human infirmity, and a debtor to the frailty of all flesh, though not possibly by the same overt acts or habits.

In reviewing the life of Lamb, it is almost inevitable that, to a reader not specially acquainted with its events beyond what Serjeant Talfourd has judged it proper to communicate, many things will appear strange and unexplained. In a copy of the Serjeant's work, now lying before me, which had been borrowed for my use from a distinguished literary lady, I find a pencil mark of interrogation attached to the word "*chequered*," by which, at p. 334, Vol. II., Lamb's life is characterised. This is a natural expression of surprise, under the suppressions which have been here practised; suppressions dictated alike by delicacy for what is too closely personal, and by reverential pity for what is too afflicting. Still it will be asked by those who read attentively, In what sense was Lamb's life *chequered*? As Wordsworth has scattered repeated allusions to this subject in his fine memorial verses on Lamb, allusions which must, for the present, be almost unintelligible to the great majority of readers; and, as he has done this, notwithstanding he was perfectly aware at the time of the Serjeant's reserve, and aware also that this reserve was not accidental, professing himself, moreover, to be

"Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity,
Which words less free

(viz., the prose narrative of Lamb's biographer, which wanted, of necessity, the impassioned tenderness of a poetic memorial,)

"Presumed not even to touch;"—

Under these circumstances it may be right, whilst still persisting in not raising that veil which has been dropped over this subject by Serjeant Talfourd, out of profound feelings for the surviving lady of the family, that sister of Charles Lamb who presented so much of his own genius and his own disposition, through a softened or lunar reflexion, and who was the great consoler of his affliction—that sister,

"The meek,
The self-restraining, and the ever kind,
In whom his reason and intelligent heart
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
All softening, humanising, hallowing powers,
Whether withheld or for her sake unsought—
More than sufficient recompense!"—

still persisting, I say, out of veneration for this admirable lady, in refusing to raise the veil, it may yet be lawful so far to assist the reader in penetrating its folds as that he may apprehend the main features of the case, in a degree sufficient for the application of Wordsworth's else partly unintelligible verses; and the more so, for these two reasons:—1st, That several passages in these verses are calculated, at any rate, to pique the curiosity, although they do not satisfy it; 2dly, (which must especially be remembered,) A mere interest of curiosity, curiosity vulgar and disrespectful, cannot be imagined in this case. A curiosity which put the question suggested by the word *chequered*, and absolutely challenged by Wordsworth's verses, must be already one that has been hallowed and refined by a tender interest in the subject; since no interest short of that, could have attracted a reader to a life so poor in anecdote, or any other vulgar allurements, or, at least, no other could have detained him sufficiently upon its circumstantial parts, to allow of his raising the question. To approach this question, therefore, in the most proper way, perhaps the very same verses of Wordsworth, which are amongst the parts of the Serjeant's book most fitted to suggest the question, are most fitted to suggest the answer. Being read carefully, without which they will do neither the one nor the other, they indicate their own commentary. One of the most beautiful passages, and, at the same time, of the most significant, is this:—

"Thus, 'mid a shifting world,
Did they together testify of time
And season's difference—a double tree,
With two collateral stems sprung from one root;
Such were they—such through life they *might* have been,
In union, in partition only such:
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High."

They might have exhibited the image of a double tree, in union, throughout their joint lives.* *Disse aliter, visum est.* And then the poet goes on to shadow forth their real course through this world, and to hint at the sad cause which occasionally separated them, under the image of two ships launched jointly, and for the same voyage of discovery—viewing each other, therefore, as partners pursuing common objects, under common hazards and difficulties—often divided by stress of weather, often rejoining each other at the fixed places of rendezvous, again to be separated, and again to be reunited:—

"Yet, through all visitation and all trials,
Still they were faithful—like two vessels launched
From the same beach, one ocean to explore,
With mutual help, and sailing to their league

* There is, however, an obscurity in the expression at this point of the verses; it lies partly in the word *such*. The only construction of the verses, in harmony with the words, seems the following: They might have appeared as a double tree, &c., whether viewed in those circumstances which united them—viz., in the features of resemblance—or viewed in those of difference, as sex and its moral results, which made the partition between them. Such they *might* have seemed; but calamity wrought a more perfect division between them, under which they seemed no longer one, but two distinct trees.

True, as immeasurable winds, or bars
(Floating or fix'd) of Polar ice, allow."

But there is another passage still more distinctly pointing the reader's attention to the same recurring cause of separation:—

"Ye were taught
That the remembrance of *foreign distress*
And the *worres* fear of future ill, (which oft
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
Upon its mother,) may be both alike
Disarm'd of power to unsettle present good."

This mysterious affliction, therefore, of Lamb's life, making that a "chequered" one, which else had been of character too absolutely tranquil and monotonous—or ruffled, at least, only by internal irritations—was (as we learn from Wordsworth) of a nature to revolve upon him at intervals. One other passage—and this also from a poem of Wordsworth, but one written, at the very least, thirty-two years ago, and having no reference at all to the Lambs—may furnish all the additional light which can be needed. It is one of the poems published in 1807, and many of them suggested by personal or local recollections, from a tour then recently performed through Scotland. The poet is speaking of a woman on the Borders, whose appearance and peculiar situation, in relation to a disabled husband, had caught his attention; and the expression of her eye is thus noticed:—

"I look'd and scann'd her o'er and o'er—
The more I looked, I wonder'd more;
When suddenly I seem'd to spy
A trouble in her strong black eye—
A remnant of *uneasy light*—
A flash of something *over-bright*."

Now, if the reader will ask himself what cause, apt to recur, in some cases, would be likely to leave these morbid appearances in the eye, this *uneasy light*, and these flashes that were *over-bright*—he will then apprehend, in silence and reverential sympathy, what was that huge and steadfast affliction that besieged, through life, the heart of Charles Lamb.

If the reader will further understand that this affliction was not, as the heaviest afflictions often-times become, a mere remembrance echoing from past times—possibly "a long since cancelled wo;" but that it was a two-headed snake, looking behind and before, and gnawing at his heart by the double pang of memory, and of anxiety, gloomy and fearful, watching for the future; and, finally, that the object of this anxiety, who might at any moment be torn from his fireside, to return, after an interval of mutual suffering, (not to be measured, or even guessed at, but in the councils of God,) was that Madonna-like lady, who to him renewed the case described with such pathetic tenderness, by the Homeric Andromache—being, in fact, his "all-the-world;" fulfilling at once all offices of tenderness and duty;—and making up to him, in her single character of sister, all that he had lost of maternal kindness—all that for her sake he had forborne to seek of affections, conjugal or filial:—weighing these accumulated circumstances of calamity, the feeling reader will be ready to admit that

Lamb's cup of earthly sorrow was full enough, to excuse many more than he could be taxed with, of those half-crazy eccentricities in which a constant load of secret affliction (such, I mean, as must not be explained to the world) is apt to discharge itself. Hence, it might be, in part—but some have supposed from a similar, though weaker taint of the same constitutional malady—that Lamb himself discovered symptoms of irregular feeling or thinking, not such as could have been alarming in a general or neutral case, but in a subject known to be affected by these hereditary predispositions, *were* alarming, both to his friends, (those of them, at least, who had known the circumstances,) and, with far heavier reason, to himself. This also is therefore to be added to his afflictions—not merely the fear, constantly impending, that his fireside (as I said before) might be rendered desolate, and *that* by a sudden blow, as well as for an indefinite duration; but also the fear (not equally strong, but equally impending for ever) that he himself, and all his splendid faculties, might, as by a flash of lightning, be swallowed up "in darkness infinite."

Such was the condition of Charles Lamb, and such the temper that in part grew out of it—angelically benign, but also, in a morbid degree, melancholy—when I renewed my acquaintance with him in 1808–14; a period during which I learned to appreciate him better. Somewhere in this period it was, by the way, that I had an opportunity of introducing to his knowledge my brother, "poor Pink." Lamb liked him; and the more so, from an accident which occurred at the very second interview that he and Pink ever had. It was in Bond Street, at an exhibition of two large and splendid pictures, by Salvator Rosa—one representing a forest scene, and a forest recluse, (of what character, in Salvator's intention, may be doubted; but, in the little printed account of the paintings, he was described as Diogenes.) These pictures were, I should think, twelve feet high, at the least—consequently upon a large scale; and the tone of colouring was peculiarly sombre, or rather cold; and it tended even to the monotonous: one almost uniform cheerless tint of yellowish green, with some little perhaps of a warmish umber, overspread the distances; and the foreground shewed little else than a heavy, dull-toned black. Pink, who knew as little of painting as the *bow'sons* of his various ships, had, however, a profound sensibility to some of its effects; and, if he ever ran up hastily and fearfully to London from Portsmouth, it was sure to be at the time when the annual exhibition of the Academy was open. No exhibition was ever missed by him, whether of a public or comparatively private nature. In particular, he had attended, with infinite delight, the exhibition (in Newman Street, I think) of Mr West's pictures. *Death and his Pale Horse* prodigiously attracted

* "The angel ended his mysterious rite;
And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite."

him; and others, from the freshness and gorgeousness of their colouring, had absolutely fascinated his eye. It may be imagined, therefore, with what disgust he viewed two subjects, from which the vast names of the painter had led him to expect so much, but which from the low style of the colouring yielded him so little. There might be forty people in the room at the time my brother and I were there. We had stood for ten or fourteen minutes, examining the pictures, when at length I noticed Charles Lamb, and, at a little distance, his sister. If a creditor had wished to seize upon either, no surer place in London (no, not Drury Lane, or Covent Garden) for finding them than an exhibition from the works of the old masters. And, moreover, as amongst certain classes of birds, if you have one you are sure of the other, so with respect to the Lambs, (unless in those dreary seasons when the "dual unity"—as it is most affectingly termed by Wordsworth—had been for a time sundered into a widowed desolation, by the periodic affliction,) seeing or hearing the brother, you knew that the sister could not be far off. If she were, you sighed, knew what that meant, and asked no questions. Lamb, upon seeing us, advanced to shake hands; but he paused one moment to await the critical dogma which he perceived to be at that time issuing from Pink's lips. That it was vituperation in a high degree, anybody near us might hear; and some actually turned round in fright upon catching these profane words:—"D—the fellow! I could do better myself." Wherewith, perhaps unconsciously, but perhaps also by way of enforcing his thought, Pink (who had brought home from his long sea life a detestable practice of chewing tobacco,) ejaculated a quid of some coarse quality, that lighted upon the frame of the great master's picture, and, for aught I know, may be sticking there yet. Lamb could not have approved such a judgment—nor perhaps the immeasurable presumption that might seem to have accompanied such a judgment from most men, or from an artist; but he knew that Pink was a mere sailor, knowing nothing historically of art, nor much of the pretensions of the mighty artists. Or, had it been otherwise—at all events, he admired and loved, beyond all other qualities whatsoever, a hearty, cordial sincerity: honest homely obstinacy not to be enslaved by a great name—though that, again, may, by possibility, become in process of time itself an affectation—Lamb almost revered; and therefore it need not surprise anybody, that, in the midst of his loud, unrepressed laughter, he came up to my brother, and offered his hand, with an air of friendliness that flattered Pink, and a little misled him; for, that evening, on dining with Pink, he said to me—"That Lamb's a sensible fellow. You see how evidently he approved of what I remarked about that old humbugging rascal, Salvator Rosa." Lamb, in this point, had a feature of character in common with Sir Walter Scott, (at least I suppose it to have been a feature of Sir Walter's mind, upon the information of Professor Wilson,) that, if a man had,

or, if he supposed him to have, a strongly marked combination or tendency of feelings, of opinions, of likings, or of dislikings—what, in fact, we call a *character*—no matter whether it were built upon prejudices the most extravagant, or ignorance the most profound, provided only it were sincere, and not mere lawless audacity, but were self-consistent, and had *unity* as respected itself—in that extent, he was sure to manifest liking and respect for the man. And hence it was, that Lamb liked Pink much more for this Gothic and outrageous sentence upon Salvator Rosa, than he would have liked him for the very best, profoundest, or most comprehensive critique upon that artist that could have been delivered. Pink, on the other hand, liked Lamb greatly; and used, in all his letters, to request that I would present his best regards to that Charles Lamb "who wouldn't be humbugged by the old rascal in Bond Street."

Thus I had gradually unlearned my false opinions, or outworn my false impressions, about Lamb, by the year 1814. Indeed, by that time, I may say that I had learned to appreciate Lamb almost at his full value. And reason there was that I should. For, in that year, 1814, occurred a trial of Lamb's hold upon his friends' regard, which was a test case—a test for each side—since not every man could have mastered this offence; and far less could every man have merited that a man *should* master it. This was the year which closed the great war of wars, by its first frail close—the capture of Paris by the Allies. And of these Allies, all who had any personal weight or interest (the Austrian Emperor, who was, however, expected at one time, is no exception—for *his* weight was not personal but political)—all, I say, visited London and Oxford. I was at London during that glad tumultuous season. I witnessed the fervent joy—the triumph, too noble, too religious, to be boastful—the rapture of that great era. Coleridge, in the first edition of the "Friend," has described the tempestuous joy of a people, habitually cold in relation to public events, upon occasion of a visit from their Sovereign's wife—the ill-fated Queen of Prussia; and this he does by way of illustrating the proposition which then occupies him—viz., the natural tendency of men to go beyond the demands of any event, whether personal or national, their inevitable tendency to transcend it by the quality and the amount of their enthusiasm. Now, the scenes then acting in London were, in two weighty respects, different. In the first place, the people—the audience and spectators—concerned, were a people as widely opposed to the Prussians in sensibility of a profound nature as it is possible to imagine; the Prussians being *really* phlegmatic; and the British—as was many hundreds of times affirmed and (as far as the case admitted of proof) proved by the celebrated Walking Stewart, the profoundest of judges in this point—the British being, under the mask of a cold and reserved demeanour, the most impassioned of all nations: in fact, it requires but little philosophy to see, that, always, where the internal heat and power is greatest, there will the outside surface

be the coldest; and the mere *prima facie* phenomenon of heat, spread over the external manner, (as in the French or Italian character, and somewhat in the Irish,) is at once an evidence that there is little concentration of it at the heart. The spectators, then, the audience, were different: and the spectacle—oh, Heavens!—how far it must have differed from any that *can* have been witnessed for many centuries! Victors, victories, mere martial talents—were these the subjects of interest? No man, not Lamb himself, could rate at a lower price such national vanities as these, fitted only, as I think, to win a schoolboy's sympathy. In fact, I have always entertained and avowed a theory upon the question of mere military talent, which goes far lower than anybody has yet gone, so far as I am aware; for I have gone so far as to maintain this doctrine—that, if we could detach from the contemplation of a battle the awful interests oftentimes depending upon its issue—if, in fact, we could liberate our minds from the Hartleian law of association, and insulate the mere talent there operating—we should hold the art of fighting a battle to be as far below the art of fighting a game at chess, as the skill applicable to the former case is less sure of its effect and less

perfect than the skill applicable to the latter. It is true there are other functions of a commander-in-chief, involving large knowledge of human nature, great energy in action, great decision of character, supreme moral courage, and, above all, that rarest species, which faces, without shrinking, civil responsibility. These qualities, in any eminent degree, are rare. But, confining one's view to the mere art of fighting a battle, I hold and insist upon it, that the military art is (intellectually speaking) a vulgar art, a mechanic art, a very liminary art; neither liberal in its nature, nor elevated (as some mechanic arts are) by the extensive range of its details. With such opinions, I am not a person to be confounded with mere John-Bull exulters in national prowess. Not as victories won by English bayonets or artillery, but as victories in a sublime strife of the good principle with the bad, I entered with all my heart into the fulness of the popular feeling: I rejoiced with the universal nation then rejoicing. There was the "nation of London" (as I have before called it) to begin with; there was also another nation almost, collected within the walls of London at that time. I rejoiced, as I have said: Lamb did not. Then I was vexed.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON PERIPATETIC; OR, SKETCHES ABOUT TOWN.

NO. III.—CHAMBERS.

(ADDRESSED TO BACHELORS.)

BRETHREN all—from you who have just donned the toga, and whom a stiffened beard entitles to write *man*, to you among whose locks the grey has slightly mingled, and whom crows' feet warn that time is not standing still—suffer me a while to engage your attention on a subject most important to your comfort.

Where do you live?

If you are located to your heart's content—if your den suits your idiosyncrasy—remain there by all means; I do not want to disturb you. But are you unsettled? Have you just come to London, with a view to a permanent, or at least a long residence there? Have you come up to eat your terms, or study at Bartholomew's? Or, are you a staid middle-aged gentleman, with a snug independency? In fine, are you at this time speculating where to pitch your tent in the Modern Babylon?

If this be your predicament, let me warn you against being persuaded to cross the threshold of any of the lodging-houses for "single gentlemen," which swarm about town; and, still more, against being cajoled into any of those special mansions of discomfort, those whitened sepulchres, yclept boarding-houses, unless you can afford those of first-rate order. If, indeed, you are philosophically indifferent as to all items of personal comfort—if you revel in smoky chimneys, or are enamoured of the little brown insects

which Lord Brougham has immortalized by a certain simile—if you are reckless as to your boots being cleaned with wet soot and a hay-band instead of blacking—if you are impervious to ill smells, and deaf to impudence—if your constitution is proof against draughts from cracked panes and crazy doors—if your stomach does not rebel at the sight of a slatternly, slipshod servant girl, with a face Gorgon-like by nature, and rendered still more hideous by a never-removed coating of grime—if you don't know chopped birch broom from souchong, nor ground beans from Mocha—if your health does not suffer from damp sheets, nor your ears from scolding and other discords:—why, then, you are precisely the man who may venture with impunity into the dens of those old harridans who "take in single gentlemen, and do for them." Of course, it requires no profound sagacity to perceive that it is to the interest of those dreadful ogresses, to get large premises at a low rent, so that they may accommodate (!) as many victims as possible. To accomplish this, some advantage must be sacrificed, which is generally situation; so that you will frequently find these abodes pleasantly located between a tallow melter and a copper-smith, with the front windows looking upon a coach-stand, and those at the back into a slaughter-house.

Among the lures held out by advertisements

to entrap the unwary, you will frequently see the privilege offered of "joining the family circle!" Priyilege, quotha! Now, what are the chances? In all probability, you will find yourself among a set of the slowest-going, oldest-fashioned, know-nothingest, fattest-brained Bæotians that ever drove a poor devil into the vapours. The head of the family is a small attorney, perchance, or a steady thirty-year-clerk in a public office; one who is learned in parish politics, and whose literature consists in a bit of the "Whole Duty of Man" on Sundays, and the most stupid of all published papers in the week-day evenings. He is a very respectable person, can produce undeniable references, and yet was never trusted with the management of a second idea in his life. The mistress is a notable; an adept in all the economy of the household, and in no one thing else; a martinet over her servant, a capital judge of meat, and an unexceptionable chronicler of small beer. Then there are two daughters, bread-and-butter girls, who occasionally giggle, but very seldom, because mamma says that levity does not become young people. They are eighteen and nineteen, neither ugly enough to hate or to caricature, nor handsome enough to be looked complacently upon, even for a moment. One of them is rather dark and the other rather fair, yet they are very much alike; they always sit close together at work, and whisper, and dress precisely in the same style. They are quite characterless; they seem mere respiratory machines, incapable of love, or hate, or anger, or admiration—destitute almost of curiosity. They are *yes-and-no* girls; have never an opinion on any the most simple subject, but ask mamma. They have no notion of the superlative, but exclaim, "Dear me, how pretty!" at a picture of Rembrandt or Fuseli, an effect of Handel, a passage of Milton, a statue by Michael Angelo, or a *chef d'œuvre* of Wren. If you ask them if they are fond of reading, they tell you, yes; but you seldom see a book in their hands. Their mornings are passed in needle-work, or going to see Miss Fubbs or Mrs Tibbs, and their evenings in manufacturing odd things out of millboard, or hammering discord out of a wiry-toned piano; except, about once a fortnight, when they go out with "ma" to tea. They think the evening lecturer at their church a very good preacher, and have an idea that murder is very shocking. They never laugh at genuine humour; but, at some miserable commonplace, they will titter, and say, "Lud, how funny!" They go with "pa" once every season to each of the great theatres, and have been three times to Madame Vestris'; and they think Mr Harley very droll, and Mr Macready rather dull. They have been through the usual routine of a school-girl's education: they draw a little, sing a little, play a little, have learned French a little, have read the histories of Rome, Greece, and England a little, and know—nothing. Nothing is essentially the single characteristic of these young ladies, whose very presence is soporific, and whose life is one long yawn. Yet the

mamma has actually the audacity to say to you, when these nonentities are out of hearing, "Ah! I hope the poor dear girls will be happy. Heigho! God bless them! I hope they will marry steady, respectable characters." MARRY! Why, the artist who made the chess-playing automaton would construct a better wife for a man at three weeks' notice. In a domestic circle such as this, I need not point out how enchantingly your time will be passed. Lucky fellow if you don't come out a monomaniac, or an incurable hypochondriac!

But, perhaps, you may get into "a lively family," where the master is a twinkling-eyed, chuckling old fellow, who adores a bottle of good port, tells you where the choicest is to be procured, and helps you to drink it; where the wife is "a dear good-natured soul," but who, nevertheless, wants to get off her daughters; and where the said daughters are dotingly fond of fun and romps, with parentheses of sentiment, watery eyes, Lord Byron, and new novels. They are a little blue; and, after much unaffected struggling and screaming, will permit you to read aloud to the company a sonnet to the moon, by the youngest of them, which has been left on the table, quite inadvertently of course, while the fair authoress sits blushing in a corner, and is very careful not to interrupt you while reading; but, when you have done, and the auditors have duly expressed their ecstasies, exclaims, poutingly, that it is quite a shame to expose her so. She believes your "speech is sooth," when you declare she ought to publish; and, two hours afterwards, you are confidentially informed by mamma that darling little Mary is really and truly the incognita "Sophonisba" of *The Penny Lady's Magazine*, who has caused such a commotion in the literary world—some people declaring that the Fair Great Unknown extinguishes Mrs Hemans and L. E. L. altogether. "And consider," continues the elderly lady, appealingly, "she is only seventeen." Of course, both young ladies are musical, and disturb the ghosts of Mozart and Weber by extracting certain sounds from the piano, which, if you look at the notes placed before them, you discover to be intended for the music in "Don Giovanni," or "Der Frieschutz."

Now, O ye bachelors, especially you of limited incomes, need I point out the various ills to which you will be heirs if you join such a family as this? Unthinking men, know ye not that such ladies like boasting to Richmond, or a barouche for the day to Epping, and pic-nic in the Forest? (The three ladies and yourself just fill the inside, and the brother mounts the box. As for the old gentleman, he cannot leave business.) Do ye not surmise, rash individuals, that such ladies go to concerts, to masquerades, and plays, and have no objection to the Opera? And do ye not know that you will infallibly be expected to be their esquire in all these gay expeditions, and bear a very considerable portion of the very considerable expense attendant thereupon; or, failing so to do, you will have the eminent satisfaction of knowing that you are set down for a poor-spirited bore, and a very shabby fellow. Then you must, of

course, lend the ladies your books; which, equally of course, share the orthodox fate of all lent volumes—seven to one against the return of them at all; but, if they should find their way back, it will be with loosened bindings and *smudged* leaves.

And do ye not likewise consider, reckless man, that the little attentions politeness obliges you to offer to the young ladies, and which you endeavour to divide with perfect impartiality between the two, will be tortured into a particular devotion to one. After a while, the old lady begins to look grave, and exhibits expectations of proposals; and, as you, being perfectly guiltless of the design to make any, remain stupidly silent, she takes a favourable opportunity of requesting an "express avowal of your intentions towards Angelina." (She has kindly selected the eldest and most ungettable-off for you.) You stare in utter astonishment, stammer out your sorrow that such a misunderstanding should have—— You are not suffered to proceed, but are loaded with invectives; told that you are an unfeeling individual; that you have gained the affections of the sweetest, most confiding creature; that you are a perfect monster, and will be the death of Angelina, &c. &c. Finding how the land lies, you go to your room, pack up your worldly goods, walk out of the house, sleep at an inn, and send for your trunks next day. Very soon afterwards, you are waited upon by an attorney, who talks about actions, damages, breach of promise, &c. You know it is all a dead swindle; but, as you do not want to be shewn up by Serjeant Wilde in a public court, as a disgrace to manhood, a destroyer of domestic peace, a vampire of virgins, with the sundry other agreeable epithets of which gentlemen of the long robe have a vocabulary ready-cut and dried for cases of this description—in fact, as you want to keep quiet, and neither be sent to Coventry by your relations, nor disinherited by a furiously-rigid aunt, who you know will not hear reason, and couldn't comprehend it if she did—you compound the affair for the amount of a quarter's income, and judiciously subside into Wales, to live economically for the three months, and evaporate your mortification. In a week or two, you read in the *Morning Herald* an advertisement, the precise copy of that which drew you into the snare. You groan in spirit, and, like a good Christian, wish you could put victims on their guard.

In avoiding the Scylla of lodging-houses, take care you tumble not into the Charybdis, more fatal still, of boarding-houses, where, if you be not fortified against the inroads of ennui, by a triple allowance of stupidity, and, if your habits have not been drilled into a monotonous uniformity of dulness, you will inevitably be fretted into a consumption within three months from the date of your entrance. Dismal dens! where yawning is the only excitement, three-penny long-whist the evening's amusement, and a rapid fourth-rate gentility the tone of manners—I hate ye, and may my malediction cleave to ye

for ever! The hours observed at such places are unendurable, unless in first-rate establishments, of which, as I before said, I do not speak; but of those professing to be for "genteel people of small income." For example:—there is one dinner about two or three o'clock, another at five or six. You must per force submit to be fed at these times, or eschew aliment altogether. Then the cookery! I am not good-hater enough to wish my direct enemy doomed to undergo a course of the culinary slow poison of boarding-houses, in which frightful black pepper is termed high seasoning, and ponderous pie-crust dignified with the appellation of pastry. What a loss would be sustained by the world, were the great Louis Ustache Ude, by any extraordinary accident, to be brought within the precincts of a boarding-house *cuisine*, at a time when the diabolic incantations of the empirical hags, misnamed cooks, were in full work! Horror, at the desecration of his science, would infallibly throw that distinguished professor into convulsions, from which the chances of his recovery would be extremely slight; and, at the best, even if he escaped with life, it is certain that, in the fulness of his disgust, he would retire into seclusion, and never be persuaded to enunciate another direction or divulge another recipe. In a word, people in boarding-houses don't dine—they only eat victuals.

A country friend of mine, who had a tolerable income, came up, some time ago, to pass a few months in the great metropolis, and requested me, on his arrival, to accompany him in his search after a respectable boarding-house. I remonstrated, I warned, I advised him against the desperate resource; but he was deaf to my representations, and met all my arguments with this position:—"If I pay a fixed sum for board and lodging, I know my expense at once, and can calculate precisely what I may afford to spend in other ways." Well, it being useless to reason with a predetermined man, I resigned my friend to his martyrdom. The first house we entered was in—but I will not invidiously name the locality—where, to my intense amazement, my companion was satisfied with the aspect of the place, pleased with the people he saw, and closed with the terms at once. There is no accounting for tastes—you know the proverb. The mistress was a lady of immense height, who wore a huge edifice called a turban, garnished with ribbons of the reddest of all red hues, over a face of emulative colour; and, as to her size! I never saw it equalled: the eye could scarcely take in the stupendous circumference, nor the imagination conceive the possibility of a mass so vast being locomotive, except by steam. I afterwards heard that the proportions of this lady rendered her obnoxious to sundry inconveniences: omnibus cads turned a deaf ear to her hailings; no matter how drenching the rain, they looked fixedly another way; and her agonized shouting, and the frantic waving of the mainsail she called a pocket-handkerchief, had only the effect of causing the alarmed driver to increase his speed.

If she walked near a coach-stand, every horse upon it laid back his ears and eyed her askance ; whilst the jarvies either slunk dismayed into the neighbouring public-house, or, mounting their boxes, drove off furiously from the threatened infliction ; there was no need of the whip, for fear lent wings to the feet of the nags. If she descended the steps of a bridge towards the river—presto ! a dozen watermen who, the instant before, had been bawling themselves hoarse for hire, disappeared as if by enchantment, and not a boat was to be had at any price. The captains of steam-vessels would only receive the lady on the strict condition that she should keep immovable, in the exact centre of the vessel, during the passage ; and no underwriter would have insured a ship for a long voyage, knowing her to be a passenger, unless on the express agreement that, in the event of a storm rendering it necessary for the vessel to be lightened, she should be thrown overboard with the heavy weights. She once went to see the sights at St Paul's ; but the authorities having charge of the safety of the cathedral, positively refused allowing her to ascend.

After my friend, who, I should tell you, was a profound connoisseur in wines, especially claret, had been located some weeks, he came to me, one morning, with an awfully-long phiz, and entered upon a recapitulation which proved to me he had at length awakened to a sense of the misery of his situation—then irremediable, as he had entered into an agreement for the whole term of his stay in London. One, and not the least of his complaints, was as follows:—Disliking the unsocial appearance of each man keeping by his side his own particular bottle, he had asked the hostess, and others of the company, to drink wine with him, conceiving that the reciprocation of the courtesy would render the matter about equal to all parties in the end, as to expense, while sociality would be increased, and the interchange of sentiment and kindly feeling facilitated by the mingling of the decanters. But my poor friend was miserably mistaken: the company were quite ready to imbibe his wine, and to offer theirs occasionally in return, but the quality of the latter was such as to render it impossible that it should pass the ordeal of a veteran palate. But the custom which he had so imprudently begun, my good-natured indecisive friend felt it difficult to break ; for he was precisely the sort of man that cannot endure to do anything, however proper, that is marked. “ Really,” said he, “ the matter is a little serious ; for I am now obliged to draw two, and sometimes three bottles every day, before I can get my usual six or seven glasses, and, I do assure you, the lady of the house herself discusses no inconsiderable share.”

My advice was very concise. “ Get,” said I, “ a bottle or two of the sourest and cheapest caricature on claret that London affords—you won't have any difficulty—dispense it most liberally ; forcing yourself to swallow a glass or two for the sake of appearance. The people will

drink your health with a civil grin, on the first, and perhaps the second day ; but they will eschew your bottle for the future. When you find the bait has taken, resume your old beverage, and you will have the chuckle all to yourself. They will laugh in their sleeves at the idea of your drinking vinegar for wine ; but, *n'importe*, say you, let those laugh that win.” The sufferer followed my counsel, and the scheme succeeded a *merveille* ; but it was only a single evil removed from the many he endured. For instance, he had the misfortune to break the leg from a confounded rheumatic old chair, that might reasonably be supposed to have been purchased at the sale of Noah's effects, and had to pay somewhere about the price of a whole set for “ damage.”

Some of the tabbies who take in single gentlemen, exult in the characters of “ good sort of women,” which, you know, is a synonymous expression with “ dead bores ;” and, positively, if your beard be not as stiff as a blacking brush, or your visage as deeply lined as if fifty winters had skaited over it, they will sometimes have the audacity to evince a matronly interest in your welfare, and, if you happen to have any inclination towards playing at fives, pistol-shooting, romping with young ladies, racing, driving, steeple-chasing, cricket-matches, bachelors' suppers, *et hoc genus omne* of a good fellow's life, they will read you a homily about “ bad goings on,” and croak out an interminable story about some weasel-faced nephew, or son, or brother, who was carried off the hooks by a consumption, caused by his erratic propensities. Often, when this is the case, you may observe that the old one is proprietress of a scraggy daughter, wanning past hope ; and then the policy of the “ matronly interest” is conspicuous enough to the dullest perception. Indeed, you may take it as a general rule throughout life, to be always suspicious of old ladies having virgin daughters, when they dose you with good advice, and offer to make gruel and flannel waistcoats for you when you are hoarse.

But enough of these “ regions of sorrow, doleful shades.” Suffer me to introduce you to a species of abode, deemed by many as peculiarly appropriated to gentlemen of the law, but offering advantages which I see no plausible reason against bachelors in general, availing themselves of. I mean chambers—yes, chambers. Ever while you live, my good fellow—if you have any regard for personal comfort, if you have any favourite hobby, which you would ride undisturbed—live in chambers. I cannot pretend to enumerate half the benefits to be derived by a residence in a tenement of this description, to individuals of almost every shade of character and habit ; but some of them I cannot resist trying to lay before you. Let it, however, be kept in view, that I am addressing myself to bachelors solely, and to those bachelors particularly whom inclination or necessity obliges to dwell at a distance, or at least apart from their families, or who have no families to reside with. I have nothing to say to married men, nor to those

bachelors who are knit to the paternal hearth by the ties of domestic affection, whom a fond mother blesses, a venerable father leans upon in his decline, and smiling sisters welcome. In such a home you are happy. There lies the scene of part of your social duties; and few men, I apprehend, would voluntarily quit a spot endeared by domestic happiness, for the solitude of chambers. But, alas! all homes are not happy. There is also another genus of persons to whom my hints will not be of the slightest benefit—I mean those mother-bred and nurse-comforted, those physio-taking, slop-drinking, querulous, shivering, precise, valetudinarian coddlers, who cannot stir a step or live through a few hours without feminine offices. Therefore, gentle reader, if you are such an one, you may turn over these leaves, and pass on to the next article.

Choose your own locality, of course; but give me the Temples, with their fine associations, both modern and antique; the almost solemn stillness of their courts; the pleasant fountain; the broad terrace, where your brow, haply aching with study, or with vexation at ill-requited and uncongenial toil, is fanned by the refreshing water-breeze, sweeping across the neat, well-kept garden, and bringing with it a flowery incense that makes you forget, for the instant, that you are in the heart of populous, smoky London. By the way, that same garden is a very delightful lounge—*id est*, if you have the privilege of entrée at hours when the public is excluded.

The Temples form, in themselves, a complete little town; they have their especial privileges and immunities; and, as it is well known, are under the oligarchical government of certain wise and awful elderly gentlemen, who eat good things every day during term in their halls, and are called benchers. By the by, did you ever read Charles Lamb's reminiscences of the old benchers? If not, get the book and enjoy it; as you ought to do by everything he ever wrote. Talking of Charles Lamb, reminds me that he had chambers in Mitre Court, Inner Temple. From there were dated some of the emanations of his fine mind; and there he held those Wednesday night parties, so well known to many literary men, where congregated some of the choicest spirits of the age, to whose society it was, indeed, an exalted privilege to be admitted; amongst them, Godwin, Coleridge, Hazlitt, by whose deaths, alas! the world has been darkened.

The benchers are a body for whom I entertain a profound respect, on account of the admirable regulations by which all the regions under their jurisdiction are maintained in a state so conducive to the personal comfort of the inhabitants. Not the least excellent and important of the laws are those by which quiet is preserved sacred. No woman may clank across the pavements of the Temple in pattens: however flooded the pathways, however thin the slipper, however pretty and *petite* the foot, the grim-visaged Cerberus at the gate would relent-

lessly compel her to doff the iron appendages, ere he would grant the fair wearer ingress within the sacred portala. No "London cries," no ballad-singers, no cracked fiddles, no organs, no dustman's bells, no beggars, are permitted within the hallowed boundaries of the Temple. If an unfortunate Moses from Holywell Street were to raise but the faintest whisper of his designs upon cast-off toggery, the noble army of porters would, to a man, pounce upon the audacious culprit, and eject him summarily; and most fortunate might he deem himself if not pumped upon into the bargain. The almost perfect stillness of the Temples is delightful; yet you have but a few yards to go, and you are, as if by magic, in the heart of Fleet Street, close by St Dunstan's Church—where, alas! the interesting savages sojourn no longer—and in the midst of the din that so enraptured Johnson. The situation, too, is capital for its convenience—midway between the east and west ends of town, and between the northern suburbs and those disagreeable localities over the bridges.

But, wherever you fix your choice—whether your exchequer will afford a luxurious suite of rooms in Paper Buildings, or in the Albany, or you are forced to be contented to take a second floor in Clement's Inn—let your domicile be—chambers. There you are so completely independent—so entirely master of your actions—so untied to hours—so unshackled by family regulations, that you must be an exceedingly discontented animal indeed if you find anything to grumble at in your situation. You can commit all sorts of quiet enormities against conventional decorum—mind, I don't mean against morality, but mere conventionalisms. For instance, if you feel disposed to take a stroll in the soft moonlight, some time about 12 P.M., which all sensible people know is the luxurious time for walking in sultry weather, there is nobody to exclaim, in a tone of as much dismay as if you were going to perpetrate murder or suicide—"What! going out at this time of night! Well, I'm sure you must be mad." Or you can undress on a bitter winter's night by your study fire, run into the next room, and pop into bed in a pistol flash. In chambers you are free from those annoyances and practical jokes which the feminine members of a man's family often think it very witty to play off upon him. There is nobody to disturb your papers, derange your books, and put your room in uproar, under pretence of cleaning and dusting it. What a capital article that is of Franklin's about white-washing! There is nobody to burn your snuff-box, hide your cigars, or plug up the tube of your meerschaum. You are the absolute, the despotic monarch of your own dominions.

Then you can be, if you choose, so completely secluded. Sport your oak—shut your thick, black, outward door—and it is a barrier far more impenetrable, and somewhat less expensive, than a brace of the most impudent footmen the west end could furnish. Safe from all unwelcome intrusion, you read, you write, you cogitate, or take

your *siesta*, until it shall suit the vein of your humour to signify you are "at home" by again throwing open your exterior portal, and giving your visitors access to the knocker of your inner one. And here let me throw out a hint which you may find useful. Get a small bell hung, with the handle cunningly concealed in some part of the framework of the door, where nobody would ever suspect its existence. With the secret of this, you can enlighten one or two very particular cronies, whom you might be inclined occasionally to admit at seasons when you would exclude the *οἱ πολλοί* of your acquaintance. *Verb. sap.*

Are you poor? I don't mean miserably poor—because, then, you can't live anywhere—you can only hide your head in a hole; but moderately poor, genteelly poor, so that you find it expedient to have your boots soled, and a new collar to a three months' coat—to think before you incur bills, and look over the items before you pay them? If such be your predicament, chambers will be the description of residence precisely suited to your finances. There you have nobody to speculate impertinently on your ways and means, or sneer at your little economies. Friends and enemies are alike in happy ignorance, whether you dine upon mulligatawny and venison, or solace yourself with a mutton-chop and a glass of stout. I knew a very good fellow, not overburdened with the goods of this life, who used to keep a gridiron, saucepan, &c. in his chambers; and, when he did not feel disposed to dine at a public table, he bought his own prog, and prided himself not a little upon the dexterity with which he performed the office of cook. A man who lives in chambers is not expected to give parties—though there is nothing in the world to prevent him from having as many delightful choice symposiums of good fellows as may be consonant with his means and inclination.

Are you a misanthrope, a disappointed man,

a professed grumbler, an uncomfortable sort of person, enamoured of nothing but self, solitude, and sulkiness, hating to be bored with company, except when it suits you to emerge from your den in search of somebody to snarl at, snarl with, or snarl to? Why, there is no idiosyncrasy in human nature to which a residence in chambers is better adapted. You will not find it by any means difficult to get hold of a suite with the front windows looking into a paved court, through which there is no thoroughfare, and the view at the back bounded by a brick wall rising within six feet. There is a lair in which you may shut yourself up, and growl away through day and night to your heart's content, read *Reuchefoucault*, and indite savage articles *à la* Jeffrey, or satires *à la* Gifford.

In fact, with the exception of the codlles before alluded to, it is difficult to imagine any genus of bachelor to which a residence in chambers doth not offer advantages. To an author, a hard-reading or scientific man, it would be almost impertinent to point out its peculiar fitness. Some, indeed, are nervous, and say they do not like to sleep locked up alone, for fear of an attack of illness, when they could neither get out to obtain assistance, nor anybody gain access to them except by breaking open the door. Pooh! stuff! But, if you really do live in perspiratory expectation of a nocturnal visit from cholera or apoplexy, you can easily have a bed put up in your waste room, where your scrub, or factotum, or the old woman who sweeps your rooms—anybody you employ to attend upon you—may sleep, and so be within call in case of any such unpleasant emergency.

I have done my duty—I have recommended you to the habitation in which I conscientiously believe you will enjoy the most comfort; and now, supposing you to be snugly located, lock the door of your chambers, put the key in your pocket, and let us pedestrianise about town, to see what is to be seen.

THE DAY STORM OF THUNDER.

THE black clouds hover;
Mass on mass, they crowd
Before the sullen wind;
Darkness spreads around;
A flash doth sever
That impending shroud,
And light gleams forth behind
The loud, long, thunder sound
Rolls o'er the world, with crash and dread rebound.

Now, where yon clouds are blending,
Like rolling mists descending,
The winds awake;
The rain in torrents pourth,
The frozen hail down show'rsth,
The lightnings break;
The pine which waved to heaven,
Is smitten down and riven;
The firm earth shaken—
Whilst, darkening and bright'ning,

Now roaring, and now light'ning,
The thunder speaks.

What saith that shout of thunder,
In words of awe and wonder?

It saith, "I come!
From God's eternal throne,
Who doth the kingdoms own
Of earth and heaven ample,
I come, I come!
His chariots are unbound—
Ten thousand thousand tread
The starry dome
Of creation around.
The wind and rain,
The fire and snow,
Move in Jehovah's train,
And with his armies go."

A LETTER FROM EBENEZER ELLIOTT TO MR TAIT, ON THE FOURTH ACT OF THE TRAGEDY.*

DEAR SIR,—The coalition of the two landed factions, their fierceness, insolence, and desperation, especially in the colonies, and the declaration of Lord John Russell, that landlord's law is to be law still—all plainly indicate, that the catastrophe or the drama of the food-tax, is rapidly approaching. They have dowered their wives, and fortune their daughters, as if it could last for ever, without asking themselves how they are to live, even if they could succeed in destroying the trade of this country, and yet avoid being devoured by their victims. Do they expect that the Almighty will create a hundred Canadas, to be converted into beggar-posts for their sons and nephews, and where the authorities may rebel, that martial law may be proclaimed, for the benefit of palaced paupers? That is their affair. To get rid of their injustice is ours. We shall accomplish that object in the fifth act of the play; and the moment the masses open their eyes, that act will commence. Let us then make the best use we can of our eye-salve.

The average price of wheat at Sheffield, during the last twelve months, was 59s. 2d., and at Hamburg, during the same period, 28s. 4d. per quarter; while that of beef at Sheffield was 7½d., and of shipping beef at Hamburg, 2½d. per lb.† The corn-laws, then, offer to foreigners, for the destruction of our trade, a premium of sixpence in the shilling, in the price of our bread, and of eightpence in that of our beef. But, if we suppose that this premium for ruin is only sixpence in the shilling, and that the Quarterly Reviewers are correct in their estimate, that the annual value of the whole agricultural produce of Great Britain is equal to that of one million quarters of wheat, or about three hundred millions sterling, it follows that the direct yearly cost of these laws to the productive classes of this country, is one hundred and fifty millions! Yet our palaced

paupers, the authors of those laws, (whom God dooms he infatuates!) have enacted another law, the new Poor-Bill, by which they deprive their most helpless victims, the honest paupers, of the privilege of out-door relief. These poor victims—who, if they were not robbed of half their earnings by one law, and, at the same time, deprived of employment, would need no relief at all—feel the horrible cruelty of this law, but perceive not its still more horrible inconsistency, or the food-tax would not exist another week. Some of the more energetic of them, however, the Hampdens of the loom, whom famine can kill, but not unsoul, are beginning to question the integrity or the wisdom of their oppressors or deluders. One of these down-trampled men, Edward Sunderland, stuff-weaver, of No. 38, Weaver's Square, Leeds, has addressed to two celebrated "Friends of the Poor," a letter, which ought to reach the souls of our cormorancy, even in their bellies. Here it is.

*To J. Fiskien, M.P., and R. Oastler, Steward at
Fisby Hall.*

SIRS,—It appears that we are to have the Assistant Commissioners at Leeds very soon, to inquire into the condition of the hand-loom weavers; and, as I am one, I intend to see them, if possible, and give them such information as I am possessed of. But, before I do so, I beg to ask two of our greatest friends a few questions, lest I should err, and thereby bring upon myself and country the greatest calamities. These two gentlemen seem to pay a marked attention to our circumstances, and seem very anxious for our welfare. I therefore can rely on them for prompt answers to the questions I ask, if you will only furnish me with the means to make my desires known. Then, to come to the point:—I am a hand-loom weaver, with a wife and three children; we are wanting some of the first necessities of life, especially bread, and two persons are anxious to furnish me with the same: there is no difference in the article as to quality or quantity, but one wants *fifty-two shillings* for what the other will furnish me for *twenty-six shillings*. To buy of the former, it will take all the money I have

* We have often thought that a *Bureau*, for the collection of public opinion, as indicated by popular movements of all kinds and degrees, as they may now be found recorded, with tolerable fairness, in the newspapers, from the *John o' Groat's Journal* to the *Falmouth Packet*, from the *Belfast* to the *Kerry* newspapers, would be a most useful department of government; so deplorably ignorant of the progress of opinion, are the men who conduct the public business, generally found, when a great crisis evolves. Such an institution, turned to profit, might have averted the horrors of the first revolution in France, and the necessity of the second. Next in importance to what may be gathered from the public press, we consider the opinions of those men who are entitled, by the force of their intellect, and their contemporary influence with the mass of the people, to lead or indicate the way in all onward movements. Such a man is EBENEZER ELLIOTT. Cordially agreeing with him in reprobation of the Corn-Laws, and, generally, in all his ultimate views, if not always in his immediate policy, we differ from him in much that is advanced in this letter. The greater wrong of the landed aristocratic combination, can never excuse the lesser mischief which Mr O'Connell has been manfully combating, as much, we think, for the sake of the deluded instigators themselves, as for the peace and the security of society. One of Mr O'Connell's conclusions, every Reformer must adopt to the utmost extent. How true is it that had one-half, yea, one-tenth of the talent, the pains, the money, and the time, consumed in pernicious and senseless combinations, conducted upon a false and most despotic principle, been devoted to the more legitimate and tangible object of associations—to procuring that good government which comprehends the true interests of all classes, of the workman as well as the master, the consumer and the producer alike—the result might already have been very different. When will the masses learn the essential, though simple lesson, of beginning at the beginning, by forcing a full, free, and equal representation of the people; and planting that important step securely, before they attempt to make a second?—E. T. M.

† Shipping beef at Hamburg is untaxed; but the meat which is consumed in the town itself, I am told, pays a tax to the municipality, of about a halfpenny a-pound, which raises the price to threepence.

for that article, and for the other necessities of life we may need. If I buy of the other, he has no objection to take the produce of our looms in exchange for the article, and let me have it too at one half the price the other gentleman asks for the same. Now, if I buy of the latter, I shall have half of my money to furnish other comforts or necessities for my family. I could send my children to school, or, if need be, I could assist my aged parents, and prevent them becoming a burden to the parish in their old age. But, if I buy of the latter, there will meet me in my road home a person to demand what I have got. If I tell him it is a quarter of wheat that I have bought for the use of my family, and that I consider I have a right to buy where I can buy cheapest—"You are mistaken," he will say, "and, by the authority of the Corn Law, I demand of you *thirty-four shillings and eightpence* for leave to eat that quarter of wheat before I let it pass!" Now, the question I ask Mr Oastler of Fitzby, is—"Shall I ask for a *Ten Hours Bill*, or a *Repeal of the Corn Laws*?" My present conviction is, I shall ask for the latter.

The other great friend of the hand-loom weavers is Mr Fielden, M.P., a great power-loom proprietor. He is very desirous to get a bill passed to relieve the hand-loom weavers, by fixing a minimum of wages, below which no master shall go. This might do, if he could insure the hand-loom weavers plenty of work. The wages we receive for weaving stuff goods at Leeds is about twenty per cent. on the value of the piece; but they are woven by power-looms for half that price, or about ten per cent. on the value of the goods. Now, Mr Fielden, you know that there are 120,000 power-looms in this kingdom; and that labour, like water, will find its own level; that it will go where it can be done the cheapest; that any law you can get for fixing a minimum for wages would only accelerate its passage from the hand-loom to the power-loom; and that you, the power-loom proprietors, would get all the work, and the hand-loom weavers would starve. Now, I shall tell those Commissioners of Inquiry, that, if they wish to give effectual relief to the hand-loom weavers, they must repeal the corn laws.

This is the evidence I shall give, unless you, my *great friends in or out of Parliament*, shall convince me by your answers that I am in error. The question I ask is, Shall I state these things to the Commissioners, or shall I not?

Gentlemen, your prompt answers to these questions will oblige my neighbours, who are anxious to see them, and very much oblige your most humble servant,

EDWARD SUNDERLAND.

Stuff Weaver, 38, Weaver's Square, Bank, Leeds.
—*Leeds Mercury*.

It is something to have lived to read a letter like this, written by a hand-loom weaver. But, alas! it will never reach one in a thousand of the writer's fellow-sufferers. They cannot buy newspapers; and, if they could, cannot read them. Will Mr Bell, or any other advocate of the food-tax and its victims, reprint this poor man's letter, which, full of argument based on eternal principles, is therefore unanswerable? I fear he will not. Will the editor of *The Manchester and Salford Advertiser* give it currency? Will O'Connor announce it to the workmen of Leeds as a good omen? I hope he will. Will the landowners bid Mr Oastler read it to their victims, the plundered poor of Huddersfield? No, no. Will O'Connell send it as an angel of salvation, on wings of living thunder, from one extremity of the nation to another? No, no, no. Our "man of men" is far otherwise employed. What is he doing? Ask the *Dublin Evening Post*. He is straining at gnats, after swallowing a camel; upholding the authors of mischief, and denouncing the effects of which

they are the causes;—yes, he is exhibiting himself to the Dublin Trades' Union, in the awful character of blindness contending with the blind! But his ignorance is inexcusable, while that of his auditors is the deplorable crime of their oppressors. He is wasting time and temper. Come what may of the contest, it will be useless; for while the Corn Laws and our present bad monetary system exist, combinations are defensible if they benefit the combinators, and inevitable whether they do so or not—as I will now shew.

About three years ago, those Tories called Whigs, whom O'Connell delights to honour—our baby ministers of giant mischief—gave to the Bank of England a new monopoly of the measure of value! Government owed to that corporation about fifteen million; and, as they could wring from white slaves here twenty millions, and give that sum to the owners of black slaves in the West Indies, under pretence of liberating the slaves, but really to place them in worse thralldom—it is plain that they could have paid the debt if they would. But they chose to be bullied by their creditors, who dictated to them the terms of the new charter. It is remarkable that, after almost ruining the nation in 1825, the bank did little further mischief until it had obtained its new charter; that is to say, while it was on its good behaviour, it could conduct itself well during eight years. But, having obtained a new monopoly of the measure of value—the most prodigate concession, in all the circumstances, ever made by any administration—what followed? The nation was forthwith deluged with paper money, which—and the payment of the twenty millions to the slave-owners in the West Indies—caused a great and sudden demand for goods. Workmen, then, universally struck for an advance of wages, and partially obtained it; but, scarcely had they done so, when the prices of all the necessities consumed by them rose in the same proportion. In about thirty months the demand for goods suddenly and almost totally ceased, as every thoughtful man knew it would; and then, those manufacturers who still continued to employ any of their workmen, gave them half work, at great risk and loss to themselves. Now, I ask O'Connell, whether the men who have been starving twelve months because our bad monetary system had destroyed the demand for their labour, were not justified in combining for an advance of wages two years before, when the same bad system had caused an unnatural demand for that labour? I wait not for his answer, but proceed to tell him that, in striking for an advance of wages, they obeyed a law of nature, eternal as that which wheels the planets in their courses. When six pounds of butter are in the market, and twelve are wanted there, the lady of the basket strikes for an advanced price, and obtains it. Why? Because time is an essential ingredient in the production of butter and oak trees. Yet, O'Connell talks of putting combinations down! He will soon have an opportunity of trying. There are more grand strikes, and grand crashes, in

the term of the renewed Bank charter; and we are now within six months of another run of prosperity, which will terminate in another sudden and dead stand! But does he think, because he is virtuous, that, during the run, there shall be no cakes and ale?

These opinions are no new madness of mine. I addressed them, during our file-strike, more than two years ago, to the master manufacturers; and, previously, to the Sheffield Mechanics' Institute, in the presence of one of O'Connell's Whig favourites, John Parker, M.P. But, if those Tories whom O'Connell calls Whigs, are worthy of his support, why did they renew the Charter of the Bank of England?—why do they support the Corn Laws?—why have they declared that our landed paupers are still to reign paramount?—why, in short, have they defeated the intention of the Reform Bill? If I had not believed that it was intended to establish perfect freedom of trade in money, food, and all things, I would not, to obtain it, have crossed the threshold of my door. And, if O'Connell really is the wisest man in that assembly of barbarians who legislate for the greatest commercial nation on earth, in the name of mercy, honesty, and common sense, let us seek for legislators among the yet surviving Cherokees or Iroquois.

In the disputations of O'Connell with the trades-unionists of Dublin, I am sorry to say, I can find none of the wisdom of Edward Sunderland. But discussion teaches; and this is certain, that one, at least, of the disputants has something to learn. In the presumptuous hope, then, that he may condescend to learn even from a political economist, I beg leave to quote from *The Dublin Evening Post* a few of his wise sayings:—

"Though the operatives are willing to work," says he, "there is not nearly so much employment in Ireland as there should be." Why is there not? O'Connell, I fear, knows too well that the corn-laws increase the competition for land in Ireland as well as in England, and that, if these laws were repealed, there would be more landlords competing for tenants than tenants for farms. He knows, too, I doubt not, that the more the landlords gain under the corn-laws, the more the public lose; and, as Ireland is brought down to the lowest food that will support life—and as, whenever that is the case, neither life nor property can be safe—he need not wonder, I think, that capitalists are in no haste to seek employment for their capital in that country.

"If we are to have poor-laws for Ireland," he says, "let the rates be paid out of rent." Yes, no man knows better than O'Connell that propositions to tax rent may be safely made in the House of Commons; but he does not seem to know that, while the corn-laws exist, an effectual law to tax the rent of land is an impossibility.

"You may work or not work, just as you please," said he to the unionists; who had not the sense to reply—"Yes, indeed, we may, if under our corn-laws and bad monetary system, we can get any work."

"Labour," says he, "is property." Yet he blames men who are robbed, by one law, of half that property, for trying to defend it, which, I contend, they have a perfect right to do; in the circumstances, by any means which are consistent with their personal safety—"for the labour of the poor is his life." But, like O'Connell himself, they quarrel with the effect, instead of removing the cause. The interest of what they have spent in trades' unions would have won the ballot and universal suffrage, and quelled for ever the monopolists, of whom they are at once victims and imitators. But, when the example of combination is set by the rich, are the poor to be hanged if they follow it? Is O'Connell aware that all strikes, in their origin, have been defensive? Such was the strike of the Roman workmen—*slaves*, under Spartacus; and such was the first English strike, that of the free-masons, hundreds of years ago. The strikes now complained of have, at least, prevented the wages of mechanics from being brought down, at once, to potatoes; and, by so doing, have given a respite to the aristocracy, who may be assured that potato-wages and potato-profits cannot pay for bayonets, and that the competition of Irish victims with English labourers is intense enough without adding the mechanics of Dublin to their number. Does not O'Connell know that the food of this country is restricted by act of Parliament, while its population is constantly increasing? Cannot he count ten on his fingers? Is he aware that wages are ultimately measured by profits? and that capital will not stay here for potatoes, if elsewhere it can get plum-pudding?

"I know a gentleman," says he, "who is about to give up business, because he will not submit to the dictation of his workmen." But he does not seem to know that, if the corn-laws continue, all the productive capital of the nation will depart to other shores; and that it would long since have departed, had not its departure been prevented or retarded by the folly of the continental governments, who, instead of offering it a safe asylum, imitate our restrictive system, imagining that we have thriven by it, whereas we have thriven in spite of it. Under the corn-laws, then, our continued existence, as a commercial state, is an accident!

The great danger of combinations here is this—that they precipitate our improvements in machinery; which improvements, made by us at immense cost, our rivals will get for nothing, when the governments of Germany and France, opening their eyes to the light of common sense, make trade free. Our opponents will then have nothing to do but to copy perfection. All British capital, not previously destroyed by our monopolists, will go abroad; the people will devour each other, as some of them are already doing; and, if the remnant of them return to prosperity, they must do so by seizing the land for themselves, or by fighting up from the lowest food that will support life. But, with freedom of trade, the reverse of danger would result from improvements in our machinery.

"Will your priests," says O'Connell to the ~~unbelievers~~, "administer the sacrament to those who interfere with the rights of another man's child?" He forgets that the Corn-Laws interfere with the rights of every man's child. The Corn-Laws alone prevent masters from taking apprentices; and, if continued, will destroy both masters and workmen, and the landowners themselves. Why, then, does this "greatest of criminal lawyers" strain at effects, and swallow the causes of them? "In a free country," says he, "you cannot dictate to any man what he shall do with his own." But in what country does he say this?

"Your combinations," says he, to the unionists, "are already stained with blood. Three murders have been committed in the streets of Dublin in open day, and only one of them has been avenged by the law." *Avenged!* barbarian! and by the law? The law is the murderer, for the bread-tax is law. Man! man! art thou a man? "There are now," says he, "five or six men confined in Edinburgh, for a murder at Paisley." Avenger that murder, then, by committing five or six legal murders, if it must be so; but, when the Corn-Laws shall have covered the nation with murders from sea to sea, who will *avenge them*? Conscientious jurymen already feel unwilling to visit on the victims of the food-tax the vengeance of its authors. That tax may, and I believe will, dissolve the social compact; but "vengeance is mine!" saith the Lord.

"If every day adds to the dominion and dictation of the workmen," why does not O'Connell denounce the cause of that dictation, the Corn-Laws? If, with our present legislation, the leisure necessary for the education of the people is impossible; if, without national education, apathy and ruin are certain; and if "combinations benefit the combinators only for a time, but in the end injure them"—why does he not,

as a friend to the landowners, haste to destroy *their* combination, the source and example of almost all others now existing, and itself the most cruel, horrible, and cold-blooded on record? Is he, too, deluding both workmen and masters, and laughing at both? Is he one of the Tory Radicals? No; he is a good man, and ought to be a great one. But his ignorance is astounding!—and therefore, his opinions on Trades Unions, Poor-Laws, or Corn-Laws, are (in themselves, and apart from his position) of very little importance. But not so are those of Edward Sunderland, hand-loom weaver. Founded on eternal principles, they are irrefutable. He is an individual of plundered millions, instructing those millions; and, when they think as he thinks, the plunderers will be made to live on their own.* If justice is not a mockery, an empty name, the landowners, by their Corn-Laws, have struck a blow at the foundations of property. It is possible that they may yet be made to pay a duty on home-grown corn, to those who have so long been forced, for *their* benefit, to pay double prices for bread. And, when these landowners shall have to come into court as plaintiffs, and request O'Connell to say, as a lawyer, if they will not come into it *without a case*, can there be any doubt what his answer must be?

In conclusion, I wish him joy of the junction of his pretended friends with his sworn foes, and beg leave to assure him that the two united factions will very soon repudiate and discharge from office his true friends, Mulgrave and Morpeth, as much too honest for their places.—I am, dear Tait, yours very truly,

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

SHEFFIELD, 14th January 1838.

* Sunderland should propose, instead of a tax on power-loom, maintenance till the hand-loom weavers have learned a new trade, and till one has been provided for them.

PAST HOURS.

"YOUNG thoughts have music in them, love,
And happiness their theme;
And music wanders in the wind
That fills a morning dream.

And there are angel voices heard
In childhood's frolic hours,
When life is but an April day
Of sunshine and of flowers."

Canst thou remember those early hours
When "life and hope" were young,
And every dream of our beating hearts
A radiance round them flung?—

When we wreathed wild flowers like coronets,
To fling them on the stream,
And little reck'd of the passing hours,
Or the bliss of that early dream?

We dream'd not then of each future year;
For that fairy world of ours
Was bright as the passing sunny gleam
That awakens the young spring flowers.

Oh, little we knew of sorrow then,
Or the hopes of distant years!
The future, to us, was an unknown path,
Too soon to be traced in tears.

We parted, to meet in other scenes,
When youth's sweet hopes had fled.
Oh, many a heart which loved us then,
Is slumbering with the dead.

And yet how these visions will haunt me still
With these dreams of my childhood's days—
Of my early home, its deserted hearth,
And each tone of love and praise!

Oh, faintly the future has shadowed forth
The dreams which then filled my heart—
Those bodiless visions of future fame
Which were then of my being a part.

Al, youth and hope, how ye vainly trust
In the dimness of future years!
It is vanity all—this passing earth,
With its dreams, its hopes, its fears.

L. C. P.

HANNAH LAWRENCE'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.*

So much were we interested and gratified by the perusal of this picturesque and manners-painting volume; when it appeared some three months back, that we placed it honourably among a few other good works, reserved until we should have an opportunity of introducing them to our readers with the attention we considered due to their merits. But life is short, and this year, at least, the publishing season is long; and we must redeem time, by attempting to give prompt if not adequate notice of the existence of literary excellence of no vulgar kind, to which we have not the means of rendering the more ample measure of justice which we had meditated. Hannah Lawrence, spinster or matron we cannot tell, has chosen a walk not common to literary ladies. Those historical memoirs, and biographies of historical persons, which we have been accustomed to receive from female pens, are generally compilations from sources neither recordite nor difficult of access. She has gone to the fountain-head, and dug deeper in the tangle of antiquity, than many accredited excavators of the other sex. As a black-letter student, a porer over musty records, and a British-Museum haunter, she equals, if she does not, with her woman's patience and industry, surpass, in diligence and pains of research into small obscurities, the most indefatigable of our historical antiquaries. What she has been able to rescue from oblivion, regarding the wives and mothers of the Plantagenets, is, however, of less value than that variety of rich and curious information, gained in searching through those MSS., and rare and voluminous works, from which she has selected with equal taste and judgment. The authoress has thus contrived to give interest to a work which, more than any we have lately read, illustrates the domestic manners of England during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, while it faithfully traces the progress of the arts, the literature, the commerce, and civilization of the kingdom. To early literature in particular, which was liberally patronized by several of the early English Queens, great attention has been paid; and, after the labours of Warton, Ellis, and others, we still owe a debt of gratitude to this new, tasteful, and careful gleaner, in the same wide field. An introductory chapter takes a rapid and able retrospect of the period of the Conquest, of the reign of William the Conqueror, and the Red King. The authoress is an enthusiastic admirer of William, for whom she makes out a good case; and she considers the Norman invasion, as the greatest blessing of England—a subject quite open to debate. We know what is, but not what might have been. The memoirs open properly with the Life of the "Good Queen Maude," the *Saxon Princess* espoused by Henry Beauchlerk, mainly as an act of grace and conciliation to his Saxon subjects, who were still

restive under the Norman yoke. Maude was the daughter of Malcolm Canmore, and of that Queen Margaret—Queen and Saint!—whose memory is still fragrant in Scotland. The work before us is devoted to English Queens. May we not be allowed to advert very briefly to the most illustrious of our Scottish Queens, if virtue, and talent, and usefulness, of which the effects are still discernible, are the qualities which give the greatest lustre to thrones? The memory of the mother of "Good Queen Maude," is cherished to this day in the locality which she blessed and adorned. From her were named the Queen's Ferry, and Margaret's Hope, a sheltered bay well known to distressed seamen, driven up the Frith of Forth. A stone by the wayside, about two miles from the shore, which is dinted with something resembling a gigantic foot-step, is still pointed out as "Queen Margaret's Stone," and from it the adjoining farm takes its name. The tide, more courteous to the gentle Margaret than to the royal Canute, upon her arrival in Scotland, flowed on, bearing along her barge, until she stepped ashore, two miles above high-water mark, on her way to Dunfermline, and upon the remarkable stone. Her ashes were secretly conveyed abroad by some Catholic devotees, long after the Reformation. We recollect of an old gentleman, an inhabitant of Dunfermline, probably touched with Papistical, and certainly imbued with Jacobite prejudices, pointing out the broad slab which had covered her grave, and to which the tradition attached was, that, when lifted from the earth, it had accidentally fallen, and cracked into the form of the irregular Cross which the transverse fracture certainly resembled. A principal street in Dunfermline, is still called the *Maygate*, or *Maiden's Street* or *Walk*, from the processions of those young girls who were the objects of Queen Margaret's peculiar care—her instruments in spreading civilization throughout the barbarous dominions of her husband. We have been led to say so much from casually turning to Mercer's Poems, mentioned at the end of the Magazine, in which there are some appropriate lines to this truly princely woman. Since we have digressed so far, we may as well allow the "*Saxon Chronicle*," hoary with the moss of centuries, to prelude the modern verses. "This summer, the child Edgar [Edgar, the Saxon Prince, usually named the Noble Child] departed with his mother Agatha and his two sisters, Margaret and Christina, for Scotland, and many good men with them, and came to Scotland, under the protection of Malcolm, who entertained them all. Then began Malcolm to yearn after the Child's sister, Margaret, to wife; but he and all his men long refused, and she also herself was averse, and said, she would neither have him, nor any one else, if the Supreme Power would grant that she in her maidenhood might please the mighty

Lord in pure continence. The king, however, earnestly urged her brother, till he answered "Yea." And, indeed, he durst not otherwise, for they were come into his kingdom. So that then it was fulfilled what God had long fore-shown; and else it could not be, as he himself saith in his Gospel, 'Not even a sparrow on the ground may fall without his foreshowing.' The prescient Creator wist long before what he of her would have done, for that she should increase the glory of God in this land, lead the king aright from the path of error, bend him and his people to a better way, and suppress the bad customs which the nation formerly followed, all of which she afterwards did." Though Margaret was only a Scottish Queen, the authoress has ventured to overstep her bounds to celebrate the virtues of the mother of Maude. Great and important benefits did the Saxon Princess confer alike on her husband and her kingdom. "She afforded a secure asylum to those of her countrymen who fled the rigour of the Norman yoke; she welcomed with magnificent presents learned men from all parts of the Continent; she introduced the Saxon tongue into her dominions, and, both by precept and example, promoted the spread of religion; nor did she consider the civilisation of the people as below her care, for she encouraged a taste for pomp and splendour; patronised the importation of gold and silver plate, of rich precious foreign stuffs; increased the number of the king's personal attendants, and adopted an unusual magnificence of apparel. With affectionate admiration, did the rude warrior king behold the splendour and refinements which the taste and intelligence of his beloved Margaret had placed around him; and, fascinated by her many talents—talents which, in the eyes of the unlettered monarch seemed little short of angelic—he unquestioningly listened to her counsels, and devoutly imitated her religious duties. Her confessor relates with what devotion he used to kiss her prayer-books and missal, and how gorgeously he had them bound, although to him sealed volumes—for the far-famed Malcolm Canmore was unable to read a syllable. When the Queen undertook to correct some alleged abuses in the Church, Malcolm stood interpreter between her and such of the clergy as did not understand English, which he loved, because it was the native tongue of Margaret. After Malcolm and his eldest son were killed together at the siege of Alnwick, his deeply-attached wife, disgusted with life, earnestly entreated of God to die—she soon concurred." And now, eight hundred years after her decease, the poet of Dunfermline thus embalms her memory and celebrates her virtues:—

In art accomplished, pious, mild, serene,
A graceful woman and a gracious queen,
Placed 'mongst a people rude, as sometimes grows,
And bristly tribes, on the wild rose;
She deemed it unbecoming to despise,
But gave her mind to teach and civilize.
The fragrance of her memory so blest,
Has reached the future ages; and will last

So long as men in veneration hold
The brightest virtues—gifts of rarest mould."

But this digression to the earthly immortality of virtue, is culpable desertion of our duty to the attractive work before us, in which learning and antiquity are seen attired by the Græces.

The marriage of Beauclerk, like many other royal marriages, was one of policy. The Saxon princess, "the good Queen Maude," never possessed the affections of her Norman lord; but she was treated with respect and royal munificence, and amply supplied with the means of gratifying her taste in patronising minstrels and bards, and in endowing religious establishments.

The second queen of Beauclerk, the young and beautiful *Adelais of Louvain*, whom he married after his children and nephews had perished in the disastrous wreck of the "white ship," forms the subject of the second memoir. *Adelais* was even more distinguished for her munificent patronage of scholars and minstrels than "Good Queen Maude"—tastes which her indulgent husband, "the Scholar-King," approved and encouraged. Among the other royal ladies celebrated, are Maude of Boulogne, the partner of Stephen; Maude the Empress of Germany, the daughter of "Good Queen Maude," and afterwards the wife of the first Plantagenet; the illustrious *Elinor of Aquitaine*; *Elinor of Provence*, the wife of Henry III.; and others. The authoress proposes to continue these memoirs down to the beginning of the sixteenth century, if her first volume receive the approbation of the public. Of that we should hope its intrinsic merits give assurance—although the auspicious period of the commencement of a female reign, promising to be long and happy, did not present the most favourable opportunity for the appearance of such a work. Nearly every page of the volume presents entertaining extracts; the picture of London, as it was when "the Good Queen Maude" entered the capital, to proceed to Westminster, where her marriage united the Saxon and Norman dynasties, possesses, to modern readers, the interest of contrast.

Little of splendid pageantry met the eye of Maude, as she took her way through London to the sumptuous palace of Westminster. No gilded conduits pouring streams of wine; no tapestry-decked streets; no city-watch with its glittering armour; no city companies, with their quaint but costly pageants; no Lord Mayor, in his robe of scarlet, welcomed her who came to bind Norman and Saxon together in bonds of firm and enduring brotherhood. Those gorgeous observances, and those picturesque processions, which duly graced the entrance of subsequent queens into the capital of their kingdom, were as yet unknown; for chivalry had but just received a name and a law; and romance, the mother and nurse of every splendid pageant, had scarcely awakened to life; nor had commerce, as yet, poured into the quays of London that profusion of wealth that are long rendered her merchants the rivals of nobles and of princes.

Nor did London herself present much to attract or delight the eye. The conventual establishments were few, the churches scanty, as compared with later times; nor did the tall spire, the traceried window, or the richly-carved door-way, contrast, in picturesque variety, with the rude low houses around. The materials of the churches were mean and perishable: timber, or rubble, formed the walls; glass windows were but scantily seen;

and but one parochial church boasted the unusual splendour of stone arches. This was in St Mary's in West Cheap, called from that circumstance, "*de kirchburh*," a name retained to the present day, in its Norman designation, "*Le Bow*." The metropolitan cathedral—that venerable structure, which, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, stood proudly the most splendid cathedral in the land, without tower or spire, built principally of timber, and yet bearing marks of that fatal and very extensive fire, which in 1082 almost levelled it with the ground—rose, unvalled, in the midst of a desolate area, looking mournfully on the ruined remains of the palace of her Saxon kings, which occupied the site beyond its southward boundary.

Little is known of the architecture of the private dwellings, but they were probably low-built, thatched, and with windows of wicker-work. The Thames was then spanned but by one frail wooden bridge. The streets were straggling and unpaved; and for the forest of masts now seen on the river—

Beside the Tower, at the Vintry, and at Edred's-hithe, a few small vessels might be anchored; and from time to time some tall Norman galley, or some light osier-bound shallop, might glide by; but the broad and spacious quays, with the palace-dwellings of their merchants, the stirring life, the busy crowds, the sounds of never-ceasing activity, as yet were not. At either end of the city, and close to the water's edge, arose those equally impregnable fortresses, the Tower and Castle Baynard; on the other side of the river, the rude collection of huts marked the site of that general receptacle of thieves and outlaws, the Broomfield; close beside them rose the house of nuns and lowly church, dedicated to the Virgin, by the grateful maiden of the ferry, Marie; and, far beyond, rising conspicuous from among the green marshes, were the towers of the palace of Lambeth.

But a fairer spectacle would meet the eye of the Saxon prince, as he proceeded along the rude and irregular road which led to the palace of Westminster. There the hand of improvement had lavished countless cost, both on church and hall; and the numerous buildings—"framed," as the admiring chronicler relates, "with masses of stone, so correctly laid, that the joint deceives the eye, and leads it to imagine it is all one block,"—undimmed with age, and uninjured by long exposure to the weather, must have, indeed, appeared dwellings worthy the ruler of all England and Normandy.

The most flourishing towns of that period were Winchester, Reading, Northampton, Lincoln, Boston, Stamford, Grindley, and Huntingdon, all now dwindled into third-rate places.

Guilds, for purposes of trade, were by this time established, and improvement must have been rapid. The history of the common people, however, remains, as in the early annals of all countries, in great obscurity. By the time of Henry Plantagenet and his Queen, Elinor of Aquitaine, London had greatly increased and prospered. It was surrounded by a wall, pierced by seven gates, and defended at either end by a strong castle—the Tower, namely, and Castle Baynard—and on the north side by turrets.

Withinside, the several tradesmen resided in the streets appropriated to their respective callings, a plan which continued many centuries after. Three principal schools, St Paul's cathedral school, the convent school of St Martin's le Grand, and that of the Holy Trinity at Aldgate, besides others held "upon good-will and sufferance," were devoted to the instruction of its youthful inhabitants; while thirteen great conventual churches, and one hundred and twenty-six parochial, supplied religious services to the citizens, and the dwellers in the

suburbs. From the same account [Fitzstephen's] we learn, that the suburbs were, even at this early day, very populous, especially toward the west. "On the west side," he, "is the king's palace—an incomparable building, having a wall before it, and bulwarks. It is two miles from the city, and continued with a suburb full of people." "On the north side are fields for pasture, and open meadows, very pleasant, among which three waters flow, and turn the wheels of the mills. Very near lies a large forest, in the covers of which lurk bucks, does, wild boars, and bulls." Nearer the city, he tells us, there are "three fountains, sweet, wholesome, and clear, streaming forth from among the glittering stones," (the worthy monk's style is tolerably ornate;) "these are Holywell, Clerkenwell, and St Clements well, where the youth of the city take the air on summer evenings." London, even at this early day, seems well to have deserved her long appropriated title of "*pays de cocagne*;" since from the same authority we learn, that good eating and drinking abounded in this favoured city; and that, for the accommodation of those who had not means or opportunity of cooking various delicacies at home, a range of shops extended by the river side, where every kind of food, dressed in the most approved style, might be obtained. At these, he tells us, "you may call for fish, small or great, ordinary flesh for the poorer sort, and more dainty, such as venison and fowl, for others;" and he enlarges, in a very housekeeperlike way, on the great convenience of these shops; for "if a citizen have friends come in, let the servants give them water to wash, and bread to stay their stomachs, and, in the meantime, run to the water side," where they would find everything necessary to furnish a complete and even sumptuous entertainment.

The authoress has taken pains to rescue the memory of Elinor of Aquitaine from the stigma affixed to it by tradition and popular poetry. Her summing up of the character of this illustrious and unfortunate woman, may be taken as a fair specimen of the historical style of the work.

Four illustrious women have been more unfortunate in their after-fame, than this fair heiress of Aquitaine, who successively wore the crown of France and of England, and who numbered among her progeny, three crowned kings of England, and two consorts of continental monarchs. Yet her beauty, her unquestioned talents, and her misfortunes, have all been forgotten; and she is handed down by popular tradition, only as the vindictive fury who tracked to her closely-concealed retreat that beautiful rival to whom she proffered the murderous alternative of the poison cup or dagger. This idle story is now rejected by all who have any claim to historical knowledge; still the three other apparently better founded charges, remain to cast a dark shadow on the memory of Elinor. The first—that of her improper conduct in the Holy Land—has been proved, in the foregoing pages, to rest upon the most apocryphal authority, and, consequently, to be unworthy of credit. The second—her inciting her sons to rebellion against their father—must be viewed in connexion with all the preceding circumstances; and then, harsh will be the verdict that condemns the injured and insulted wife, for quitting a husband from whom she had received injuries instead of protection; or a mother for taking part with her sons, against the tyranny and injustice of their father. If it be true that Elinor of Aquitaine neither possessed the uncomplaining meekness of the first Maude, nor the strong conjugal attachment of the second; still, be it remembered, that Beauchamp paid every respect to his excellent, though unloved queen; while Stephen's strong attachment to Maude of Boulogne, is evident in every page of their history. But Plantagenet repaid Elinor's unbounded confidence, that yielded up without stipulation her precious dower, with neglect and infidelity; and, ere age had impressed a wrinkle on her brow, the fair daughter of Aquitaine learned the bitter truth, that her wealth alone had won him. What right had she to expect that he would love her for her beauty, and not for her wealth?

boastings, and sell her Plintheogenes, to expect domestic happiness? In the third charge, that of supporting the claims of her son King John, against those of her grandson Arthur—we must remember that, in so doing, she belied herself fulfilling the last wish of her beloved son Richard. That she took any active part, no chronicler informs us; and that, if besieged by a grandson, she should send to her son for aid, is certainly only natural. With the subsequent fate of Arthur, she could have no concern, since she retired to Fontevraud. In viewing the character of Eleanor, it would be unjust, as unphilosophical, to overlook the many difficulties and irritating circumstances by which she was surrounded. The absence of temptation often affords a claim to high moral worth; and freedom from causes of irritation, as frequently gives a title to forbearance and self-denial.

As the patroness of literature, the name of Eleanor of Aquitaine deserves a high station; in her court, the poets of the langue d'oïl, and of the langue d'oïl, sang in friendly rivalry together; and, beneath the sunshine of her smile, chivalric romance burst forth. Nor should the philosopher refuse his praise to that important act of her English regency, which, reversing the sanguinary provisions of the Forest-laws, summoned every outlaw, from the Trent to the Severn, to repossess his forfeited rights, on the easy terms of taking the oath of allegiance to the new king.

One beautiful chapter is entitled, "The Poet-Fathers of England," in which the authoress has given metrical specimens of translations from the "*Voyage of St Brandan*," which shew both learning and accomplishment. The poem, of which only one copy (in the Cotton Library) is supposed to exist, is of rare invention, and possesses an elegance of imagination, for which the reader must be unprepared, in an age so rude. The author is supposed to be an Englishman and an ecclesiastic; but his name is unknown to fame. "The Voyage of St Brandan" is made to the terrestrial Paradise. A metrical history of the kings of England, by a *trouvère*, named Geoffroi Gaimar, is another of the ancient poems with which we are for the first time made acquainted. One of the most remarkable of those early metrical pieces, bears the title of "*Le Sermun du Guichart de Beaulieu*." It is considered to be the production of some zealous way-side preacher. Our authoress says, in a note—

This phrase may appear strange to some readers, who are not aware how extensively the practice of itinerant preaching prevailed during the middle ages. Indeed, by a singular but most beneficial anomaly, the Latin church, whilst she insisted on the consecration of every place where the service was to be performed, allowed her preachers to go forth as unfettered in their great work as the Puritan; and thus, in the market-place, on the seashore, or by the wayside, hundreds of earnest and warm-hearted men preached, free from all superstitious adjuncts, the great truths of the Gospel; while, in the scorn with which they were viewed by the higher orders of the clergy, we have testimony to the purity of their doctrine.

It is conjectured that *Guichart de Beaulieu* now become a zealous preacher, may have been a lawless man in his younger days—perhaps the leader of one of those bands of plunderers that abounded in the broken times of Stephen, who might afterwards have become an inmate of Beaulieu, a cell attached to the Abbey of St Albans. Whoever Beaulieu might be, he enjoyed no royal patronage; and he was the stern and uncompromising denouncer of error, and promulgator of truth. It is melancholy to reflect

that, in the lapse of seven centuries, the world is so very little better than when the preacher Beaulieu denounced its vices, and pointed out the straight path. "*Le Sermun*" is, in spirit and tendency, nearly the same as "*Mammun*," the most modern discourse in a similar vein.

Hannah Lawrance infers a better state of society at large, in the thirteenth century, than is generally believed; and she reasons acutely and plausibly, if not convincingly, her data being the lately-published rolls of the period. This part of the work is exceedingly curious and interesting. After enumerating many particulars, establishing her position respecting the legal security and the comparative wealth of the common people, and endeavouring to prove that the *villains* were not slaves of the soil—she continues:—

Where might we find an instance of the Russian serf, or the American negro slave, engaged in a legal contest with his master? Another instance that the villain was capable of exercising the rights of a freeman, may be found in the case of Ralph Cloer, in which it is adjudged, that he cannot hold the land claimed, "because he is a villain, and that he be amerced for making the claim." Here the first law-officer of the land, Geoffry Fitz-Peter, imposes a pecuniary fine on a member of that class, which we have been told, and by no mean authority, had no legal rights to the possession of money. The bondsman, therefore, with his iron collar, which forms so interesting an object in so many a picture of the middle ages, must, in England at least, be placed among those many picturesque embellishments which may "adorn a tale," but which certainly cannot be permitted to "point a moral."

She considers that, if the yeomen of Essex and Hertford had legal justice placed within their reach, "Cedric the Saxon needed not to fear the injuries Front de Bœuf could do, either to house or land." Some of these *villains*, whose actual condition has occasioned so much controversy, held themselves a considerable quantity of land. By "the Boulden Book," it appears that the *villains* of Boldenare held each thirty acres of land; and their payments were partly in service, partly in kind, and partly in money.

In Southbydyk the *villains* held their *vills* in farm, and find "eight score men to reap in autumn; thirty-six waggons to carry the corn; and they beside pay £5." Many of the entries in this ancient document are very curious; at harvest time it is determined that the whole household shall turn out to work, "*exceptâ husewifâ*," and this respectful attention to the mistress of the house, is repeated in every entry.

This is much more than the indulgence, cherishing the habits of civilization and the sentiments of humanity, which philanthropists now claim for the *housewives* of negro cabins; they would even take their services in the field during the pressure of the sugar crop. Our authoress rests her assumption of the superior condition of the lower classes of the middle age upon another foundation. In these early times—

The political economist had not put forth his brutal axiom, that "mere food and clothing are all that the poor have a right to demand;" but a better and wiser, because a Christian feeling, pervaded the higher classes. The great hero of chivalry, Arthur, was pointed out, by the equally poor himself, as "a monk and pious to the poor." The knight kneeling at the altar's pale, in the same vow that pledged him to be true and loyal to his mon-

ren and his lady-love, pledged himself also, "always to maintain the right to destroy all those who would injure widows, poor maidens, and the fatherless; to love poor folk to the utmost of his power, and with all this to love the holy church." Thus the duty of protecting and aiding the poor, was placed side by side with the duties of religion; and while many a romance told how the charity of the knight was returned to him a thousand-fold, the hotly and the legend echoed the same lesson of mercy, and enforced it by the irresistible argument, "for our Lord himself was a poor man."

That these lessons produced their due effect, numerous regulations of the middle ages prove: in those days, at times of high festival, none of that morbid horror of the mingling of the higher and lower classes seems to have prevailed. "Cloth of gold" shunned not contact with "cloth of fritz"; but the peasant as well as his lord hastened to the tournament, the civic procession, the gorgeous festival at the king's palace—secure not only of a place, but of refreshment; for the dole of "white bread" was provided for such, and garments were often given; while, in order that the poor might, on festive occasions, participate in the very luxuries of the higher orders, the conduits poured forth *wins*. Indeed, looking back even on this early period, and contemplating the kindly feeling which was cherished toward the poor and destitute—the abundant convent dole, which supplied them in times of scarcity, and the noble hospitals, in which age and helplessness found repose; the poor man in the present day, crushed down by "the greedy avarice of civilization," might turn a sorrowful look on the days gone by.

We should adopt the lady's benevolent opinions, if we did not indulge the hope that the present evil condition of society, in a state of painful transition, points to the period when the independent working-man's own labour may suffice without the charitable *dole*; and the well-secured fruits of his early industry sustain his old age.

The state of the Jews forms a curious feature of these times. Before the reign of Beauclerk, little is known of Oxford, save that the *Jews* received their education at that place, which is assumed to establish the fact, that the sciences were taught there from a very early period; and this is not all.

To refer the introduction of all science that deserved the name, to the settlement of the Jews in England, would appear to the reader, who is acquainted with that singular people only in their present state, most strange and improbable. Yet such was the fact; and the first schools which taught experimental philosophy in England, were those of the Jews at Oxford. Whatever may be the character of the Jew in the present day, in those earlier ages, ere a Lanfranc had aroused the intellectual powers of two nations, and ere one Christian university had raised her head—in the Moorish schools of Cordoba and Toledo, "the highest chairs of philosophy were filled by Jewish Rabbins; and a succession of Hebrew scholars shed lustre on the literary history of Spain." Oriental in their tastes as in their origin, the Jews, like the Saracens, especially pursued those studies to which the eastern nations had, from earliest times, been attached, and to watching "the stars in their courses," to inquiries into all the hidden mysteries of nature, their attention was almost exclusively directed. Of the precise character of their instruction, when, in the reign of Beauclerk, they occupied three hostels in Oxford, called after the respective names of their owners, Lombard-hall, Moses-hall, and Jacob-hall, we possess no information. That Christian students should resort to these halls in great numbers, merely to attain, according to Antony à Wood, a knowledge of Hebrew, is most improbable—surely it was rather to learn the wonders of astrology, the singular powers of that newly-discovered Arabian science of numbers, the profound mysticism of the Cabala, that

Christian youth flocked to these Hebrew schools, and meekly sat down at the feet of their Jewish professors. From other sources, we learn that astronomy—combined with those wild but beautiful dreams of planetary influence which have been the belief of successive ages, ever since the Chaldean fed his flocks on the plains of Shinar, and the crowned Magian ascended the topmost tower of gorgeous Babylon, to watch the mystic dance of the planets—was a favourite study of the cloister. Prior Walcher's rhyming epitaph, among other eulogies, expressly records that he was "bonus astrologus;" and the remark of the chronicler, that the priest, whose testimony he quotes to avouch some marvellous fact, was "learned in the stars," seems to be considered sufficient to render his testimony equivalent to that of a whole jury of unlearned men. The exact sciences were, however, also cultivated; and in geometry, and the higher branches of mathematics, many denizens of the cloister attained celebrity. It was very questionable whether, at this early period, the witching dreams of alchemy (that unquestionable parent of modern chemistry) were believed by the learned of the day, or even by their Jewish instructors.

By the middle of the eighth century, Jews were settled in England, and, probably, long before that period. Strange that none should have appeared in Scotland until the end of the eighteenth! They were taken under the protection of the Conqueror, for which they paid according to the usual terms of the covenants made between helpless wealth and rapacity invested with power.

The Conqueror enacted, "that they should be under the king's protection; that they should not subject themselves to any other without his leave; that they, and all theirs, should belong to the king; and that if any should detain any of their goods, he might challenge them as his own." And on this miserable pretence of protection, were this singular people willing to dwell in England, even until the period of their compulsory exile. During the reign of Rufus, they seemed to have enjoyed both quiet and security. . . . In the tenth of Stephen, we find first mention made of the charge, afterwards so frequently brought against them, that of crucifying a child. This was said to have taken place at Norwich; but it was probably a fiction of their enemies, since Dr Tovey truly observes, "they are never said to have practised it, but at such times as the kings were manifestly in great want of money."

In the reign of Plantagenet, the Jews first obtained a piece of ground in London, for a cemetery. Previously, there was but one in all England in which the persecuted race were permitted the rites of sepulture. Their original burying-ground in London was in the place now called *Jewin Street*. Their "money" made them the prey of the kings and nobility, while, to the people, they were hateful for their "usances." In massacres and plunderings of Jews, the people might imagine that they were only, by "wild justice" taking back their own. The prodigal and pious Henry III. was as severe in mulcting the Jews as his father, who, being aware that money cannot be obtained save where it is, had extorted nearly as much from the few Jews in the country as from all the rest of his subjects together. Plantagenet had made their property be registered for his better convenience in at any time obtaining "forced loans." Henry III., at one sweep, extorted from them a sum equal to £200,000 of modern money.

On two occasions, during his reign, the malignant charge of crucifying a child was brought against them; and, on the one occasion, many of the richest Jews fled

except, and the king seized all their property; while, on the same night, of the wealthiest Jews of Lincoln were hanged, and sixty-three conveyed to the Tower, to undergo a similar fate. Besides these general persecutions, some of their number seem to have been marked out for most extensive spoliation. Aaron of York, declared to Matthew Paris, that no less a sum than 30,000 marks (£300,000), besides 200 gold marks for the queen, had been extorted from him in seven years; and others were heavily mulcted.

Next to the Jews, the merchants of London were the greatest "ready-money men" in the nation; and "those churlish Londoners" did not escape heavy mulcts. Improvement was, nevertheless, rapid and steady during this long reign, especially in the police of the towns and in domestic security. Watch and ward was established in most of the towns and boroughs. Foreign trade extended rapidly, and the markets began to be steadily supplied with cheap and abundant provisions. London was then first supplied with water brought from Tyburn, in leaden pipes, to the conduit of Westcheap. That contrivance for domestic convenience, which an intelligent though savage New Zealander lately admired above everything he saw in England, was nearly perfected in the middle of the thirteenth century. The philosophy of our authoress does not always inspire us with so great admiration as her skill in picturesque narrative; but here is one emphatic observation, shewing, besides, the best possible use that can be made of an acknowledged grievance:—

For these, and many other instances of improvement, the character of Henry has received higher praise than strict justice will allow; and that advancing civilization, which really was the result of national spirit and enterprise, has been too hastily attributed to the enlightened encouragement of the monarch. But, looking more clearly into the records of these times, we shall find that every one of these improvements originated with the people; and that the beneficial influence of the monarch, was rather the result of his contrary conduct—of the capricious exactions which stimulated the industry, and the weak efforts of tyranny, which aroused the spirit of the nation to bold and independent exertion.

The arts in the thirteenth century, form the theme of a charming chapter. The era of improvement in trade and in domestic affairs, was eminently that of the advance or resurrection of the higher arts.

Then first the graceful saint smiled from her foliaged canopy on the gazing crowd; then first the suppliant effigy adorned the altar-domb; then first the gorgeous window, with its "glass of thousand colourings," shed its flood of rainbow light upon the kneeling worshipper; and then first did Gothic architecture display all her surpassing beauty, and rear those splendid fabrics which, even to the present day, challenge the admiration of every beholder.

The dignified clergy of the age were the liberal patrons of the arts; and to ecclesiastical architecture they often voluntarily devoted a large part of their incomes. The clergy were, at the same time, not indifferent to the splendour of their private residences. "Noble stone houses" began to be built on the road to Westminster.

Among these, the town residences of the bishops of Worcester and Chester were conspicuous; most of the mitred abbots, too, had houses (some they were mostly called) in the suburbs. From a short description given of that purchased by Abbot William of St Albans, and

stated to be in London, we gain some notion of the character of these mansions. It stood back from the street, and was entered by a court-yard; it was "like a palace for size," and, besides the usual apartments, had a chapel, a kitchen, stables, and "great apartments;" it was also provided with garden, orchard, and well. Nor were the citizens contented to dwell in mean and inferior houses, while the nobles and prelates occupied their tall stone mansions. The wealthy mercers of Westcheap, the enterprising drapers of Candelwyck, and the princely merchants of the Vintry, erected houses that vied in size and splendour with those of the neighbouring nobles, and exacted an unwilling tribute of admiration from the envious king and his rapacious kinsmen. Even the Jews—hated and persecuted, on all occasions, by the citizens, and so unmercifully mulcted by the king—obtained permission to construct a noble synagogue in the district assigned to them, the Old Jewry; and build houses that rivalled those of their haughty persecutors and oppressors.

These dwellings, but especially the churches, were richly decorated by the painter, as well by the carver, gilder, and enameller. Minutely "precepts" issued in the reign of Henry III., for the embellishment of churches, shrines, and royal chambers, which are still extant, shew the style of decoration to have been rich, whatever it might lack in refinement. One of the "precepts" affords decided evidence that oil-painting existed in this age, a subject often contested. At least, the King's treasurer is directed to pay "to Odo and Edward, 117s. 10d., for oil, varnish, and colours, bought by them;" not surely save for use. The beautiful art of painting on glass, was now coming into favour, both in the dwellings of the rich, and in ecclesiastical buildings. This, too, was the age of effigies, refined sculpture having been introduced by the Crusaders into northern and western Europe. It is said—

A peculiarly classical character, indeed, pervades the effigies of this period: the noble effigy of Elinor, with her lofty regal brow, and the full folds of her mantle, so gracefully gathered up beneath the girdle, and from thence flowing to her feet, might be placed in a collection of Grecian sculpture, nor excite surprise. The effigy of Isabella, too, though a woman of a far inferior style of beauty, is yet distinguished by much grace and elegance; and the drapery, which is very full and light, is chiselled with great freedom and delicacy. Nor is it only to the effigies at Fontevraud that we must turn; the effigy of Edith Astley, the graceful female figure in Bedale church; that of Edmund Crouchback, and that beautiful, though so greatly mutilated effigy of his first wife, Avilene de Foribus, both in Westminster, are proud monuments of the skill of the artist, at a rather later period. The classical character, just before alluded to, is singularly heightened, by the graceful female dress of this period. The robe, flowing in ample folds to the feet, the mantle, sometimes fastened by rich ornaments on the shoulders, and sometimes flung loosely across the figure, and the plainly-banded hair, just seen beneath the delicate wimple, give these effigies a close resemblance to the remains of classical antiquity; while the knight, in his sleeveless surcoat, open at the side, and its ample folds confined by the sword-belt, wears the very counterpart of the Grecian tunic.

During the middle period, and especially towards the close of this century, Gothic architecture continued to advance in grandeur and beauty; and, while it began to display a greater degree of ornament, the ornaments had not, as yet, encumbered the general design. In all their accessories, the Gothic architects seem to have been guided by the most delicate perception of beauty. No strange and startling combinations of bird and beast, of the human figure with animals or foliage, meet us in the pure Gothic; the human figure when introduced either gracefully and naturally occupies the niche, or fits to the

—*spandril* of the *keel* alone, whiplod, crowned, or with flowing hair, forms the bracket of the arch. But in foliage, the taste of the Gothic architect absolutely revelled: every *leaf*—rose, thistle, strawberry, ivy—every one, from the *simple trefoil* to the elaborate acanthus, from the light and graceful convolvulus to the richest oak—find a place: and almost every flower, too—lilies, marigolds, delicately drooping bell-flowers, and rich clusters, which resemble the hydrangea, and roses of every kind, from the formal heraldic rose, to the simplest hedgerow, or the many-leaved rose of Provins—all, delicate and natural, as though by sudden magic, they had been frozen to marble, clasp the graceful shaft, adorn the moulding, or enrich the ponderous key-stone.

The close of this century was distinguished, too, by the erection of those numerous chapter-houses of unrivalled beauty; and by those additions to our cathedrals, which many judges have considered to be the most exquisite parts of the whole. This, too, was the era of the graceful market-cross, and of those unrivalled sepulchral crosses which, amid their mouldering desolation, still exhibit so much grace and beauty.

The authoress traces the progress and refinement of art, in humbler departments—in the finely-carved seals, in the beautifully illuminated manuscripts, and the works of the London goldsmiths, famed, before the Conquest, for the elegance and taste of the gold and silver crosses, figures, and altar plate which they wrought.

We take leave of this interesting and graceful fragment of early history, with respect for the taste, talents, and industry of the authoress, and cordial recommendation of her work, to those who, though appalled by the dry or repulsive facts of general history, delight in pictures of early manners, and in tracing the development of civilization, from the bursting germ to the unfolding of the bright consummate flower.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Mrs. Jameson's Memoirs of King Charles's Beauties, with their portraits, after Lely, Wissing, Kneller, &c.

There is a new issue of an elegant and expensive work, in Monthly Parts, equally elegant as the original edition, and at a much cheaper rate. Part I. contains portraits of Queen Catherine of Braganza, engraved for the first time, for this work, from the picture at Windsor. The termagant Castlemain—the most abandoned, impetuous, and prominent of the ladies of the Royal harem—forms the second portrait. She is habited as an Amazon. We look in vain for that dazzling beauty in Barbara Villiers, which enchanted honest Mr. Pepys nearly as much as the lustre of those rich-laced petticoats which “it did him good to look upon.” The “voluptuous vixen,” who is certainly the most impudent, as well as the most rapacious royal harlot upon record, was probably somewhat indebted for the brightening of her charms to court flatterers. If Dryden could compare her to Cato, why might not other courtiers magnify her into a Juno? It is not surprising that Fox, with the history of England before him, should call a Restoration “the worst of Revolutions.” This harpy was but one of its blessed consequences. “These were the times, Mrs. Rigmarele.” Lady Castlemain alone had £20,000 a-year out of the customs, and £5,300 a-year from the post-office revenue; besides all that she could squeeze out of Ireland, and pillage from her royal lover, in the shape of gifts and presents, in jewels, plate, houses, &c. The retributive moral of the tale of that “hell-upon-earth” life, which this woman—to whom a common trull is a respectable character—led the King, brings a sort of consolation. As soon as she knew her ground with Charles, she never attempted to carry any point by insinuation or cajolery. She raged, stormed, and burst into fits of uncontrollable fury—and was dreaded and obeyed, however unreasonable, capricious, or exorbitant her demands for money or power might be. “Wearied by the din of her vituperative tongue,” the King was glad to relieve his ears and eyes by congealing all that she desired. This “anonymous rammer!” favourite, as Burnet calls her, was as extravagant as rapacious; and, indeed, rapacity and extravagance are ever twin-sisters. She was accustomed to stake a thousand pounds on a game of cards, and, in one night, lost £25,000. As Burnet says, “the good humoured, sympathetic, polite” Charles, and of which gentle epistle Mrs. Jameson is pleased to apply to the King—had shamelessly and tyrannically forced this fury into his wife's household, by which she obtained apartments at Whitehall immediately above those of the King, her dominion over him became absolute. “In her chamber,” it is stated, “and among the profligate crew who surrounded her, was prepared the plot against Lord Chancellor Clarendon, which ended in the disgrace and banishment of that great nobleman.” When he returned to Whitehall after resigning the seals, she jumped out of bed in her night-clothes, to look down upon him as he passed, and stood in her balcony, abusing him loudly, and in the coarsest terms her vulgar malice could suggest. When she quarrelled with the great Duke of Ormond, who had offended her in many ways—but especially by resisting her enormous drains upon the Irish treasury—she reviled him, swore at him, and finally told him she “hoped to see him hanged.” To which the Duke replied, with the grave humour becoming his character, “that, far from wishing to see her Ladyship's days shortened in return, his greatest desire was to see her grow old.” Such is the kind of entertainment to be found in Mrs. Jameson's lively sketches, illustrating the series of engravings of King Charles's Beauties, the pride of Windsor Castle. Had the court lady, afterwards made Duchess of Cleveland, been a fish-woman in Billingsgate Market, or the concubine of a sailor at Wapping, instead of being the King's favourite mistress, she could not have escaped the ducking-stool. The advantages of monarchy would require to be signal to counterbalance such pretty accidents as this ode royal mistress.

La Belle Hamilton, afterwards Countess de Grammont, a malicious practical joker, who, with all her imputed elegance, we have always considered indebted to her husband for much of her wit and wisdom, looks here a handsome woman, of rather luxuriant proportions. But the Countess of Ossory, a charming portrait from a painting by Wissing, is the gem of this Part. In every higher attribute of beautiful womanhood. After the many ideal characters with whom one's eyes have been sated since last October, it is refreshing to turn to the homeliest of these ladies; real women, and looking real. We anticipate great success to this publication, and had less pleasure in the forthcoming numbers than the present, when we remember the long train of characters that remain—the buxom “Mistress Nelly,” “poor Nell!”—the lovely Jennings, and Hydes, and Charles Hills, and fifty others, who will live and flourish once more in true portraiture, and in the lively memoirs of Mrs. Jameson.

NEW NOVELS, ROMANCES, SKETCHES, &c. &c.

Books of entertainment have come forth in such abundance within the last six weeks, that we can only notice the flower of them, and that in the slightest way.

Jerrold's Men of Character

Is, however, something more than an ephemeral work of entertainment. It is a transcript from the ever fresh and open volume of daily life; teeming with instruction to the reflecting, and with knowledge and amusement to the most superficial. We are glad to meet these inimitable scattered sketches, collected into one portfolio; and not sorry that the familiarity of general readers, with their Hogarthian excellence, makes it unnecessary to say much about them. Who has forgotten Job Pippin's or Isaac Cheek's misadventures, the rotten egg of Barnaby Rime, or Mathew Clear's "Hooking?"

Misrepresentation; or, Scenes in Real Life,

Is a mere slice of the daily bread of the circulating libraries, and not very richly buttered. It purports to be one of a series of tales on the passions; but what passion is illustrated, we cannot guess, unless it be that of the heroines of novels, for tormenting themselves and all around them, by the old game of cross-purposes.

Royston Gower, or the Days of King John,

Is an historical romance, abounding in incident, and, if not in memorable characters, yet in *dramatis personæ*. It is the production of the writer known as the Basket Maker. The author's tasteful eye for soft landscape, and for forest scenery, and his love of ancient rustic sports and usages, imparts grace to his narrative. He has made himself acquainted with the manners of the age, which he undertakes to describe, and never outrages costume by those glaring anachronisms into which some historical romance-writers are apt to fall. With all this, "Royston Gower" is more to be commended for the fretting of the husk, than for the richness or raciness of the kernel. What matters it?—It is a pleasant, readable tale of the olden time, which will, in many particulars, beguile the hour as well as another; while Robin Hood, and his merry men, and Sherwood Forest, "time cannot stale;" and they are all flourishing here.

The River and the Desert, by Miss Pardoe,

Is not exactly a romance; but it is a book of amusement, and of the most gossamer texture. It is in the form of letters; and the perplexing title is simply translated into "Recollections of the Rhone and the Chartreuse." Next time Miss Pardoe writes, she should do herself and her readers the justice of having something to write about; and to take a little more pains with it.

PROGRESS OF PUBLICATION.

Modern Process of Preserving Alimentary Substances. By H. W. Brand.

The directions are brief and plain. They apply to every sort of fresh provisions, vegetables, and fruits.

Christian Sentiment of Flowers

Is a very small tract, containing a popular verse of poetry and a text of Scripture, applied to a great variety of common flowers.

A Second and Improved edition of Curtis on the Preservation of Health

Has been published, with improvements.

Gems from the British Poets,

Four small tomes, each forming a complete work, and the whole a very desirable addition to a juvenile collection. One tiny tome consists of *sacred* poetry; another of pieces from *living* authors. The selection is generally judicious, as the selector has wisely walked in the exact footsteps of the best of his precursors.

Southey's Poetical Works. Vol. V.

Gives us "Madoc" complete, and is a goodly volume in point of size. To us the charm of "Madoc" has ever been its sweet mother-English. It is the most purely Saxon of modern compositions, whether prose or verse.

Thoughts on Tactics and Military Organisation.

By Lieutenant-Colonel I. Mitchell, H. P. author of "The Life of Wallenstein."

Colonel Mitchell is a reformer of the economical and political departments of the military system, and also of the system of modern tactics, which he would supersede by one which he considers immeasurably better. The substance of his work has already appeared in *The United Service Journal*; and he now bespeaks the aid of these military men, qualified to judge, who encouraged the work in its progress, to assist in the completion of its grand object. Though that object is chiefly professional, the work is so managed as to interest general readers. It is often extremely lively, glancing brightly in all directions, as well as sensible and liberal. Yet the author is no exception to what may be made a general rule:—no old soldier without his prejudices. He has imbibed the prevalent contagious dread of the power of Russia, and has been carried a farther length by it than is common, even at this season of alarm. He is also an inordinate believer in the essential importance of colonies to national prosperity.

NEW POEMS.

Summer Months among the Mountains. By Andrew Mercer.*

This comprehensive title is given to a small volume of very miscellaneous character. It is, in fact, a collection of pieces, grave, gay, humorous, pathetic, descriptive, and complimentary, displaying more of the true spirit of poetry than we are accustomed to see in volumes of fugitive pieces,

"Nor wanting the accomplishment of verse."

The poems, indeed, partake more of the old school—more of the classical than the crude, though sometimes spirited, effusions with which the public have been made familiar of late. The locale of the poems is generally Ettrick Forest; and one of the finest of them bears the name, sacred to the Scottish Muse, of that resort—

"Whither the Scottish monarchs came,

By train of noble chiefs escorted,
In summer's prime to hunt the game
That here in pasturing crowds resorted.

Oh, grand the greenwood's rich display!
With hart and hind the glades abounded,
The eager stag-hounds loudly bay,
And bugles yell and horns neigh,
And arrows whizz, and fall the wounded.
Then deep carouse, when sport was o'er,
Held in the monarch's forest tower.

"The Forest rivers have been sung,

By many a bard in joy and sorrow;
'Tweedside' and 'Ettrick-banks' along,
And many a lay on lovely 'Yarrow.'
By Cadon's mountain stream, and Quair,
And Leithen braces, the Muse found matter
For love and song, then downwards where
She warned the 'The Lads of Galla Water.'
And every brook, and vale, and grove,
Have list strains of poetic love.

"A chant here for that lovely scene—
The lakes of Lomax and lone St Mary;
Where, round the pyramids of green,
Soft summer winds their waters carry."

But we must turn from the tribute garland, woven of Forest Flowers, and from "Park, and Hagg, and Soest," who here find themselves in fellowship. Another Forest scene, *Fairylee*, is sweetly sung:—

"Though Yair be sweet by fair Tweedside,
And rich its scenery be;
Yet it blinks not in the morning sun,
Nor basks until the day be done,
Like sweeter Fairylee."

* Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black, pp. 200; price 4s.

"There, when life's curfew late hath tolled,
To sleep, how sweet 'twould be!
Beneath some long-loved elm or oak
That never felt the woodman's stroke,
The green sward covering as a cloak,
In the woods of *Fairylee*."

Some of the English songs are truly elegant, as that one beginning, "Why declare how much I love thee." So are the verses "To a Streamlet," and the "Wooing and Bridal of the Willow and the Brook." Though of humbler pretensions, this genuine Scottish lilt is not to be treated with indifference:—

"D'ye like, my lassie,
The fields, wild and free,
Where the song o' the herdman
Gars a' ring wi' glee?
Or the steep rocky glen,
Where the eagles abide?—
Then, on wi' the tartan,
And off wi' me ride.

"D'ye like the mountains,
Where the dun heather grows,
Where dwell the ptarmigans,
The wild goats, and roes?
Or the roar of the torrents
That rush down their side?—
Then, on wi' the tartan,
And off wi' me ride.

"D'ye like the woodlands,
Where grow the wild pines,
The birks, and the hazels,
And brambles—our vines?
Where the dun fallow-deer
In hundreds reside?—
Then, on wi' the tartan
And off wi' me ride.

"D'ye like the knowes, lassie,
That ever were green,
Unless wi' the blossoms
Of broom and of whin?
Or the sang of the liltie,
When wooing his bride?—
Then, on wi' the tartan,
And off wi' me ride.

"D'ye like the burn, lassie,
That loupes o'er the linnas?
Or the bonny green haughs,
Where it canny rine,
Wi' a cozy bit cottage
Sae snug by its side?—
Then, on wi' the tartan,
And off wi' me ride.

"Dye like the blue bonnet,
The plaid and the trows?
And a yellow-haired laddie
Wad ye like to choose?
Will ye gang to the Highlands,
And there be his bride?—
Then, on wi' the tartan,
And off wi' me ride."

We admire the philosophy of the "Contrast," where the balance of happiness is thus decided in favour of

Nancy, the hay-makier, and Against "Harriet in her Chariot."

"Which is happier—maid or lady?
On this the world will disagree;
But, for my part, I've decided—
Come, Nancy, I'll make hay with thee!"

Among the best of the humorous pieces, is "The Man of Interjections," of whom we are told, that—

"When Ultra-Tories talked of force,
To keep the mob in awe,
And threatened troops of foot and horse,
He gruffly muttered—*Bah!*

"When braggarts boasted of great powers,
He gave his friend a nudge,
Or, wicked, misbelieving winked,
And silyly whispered—*Fudge!*

"In physic, law, divinity,
There's quackery enough;
Whenever such was heard or read,
He peevishly cried—*Stuff!*

"But sterling sense, or genuine wit,
Or humour's merriest mood,
Well pleased he heard, and smiling he
Ejaculated—*Good!*

"Or, if some noble sentiment
Demanded a display
Of approbation, then, indeed,
Rightly hearty his—*Hurrah!*"

We must give the *moral*, for the benefit of M.P.'s, and all speechifiers whatsoever; speechifying being the crying and prominent vice of the age:—

"If in and out of Parliament,
More silent would remain,
We should not be so often bored:
For this we pray—*Amen!*"

Is that not likely, courteous reader, to be a clever book which contains things like this? Buy it, therefore. It would not be easy to point out how you could spend four shillings more judiciously and agreeably.

The Cry of the Poor.

We have here a rhymed argument for the poor, by a man of amiable feelings, who is no despicable versifier. He is a Tory, moreover, and dislikes the French and the new Poor-Law, and admires the wisdom of our ancestors, and the manners and habits of that golden age of English cottage life, which, if it ever really existed, save in the poet's lays, contrasts painfully with the poverty, hurry, squalor, and uneasy restlessness of this transition period.

Sabbath, Honor Neale, and other Poems. By

Richard Chenevix Trench,

Is a new volume of verse by one, who may be better known as the author of "Justin Martyr" than by his proper name. The volume contains no fiery revelation of the spirit of poetry; but, nevertheless, many copies of pleasing verses, of the purest and kindest tendency.

COMMUNICATION FROM MR. HUME ON THE CAUSES OF CANADIAN DISCONTENTS.

TO THE REFORMERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Bryanston Square, 12th March 1838.

GENTLEMEN,—Being of opinion that every violation of the constitutional liberties of any portion of her Majesty's subjects, is an insult and injury to the whole, I think it of importance that the causes which led to the general discontent, for years past, in the province of Lower Canada, and the circumstances which occasioned the late lamentable civil war in a small portion of that colony, should be clearly understood by every British subject. I therefore request your careful perusal of the following narrative, lately sent from Vermont, one of the States of America adjoining to Lower Canada, which gives a more faithful and concise detail of the proceedings in that province than any account I have yet seen. The long-continued system of misrule appears to me sufficiently to account for what has taken place.—I remain your obedient Servant,

Verona, 15th December 1837.

The popular outbreak which has recently and unexpectedly occurred in the neighbouring Province of Lower Canada, has, it cannot be denied, excited much interest in the northern and eastern sections of the Union. The papers from all quarters comment, more or less, on the subject. This, if there were no other proof, is sufficient to show the direction in which the public feeling is setting.

It is probable, however, that most of the citizens of the United States are yet in a great degree ignorant of the precise nature of the movement in the north; of the causes which have led to the temporary triumph of one of the parties, and to the temporary defeat of the other. But, above all, few of them are acquainted with the chain of circumstances which hurried long-lived and deep-rooted discontent into sudden resistance to the constituted executive authority of the colony. The following details will, it is hoped, enable the public to form, without going very far back into history, a distinct and clear idea of the rise and nature of the Canada difficulties.

The executive authority in that colony is *perfectly irresponsible to the people of Canada*. No matter how grave the malversation or misconduct of the persons exercising it—no matter how unfit they may be for the station—they can neither be removed from office, punished, or controlled by the people, whose affairs they mal-administer, whose property or resources they waste, or whose liberties or rights they may invade or destroy. A consequence of this state of perfect freedom from control has been, that the members composing that executive have divided among themselves, their families, and dependents, more than a million of acres of the public lands. They have permitted the treasurer of the Province to speculate and convert to his own use, with impunity, 600,000 dollars (£120,000) of the public money belonging to the colonists; and they still share among themselves enormous emoluments, large fees established without the authority of law, have obtained most valuable portions of the public domain for little or nothing, and combine, many of them, in their own persons, executive, legislative, and judicial functions. *That is, the same individuals sit in one chamber as makers of the law; in another, as judges of the law; and in a third, as executors of the law.* We need not tell our enlightened citizens, that every constitution of the Union wisely declares the exercise of these duties by the same persons to be incompatible.

In the next place, the second branch of the Provincial Legislature, which is called the *Legislative Council*, and which is equivalent to the Senate of this State, [or House of Lords in England,] is composed of persons appointed for life to that office by the authorities in Britain. The persons thus appointed are, nearly without an exception, the creatures of the government—some of them immoral men, and all of them totally independent and beyond the control of the people for whom they make laws. Let them behave ever so badly, they cannot be removed from office.

The great majority of the men holding seats in this branch of the legislature, are dependent on, or connected with, the government in one way or another. Some of them hold offices of profit, of from 2000 to 10,000 dollars a-year. Others among them have their children or connections in office; and many have had large grants of lands, or leases of public property, for which they pay but a nominal sum; the continuance or renewal of which leases depend altogether on the good-will of the government. The independent members did not, until lately, amount to more than half-a-dozen in a body of more than thirty members.

It is evident, from such a composition, that it is directly the interest of these men to support a system in which the salaries are high, the patronage extensive; to oppose small salaries, the economical administration of affairs, and the control of the public purse by the representatives of the people.

From these feelings, they have ever steadily opposed the just demand of the House of Assembly to control the public purse; and, in every possible way, embarrassed

that body in the exercise of its just privileges of voting the salaries of the public officers. It is unnecessary to enumerate here all the measures which have been passed by the people's representatives, and destroyed in this Council. In fourteen years, they amount to more than two hundred bills, of the nature of which the following may give an idea.

They rejected the bill continuing common schools in the Province; and thus, at one blow, laid in ruins 1500 schools, and deprived 40,000 children of the means of acquiring the elements of education. There is not a public common school now in Lower Canada.

They have constantly rejected the bill to allow the people, in the country parts of the Province, to elect parish or town officers to regulate their local affairs; and have destroyed the corporations of Montreal and Quebec, by refusing to pass the bills continuing them.

In Lower Canada, there is no law for the impartial drawing of juries. The sheriff, who holds an office worth many thousand dollars a-year, during the pleasure of the Governor, has the power to put whomsoever he pleases in the jury box. In common language, he can "pack" the jury. Whenever the government prosecutes a person for political offences, it follows that the prisoner is sure of being found guilty; for the sheriff dares not displease the authority upon which his large emoluments depend. To rectify this vital grievance, the House of Assembly has passed a bill to regulate the drawing of jurors. The *Legislative Council*, the creatures of the government, destroyed the bill, so that it could not become a law.

They have arrested all public improvements. The Assembly voted over 100,000 dollars, in 1838, to finish a canal between St John's and Chambly, thereby to render uninterrupted the water communication from New York to Quebec; and also passed a bill to complete the docks and wharfs of Montreal. Both these bills were destroyed by the *Legislative Council*.

This list could be extended to ten times its length; but, as it is meant only to convey an idea of what the country has suffered from the irresponsible constitution of the Council, these few will suffice. As a remedy, it is demanded that the Members of that Council be elected to office, for a limited time, by the people, precisely as the senators of this state are elected. By that means, if they continued to prevent education and public improvement, or to refuse their consent to laws for the security of the people's liberties, other and better men might be chosen in their stead. This prayer has been refused by the Colonial Minister, and by the Imperial Parliament.

The next demand of the people of Lower Canada is that their representatives should have the control of all the public revenues raised within the Province. Some persons are under the impression that Great Britain pays all the expenses of the colony. This is an error. Lower Canada pays all the expenses of her own government, and has, at the same time, a surplus sufficient to defray the expenses of common schools and public improvements. Great Britain contributes not a cent to the civil expenditure, though she supports the military establishments at a great expense.

Having thus to pay all the civil expenses, it is natural that the Assembly should insist on the exercise of its constitutional right of controlling all the revenue. The government, which is not willing to have the means of rewarding its favourites curtailed—the office-holders, who like high salaries—have always opposed these rights of the representative branch of the Legislature. The Governor has, consequently, year after year, expended large sums of the people's money, without the consent and against the will of their representatives; and although the government promised, so far back as 1793, to surrender all the revenues to the control of these representatives, it has never performed its promise. In spite of all that the Assembly can do, the flood-gates of corruption and extravagance continue unobscured; and, to destroy all opposition, the Governor has at last accused the leading members of the Assembly, who have supported the people's rights, of high treason: he has, moreover, outlawed them, and set a price on their heads. When the waters wish

to devour the sheep, they first wholy set about destroying the watch dogs.

A few more samples of Canadian grievance, and we have done with that part of the subject.

When the provinces belonged to France, large tracts of valuable land were given in trust to the order of Jesuits, for the purposes of public education. This property has been most shamefully wasted. Thousands, and hundreds of thousands of dollars, of the proceeds, have been squandered among officials and favourite churches—thousands of acres of the estates have been alienated for a mere nominal sum; and the college, founded by the Jesuits in Quebec, where, in the last century, youth acquired a knowledge of science and the higher branches of learning, has been positively converted into, and continues to be used as, a *barack* for soldiers by the British government! Does not this one fact suffice to shew the nature of British rule in Canada?

Again, nothing can give an idea of the difficulty which the people labour under of acquiring land to settle on. The militia of the Province were promised lots in return for their services during the last war. They fought and bled. Peace came. Their services and wounds were forgotten; and government has, by systematic quibbling, ever since evaded the performance of the promise it gave in a moment of danger and fear. It has, on the contrary, in order to raise a revenue independent of law, and beyond the control of the Legislature, sold nearly a million of acres of the public lands, to a company of speculators in London, at about twenty-five cents [twelve or thirteen pence] the acre; for which land this company, in return, demand and receive from a dollar and a-half to three dollars the acre, from emigrants and settlers. This land company has been chartered, and these lands sold, against the repeated protests of the local Assembly.

As a remedy for their grievances, of which the above is necessarily but a brief and faint outline, the people of Lower Canada demand:—

1st, That the Provincial *Executive Council* should be responsible to the people, through their representatives.

2nd, That the members of the *Legislative Council* should be elected by the people, on the same principle as the senators of the State of New York.

3d, That the representatives of the people should have the control of all the monies received in the public treasury, from public taxes and all other sources whatever, in the province, and that not a cent should leave that treasury without the authority of law.

4th, That no official incumbent should hold more than one place, and that the public salaries should be reduced. Many office-holders now hold *three or four* offices each, and the salaries are enormously high: the Governor, for example, receiving 20,000 dollars a-year, a sheriff 10,000 dollars, and judges from 4,000 to 9,000 dollars.

5th, They next demand, that various laws passed by the Parliament of Great Britain, wherein they are not represented, and affecting the *internal* affairs of the province, be repealed, and that the department of the public lands be regulated by provincial law; so that any man, whatever be his origin, language, or religion, who wishes to settle in the country, may have the means, at a very trifling expense of so doing, without favour or partiality for any class of settlers.

The House of Assembly, finally, have resolved not to vote any supplies to the government, until their various grievances be redressed; and, in accordance with this resolution, have steadily refused, for the four past years, to grant any supplies, *but with conditions annexed*: the *Legislative Council* have rejected those Bills of supply, whose conditions were annexed.

The British Government, in reply to these demands, reiterated for years, at length sent out a royal commission to inquire into their truth. This commission made its report in 1836. It is a singular fact, that all the evidence collected was from the office-holders and their political friends. Strange to say, the justice of all the complaints of the people is, notwithstanding, admitted. Stranger still, the commissioners recommended the government to *refuse all the reforms demanded by them*.

In conformity with these anomalous and unjustifiable

recommendations, Lord John Russell, the British minister, introduced into the British Parliament, last March, a series of resolutions, rejecting all the prayers of the Canadian Reformers. Not content with this injustice, he went one step further. Following the bad and unconstitutional examples set him by the Grenvilles, the Norths, and the other enemies of American rights, and forgetful of the sound constitutional principle, that nobody has the right to dispose of a people's money except their own freely-chosen representatives, the minister submitted his *eighth* resolution,* authorizing the British House of Commons to dispose of—"to give, and grant"—the money belonging to the people of Canada.

It is superfluous here to point out the blow aimed in this resolve against the very vitality of all constitutional freedom. It is the same unwarrantable pretension that the people of these States successively opposed, in the shape of a stamp act and a tea tax, and which is so familiar to every schoolboy throughout this Union.

These resolutions were, after strong opposition on the part of the friends of American rights, passed by the British Parliament by overwhelming majorities. In the House of Lords, only *one* man was found to record his vote against them—that man was HENRY LORD BROUGHAM.

Though passed in England, they were not, to her honour be it spoken, submitted to in Canada. Her representatives persisted in refusing supplies, and demanded that the eighth resolution be expunged from the journals of Parliament. Taking a leaf from the history of the American Revolution, the people met in their several counties, and at once resolved not to consume any articles imported from Great Britain—to encourage domestic manufactures, and to trade almost exclusively with these States.

Conformably to these resolutions, wine and other luxuries forthwith disappeared from the tables of the people. The members of the Assembly, and the inhabitants, women as well as men, clothed themselves in cloth of domestic manufacture, and no tea or coffee was drunk, except such as was introduced from this country without paying duty.

A warfare such as this, the government well knew would be fatal to its power; for, the revenue proceeding in a great part from duties on imports, the non-consumption policy resorted to by the mass of the inhabitants, would most extensively affect the treasury.

To put a stop, then, to the spirit of incipient resistance, the Governor, Lord Gosford, issued a proclamation, denouncing as "seditious" the meetings above mentioned. This proclamation fell still-born from the press. It was derided and treated with every possible contempt; and the meetings continued. Finding proclamations of no avail against the Democrats of Canada, Lord Gosford next had recourse to acts of terror. He called magistrates and militia officers who attended the "anti-coercion" meetings, (as they were called,) to an account for so doing. These officers, with a spirit becoming free men, at once repelled this incipient attempt to coerce them in the expression of their opinions at public meetings, or in the exercise of their inherent rights. The Governor proceeded, thereupon, to dismiss them from office. These dismissals excited so much indignation throughout the country, that gentlemen who held commissions in the militia and in the magistracy came forward, in great numbers, in several counties, and voluntarily threw up the "royal" commissions, as officers of militia, and magistrates, which they held, and accompanied their resignation by letters couched in the most

* The eighth resolution, carried, on the 21th April 1837, in the House of Commons—116 for 53 against—viz., That, for defraying the arrears due on account of the established and customary charges of the administration of justice, and of the civil government of the said province, it is expedient that, after applying for that purpose such balance as shall, on the said 10th day of April 1837, be in the hands of the Receiver-General of the said Province, arising from his Majesty's hereditary, territorial, and casual revenue, the Governor of the said province be empowered to issue *sums* and out of any other part of his Majesty's revenues in the hands of the Receiver-General of the said Province, such further sums as shall be necessary to effect the payment of the before-mentioned sum of £148,360 s 16 d.

manly and independent terms. Whole counties by this means were left without a magistrate or a militia officer.

To prevent society from falling into a state of disorganization, the Reformers next commenced laying the foundation of an elective system of local government. On the 23d October last, delegates from the six counties bordering on the River Richelieu,* assembled at St Charles, and passed a series of resolutions, recommending the people to meet in the present month of December, in their several parishes, and to elect their own magistrates and militia officers. An address was also voted by this meeting to the people of Canada, containing a declaration of principles, thoroughly democratic—recapitulating the grievances under which the Province laboured—protesting against the introduction of an armed soldiery, [troops had been ordered from Nova Scotia, &c.,] in times of profound peace, for the physical coercion and destruction of the people of the Province, who were determined not to submit to the arbitrary measures of ministers; and, finally, recommending to their brother patriots to organize in their several localities, so as to be prepared for whatever it might please the providence of God to bring about. This address expressed, at the same time, a confident hope that the people of these States would never permit the principles for which the fathers of American freedom struggled in 1776, to be crushed in Canada in 1837.

This great meeting, and this bold address, were the signal for the British Government in Lower Canada to develop its long-planned conspiracy against the liberties of the colonists—to hurry the people into resistance, in imitation of the well-known inhuman policy pursued by Lord Castlereagh towards Ireland in 1793, in order that it may the more easily crush all opposition, and “*Polandise*” the Province.

The 6th of last month was the day on which the first part of this plot was unfolded. On that day, a young men’s association, called “*The Sons of Liberty*,” held their usual regular monthly meeting in Montreal. The government, or Tory party, stated, at an early hour, their intention to assault these young men. The latter, not yet aware that it was a crime to meet publicly and peaceably, to express their opinions on the interests of their native or adopted country, treated the threats of the Tories with no attention, and held their meeting, at which they passed a series of resolutions. During this meeting, stones were thrown at the young men; yet this passed unresented. On their way home from the meeting, they were, however, assaulted—the assault was repelled—their opponents retreated; and the magistrates, most of whom are violent partisans of the official or Tory party, called out the troops; and they paraded the streets, accompanied by several pieces of cannon.

“*The loyal*” assailants of the “*Sons of Liberty*,” now safe under the protection of British bayonets and artillery, were not slow in committing excesses. The most prominent of these was the breaking of Mr Speaker Papineau’s windows; after which they broke into the office of the *Vindicator* newspaper, a reform journal, which, *with the knowledge and within the sight or hearing of the magistrates*, they utterly destroyed. Since that day, they have had undisturbed possession of the city of Montreal, and every public newspaper has been suppressed.

Not to be behind these furious men in zeal, the Government next proceeded to act his part in this lawless drama.

His first step was to remove all the liberal magistrates from the commission of the peace in the district of Montreal. He was well aware that, so long as a Reformer remained as a magistrate, the victims whom he intended to sacrifice might have some person to sympathize with them, or give them advice. He deprived them of this hope, by removing, in one day, between sixty and seventy magistrates, who happened to be *Liberals*, or were suspected of *Liberallism*, from the commission of the peace. Then the reign of terror commenced in good earnest. Warrants were issued in torrents against every man who

* These counties contain about the sixth part of the whole population of Lower Canada.

had dared to take a prominent part in the recent meetings. The president and divers officers of the “*Sons of Liberty*” were arrested on a charge of high treason, for merely having signed an address to their brethren in the other colonies. Warrants were next issued against the officers of the meeting of the six counties, and against the Members of the House of Assembly who had attended that meeting, as they were bound to do, by the obligation they had entered into with their constituents; and the district jail was at once crammed with the victims of arbitrary government. “*Liberty of speech, liberty of meeting, and the liberty of the press, were thus annihilated in the British Province, on our immediate borders, in the short period of twenty-four hours.*”

The people of the country parts of the district of Montreal, on learning that warrants for high treason were issued against their most patriotic public men, and aware that, if the latter were once imprisoned, the chances were ten to one that their lives would be sacrificed, at once determined to oppose the execution of those warrants.

To those acquainted with the state of things in Canada, this determination does not seem strange. It rather does honour to the hearts of the Canadian farmers. The men doomed to incarceration, if not death, by the government, live among the people, are in daily intercourse with them, and have become connected with them by various ties. They are among the most intelligent, liberal, and able men of the Province, and of high moral and personal standing. The jail to which these patriots were to be conveyed, is not situated in the counties in which they reside. There are, indeed, but three jails in the Lower Province—viz., at Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers. Prisoners are removed, in many instances, fifty, sixty, and ninety miles from their homes, friends, and neighbours, and immured in damp cells, in solitary confinement, on bread and water. Add to this, the serious consideration, that they will receive only the mockery of a trial; for, in the absence of all law providing for the impartial drawing of juries, *dependent sheriffs pick such juries* as they expect will return verdicts to please the government. Thus, the political prisoner has no barrier between him and the vengeance of arbitrary power; and, convinced of this, the country people determined to protect their representatives and public men.

The first time on which this feeling was called forth, was in the early part of last month, when Dr Davignon and Mr Demaray were arrested on a charge of high treason, at St John’s. Instead of conveying these prisoners quietly to Montreal, direct by the railroad, the cavalry that captured them resolved on striking terror through the country, by conducting them round by Chambly and Longueuil, a distance of thirty-six miles, with iron fetters on their hands and feet, and ropes around their necks. The people in the neighbourhood of Longueuil had a short notice of this arrest, assembled in a moment to the number of between thirty and forty men, and rescued the prisoners. The government seized on this petty, unexpected resistance by a few, as a pretext for levying war on the mass of the Canadian people inhabiting the district of Montreal. Immediately, a force of 800 men, with four pieces of cannon and a howitzer, was despatched from Montreal—one-half to attack St Denis, the remainder to storm St Charles, where several of the leading reformers from Montreal had retired, when they could no longer remain at their homes.

So little expectation was there that such an armed force would be sent into the country on the grave expe-

* “To-day, two young French lawyers (C. S. Cherrier and Mr Peltier) were arrested, charged with treason, and committed to jail. I saw them marched from the court-house by one of the volunteer corps of this city—many of whom were American-born citizens. May the free soil of our beloved country never again be polluted by their unhallowed footsteps! There is not a man in this city who dares to declare himself a patriot—the liberty of the press is destroyed; and, to speak in favour of their cause, will consign the body to chains and dungeons. To see these young Frenchmen, the descendants of the original proprietors of this city, driven to prison by a horde of hireling Britons, aided and abetted by a clan of mercenary American Tories, was too much for my feelings, and I am not ashamed to confess that the revolting spectacle was almost hid from my vision by the blinding tears of sympathy.”—*Letter from an American citizen, temporarily in Montreal, dated Dec. 1.*

dition of arresting half a dozen of civilians, whose only offence was, that they had attended the St Charles meeting, at which they had taken an active part, that met the least preparation had been made to oppose such a body. There were no more than thirty men in St Denis previous to the arrival of the troops, and these were collected rather to prevent the sudden seizure of Dr Neilson by a posse of constables, than with any anticipation of contending against a regular armed force. The same may be said of St Charles. When, however, it was known the troops were coming, the tocan was sounded—a crowd of about 300 men, armed, some with fowling-guns and others with pitch-forks, assembled at St Denis, and, after an engagement of five hours and a half, repulsed the soldiers, with a loss of fifty men and one piece of cannon. At St Charles, the only triumph the troops obtained, was the empty one of setting fire to a range of out-houses, in which were stored a quantity of hay and grain, and from out of which the patriots, about 300 in number, had kept up a galling fire, and of compelling the patriots to withdraw, with a loss of some thirty men, killed and wounded.* They afterwards burned the house of one of the vice-presidents of the St Charles meeting, not being able to find its owner, against whom they had a warrant; and made prisoner of "a liberty tree," planted some weeks before by the people, in honour of "PAPINEAU;" the erection of which, the Governor in council had solemnly, though not very legally, considered to be an overt act of "treason."

After a week's campaign, the troops were obliged to return to Montreal, having lost, in the collision with the peasantry, nearly 100 men, without arresting a single individual of those, to seize whom they had been dispatched.

Two steamers, with four companies of soldiers, sundry pieces of artillery, a troop of horse, and a supply of rockets, were next despatched on a second expedition to St Denis, St Charles, and St Hyacinth, (the last-named village being 18 miles in the rear of the other two), to bring in "the rebel chiefs." Not succeeding in the object of their expedition, and meeting with no opposition, the gallant band amused themselves with firing the houses of defenceless women, helpless men, and absent individuals. Their course through the country may be traced by havoc and devastation similar to that resorted to by the British troops in these States during the Revolutionary War of 1775.

An impression prevails in this part of the Union, that the late movement in Lower Canada was the commencement of a system of revolutionary resistance to the government, regularly organized by the leaders of the Canadian people. *This, it will be seen from what has preceded, is an error.* The resistance to the troops was simply and purely the spontaneous impulse of the farmers, who were determined to prove their gratitude and attachment to a few of their public men, who happened to be in danger. If Dr Neilson and Mr Brown led the people on these occasions, it was rather from the immediate and uncontrollable necessity of the moment, than from any pre-arranged plan of general resistance. Under these circumstances, it should not appear strange that advantage had been gained by regularly equipped and organized

troops. The wonder should rather be that the people had gained the day even at St Denis.

The nature of the recent commotion in Lower Canada is now before the public. It is evident, from the details, that the movement was without the participation, and beyond the control of the leading men of the country, who must be held guiltless of the charge of imprudence, to which subsequent events may seem to expose them; but of which, now that the real merits of the case are explained, they cannot be accused. *The truth is, the British Government in Canada, and not the people, has been the aggressor.* The latter pursued, all along, a strictly constitutional course. They met in their parishes, counties, and districts, where their proceedings were confined to the passing of resolutions, making speeches, and publishing addresses. By these peaceable and strictly legal measures, the people were becoming thoroughly educated; and the foundations were being deeply laid for the establishment of a purely democratic system of government. The British authorities foresaw this, and resolved, *per fas et nefas*, to goad the people into resistance, in order that they might have a pretext before the world for extinguishing all constitutional government in Canada.† With this view, they began by at once destroying the liberal newspapers in the Province, and offering large rewards for the arrest of the editors and printers thereof.† Next, warrants were issued against the most influential members of the House of Assembly, who had hitherto consistently opposed the pretensions of Downing Street; and they were charged with high treason, in order that all opposition on their part, in the legislature, might be most effectually removed. Whilst the people were still fancying that the law would be respected, large masses of armed troops were sent into the interior of the country, to court collision, which would furnish an excuse for further coercion and violence on the part of the government. That collision has occurred; and the government, ever ready to curtail the rights of the people, has followed up the conspiracy on which it entered, by offering a price for the heads of the leading reformers, and declaring martial law.

Thus, all law—all constitutional right—all civil liberty—is extinguished in Canada; the words of the American Declaration of Independence are verified:—"The free system of English law is abolished in a neighbouring province, and an arbitrary government established therein, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into other colonies." It is not difficult to foretell the result of this deep-laid scheme against popular liberty, if the measures of the British authorities succeed. The limited privilege, hitherto possessed by the people, of electing representatives, will be either entirely destroyed, or so modified as to render the Assembly what the Legislative Council now is—the creature of the colonial minister, for the oppression, not for the protection or defence, of the colony; and the continent of North America will, in the nineteenth century, furnish Europe with the singular phenomenon of possessing, in the vicinity of each other, at one and the same time, the freest and most despotic systems of government.

* The only offence committed by the people, or their leading friends, was that of peaceably assembling, setting forth their grievances, passing and publishing resolutions, addresses, &c. It is a fact, that the government found great difficulty in designating any acts that could be considered treasonable, and that the Council at last resorted to the pretext of the erection of a liberty pole, surmounted by a liberty cap, by a few of the more ardent young men, at the meeting of the six counties, as "the overt act" for which warrants were issued for high treason against some of the most intelligent, esteemed, and able men of the Province, and under which they were hunted down like wild beasts, by the myriads of power, with a price set upon their heads.

† There is not one liberal newspaper now in Lower Canada. There were four in the beginning of last month.

* The account which Colonel Wetherall, known here as the "hero of St Charles," gives of the affair at that place, surpasses (if he is to be credited) even the barbarities of the Mexicans. He says that the patriots fought without a leader and without bayonets; that the regulars charged and murdered, with bayonets and the butts of their muskets, ninety-six French Canadians, most of them young men, and many of whom had laid down their arms and begged for quarter! and that at last the British officers were obliged to interfere and prevent a blood-thirsty hireling soldiery from massacring all who had surrendered.—*Letter from an American citizen, temporarily in Montreal, November 30.*

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings in Parliament now create so little interest, that, of late, we have not thought it worth while to notice them at any length. It is seen, on all

hands, that the Reform Act is worn out, and that it is in vain to expect any further good measures from it. The People have been miserably deluded, and can hardly reflect, without shame and sorrow, that all the efforts

they made in 1831 and 1832, to the sacrifice of their comforts and their interests, and at the manifest risk of bloodshed and civil war, should have ended in pushing one set of the aristocracy from their stools, to replace them by another, supported in office merely by their former opponents, who do not yet find it convenient to assume the reins of Government, and acting on the very principles which caused the Reform Act to be so eagerly demanded. Although we are only in the month of March, it is generally agreed that little more than routine business is to occupy the remainder of the session; the Lords are no longer to be "bombarded with good measures," and the quiet of the Conservatives is not to be disturbed. In short, the great parties in the State have declared an armistice, which, we doubt not, should there be any pressure from without, will soon end in a peace and a treaty, offensive and defensive, against all enemies. The representatives of the People—(we ought rather to say, the Members of Parliament—for not a score of them, at such a period as the present—a new reign, and the commencement of a seven years' Parliament—represent anybody but themselves)—already forgetting the promises and pledges they made a few months ago, during their canvass and on the hustings, boldly defy their constituents. They know that the electors have not the power they ought to have—that of dismissing, as well as electing a representative; and that to the call for a resignation of their seats, they can oppose against compliance, the authority of a Russell and a Peel, and the practice of an Andrew Johnston. But let them take warning by his fate. He had not the courage even to present himself at last election to any constituency in the three kingdoms. His refusal to fulfil his pledge closed his political career.

The personal squabbles of the month, however important they must, undoubtedly, at the time, have appeared, to those engaged in them, as unworthy of recording. According to the description of an eye-witness, there have been scenes in the House of Commons "which defy description, in ordinary limits of language; nothing more disgraceful ever occurred in the gallery of a suburban theatre." We merely allude to these scenes for the purpose of noting, that, while 517 Members assembled to take part in the ridiculous question about censuring O'Connell for stating what every one knows to be the truth, only 395 thought proper to attend the debate on Mr Villiers' motion for the repeal of the Corn Laws, on the 18th of March; yet this is by far the most important motion, in as far as the People are concerned, which has occurred during the session. Mr Villiers' speech was one of considerable ability, though we have found nothing new, either in the facts or the reasoning. He estimates the loss incurred by the Corn-Laws, supposing the price to be enhanced 12s. per quarter, at £15,600,000; but it is a very rough way of going to work—to compare merely the price of grain in Britain and on the Continent. The great mischief of the Corn-Laws is, that they prevent industry, they create idleness and misery, they render the existence of heavy poor's-rates, and the degradation of pauperism necessary evils. A cutler at Sheffield, a cotton-spinner at Glasgow, is out of work, or suffering under a reduction of wages. Do you ask him why? His answer is ready; the market is overstocked with the commodities of his particular species of labour. He is lectured about glut, and the evils of over production, and goes home—to starve. But what is the truth? There is a glut, an over production, simply because foreign nations are opposing restriction to restriction, and are not only supplying themselves with commodities with which we used to supply them, but are competing with us in countries, of the markets of which we had till

lately the uncontrolled possession. *But the evil will cure itself.* A little more starvation will bring the working classes to comprehend the operation of the Corn-Laws; and who can say but that, in the rough operation under which the Corn-Laws will sink, many other excrescences of our never-sufficiently-to-be-admired constitution will at the same time go by the board? The aristocracy should take warning from the increasing resistance to the Poor-Laws. They have no right whatever, in justice or morality, to enforce these laws till the Corn-Laws be repealed. It is nothing but tyranny to reduce a man to idleness, and then punish him because he cannot support himself. Sir William Molesworth, in seconding the motion, took a profound and philosophical view of the question. He shewed that the vulgar notion, that a repeal of the Corn-Laws must necessarily create a great reduction of rents—the grand bugbear with our legislators—had no foundation to rest on; and he proved that the landlords injured not only all other classes of the community, but themselves likewise, through their ignorance of the effects of the Corn-Laws. Yet it was to this very class that Lord John Russell desired to give preponderance by the Reform Act; on which preponderance he had ventured to assert, that the stability of the institutions of the country depended. Sir W. pointed to the Corn-Laws in refutation of such doctrine, and contended that the stability of this country depended upon the wealth, power, and happiness of the community. He might, however, as well have spoken to the walls; and, in truth, the honourable representatives took care to keep up an incessant noise and confusion in the House, while the advocates of the Repeal were speaking. After a lengthened discussion, the motion was negatived by 300 to 95. So much for the Reformed Parliament! The Members of all the large towns in England voted in the minority, as well as those for Glasgow, Paisley, Aberdeen, and Dundee; but the member for Edinburgh (and we have only one) was an exception—Sir John Campbell having, we presume, on this as on the question of the Ballot and some others, not made up his mind. Would it not be advisable at next election to give him two or three years' leave of absence from Parliament, to enable him to study politics and political economy, of which two sciences it is no disparagement to him to say, considering his eminence in the law, he is miserably ignorant! As might have been anticipated in such a House, Colonel Sibthorpe's motion for a reduction of the tax on Fire Insurances, had little chance of success. Although the Reformed Parliament has relieved the "landed interest" of the *whols* of this tax in as far as their property is concerned, has reduced the poor-rates four millions, has imposed one half of the county-rates on the consolidated fund, and has granted them much relief by the Tithe Commutation Act, (which even exempts the advertisements made in pursuance of the act from the paltry duty levied from every one else)—the reduction of Fire Insurance duty to *one-half*, in as far as regards property not connected with land, was negatived by 95 to 20. Another instance occurred in the same week of the character of the House, on the motion of Mr Hume, regarding a recent appointment given to the Hon. Mr Bouverie Primrose, second son of the Earl of Rosebery, and nephew of the Earl of Lichfield, the Post-master General. This fortunate youth, who was never employed in the Post-Office, or anywhere else in his life, has been appointed Cashier and Receiver-General of the Post-Office in Scotland. It is as gross a job as was ever perpetrated by the Tories in the worst of times; yet only 9 Liberals and 20 Tories voted against the job, and 202 in its favour.

These are specimens of the proceedings in a Reformed House of Commons!

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1838.

IRISH REAPERS.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

IN a careful and luminous speech on the question of the Irish Poor-Law, a leading Cabinet Minister lately pronounced a high eulogium upon the peasant Irish who go over to England to cut the harvest. He praised their industry in getting, and their prudence in not spending, in a strange country, the products of the labour which they quitted their own to seek an opportunity of honestly exercising. And the statesman necessarily added to this, or superinduced around it, an admission of much good conduct on the part of the poor people during their sojourn in England;—and with obvious reason; for how, indeed, could the other merits he had enumerated have been accounted for, without supposing an attendant, a guardian sense of moral propriety, and a knowledge of social duties and actions? Humble we—the thrice-Irish O'Haras—were delighted to read those statements, not simply because they pane-gyricized Irish people like ourselves, but also because they did us the honour of going hand in hand with our own observations of the class of persons in question, during many years' residence in the noble Lord's country. In Kent, in Sussex, and in other agricultural English counties, we have indeed seen the Irish labourer, come over to reap his neighbour's crop, earn and anticipate this excellent character now given him upon such high authority. In small towns, in very small villages, and in farm-houses, we have heard him admired and respected for his conduct and his prudence, to say nothing of his almost unrivalled prowess in task-work in the fields. It would be easy for us to mention the names of Sussex farmers in particular, who spoke nearly in terms of attachment of their Irish visitants. We remember one who told us that the same man, *with his family*, had been coming to his father and him, during harvest-time, every year for twenty years previously. But how with his family? First, the poor fellow appeared, leading a sickly mother in his train, and supporting her out of the fruits of his labour; and this went on for many years—till, while absent in Ireland one severe winter, the mother died. Next year, he presented himself anew with a young wife; next year, with the same accompaniment, and the adjunct of a toddling infant; the next, with the wife still, and that archin, now able to trudge steadily along,

and a second, as if to keep up his elder brother's former place, mounted upon the father's shoulders. In due course of time, the wife stopped at home, to take care of her now flourishing establishment in her own "green isle"—(made so by her husband's consistent industry in England)—but still and still the original emigrant returned, leading by the hand, or bearing in his arms or on his back, one or other of his children; and the very day upon which the worthy Sussex farmer spoke to us, he took us out into one of his fields, and shewed us the individual in question, employed in cutting down wheat, while a little Irish imp, not more than two years old—and Irishly clad, too—was half crawling round him, like a kind of tame frog, (if such a thing could be,) through the stubbles; father and son making very good company with each other, and eloquently discussing various subjects in their native tongue.

But how could Paddy save so much of his English earnings, and so many village "taps" near him? Whisky, to be sure, his usual beverage, he could not get; but gin was a pretty good substitute—and what paid for his consumption of that? Did he not reel or caper about, drunk, as often as ever? No—he did not tipple at all. Not even as much as his English brother. Strange enough!—and how to be accounted for? Very easily. He was now well occupied, and well rewarded, and kindly treated; and success gave him self-respect, and the kind treatment confidence in the future; he was away, too, from the contagion of bad example supplied in his own country by the ill-rewarded, ill-treated, if not totally neglected, and, therefore, reckless peasant; and so he became, not only a sober man, but a prudent, a well-conducted, and a consistent one. Ye that run, read!

Nor is it alone for mere industry and good conduct that the Irish agricultural labourer in England and Scotland merits our approbation. He is also to be applauded for much endurance and good-temper under annoyances of a peculiar nature. While the more respectable of the two sister countries, almost invariably, are kind, just indeed, to the poor stranger, the same is scarcely to be expected of the humbler classes of English and Scotch, who naturally regard him as an intruder in their harvest-field, and sometimes treat

him accordingly. Topics lie abundantly at hand through which to vent their unamiable, though, perhaps, natural feeling; and Pat has to encounter sneers and gibes upon his drawl, his brogue, his idioms, his very dress, air, and manners, as well as upon his country and his religion. But he meets and bears all this patiently. We do not mean to speak of such atrocious Irish colonies as those of St Giles or Chelsea. In places like these, the emigrant Irish are a hundred times worse-conducted than they can be found at home, because they still congregate together—indeed, are forced to do so—cut off from good example, or mixing only with such specimens of English or Scotch as deprave them down to the blackguardism of all large cities and towns. No, in one of the London-Irish principalities, Pat, we are free to admit, is always prepared to kick up a row upon any or no provocation. But we do speak of the poor Irish labourer alone, or clanning but with a few of his countrymen, in the agricultural districts of England; and in such positions, we repeat that his command of temper, nay, his not unchristian meekness under unmerited taunt and insult, deserve a generous sympathy and commendation.

Cowardly foes, unfortunately, are to be found, now and then, in every community; and worse than the sarcasm of the tongue is occasionally inflicted, by his jealous neighbours, on the wandering and unbefriended Irishman. Blows, entailing severe bodily harm, are thus, though seldom, his lot. And we have seen him, too, almost without his knowing it, suffering under such rough treatment, and witnessed how he met the injury; and it was with patience, philosophy, and religion, still. We have heard him, indeed, make allowances for the irritated sense of rivalry of brother John, and pray to God to forgive him. Yes! explain it to yourselves as you may, all good and gentle readers, of every sect, who differ from him, your poor fellow-subject Pat has, in his heart of hearts, a feeling of religion, which, in many varieties of to you perhaps unimaginable privation, woe, and wrong, is—must be—his sole refuge against despair and all its frightful consequences.

Upon a former occasion, we illustrated some assertions, something like this one, by reference to the public columns of a newspaper; and, in the present instance, we shall do the same thing—scarcely, as in the case alluded to, altering in any way the printed report to serve our purposes. The incident is intimately connected with all we have been gossiping on the subject of Irish reapers. Unhappily, too, it records the perpetration, upon one of them, of an act of excessive cruelty, by a few individuals of——we shall not say whether England or Scotland. It is not in the view, Heaven knows, of holding up to national obloquy the whole people of the country in question that we would recur to the unfortunate circumstance; and a little innocent mystifying may therefore be permitted on this one point. Doubtless, however, we are not the only persons upon whom, of all the newspaper-

reading-public, the matter made an impression, now some ten years ago; and, presuming such to be the case, we may expect that references will be made by some of our readers to the real scene of action as we go along.

It would be superfluous to observe here, that want of good demand, or, even with that, want of good reward for labour at home, is the cause of the emigration to other harvest-grounds, of the Irish peasant. And, generally speaking, he crosses over to England or to Scotland, not in consequence of any sudden failure in worldly prospects in his own country, but simply to better a lot which, in common with millions, he has been accustomed to from his cradle—ay, and to which the father who rocked him in that cradle had also been accustomed. Sometimes, however, a change for the worse in circumstances does send a new claimant across the Channel in harvest-time; and it is with such a case we are at present concerned. And, as the change alluded to arose from occurrences which, in the present state of the world, can take place only in Ireland, we are necessitatedly warned, as it were, to commence our anecdotes of Davy Ryan on his own soil.

Few of the proprietors of a quarter of an acre of ground in Ireland endeavour to keep even the smallest patch before their cabin door for ornamental purposes; and yet Davy Ryan contrived to do so. Not, indeed, that he exhibited anything like a flower-garden; yet his neighbours thought that he approached very near to its pretensions in rearing, within the area of a few square yards round his threshold, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, turnips, and radishes, with a few roots of parsley, tongue-grass, and thyme; nay, even “the flowers themselves”—in the shape of bachelor’s-buttons, blue-bells, &c.—audaciously peered up among the borders of his more usefully-employed beds. And he had actually fenced in all this from the intrusion of pigs, dogs, cows, and horses; to say nothing of men, women, and children, who might be inclined to pay his pleasure-ground an unceremonious visit, either from his potato ridges, which commenced immediately outside its boundary, in front of his cabin, or else over the very low wall which half defined the highroad to one side of it.

In fact, country and locality considered, Davy was well to do in the world. Along with cultivating the whole important extent of his own grounds, and doing a day’s work for a farmer whenever he could get it, he, with the assistance of his simple, pains-taking wife, reared domestic fowls of all kinds, which she, or her eldest child, a girl of sixteen, sold in the next market town. He had, moreover, a plantation of osiers, in the headland of his quarter of an acre of potatoes, which he industriously—and skilfully, the neighbours said—manufactured into coarse but serviceable hand-baskets, also vendible on market day. And thus everything went on prosperously and happily with him.

Some points of Davy’s character it is here convenient to notice. In precision of conduct and

orderly habits, and, above all, in seriousness of disposition, he differed from the majority of his equals in life around him. But, perhaps, these virtues ran into their own extremes. For the every-day enjoyment of an existence which is not doomed to be always sombre, and certainly to the apprehensions of his neighbours in general, Davy did not smile or laugh enough. And then his constant exhortations to keep everything tidy and in its place, in doors and out of doors, sometimes proved a bore to his otherwise affectionate and admiring family; his younger children in particular—two boys of six and of four years—thinking him quite too exact.

He was a religious man, from feeling and upon principle; and a strict observer of all the duties and discipline enjoined by his church: and his family imitated and followed his good example. No cursing, or swearing, or profane language of any kind, was heard in his house; and drunkenness was a stranger to it. Nor, though a strict adherent to his own creed, did he shew any uncharitable feelings to those who differed from him. The blacksmith of his village was a stern Protestant, and yet he and Davy were constant visitors at each other's houses: it must be added, constant disputants too. And here comes in something of our poor hero, which may, we fear, make him seem a little absurd. Davy was a great theological arguer. Having partially acquired, in early youth, the art of reading, he became acquainted, all on one side of the question, with the history of the Reformation, ("as they call it," he used to add.) A very mutilated and greasy copy of a curious book, "Warde's Cantos," also found its way into his hands, and he made great use of it. Perhaps few of our readers have seen the rare production in question. 'Tis written in Hudibrastic rhyme, and is evidently a copy of Butler's style, in all respects; its wit and sarcasm are not, however, so neat and playful. For instance—it introduces, if we recollect aright, the ghosts of Queen Elizabeth and her worthy father, Henry VIII., holding learned and not polite colloquy, on the Reformation, in no less a place than the infernal regions. Such as it was, however, and also considering how small a portion of the whole work ever came under his notice, Davy Ryan worked wonders with his quotations of verse from "Warde's Cantos." The blacksmith could stand against anything but these; but, under their cutting acerbity, he lost his temper, and with it his argument.

But, though Davy would "argue religion" against all comers, we must again request him to be considered as, in the heart—say, and in all outward observance, too—Christian-like towards even his pitted antagonists. No personally-offensive language of his own ever disgraced the diction of his syllogisms. He entered upon the good work of disputation in a solemn feeling of right, and a serious sense of duty; and his monotonous voice would go on, as he sat weaving his baskets from morning till night, if he had any one to listen to him, repeating over and

over the same dogmatical things, with a manner the most unimpassioned, and a gravity of face that betokened an inward, self-satisfied conviction, which it was out of the power of living man, or of human wit, to shake for one moment.

With these excellent general materials for a disposition towards politics, it may be inferred that Davy Ryan did not remain quite indifferent to the great public questions of his own day. In fact, he was a sturdy O'Connellite, and had formed a village club, the members of which, by subscribing a halfpenny per fortnight each, produced a sum sufficient to bring down by the coach, to their "town," every Sunday morning, Michael Staunton's *Weekly Register*. And the newspaper used to be directed to "David Ryan, Esq., Ballymarnock;" and Davy used to read it aloud to all his subscribers—they ceding to him the right of keeping and filing the journal, when its contents had been fairly exhausted, in consideration of his trouble in bawling it out for them "from bignin to indin;" and also for having formed the society by which its blessings were distributed among them all.

Now, it was the time when the celebrated and, we believe we may add, to-be-ever-memorable question of "passive resistance" to tithes became the great public one in Ireland. The *Register* teemed with it each Sunday, either in the shape of speeches and resolutions in the immortal rooms of "The Association;" or of comments from the editor; or of accounts of the successful working of the tremendous system, throughout the country. Added to this, Davy had actually been eye-witness to a futile attempt to sell, under a distress warrant of the parson of his parish, a great master of sheep and horned cattle; and he saw that, among thousands of men on foot and on horseback, all keeping their hands crossed over their breasts, they did not command a single bidder; so that the sheriff was obliged to send them home again to their owners; only requiring bail for their good behaviour, and reappearance at some undefined future period. And the whole of this made Davy Ryan, joined with what we know of his general character and mental habits, a determined, unflinching, and magnanimous non-tithe-payer. No! not for a single inch of his whole ground of a quarter of an acre, potato field, and vegetable and flower garden, and all, would he pay one "rap" to the luxurious and "big minnither." Patriotism, conscience, historical knowledge, and a sense of polemical adroitness, all combined to make Davy resolute upon this point.

So, no tithes did he pay—having owed a considerable arrear, by the way, some time before forming his resolution. And years rolled on, and still he was a defaulter, and allowed to continue so with impunity. Perhaps the debated and distracted state of the question at issue—perhaps the indifference, if not contempt, with which the non-payment of the very little he could pay might have been regarded—or, perhaps, both causes together, may have operated to keep

Davy in what may be called a blissful state of self-triumph and exultation.

But this did not last. It has been said that the side-fence of Davy's garden, such as it was, bounded the highroad to his village. In it, by a door of rudely-framed rustic paling, was an entrance to that garden. On a plat, or rather (it was so small) a tuft of grass, opposite this door, he used to love to sit, manufacturing his osiers into baskets on a summer's evening, and prosing away, as we have before hinted, upon his usual topics, to all and every one who would attend to him. We select a particular summer's evening upon which he was so engaged. His auditors were—the meek and master-of-fact wife, sitting opposite to him on a “boss,” gravely knitting a stocking for him, and often looking up from her almost self-assured work, (we would, indeed, nearly endow it with the power of getting on of itself, so little attention did she seem to pay to it, or else such a negligent mastery had she over it,) in order to applaud and honour his discourse;—next, almost at his feet, reclined his eldest child, Peggy, handing to him his peeled osiers, as he worked on, and also regarding him with a look that emphatically, though silently, said, “There is no born man like you, father;”—and his third listener, seated upon a capsize old basket, a few feet from Davy, was a little spare figure of a man, who, with ferret eyes, watched his mouth, as if to note and take advantage of the moment when it could possibly have done speaking; and the nose and chin of the face of this little figure almost met; and that face itself, albeit recently washed, (as its owner said,) exhibited but a kind of light, bluish-black tint; and he bent forward his body, leaning his elbows on his widely-opened knees; and between his raw-boned hands he clutched a pot of beer, which he had brought up from the village for his own particular, and, indeed, necessary comforting during his accustomed evening visit to Davy; and, in a word, this third personage was Davy's old friendly foe in controversy—the little polemical blacksmith; yes, a little man, although a blacksmith.

James Blunt, the name of the cunning artificer in question, had actually grown fond of his benighted Popish neighbour, by dint, it would seem, of incessant hostility to him, or else out of respect to Davy's unconquerable toughness in holding out in a bad cause. He felt towards him

“The stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

Or he loved him as brave soldiers love a little fortress, which, beyond possible calculation, baffles, month after month, all their sapping and mining, trench-work and bombarding. The daily interest, too, which his attacks upon Davy created, became habitually a chief portion of his enjoyment of existence; he longed for the evening hour of assault, as he did for the gratification of the draughts of ale that were to accompany it; and, if the truth were known, felt an inward discomfort at the thought of the future day,

when (for come it must, sooner or later) Davy was to be vanquished and silent.

A very long-winded parenthesis in Davy's present harangue, was interrupted by a figure, darkening the checkered sun-light which danced in upon the party through the rude tracery-work of the little door that opened from the public road-side. Peggy Ryan was the first to recognise the new comer; though this she did, not by speaking a word, but by blushing so as to more than rival the scarlet of his jacket. Small and isolated as was her native village, a detachment from a regiment, headquartered in a rather remote city, was to be found in it; and a corporal of this detachment, a lad of not more than nineteen or twenty, had, “somehow or other,” become a not unwelcome visitor at Davy Ryan's house. Irishman he was not, Catholic he was not, and yet Davy and his wife, as well as his daughter, received him in a friendly way. His well-known good conduct in his regiment, his good humour, his frankness, his scholarship, and his seemingly respectful attention to Davy's religious lectures, to say nothing of his good looks, won for him this joint cordiality. It was ascertainable, too, that he was the son of a respectable farmer in his own country, had enlisted in a pettish fit of disobedience to his father, was allowed by his family to follow his self-chosen course long enough to repent of it, and to grow submissive towards them; and that he now entertained well-founded hopes of lawfully escaping, by their assistance, from the duties of a soldier, and once more engaging in his usual occupations at home. And, in a word, it was this young corporal, Wat Saunders by name, who came to pay an evening visit to our friends the Ryans.

He was admitted by one of the group—we need not say which; he assumed a seat by the side of that person; and there was a moment's pause in Davy's exhortation—taking watchful advantage of which, James Blunt snatched a hasty sip of his ale, and, poking out his sharp chin, said, tartly, to the master of the premises—“Well, an' maybe you're done now?”

“Maybe I am, an' maybe I amn't,” answered Davy, stooping to Peggy for a peeled osier, (which, however, was handed to him by Wat Saunders)—“at any rate, we will wait to hear what you can thry to say for a start, on the head o' the matter, Jimmy Blunt.”

“Much obleeged for the compliment, Davy, and more an' more, because it isn't very often you pay id to a body, you know. Bud now for to ax you jist a civil question or two—Can you find nothin' aginst poor Cromwell, Harry the Eighth's prime minister, (afthur he turned off that consaid, blind-eyed, big turkey-cock of a Pope's cardinal,) only that he was the son of an honest blacksmith?”

“Deed an' I can, Jimmy, an' a great dale more; by reason I find no fault at all wid him, on that score—far frum me be id to do so—a blacksmith's thrade is a good, honest thrade for any man's father to have; an', if Cromwell rose higher than his father was, by takin up wid another

thrade, more praise be to him!—only, I'd like to hear tell that his new thrade was as honest as his ould one;—bad it wasn't—his new thrade was the thrade iv a born rogue, an' thief o' the world—rebbin the fine ould abbeys an' churches o' their gould an' their silver chalices an' crucifixes, and runnin' 'em into coined money, to buy new wives, an' new pleasures, an' diversions iv all sorts, for his unloocky mather and himself."

"Musha, an' dun' you tell us so, Davy?" sneered James Blunt, good-humouredly; "and what's that you were for sayin' about the great Cranmore?"

"What I'll say agin, Jimmy, an' what I'll uphold: I said, an' I say, that, afore the time that he was sure Harry the Eighth 'ud give minishthers and bishops lave to have wives, he had shipped over seys to him from Amsterdham, a lump of a woman, that he called a wife, (the Lord forgive him!) in an impty starch-barrel, or a thing o' the kind, an' lived wid her in Lunnnon town, unknownst."

A loud burst of polite laughter from the door by the road-side, commented upon Davy's historical anecdote. All eyes were turned in that direction, and saw standing, on the threshold of the door—which had been unwittingly left open by Peggy, after admitting the boyish corporal—the very tall and yet very corpulent figure of the Protestant rector of their parish, side by side with the low and slight one of a considerable land proprietor of the district.

The clergyman had been dining with his neighbour; both had set out for a walk, after dinner—that is, some time after it. Passing by Davy's garden, the group inside attracted their notice—and they had stopped at his door soon after Wat Saunders' entrance, and heard, unperceived, the whole of the conversation we have reported.

And at first it would seem that Davy's bold philippics provoked only the good-humoured indulgence, if not the contemptuous forbearance, which, from gentlemen of their rank and education, they might naturally have insured. The clergyman advanced a few steps into the little garden, still smiling heartily; a generous after-dinner colour on his ample cheeks; his fine black eyes glittering cordially through his gold-mounted spectacles; his hands thrust into his small-clothes pockets; his professional jack boots creaking harmoniously to his easy stride; and the broad and half-peaked brim of his still more professional hat, attached to its proper crown with silken cords and loops, in a mysterious kind of way. He was one of those reverend victims to non-payment of tithes, who, a short time before, had submitted to the legislature very touching pictures of their privations and sufferings under the new popular system; and yet, upon this evening, at least, few outward symptoms of misery or stint appeared in his colossal figure or well-rounded features: neither were his habiliments much the worse of the wear—nay, strange to say, he had gone to dine at his friend's house, that day, in a handsome carriage,

drawn by two horses worth thirty guineas each, leaving at home two other pleasure-vehicles, with all appurtenances, for the use of his reduced family; and it may sound still more strange to add, that, even during the whole fearful persecution, so vividly described in his letter to the Secretary in London, neither he nor they had ever wanted such slight indications of comfort. How other clergymen, of less active or tenacious habits, or of more yielding, if not more amiable feelings, (and we are bound and anxious to say that many such were and are to be found in Ireland,) might have fared under the law of "passive resistance" to tithes, is a question in itself; we are only certain that the important personages with whom we have now to do, seemed to have endured or lost very little by the arrangement.

As he advanced on our humble party, all, except the young corporal, arose, in surprise and some confusion, to salute and do him honour. Peggy and her mother were the most flurried and "struck-of-a-heap" of the circle; James Blunt bowed low, and with an expression of infelt and heart-yielded awe; Davy Ryan's salute was also very lowly, yet there was a certain something in it which told spiritual independence, at least, of the dignified visitant. Wat Saunders, after one glance, took no notice whatever of the great man, but, still reclining on the patch of grass, went on peeling osiers for Davy—or rather for that individual's daughter.

Without making the least return to the humble greetings of our friends, the "big minister," as Davy had called him, addressed "the man o' the house," speaking very fast, while he partially resumed his former laugh. "What, what, my good fellow?—in a starch-barrel, you say?—got the lady smuggled over in a starch-barrel? Are you quite sure it was a starch-barrel?" And he, and his little slim friend at his back, again laughed outright.

Davy answered very gravely, slowly, and cautiously.

"When I spoke to my honest neighbour James Blunt, here, please your Riverence, of the nature o' the vessel that ould Cranmore got the poor misfort'nate crature iv a woman put into, on board ship, I said 'a starch-barrel, or a thing o' the kind,'" (Davy pronounced the above *Italic* words with emphasis;) "maning thereby to make James undherstand that I wouldn't give my word entirely, but that it might be some other kind iv a barrel—or even a chest, maybe, or a thrunk, or a box itsef—or whatever it is that they pack up their cheeses in, whin they sind them over frum thim counthries: so that your Honor's Riverence can take your pick-an'-choose an' please yourself among all sorts o' consalements to hide her in from the world's gibe an' schandle; only, come to him she did, in sich a manner as I made mintion of."

"But, my good man, why need he have hid his wife in anything?" resumed the clergyman, still almost good-humouredly; "why not let her go about the ship, like any other passenger?—or

why should a man's honest wife be a gibe or a scandal, as you say?"

"I tould James Blunt that, too, your Riverence. She wasn't his honest wife, at that time; (no, nor at any time; for she never could be, durin' ash, oak, or ellum, for the plain reason, that ould Cranmore was in priest's ordhers at the first goin' off, and couldn't take any woman to wife, till the day of his death;) an' he coopered her up in the kind iv a way we're talkin' of, became Harry VIII.'s mind wasn't sart'n as to lettin' the turn-coat clergy of his Riformation (as he called id) live wid poor desaiaved women, undher the name iv wives; an' he was afraid o' vexin' his masther on unsafe grounds; an' he couldn't wait to make sure, he was in sich a hurry at ould Nick's promptin' (the Lord preserve us!) to break his vows, an' taste some o' the rewards of his threason to the ould, pure religion; an' as to the gibe an' the schandle, afore the world's face"——

"Come, come," interrupted the dignitary, his good sense not now continuing to support his jocoseness, and the little cause for his change of temper might perhaps have been traced to a humorous smile that moment appearing on young Wat Saunders' mouth—"come, come, my good fellow!—enough of your nonsense; you are a silly, romancing fellow, not knowing what you say—though, indeed, you may do some harm among fools as ignorant as yourself. Blunt, is this a fit place for you?"

The poor blacksmith nervously hastened to assure the questioner that he came to convince Davy of his absurdities, not to be convinced by them; an assertion which, in his own way, Davy fully and anxiously bore out.

"So—and this young hero, here—you, sir," magnificently confronting young Corporal Saunders, "can you find no better occupation for your time than to sit listening to the ravings of a foolish old Popish bigot?"

Wat Saunders, reddening a little, looked up quietly at the clergyman, and answered that, as he was not his officer, he need answer him no such question.

"Oho! so very independent, young corporal? Well, and perhaps your officer may repeat to you that very question. And so good evening! And good evening to you, too, Master Davy Ryan!—Is not that your name?" And the speaker was striding with much tall dignity towards the door of the little garden.

"Praise your Riverence," cried Davy, in a loud but not impassioned voice, "we ax your pardon, but would just be haggin' of you to stop one moment longer wid us."

"And for what purpose?" demanded the rector, turning round and again confronting him, with a smile—an assumed one, however.

"I'll tell your Riverence. Your Riverence called me very hard names just now; and, moreover—and what I think worse of, into the bargain—tould me plump, afore my little family here, and afore my ould neighbour, James Blunt, and afore Watty Corporal Saunders, and afore my

head landlord; at your back, that I didn't well know what I was for talkin' about. Now, I'd be much behoulden to your Riverence if you'd make that sayin' good, or else wait to hear what I can say to take id out of your mouth for another time. I b'lieve id's talking about the reason why Cranmore put the for'n woman in the starch-barrel, or in the cheese-barrel, or in the thrunk, or the chest, or in the box, we were. Well, I gave you one raisin, and I can give you another. The tithes of the new church was not settled at that same time, and ould Cranmore didn't know in what way they'd be likely to be settled, and whether or no the share he'd get out of the plunthur of the ould church id make him be able to keep up anything like a wife at all; for, as everybody in the wide world knows, as well as your Riverence, the pure aasient religion, afther bein' striipt of its lawful dues, the half of which id gave away in mate, and dhrink, and clothin', and firin' to the poor"——

His listener once more laughed loud, interrupting Davy's earnest harangue; but his laugh, though loud, was not as kindly as, at his entrance into the garden, it had been. "So, so—you are a learned Theban on these points, I see? You do know all about tithes as well as other matters; and this comes, of course, of your paying them so punctually, and with such goodwill."

"Indeed, and it does not," answered Davy, holding himself up into a tower of strength, as it were, against a foreseen coming storm; and Wat Saunders now tittered gleesishly, and Davy's reverend opponent frowned. "Indeed, an' it does not. I pay no tithes, an' I never paid tithes, an' I never will pay a rap o' tithes. The knowledge I have o' what I'm talkin' about cum to me by other mains than that, please your Honour's Riverence."

His legal pastor, his pastor *malgre lui*, looked sharply through his glittering spectacles at Davy Ryan, and then at his small friend, the great land proprietor, who returned the meaning of the glance; and, finally, he hurried to the high road, his features wearing, however, a good-humoured expression at parting, and his farewell words uttered in a condescendingly cheerful tone.

"Perhaps you can find law, or history, or whatever it is, for not paying your rent, as well as for not paying your tithes?" observed the gentleman who lingered behind.

"No, your Honour," replied Davy; "'Render unto Caysar the things that are Caysar's,' is what I am bid to do, and I athrive to do id. I owe bud the runnin' gale for my whole quarter iv an acre, barrin' the thriffe due for the little cabin last Michaelmas."

"Whom do you hold under, from me?"

Davy gave the man's name, and his head landlord drily bid him good-by, and followed his reverend friend.

About a year after this evening, let us walk along the village road to take another peep at Davy on his grass tuft in his garden—for the day is fine enough to give promise of his being

at his tireless work of twisting osiers and historical facts together. But, arrived at the outside of his little trellised door, you need not look in to bid him good morrow. He is sitting, almost opposite to that door, his back against the fence at the other side of the road, supporting, with the assistance of his daughter Peggy, his wife, who lies insensible in his arms. His two little boys are crying loudly at his side, and James Blunt, his eyes running tears, stands over his old polemical foe. The wife is almost insensible, though working in pain and convulsions, the warnings of a premature *accouchement*. Peelers and soldiers are stationed at the entrance to his once comfortable little home; and some of the former, led and assisted by bailiffs, are passing in and out of the yard and the house, conveying Davy's household furniture, such as it is, or rather was—not excepting the bed, which would now be a solace to his wife—into a cart, which is in the middle of the road. His “slip iv a pig,” too, is squeaking obstreperously in the cart; and the very last things which the agents of the law hurry out with, are a file of *The Weekly Register*, and Davy's few ragged and soiled leaves of “*Warde's Cantos*.” ’Tis all over with the poor polemic. For the last year, landlord and tithe-proctor have been at him together, and his whole earthly property will not now cover his law-costs. He is a houseless pauper on the roadside; his wife dying, his children helpless; and, though one good Samaritan, poor James Blunt, stands at his side, little comfort can he pour into the sufferer's heart.

“You must bring her home to my poor place, Davy,” said the blacksmith.

“Thank’ee, James, for the lave—an’ the Lord’s will be done!” answered Davy.

They did so; but had soon to remove her from that humble roof, too, to another home—her last. The poor woman's dead baby was buried with her.

“An’ now, Jimmy,” said the widower to his still attentive friend, after the humble burial was over—(they stood in the churchyard; Davy had just knelt up from the new grave; his daughter Peggy and her little brothers were crying over it)—“and now, Jimmy, God be wid you and prosper you!—I’m for the road, an’ its time for me.” He was securing a sickle at his back. “An’ maybe I’d see you agin, afore the fall o’ the lave, to give you thanks for all your friendship to me an’ mine—thanks, an’ more than thanks, please God. Come, Peggy; come, a-lanna; come, childher.”

“Why, where are you goin’, man alive?” asked Blunt, in surprise and interest.

“I’m goin’ the nearest road to the sey betwixt me an’ England an’ Scotland, James Blunt; an’ then, wid God’s help, I’ll cross the sey, an’ be in another counthry. It’s the harvest time, very nigh hand, an’ I don’t forget the field-work; an’, though I’m no longer a young boy, I’m sthrong an’ healthy yet; an’ the English an’ Scotch farmers give good hire, they tell me; an’ I’ll work hard to please ’em, any how; an’, when they pay me, I’ll come back an’ pay you, a-vich.”

“Pay the divvie!” cried James, gruffly and crossly. “Don’t be botherin’ me. An’ what ’ll you do wid the childher?”

“Take ’em wid me, Jim. Peggy is well able for the road; an’, when the *weenucks* gets tired, I’ll carry ’em on my back, by turns.”

“Why, you havn’t a *lagina*, startin’!” still remonstrated Blunt.

“I have God,” replied Davy, in a low, solemn voice, taking off his hat, and looking upward.

The smith was silent, only he vainly rummaged his pockets for a help for Davy, which they did not afford.

“Come, Peggy, a-tourneen, I bid you agin—’tis time. Too much grief for the dead is sinful against the Lord’s will. Come, my honey; or, wait a start agin.”

He returned to the grave, still bareheaded, knelt, took Peggy’s hand in his, passed his left arm round the necks of his younger children, and all prayed aloud, though in broken voices, “for the repose of the soul” of the poor wife and mother. James Blunt, looking on askance, sympathized with them, although, from his childhood, he had been taught to regard such an observance as superstitious.

Davy arose, surrounded by his family, and took a final leave of his friend.

“I’ll only ax you to do one mere kind turn for me, Jim, while I’m away,” he whispered, as he wrung Blunt’s hand. “Keep the poor grave marked, an’ clear of weeds, if you can; for I don’t give up the hope of hyin’ a little headstone for it another time: will you, Jim?”

“I’ll do what you say,” promised the blacksmith.

And Davy and his orphans turned their backs on the village.

We next get a glimpse of the wandering group, creeping along the highroad, under the shade of a fence, in a strange country. The sun is scorching; the dust of the road blinding. Davy’s shoes, and those of his daughter, are broken; the little boys are bare-footed and in rags; and, indeed, their father and sister are not much better clad. All look way-worn, dejected, hungry, and thirsty. The awe of strangeness in a land of bustle, riches, and order, is also upon them. They feel that they are very inferior, as well as very friendless, among the well-dressed, energetic people around them. Doubt, distrust, if not fear, are in their troubled eyes. They scarce ask a question of any one they meet; or, if they do, ’tis in a misgiving of not being understood or heeded, or else of being jeered at or insulted. In fact, carrying his youngest boy on his shoulders, and leading the other limping little fellow by the hand, while Peggy moves a step in advance, it seems to be poor Davy’s policy to steal along the road, unnoticed altogether for the present. He is not yet far from the coast where he landed from Ireland, and the scene of his proposed industry is some days’ journey distant.

A stage-coach, fully freighted, appeared on the road behind. Before it came up, half a dozen men and lads, spying the Irishman from

a neighbouring field, jumped over the road-fence, and began to hoot and pelt him with hard clods. He bowed his head to his breast, to save his face—lowered the boy on his back, to shield him also—put the other child with Peggy behind him, and continued his way without a word. The stage-coach rattled up, as a clod, to which the poor fellow silently winced, struck him hard on the shoulder. A cry of discouragement against his tormentors arose from the passengers, inside and outside; and, at the same instant, Johnny Coachee wound a long, well-aimed lash round the neck and shoulders of their ringleader, and Davy was allowed to hobble on, without further present molestation. Perhaps young coachee used his whip at the pure impulse of indignant humanity; perhaps in the hope of an additional half-crown among his Irish outsiders; at all events, he performed a useful action in behalf of a fellow-creature. The jealous field-labourers consulted together, as if they would follow Davy when the stage should pass out of view; but it drew up almost immediately, at a little inn, to change horses; and then many of the passengers got down, surrounded Davy and his companions, spoke kindly with him, English, Scotch, and Irish as they were, showered pence into his pocket, and conveyed him, while the horses were being put to, out of all danger from his assailants.

This was not Davy's first trial since he came from his own country, though it was, as yet, the most cruelly hostile one he had encountered. He was doomed, alas! to find it outdone in cruelty as he travelled onward. From some acquaintances of his old Irish neighbourhood, before he left home, Davy had learned the residence and name of a farmer who, in the country he now passed through, had a character for great good-heartedness and fair-dealing among his Hibernian harvest-cutters. To the abode of this individual—all thought of occupation on the way cast aside—Davy pursued his pilgrimage. It would seem that he dreaded to demand work at any farm of which the owner was unknown to his countrymen, or, at least, to the few of them, of emigrating habits, on the list of Davy's friends. So northward he walked.

The summer's evening was falling as he and his children entered a beautiful little village, only a few miles from his point of destination, where, as he said to himself and them, they could all have a good night's rest, and start fresh for the house of the kind farmer by daybreak next morning. But how to secure the good night's rest was a question. Davy had met no chance charity since the day the stage-coach passengers assisted him, and he was, upon this evening, penniless. Still more wayworn and ragged, too, than when we glanced at them last—short time ago as that is—the poor Irish group cut a sorry figure as they emerged from the shaded, cool, delightful green lane which opened immediately into the village in question. They well knew they must not beg, at peril of the cage and many other terrors; what were they to do then for food and a place to lay their heads?

"O father, father dear!" sobbed Peggy, in a low, fearful voice, "the childer 'ill never go through the night, widout victuals, an' widout a roof! Their little feet is sore blistered an' crippled, an' they are half dead already wid the fatigue, an' the sleep, an' the hunger! O Wat Saunders!" continued Peggy, to herself, "an' is this the ind iv all your promises to me? A year come an' gone since you left Ireland, out o' the sojers, to come home here to your own country—your own rich, beautiful country—and never a word sent afther poor Peggy Ryan, to comfort her heart in her sore affliction! Father, father, what'll become of us, this night!"

"We'll sleep sound, Peggy, *a-courasen*," answered Davy—"sound an' happy, afther kneeling down and saying our prayers, this night: that's all that will happen to us. Heuld up, a-lanna! Don't cry, my pets; sure, we're nigh hand to comfort an' plinty, an' everything that's good. To-morrow mornin' we'll be at the work, please God! An' here, Peggy—here's a few preaties left in the wallet yet, ever since we quitted poor Ireland; an' here's the sauce-pan to boil 'em in, too; an' some good Christen 'ill give you lave to put 'em down on their cabin-fire, for the love o' God! An', don't you see that cow-shed across the village, an' the man in it? We'll go over to him, and ask him for the night's lodgin there, an' I'll be bail he won't refuse us; an' then you can go and beg of a neeber to let you boil our supper on her fire, an' so we'll be as happy as kings on their thrones. Come over to the shed, Peggy, *a-charra*, an' lift Paddy in your arms. Just this start, an', never fear, I'll take care o' Micky."

They approached the shed slowly and humbly, The man they had seen in it had pity on them; and told them they might stay in it for the night; adding that he had power to give them permission, as he was employed by the farmer to whom it belonged. He then left them. Davy, making the children sit down in a corner, engaged himself in collecting into a heap, for a bed, the cleaner portions of the cow-litter it contained—the animals being, at present, absent—and sent Peggy, as had been arranged, out into the village, to try and get her sauce-pan of potatoes boiled on a neighbour's fire. She returned to him in a short time, crying bitterly, the vessel of potatoes undressed in her hand. The people of one or two cottages into which she had entered, had behaved harshly to her, refusing the use of their fires, and calling her and her father hard names, and reproaching them for wandering over from Ireland, to deprive honest people of their honest earnings in their own country. The last woman she saw said worse than this; she threatened, in fact, to go after her husband to the tap, and get him and his friends to cuff the beggarly strangers out of their village; and Peggy seemed much afraid of evil towards her father, in consequence. Still poor Davy found words of patience and submission to his lot. He said nothing hard, in return, of his churlish neighbours; on the contrary, he

reminded Peggy that it was natural they should act as they had done ; and that strangers strolling over to Ireland to share harvest work with its people, might, perhaps, encounter similar treatment. For the want of the few boiled potatoes for supper, he preached resignation and patience, until the morning : one night's fast, in addition to all they had suffered, was not much, he said ; and the good breakfast at the good farmer's house, would be the more welcome ; and then, hiding the tears in his own eyes, at the cries of his boys, he took the little fellows in his arms, one after the other, kissed them, laid them on the litter, spread his own tattered coat over them, knelt with Peggy at their side, repeated the usual night-prayers for all, with a broken voice added another prayer for their mother's soul, and then, causing Peggy to lie down at their side, stretched himself across his children's feet.

"An' we'll soon be fast asleep, my little pets," said Davy, "an' forget everything ; and, though we don't lie in a bed o' down, wid grand curtains, an' afther a grand supper, our consciences are clear, an' we owe no living creature a grudge, an' the good God o' heaven an' earth is watchin over us ; an', b'lieve the words out o' my lips, many a great man in the world, ay, an' many a king, will sleep worse than we'll sleep this holy and blessed night."

Awful and mysterious are the ways of Providence !—in dispensation of earthly good and ill to the suffering poor, particularly awful and mysterious ; and, were it not for blind, adoring faith, very hard to be bowed down unto by human reason, and by the human heart of man ! The blessed sleep which poor Davy had anticipated as a balm for all his present sorrows, had scarce fallen upon his mind, when he was roused out of it to be plunged into the final sleep of death. Peggy's fears proved but too well-founded. The wretches at the tap, excited into momentary fury, came indeed upon the friendless stranger, dragged him from his children's feet, and, with bludgeons as well as with their fists, beat him so

cruelly that he died under their blows. In vain he remonstrated—asked them to forgive and pity him—him and his orphans—and promised not to offend by seeking for work ;—amid the shrieks of those orphans, and while his last audible words were, "God forgive you ?"—they killed him.

They were immediately arrested ; indeed, almost on the spot and in the act. A farmer and his son, riding by to their home, some few miles off, heard the noise of the outrage, hastened to the shed, and, with assistance, secured the man-slayers for justice. Romantic things will happen in spite of us. The farmer turned out to be Wat Saunders' father, and the farmer's son Wat Saunders himself.

The trial of the guilty men came on at the next assize town. It called forth great interest and sympathy. Poor Peggy Ryan, supported by Wat Saunders' mother—under whose comfortable, and humane, and right friendly roof she had been, with her little brothers, domesticated since the murder—gave her evidence in a manner that commanded universal respect, as well as sorrow for her father and for herself. Young, pretty, an orphan—and under such circumstances—she told her weeping tale so pathetically, so mildly, and so unhatingly towards the prisoners at the bar, that all admired, praised, loved her. The simple recital of her father's adventures, since landing from Ireland to the moment of his death, his conduct, manner, and words, all through riveted the attention, and moved the very tears, of a crowded court. His words while stretching himself across his little ones' feet—which we have reported—produced a powerful effect on every hearer ; the very culprits on their trial wept as Peggy repeated the words ; and the judge dwelt on them, in his charge, with respectful earnestness. "They are a lesson to us all," he said.

The prisoners were found guilty of manslaughter, of the most grievous class.

Peggy is now Mrs Wat Saunders.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

In distant times, when barb'rous man
In ceaseless contests warr'd,
And, crushed by strife's relentless ban,
All social peace was marr'd ;

Woman as umpire interposed,
With plaintive eye rebuked
The sanguine broil. The tumult closed—
Strife ceased where'er she *looked*.

Or, if some ruthless monster still
Her winning power defied,
With tame submission to her will,
He yielded when she *sighed*.

If some crime-foster'd son of Cain
The bonds of peace upript,
To strict obedience forced again,
He paused when woman *wept*.

When thus she was with victory blest,
Her tears away she brushed ;

And, whilst rude man her worth confessed,
With modest pride she *blushed*.

Now all-entranced he gazed, and spoke
His love in language wild ;
Then o'er his heart, to seal her yoke,
With Heavenly grace she *smiled*.

While thus, before man's spell-bound eyes,
Charm after charm up-sprung,
He listened, with a new surprise,
As, triumph-crowned, she *sung*.

No art such conquests could complete—
'Twas Nature's magic all ;
'Tis but when woman tries deceit
That man escapes her thrall.

May woman's power continue long,
When by such armour gained !—
By tears, by smiles, by sighs, by song,
Be still her sway maintained !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS PRINGLE.

THIS is a volume in which the public will feel a deep and affectionate interest. It contains the poetical remains of a man of no mean talents, and of the greatest personal worth; a faithful and an earnest labourer in the cause of humanity, and a willing sufferer for the advancement of truth. The poetical works of Pringle are edited by his friend Mr Leitch Ritchie, who has prefixed a sketch of his life, written in the most affectionate spirit.

Like his friend Sir Walter Scott, the immediate ancestors of Pringle were a race of respectable Border farmers; and, like Scott, by an accident in infancy, he lost the use of his right leg, and remained lame for life—walking on crutches—though, it would seem, a bold horseman, and even lion and elephant hunter. Like every other man who has afterwards displayed similar tastes, Pringle, as a boy, was fond of fairy tales, ghost stories, narratives of adventure and vicissitude, but especially of battles. "Oh, that I had a book full of battles!" cried he to his old nurse Nanny Potts, who, having first lamed him for life, by way of atonement spoiled the motherless child ever afterwards. She gave him Bunyan's "Holy War." Pringle received his early classical education at the grammar school of Kelso; and afterwards accompanied his friend Robert Story, now the minister of Roseneath, to the University of Edinburgh. The lads lodged together in one room, and were remarkable for the purity and piety of their lives. Pringle's admiration of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," at this time, and of "Park's Travels," mark both the period and the peculiar cast of his mind. To Park Mr Story imputes his subsequent travelling enterprise, and to the admiration of Campbell's verse that "germinating love of freedom and abhorrence of oppression which became the ruling passion and determining motive of his future life." Pringle, while at college, was more conversant with English poetry and belles lettres than with his proper studies, in which he made no distinguished progress. He, however, began to take a lead among his young contemporaries. He organized a literary club; and once led his friends on to combat what we are inclined to believe was a windmill mistaken for a giant. In *The Edinburgh Review* there had appeared a rather flippant and disparaging critique of Miss Baillie's dramas; and it was imagined that the reviewers and their adherents were to vindicate their critical opinions by damning the "Family Legend," when it was produced in the Edinburgh theatre. Pringle chivalrously organized a body of forty or fifty young men, armed with clubs, who took possession of the pit, and riotously put down the imagined symptoms of a disapprobation, which, in all probability, never was meditated, and much less organized. A statement in *The Quarterly Review*, that Pringle became a parochial schoolmaster on leaving college, is formally contradicted; with other assertions which are equally inaccurate, and, as the biographer appears to think, disparaging and unjust to his late friend. Like every other man who has not resolutely, and in the face of all difficulties, early fixed upon a profession, and adhered to it until they are surmounted, Pringle lived to repent his indecision. As a temporary means of support, he became a copying-clerk in the Register-Office of Scotland—a situation of very slender emolument—to which he added some trifling literary employment, as a congenial pursuit, which also eked out his small salary. Like at least nine-tenths of all men whose trade is letters, he fell upon this perilous employment through chance, and nearly unavoidable circumstances.

He published some occasional pieces, which had the ordinary fate of fugitive verses; and, in the course of years, became known as a contributor to the Scottish poetical miscellanies of that day. His imitation of Sir Walter Scott, in the "Poetic Mirror," was much praised by the writer imitated; and Pringle rather rashly gave up his place in the Register House, and began the magazine after-

wards known as *Blackwood's Magazine*, and also undertook the editing of *The Star* newspaper. The early numbers of his magazine were graced with a communication on the gipsies, of which Sir Walter Scott chiefly furnished the materials; and in the same numbers were papers by Mr Lockhart, "a young advocate;" "a Mr Wilson, a new recruit of the lake bands;" Dr Brewster; James Hogg; and others. On a rupture with Mr Blackwood, who found persons in this corps far better adapted to his purpose, and who saw in the new magazine an instrument for their own purposes, Pringle assumed the management of Constable's Magazine; and a warfare, now forgotten, and at the time more entertaining to the bystanders than creditable to the assailants, was waged against Constable's editor and his literary allies.

In the flush of his literary prospects, Pringle had married; and, soon afterwards, both *The Star* and his other undertaking failing, he, at the age of thirty, returned to the Register-House.

The establishment of a colony at South Africa was projected by the government at this time, and Pringle made application for a grant of land, and the other promised advantages, for himself, his five brothers, and a brother-in-law; and ultimately put himself at the head of a band of twenty-four South-African emigrants, all of them that description of persons who form the best material, physical and moral, for commencing a new colony. They were hardy, sensible, Teviotdale sheep-farmers and agriculturists, with their wives, children, and labourers; so that Pringle's band must have been a most valuable acquisition to the settlement. The account which their guide and philosopher has given of their proceedings in the voyage, and the adventures of their first days and first seasons after transplantation to the African wilderness, is the most Crusoe-like and picturesque authentic narrative we have met with, and one which will long form an interesting study to Scottish emigrants. Mr Pringle states, that, having received a collegiate education, and been engaged for many years in literary concerns, as well as with *Blackwood's Magazine* while a Liberal journal, and afterwards with Constable's, it never was his intention to become a permanent agricultural settler, which his previous habits and want of capital, among other reasons, made unadvisable; but that, after re-establishing "his father's house," he hoped to procure some civil appointment in the colony. He accordingly left the colony of Glen Lynden in the peace and prosperity to which his talents and good offices had mainly contributed to raise it, and came to Cape Town to settle. Mr Ritchie makes some remarks upon the condition of the Cape colony at that period, which are more true than palatable; and certain observations upon the strictures of the *Quarterly Review* upon the line of conduct followed by Pringle, which are exactly of the same nature—much more just than likely to prove agreeable. Pringle, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott and Sir John Macpherson, had obtained letters of recommendation to Lord Charles Somerset, who was quite the *beau idéal* of the colonial governor of the good old times. Had Pringle been disposed to become the mere tool of the governor, and, like so many other subservient and convenient instruments, have quietly pocketed his salary, and stifled his convictions about the wrongs of the aborigines, and the right of free discussion, it might have been all very well; but, though no visionary, he had carried abroad liberal opinions, and for these there was no toleration in the colonial office of the Cape.

Pringle ventured to expose, though in the calmest and gentlest manner, injustice and cruelties to the aborigines and others, of which he had been the eye-witness, and consequently became the object of the bitter animosity and unceasing persecution of the Governor, until, worn out in spirit and ruined in his affairs, he was compelled to return to England. When we have seen Mr Buckingham pertinaciously and very properly insisting for years upon

public compensation for losses incurred in a similar manner, the equally just claims of Pringle have ever occurred to us; and, if these rights were Pringle's, they are not less those of his surviving family. This makes a few words of explanation necessary. On coming to Cape Town, Pringle was, by the *Quarterly's* much-vaunted generosity of Lord Charles Somerset, appointed librarian of the colonial library, with the moderate salary of £75 a-year. This seems the exact amount of his personal obligations to the Governor. To eke out his income, he projected opening an academy, and invited Mr Fairbairn, a friend in Edinburgh, well qualified for the undertaking, to join him; and the school, commenced before Fairbairn's arrival, thrives every day. This was at a remarkable period in the history of the Cape. The importunity of the anti-slavery "brawlers" in England and the colony, had at last extorted the appointment of a commission of inquiry, and the commissioners were now on their way out. "Lord Charles was busily employed in settling his house in order to receive them," since needs must. Slavery was, for the first time, pronounced by authority to be an evil. Schools were to be established, and the English language and literature patronised; nay, more—there was, at first, a whisper that the Government Gazette was to be put into the hands of the new librarian, and rendered subservient to the diffusion of knowledge; but the most signal triumph of liberalism was the execution of a white or whitish man for the murder of one darker in hue by several shades.

"Putting all these things together," says the memoir, "it is no wonder that Pringle's heart beat high at the prospect which seemed to open before him. As if conducted by a special Providence, he had reached the seat of government at a moment when the elements of all things great and good were in motion. The dawn of a new era was opening upon the darkened land; and the march of that civilization he could himself be permitted to assist in pioneering, was, in all probability, destined to traverse, not merely a colony, but a continent."

Pringle, accordingly, in connexion with the Rev. Mr Faure, a Dutch clergyman in Cape Town, made arrangements for disseminating knowledge through the medium of a literary journal or magazine. But the Governor must first be consulted; and to the memorial presented to Lord Charles, the verbal reply was, "that the application had not been seen in a favourable light." What were the projectors to do? Pringle was for insisting for written reasons from Lord Charles; but Colonel Bird, the colonial secretary, and a liberal and enlightened man, who seems to have appreciated Lord Charles Somerset more truly than his panegyrist, the *Quarterly Reviewer*, and certainly with as good opportunities of knowledge, "warned him of the danger to all his prospects which would attend such a step." Before going further, he waited the arrival of the English Commissioners. They had no powers to interfere; but the British Colonial Secretary, Lord Bathurst, was favourable to his publication; and Lord Charles Somerset, as in other instances, "could do no more than shew the ill-humour with which he consented."

The *South African Journal* accordingly appeared; and was followed by the *South African Commercial Advertiser*, a weekly newspaper, of which Pringle and Fairbairn were merely engaged to superintend the literary department. Both publications flourished in their little day; the pupils of the academy increased; and Pringle fancied himself on the fair way to fortune, combined with public utility. Mr Ritchie complains that the character of these journals is misrepresented by the *Quarterly Reviewer*, whom he presumes the editor, and who was consequently Pringle's former antagonist, and in some sort his successor in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He declares the whole article, "though in some respects just, as in the greater part grossly and cruelly incorrect"—that is as to Pringle personally; for the biographer, though of opposite opinions, does not assume the right of condemning those entertained by the *Reviewer* on Colonial policy; he only dissents from the assertion, that Pringle's journal was seditious and dangerous to the peace of the colony; and certainly the specimen he has cited, "of the uniform political tone of the *South African Magazine*

bears out no such assumption;" while Pringle's account of a publication which probably the editor of the *Quarterly* only knew through the distorted medium of the Governor's anger, and his persecution of the Liberal journalists, describes a colonial newspaper of a character and complexion rare in young communities.

"We had strictly excluded personality," says he, "(the besetting vice of small communities,) from our columns: not a shadow of a complaint could be brought against us on that score. Mere party politics we had shunned, as being altogether alien from our objects as colonial journalists. Topics likely to excite violent controversy in the colony, such as the Slavery Question, the condition of the aborigines, &c., (however decided were our own opinions on such points,) we had also carefully abstained from discussing. We had, in fact, rejected numerous communications on all these subjects; considering it injudicious to arouse premature debate, even on legitimate and important public questions, in the then critical condition of the press and of the colony. We had, therefore, flattered ourselves, that it would be scarcely possible for the most jealous scrutiny to find a plausible pretext for interference. But it was our singular fate to be sacrificed, not for sins actually committed, but from the apprehension of those which we might possibly commit."

The affair very soon came to an issue. A man named Edwards was tried for an alleged libel against the Governor; the trial was, of course, expected to be reported, like others, in the newspaper. The editors, Pringle and Fairbairn, had cautiously expunged from the report all offensive allusions to the noble person interested; but this was not enough. Lord Charles Somerset ordered the Fiscal of the colony to the printing-office, to assume the censorship of the press; and the head of Pringle's offending was indignantly refusing to allow this prostitution of the British press, and open act of tyranny. But redress was out of his power; and he and his colleague threw up the editorship of the paper. Mr Greig, the printer and proprietor, could not carry on the publication by himself; and he announced its temporary discontinuance, and his intention of awaiting the decision of the Home Government on the arbitrary act of the Governor. For this offence his press was sealed up, and he was arbitrarily commanded to leave the colony within a month. The Fiscal next attacked the magazine, before the third number had appeared, and it was also discontinued; Pringle refusing to recognise the assumed right of censorship. The injurious impressions of Pringle's conduct in this affair, given by the very incorrect statements of the *Quarterly Reviewer*, might be of less importance, if the same thing had not been repeated in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*; where Sir Walter describes Pringle as a conceited and wrong-headed person, who provoked his own misfortunes by his Whiggery. The prudent, sensible, and easy-humoured Sir Walter, was probably among the last persons in the world to approve of any man quarrelling with his bread and butter, for such pragmatical nothings as the civil or natural rights of Hottentots and Caffres, or the freedom of the press; and, above all, questioning the absolute will and supremacy of a colonial governor, and especially one who had already given him a small post, and who might patronise him farther, if he behaved discreetly.—*i. e.*, became the advocate and apologist of colonial abuses, and the adulterator of the Governor's policy. It is not alone for the vindication of Pringle's conduct, but for the sake of the noble lesson given of that temperate and manly resistance of oppression which it conveys, and which, we trust will ever characterise British men, that we give, in Pringle's own words, the account of the transactions which draw forth the condemnation of the eminent individual whom he highly esteemed.* As soon as the magazine and newspaper had been discontinued, a petition to the King in council was got up by the respectable inhabitants of the colony; and the Governor became himself

* Sir Walter's notice of Pringle, in his private Diary, is very characteristic.—"Thomas Pringle is returned from the Cape. He might have done well there, could he have scoured his brains of politics; but he must needs publish a Whig Journal at the Cape of Good Hope!! He is a worthy creature; but conceited withal—*Amicus Isaac Lockhart*. He brought me some antlers and a skin, in addition to others he had sent to Abbotford four years since."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*, vol. vi., page 363.

abandoned. He resolved to try what personal intimidation would do, and summoned the person described by the Quarterly Reviewer as "small," "weak," "distorted," "unusually deformed," and bred in mean society, to his august presence in the audience-room at the Colony Office.

"I found him with the Chief-Justice, Sir John Trotter, seated on his right hand, and the second number of our *South African Journal* lying open before him. There was a storm on his brow, and it burst forth at once upon me, like a long-gathered south-easter, from Table Mountain. 'So sir,' he began—'you are one of those who dare to insult me, and oppose my government!' And then he launched forth in a long tirade of abuse; scolding, upbraiding, and taunting me, with all the domineering arrogance of men and sneering insolence of expression, of which he was so great a master, reproaching me above all for my ingratitude for his personal favours. While he thus addressed me, in the most insulting style, I felt my frame tremble with indignation; but I saw that the Chief-Justice was placed there for a witness of my demeanour, and that my destruction was sealed if I gave way to my feelings, and was not wary in my words. I stood up, however, and confronted this most arrogant man with a look of disdain, under which his haughty eye instantly sunk, and replied to him, with a calmness of which I had, a few minutes before, not thought myself capable, and told him that I was quite sensible of the position in which I stood—a very humble individual, before the representative of my sovereign; but I also knew what was due to myself, as a British subject and a gentleman, and that I would not submit to be rated, in the style he had assumed, by any man, whatever were his rank or station. . . . I asserted my right to petition the King for the extension of the freedom of the press to the colony; and I denied altogether the 'personal obligation,' with which he upbraided me, having never asked nor received from him the slightest personal favour, unless the lands allotted to my party, and my own appointment to the government library, were considered such—though the latter was, in fact, a public duty assigned me, in compliance with the recommendation of the home government. This situation I now begged to resign, since I would not compromise my free agency for that, or for any appointment his Lordship could bestow. Lord Charles saw he had gone too far—he had, in fact, misapprehended my character, and had made a not uncommon mistake, in taking a certain bashfulness of manner for timidity of spirit. And, as his object then was, not absolutely to quarrel with, but merely to intimidate me, and thus render me subservient to his views, he had the singular measure, after the insulting terms he had used, to attempt to coax me by flattery, and by throwing out hints of his disposition to promote my personal views, if I would only conduct myself discreetly."

The consequence was, that Pringle resigned his appointment of librarian, and this grievous persecution became more violent. A "Literary and Scientific Society," begun by Pringle, was next attacked; and the Chief-Justice and other government functionaries, who had become members, were ordered instantly to withdraw their names; while it was distinctly intimated, that everything in which Pringle was concerned, should share the same fate.

And (continues his biographer) this was no empty threat. A system of espionage was set on foot, in which the catfif Oliver, so well known in this country, was employed. Terror and suspicion were depleted on every countenance. Persons were examined as disaffected, for being known even to continue in acquaintanceship with Pringle. The result may be foreseen.

This statement is at complete variance with that given by the Quarterly Reviewer, who, by a singular perversity, seems to have imagined that he was singularly gracious and beneficent, and not a little condescending withal, to Pringle; and who probably had intended to be so, and might fancy he had succeeded.

"Ruined in circumstances and in prospects," says Mr Gorder, who has also given the world a short memoir of Pringle, "but sound in conscience and character," he returned to England, having first visited his relatives at Glen Lynden. On coming home, he demanded compensation for the various losses he had sustained through the persecution of the Governor; but the claim was refused by Lord Bathurst, and still remains unsatisfied. The persons examined in his case—the colonial officials, namely,—as might have been expected, imputed the ruin of his prospects to his own choice; and the affair was settled

by law if not by justice. "Pringle had been refused for asserting the rights of a freeman; and his claims, while they were allowed in theory, were disregarded in practice by Government." That men may not be too much discouraged in well-doing, it is proper to state that Pringle's indiscreet and presumptuous interference with colonial abuses, had made him favourably known in England. Before leaving the Cape, he sent home an account of the real state of slavery in the colony, which was published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Campbell, and which attracted the notice of Mr Z. Macaulay and Mr Buxton. This circumstance ultimately led to his appointment as secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society. The arduous duties of that office he continued to discharge, with great zeal and ability, until the act of Emancipation was passed, and the Society was dissolved, its great object being imagined accomplished. It could not have been foreseen that some of the worst evils of slavery were still to flourish under the name of Apprenticeship. Pringle's character, and his connexion with this Society, procured him the esteem and personal friendship of its leading members, Wilberforce, Stephen, Clarkson, Buxton, and other eminent abolitionists. He was also intimate with Coleridge and other literary characters; and we find it stated here, that, humble individual as he was, to him, poor Coleridge, distinguished by many of the great and noble, and nearly allied to the wealthy, owed the restoration of his pension, which was stopped with the other *Literary Pensioners*, as they were called, on the death of George IV. In South Africa, he had become acquainted with Colonel Fox, who had been a guest in his Crusoe cottage in Glen Lynden; and to this gentleman, when he came to London, he owed the acquaintance of Rogers and Sir James Mackintosh, through whom he applied for Coleridge. We are on principle no great admirers of literary pensions, or pensioned or patronised literature of any kind, and almost rejoiced when that miserable pauper fund of £1000 a-year—doled out among ten individuals distinguished in letters and science, yet not equal in all to the tenth-part of some aristocratic sinecures—was withdrawn; but Pringle's kindness was not the less well intended, and we find notes from Mackintosh and Rogers, congratulating him on the success of their application for the renewal of Coleridge's annuity.

In course of his official connexion with the Abolition Society, Pringle became the advocate and protector of many individuals of African origin, who, when brought to England, claimed their freedom. These cases were much talked of at the time, as some of them were discussed in courts of law or made public through the press. The subject of one of the most beautiful poems in the volume, "The Bechuana Boy," was suggested by a poor child, who had been carried off from his native country by a party of Bergenaars, and sold to a Boer for an old jacket. The poor boy was received into Pringle's family as a little servant. He accompanied Mr and Mrs Pringle to England, and was treated by them more like an adopted child than a stranger and menial. He was of a singularly amiable, docile, and affectionate disposition. He died of consumption, at a very tender age, in the bosom of the family by whom he had been so fondly cherished. There is no poetic license in the concluding verses of the "Bechuana Boy."

"Such was Marosi's touching tale:

Our breasts they were not made of stone;

His words, his winning looks, prevail—

We took him for 'our own.

And one, with woman's gentle art,

Unlocked the fountains of his heart;

And love gushed forth, till he became

Her child in everything but name."

Another slave, protected by Pringle, was Mary Prince, who also lived for two years in his house, as a nominal servant, after the Anti-Slavery Society had in vain tried to procure her manumission from her former owner, when the woman wished to return to Antigua to her husband, but not as a slave. Pringle published her story in a popular Anti-Slavery tract, which drew forth a "criticism" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, then the regular

cogn of the planters, which is strongly, if not severely, described by Mr. Ritchie, and for which Pringle prosecuted his former friend, the publisher, and obtained a verdict. The West India body, in revenge, prosecuted Pringle, in the name of Wood, the former owner of Mary Prince; and, as he could not obtain evidence from the West Indies, he failed in proving the truth of his narrative, and was cast in damages. The cases were in reality neither Pringle *versus* Blackwood, nor yet Wood *versus* Pringle, but cases between the Anti-Slavery Society and the rancorous body of planters and their hired mouthpieces and agents in England. For himself, Pringle disclaims the prosecution, in the extract of a letter given:—"The prosecution of Blackwood is not an affair of mine. I wished to have replied in print, and I will still do so in a fourth edition of the tract. The blackguardism I cannot reply to; but there are some misrepresentations that require to be set right."

It is a remarkable fact that, on the very day after Pringle had concluded a service to which he had devoted the best years of his life, and the highest energies of his mind, he was seized with the fatal illness which in a few months terminated his virtuous and useful life. He burst a small blood-vessel, in a fit of coughing, which was followed in a day or two by a copious spitting of blood; and the usual symptoms of consumption, hitherto unsuspected, appeared in rapid succession. His prospects had darkened with the failure of his employment, even before his health gave way. An application made to Mr Spring Rice for an appointment at the Cape, was unfavourably received; and painfully does he say—"Many of the persons who will thus have a preference to me, were among the vilest tools of Lord Charles Somerset's administration. But to have been persecuted by a Tory government for maintaining Whig principles, or rather the principles of truth and justice, seems, even under a Whig administration, rather to one's disadvantage than otherwise." Before anything had been done, or even promised about the Cape appointment, which he solicited, the state of his health became so much worse that he was urged by Dr Clark to return to that colony, as the only chance of recovery. The means were totally wanting; but the written opinion of Dr Clark, communicated to Messrs Z. Macaulay and Buxton, was no sooner made known, than, in less than a week, funds were raised amply sufficient for the outfit and passage of himself, his wife, and her sister Miss Brown, who had been the inseparable and the faithful sharer of all their fortunes from their first embarkation for Africa. "Never," he says, "was anything more affectionate, delicate, and generous than the conduct of these two invaluable friends. . . . It is intended, I understand, after I am gone, to attempt something on a larger scale for my advantage." Spring Rice was again applied to, and, through him, the new Governor of the Cape, for a grant of land and money to stock it, in consideration of the losses Pringle had sustained through the tyranny of Lord Charles Somerset. His friends put all irons in the fire; but again without success; and he prepared to go out with merely a recommendation to Sir Benjamin D'Urban. But this was not

to be. After a passage had been taken, the voyage was postponed, owing to his increased weakness; and he awaited that crisis, at home, for which "few men," his biographer emphatically says, "have ever been better prepared." Quite aware of the near approach of death, he prepared to meet it, and, to his latest hours, maintained the greatest cheerfulness and resignation. He died on the evening of the 8th December 1834, in the forty-sixth year of his age, regretted even by those who, in life, had been his adversaries. Enemies he could not have had, who is described "as one of the gentlest yet firmest of human beings; made up of qualities which excite, in equal proportions, affection and respect; one with whom benevolence was not a weakness, but a principle. . . . He was warm and steady in his attachments; but, though he would have risked his life for his friend, he would not have sacrificed his probity. He was deeply religious; but not of those devotees 'who crucify their countenances.' Cheerful, buoyant, and even gay, he exemplified his faith only in his actions. Open, generous, manly, and sincere, I may address him in the words of Charles Lamb—

'Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
I have not found a whiter soul than thine.'

The poems collected in this volume, beautiful and tender in themselves, and well worthy of the admiration which they received from critics of no mean name, have the farther sacred object of being published for the benefit of Pringle's widowed partner and her sister. The sole means of support of these bereaved ladies, is stated to be an annuity of £20 a-year, purchased for them chiefly by some anti-slavery friends. This book is, therefore, no bookseller's speculation; and we earnestly trust that Mr Ritchie's labour of love will be amply rewarded, even in a pecuniary point of view. Pringle's claim of compensation we still consider a just one; but it is rarely that governments are just to the tolling pioneers in the march of civilization. It is left to the public to reward public benefactors.

Some of Pringle's poetical pieces were warmly admired by Coleridge, and were well worthy of the approbation of one whose instinct of the beautiful was as delicate as true. His African hunting songs breathe the fiery spirit of the old Border land—the region of Leyden and Scott; and some of his pastoral songs, the tender sweetness and simplicity of the Scottish love ballads. The African Sketches, in particular, possess a spirit, truth, and a freshness of imagery, which raises them far above the level of even very fair modern verses. The whole compose a volume which, we are certain, natives of Scotland, in all parts of the world, and those with any mixture of true Scottish blood in their veins, will dearly prize; and surely not the less that they know the poet to have been one of those men of whom his country has reason to be proud, for reasons much higher than either mere intellectual superiority or poetical accomplishment. Pringle "was the advocate and protector of the oppressed. He bequeathed to his fellow-countrymen the example of enduring virtue." Such qualities do not always mingle with the fame of the poet; but they were those of Pringle.

LONDON SKETCHES.

EQUIVOCAL SOCIETY.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

It is surprising what a liberal fund of excuses people of the world are able to draw upon at night, for doing what is agreeable to them! At a fashionable watering place, such as Baden just now, and Bath half a century ago, everybody contrives to be afflicted with the very disorder for which the waters are a specific; and not a squire's lady, who grows weary of her country seat, but suffers severely from delicacy of the

lungs, and is ordered for the winter to the south of France and its *blee*, or Brighton and its cutting breezes. Flirting mammas find it necessary to repair to Paris for the education of their daughters; while sporting papas consider it expedient to adhere to the covers and preserves of their country seat, in order to keep up electioneering interests for their son.

A house to which I occasionally repair for an

evening's amusement, affords me a most amusing study of the hypocrisies of human nature. The proprietor has the honour to, what is termed, "enjoy" a very indifferent reputation. No matter to my readers, the origin of the scandal; whether he be a marker of cards, or boxer of the stock exchange—whether a seducer of other men's wives, or conniver at the seduction of his own—signifies not a jot. He is ill thought of in the world. Not a soul in society, but has heard things laid to his charge, the charge of which ought to lay him on the shelf. Nevertheless, his courage is undaunted. Either he despises the ill report of his fellow-creatures, or chooses to outface it. Mondor (so let us call him) is rich; gives dinners, balls, concerts, *dejeunées*, and fêtes of every description; and people of all descriptions attend his *dejeunées*, concerts, balls, and dinners. But, instead of saying, with a degree of audacity equal to his own, "I go there because it suits me—because I find amusement"—every species and variety of specious lie is adopted as an excuse for the indecorum of the measure.

"Are you going to Mondor's ball to-night?" said I, the other evening to Lord A., at a party where we chanced to encounter.

"I go there!" replied his Lordship, affecting a look of indignant amazement, because he fancied he could discover in my inquiry a tone of disapproval which guaranteed my absence. Yet the first person I beheld on entering Mondor's sumptuous house, was the Earl of A——.

"Are you going to Mondor's?" I had afterwards inquired of Miss B., a pretty girl standing near us.

"I fancy so," she replied; "Mondor was formerly under great obligations to my father; and mamma thinks it would look as though we presumed upon his situation if we constantly declined his invitations. Shall I meet you there?" continued the lady, turning to young Quickset of the Guards.

"I am afraid so. The fellow is rather strong in our county; and my cousin John means to stand the next vacancy."

"I am surprised to find that Mrs B., with so many daughters to marry, should take them to Mondor's," observed Lady Queenhithe, who was of the party. "I take Laura there now and then, because, as an only child, with her fortune, beauty, and accomplishments, it matters little where she is seen."

"If I had even one daughter, I would not go there!" observed Lady Cutandshuffie, to whom she was addressing herself. "But as I am sure of my rubber there, and, at my age, such things are immaterial, I seldom miss the man's parties."

"O fie!" ejaculated Lady Superfine. "It is all very well being seen at his *grand* balls, where all the rest of the world is seen also; but to be an *habituée* of such a house—a man of such very infamous character!"

"What right have we to trouble ourselves with the mote in our brother's eye?—because we are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes

and ale?" cried Major O'Reilly, a man who has been bowed out of two regiments, and half a dozen London drawing-rooms. "Pon my soul and honour, Mondor's a deuced good fellow; and I consider it my duty, as a gentleman, to keep him in countenance."

"One does not go to keep him in countenance exactly," lisped a young gentleman, languishing through a near-sighted glass. "But that exquisite gallery! One cannot refuse oneself a sight now and then of his admirable Guido!"

"As far as reputation signifies," observed one of his lounging companions, "certainly no man ever lost himself more completely than Mondor. But he gives us such capital music! Griai, Rubini, and Tamburini once a fortnight! I consider it every man's duty to patronise so liberal a patron of the arts."

"Patron of a pack of lazy fiddlers!" cried old Drusus. "If that were all, no respectable man would lose himself by being seen in such company. But look at Mondor's public charities! Twenty guineas annually to the Mendicity Society; twenty to the Ophthalmic Hospital (though, by the way, it might be all the worse for him if the world were able to see clear;) twenty to the deaf and dumb (a word to the wise;) twenty to St George's Hospital; ten to the Houseless Poor; and five to the Small Debts; besides figuring in all the lists of to-the-humane-whom-heaven-has-blessed-with-affluence advertisements, from one year's end to the other. Such a man is a most desirable acquaintance—the sort of person for whom one is always looking out."

"I do not pretend to be a licensed dealer in charity-mongering," observed Sir George Shelfham, with a sneer. "The poor-laws take care of the poor, and we take care of the poor-laws. But when was Mondor ever behindhand when the prospectus of a work of merit was placed in his hands? He has obliged me by taking shares in several new periodicals, which might have survived to become old, had the public been as liberal as himself; and subscribed to I know not how many standard classical works, which, should the subscriptions fill, may, perhaps, one day or other see the light. Rising genius has a splendid patron in Mondor. Last year he was very near fitting out an expedition for Ulick O'Flannaghan's projected voyage of discovery to the Antarctic regions; and, *entre nous*, has advanced many hundreds towards the scheme. To be sure, nothing can be more disagreeable than to have such a man come up and accost one in the street. But certain sacrifices are due to the advancement of letters and the cause of science. I never miss one of Mondor's literary dinners and am therefore bound to attend his ball."

"*Chacun a son goût!*" cried Colonel Martinet, shrugging his shoulders. "I should expect to be poisoned at his table."

"The young Duchess has no such apprehension," said I. "I met her there at dinner last week."

"The Duchess dine at Mondor's?"

"I had the honour of sitting next her."

"You amaze me! I thought nothing but the worst company frequented his house?"

"Do you call the Marchioness of Aylsham and her daughters bad company?"

"And they visit him? Is it possible! Could you get me a card for his next fête? I always make it a point to meet the Aylshams when I have an opportunity. Perhaps you could take me there to-night?"

"Let us inquire of Lady Lindo whether the Aylshams are at the ball. See, she is just entering the room with her daughters. Are you come from Mondor's?—are there many people there?" said I, addressing her Ladyship, in a natural tone.

"Hush, hush!—not a word!—pray don't speak so loud! I would not let Lady Marmozet suspect I had been there for the world. She would whisper it all over the town, and it might be a great injury to the girls in a certain set."

"But why did you take them there, then?"

"Because I knew that William was invited, and things are getting rather particular between his Lordship and Sophis. However, I took care to be there early. People tried to persuade me that I ought to come *here* early, and go there afterwards. But, of course, at *such* a house, I did not choose to be seen by all the world. So, as soon as the room began to fill, I came away; and having arrived here thus early, no one will be able to prove that we were there at all."

The clock-regulated prudery which makes it criminal to be seen in society after midnight, which passes for respectable early in the evening, I am unable exactly to understand; and on reaching Mondor's crowded ball, I was fated to be still more puzzled by the curious tenderness of people's consciences.

"Let us make up a quiet little quadrille in this room," said Lady Letitia to her sister. "In such a house as this, it does not do to put oneself *en évidence* in the ball-room."

"Stay *supper*, indeed? Oh, dear, no!" cried Mrs Peachick. "It would by no means suit my views of propriety to be seen *supping* at Mondor's?"

"Heyday! *you* here?"—exclaimed another. "Well, I *am* amazed! I always fancied you one of the *very* precise people. I do not set up for one of the rigidly righteous. But *you*!"—

"Just listen to that shocking woman," mumbled Mrs Sneak, who was eating ices quietly in the corner. "As if it were not wrong enough to come here at all, without making a boast of it! Now, though I am weak and good-natured enough to accept Mondor's invitations, thank God, I have sufficient self-respect to keep it to myself!"

Some entered the ball-room bowing to Mondor with a patronising air, which spoke a sense of their own magnanimity, or Christian charity, in being seen under his roof. Some entered timidly, as if apologising to the society assembled for increasing the amount of the sinful company;

some saucily, brazening it through the crowded rooms, as if to say—"Here I am!—find fault with my proceedings if you dare;" some with an air of conscious virtue, implying, that, "to the pure, all things are pure."

Poor Mondor, meanwhile, unconscious of the vast movements going on behind the dial plate, kept bowing to one fair guest, and smiling to another; satisfied that all were delighted to be there, and that the absent were vexed and envious.

"Seven hundred invitations, and not above twenty excuses!"—he whispered to me, as we passed each other in the crowd. "I am afraid I have offended half the world by refusing cards. But what is one to do! In London, one's house is limited; and it is really unfair to crowd one's friends to death, in order to accommodate strangers. There is Colonel Martinet, I see, has kept away, because I refused to let him bring a whole family of country cousins. Mrs Peachick asked leave for her three younger daughters; Mrs Sneak wanted me to ask her aunt; and Lady Lindo is gone already, because I did not choose to let her invite the three regiments of guards as partners for the Miss Lindes!"

Little did my poor friend suspect the parting salutations at that moment exchanging in his hall.

"Good night, Littledale! You needn't say at home that you met me here."

"Of course not. In return, pray don't mention to my wife that *I* was here. I told her I was going to the opera."

"By the way, Lady Mary, this man's parties are never announced, I hope, in the *Morning Post*?"

"I am sure I hope not. If there were any danger of it, it would be worth while to give a dounce to the porter to leave out one's name."

"I wish to goodness my coachman would not get so low down in the string. There is William having my carriage called by every link-boy in waiting! Just listen! Not a person living in the street but will know that I was at Mondor's ball!"

"Well!—at least one comforts oneself by knowing that one has done a good-natured action. When people are under a cloud, it becomes a charity to support them. Can you tell me whether it is Gunter who serves Mondor's suppers, or whether he engages a man cook?"

"Can't say, indeed. The supper and music here are faultless. Poor man!—one does one's best for him, because he does his best for *us*. But it is a sacrifice. I came here in a hackney coach, because I did not choose my servants to know that I entered such a house. One cannot be too particular in upholding the standard of public morals."

Such are the equivocations of the frequenters of Equivocal Society.

HYMN TO SPRING.

Thou bringer of new life,
Welcome thou hither !
Though with thee comes the strife
Of changeful weather.
Oh, young and coldly fair,
Come, with thy storm-blown hair,
Down-casting snow pearls fair,
For earth to gather.

Approachest thou in shower ?
Mist hath enroll'd thee ;
Till, changed by viewless power,
Bright we behold thee.
Whilst chilling gales do fly,
Thou wanderest meekly, by
Green holme and mountain high,
Till shades enfold thee.

By dusky woodland side,
Silent thou rovest ;
Where lonely runlets glide
Unheard thou moveest ;
Wide strewing buds and flowers,
By fields, and dells, and bowers,
'Mid winds and sunny showers,
Bounteous thou prevest.

Though ever changeful, still
Ever bestowing ;
The earth receives her fill
Of thy good sowing ;
And, lo ! a spangled sheen
Of herbs and flowers between,
Blent with the pasture green,
All beauteous growing.

Now comes the driven hail,
Rattling and bounding ;
A shower doth next prevail,
Thunder astounding ;

Until the glorious sun
Looks through the storm-aloof sun ;
And, as the light doth run,
Glad tones are sounding.

The throats tune his throat,
On top-bough sitting ;
The oxale's wizard note,
By dingle sitting.
The loved one, too, is there—
Above his snow-plashed lair,
He sings, in sun-bright air,
Carol beating.

Come, ev'ry tone of joy !
Add to the pleasure !—
Sweet Robin's melody
Joins in the measure ;
And echoes wake and sing,
And fairy-bells do ring,
Where silver bubbles fling
Their sparkling treasure.

The hazel bloom is hung
Where beams are shining ;
The honey-bine hath clung,
Garlands entwining
For one who wanders lone
Unto that bower unknown,
And finds a world his own,
Pure joys combining.

Then, bringer of new life,
Welcome thou hither !
And welcome, too, the strife,
Of changeful weather !
Oh, ever young and fair,
Cast, from thy storm-blown hair,
Bright drops and snow pearls fair,
For earth to gather.

BARDOUR

TO AN IDIOT.

Poor, witless youth ! come hither. Let me trace
What lines distinctive part thee from thy race :
Their voice thou hast—their features—upright form—
And heart that throbs with instinct not less warm.
But, ah !—the feelings of that heart are blind,
And stray unguided by far-seeing Mind ;
Where proud imperial Reason's throne should be,
Thou hast but dull and gloomy vacancy.
What varied fancies crowd to me, when'er
I mark—as toward me turns thine empty stare—
The quiet of the unreflecting eye !
No thought to mirror, or be lighted by,
It finds within ; and meaningless it reves,
Ne'er kindling, though it rest o'en where it loves !
And that strange hollow laugh I never hear,
Without replying by a sudden tear.
Alas ! on Earth, there is no light for thee—
Sightless, thou trav'lest to Eternity !
No stamp of thought is seen upon thy brow—
Th' unwritten page of Nature's book art thou !

Yet, can the angel say thou art not one
That Heaven's most favouring look is turn'd upon ?
Unknowing and uncaring, 'mid the strife
Of those who feel the duties born of Life—
Unbarm'd and harming none—the care and crime
Through which for ever is the march of Time,
Disturb thee not. The hours fly o'er thee fast,
With noiseless wings. The future, as the past,
Is but a blank—the present is a joy,
Ne'er mingled with that bitterest alloy,
The misery of mind. Rememb'ring naught
To cease thee pain, and wake desponding thought—
E'en safe from Him, the Demon, Foe of Man,
Undamp'd wilt thou live thy little span.
Thou dost not think upon the sunny hour
Of childhood ; nor lament that ev'ry flow'r

Which bloom'd about thee then, is faded now !—
Thou dost not weep the blighted hope !—the vow
bandon'd soon as register'd !—the dream
Of joy, that, like the bubbles on the stream
By which, in boyhood's merry time, you roved,
Hath vanish'd !—the bright things that first you loved,
All changed—departed, wither'd, or grown cold !—
Thine heart thou feel'st not prematurely old !—
The hallow'd home you dwell in when a child,
Where on your early sports your mother smil'd—
The happy circle, broken up !—the days
Thou hadst not trodden Vice's tempting ways—
Of these thou thinkest not ; nor wilt ever know
That Recollection is a fount of we !

Yet those we deem the glorious of our race,
May not hereafter find a resting-place
As tranquil as the home prepar'd above
For thee, unconscious child of Heaven's love !

Oh, pausing in our passionate wild career,
Should we not gaze on thee, and, with a tear,
Not of compassion, but of envy, own
That, rather than possess an Empire's throne,
Thy fate we'd choose : To pass the time below
Sinless and sorrowless, and hence to go,
Without one heart-rent retrospective sigh,
To share the ever-during bliss on high !

What dost thou, Idiot, here on earth ? Thou art
Not one of us. Why dost thou not depart ?
Why wert thou sent at all ?—to mope alone ?
Outcast ! to find companionship in none ?
Vainly we ponder on that mystery—
All that we learn is, not to pity thee !

Kilkeny, 1832.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.*

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

NO. III.—FRIENDS AT THE YEARLY MEETING.

In our last chapter, we introduced our readers to some acquaintance with the domestic manners and peculiar notions of the Friends; we will now take a view of them in their great annual assembly, which they themselves always designate by the simple title of "The Yearly Meeting." This is held in London, opening always on a Wednesday in the latter end of May, and continuing into the month of June, generally lasting about ten days or a fortnight. Of course, it is the most important event in their religious system, the most interesting season in their year. To this great meeting, the business of all their lesser meetings points, and is here consummated. In this meeting, every subject which, as Friends, they deem important, is discussed; every public act determined; and the religious condition and moral discipline of the Society are reviewed. To it delegates are sent from every quarter of the island; by it committees are appointed to receive appeals against the decision of minor meetings—to carry every object which is deemed desirable within their body, or beyond it, into effect; by it Parliament is petitioned; the crown addressed; religious ministers are sanctioned in their schemes of foreign travel, or those schemes restrained; and funds are received and appropriated for the prosecution of all their views as a Society.

For the better understanding of the working of their system, it may be as well to explain that, in every place in the kingdom where the Friends have a meeting-house for worship, they hold, once a month, after the meeting for worship is over, a meeting of discipline—a meeting, in fact, for the transaction of the civil affairs of the Society; such as providing funds for the support of the poor, for the education of the children of the poor; inquiring into the general moral condition of the meeting; or taking individual delinquents to task. This is called a preparative meeting—that is, a meeting preparative to the monthly meeting, which is a

meeting consisting of several preparative meetings. To the monthly meeting, one or more representatives are sent from each preparative meeting; and, from the monthly meeting, others are sent to the quarterly meeting, which generally includes within its jurisdiction one or two counties; and, of course, several monthly meetings. From the quarterly meetings, then, in spring, representatives are sent to the yearly meeting; and here it should be understood, that the women, as well as the men, hold their preparative, monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings of discipline, as they are called. The grand basis of the Society is that of the most perfect human equality—an equality which, it was stated in the first of these papers, extended to sex as well as to every other condition of humanity. Women are placed on the footing of companions and co-heirs of all social rights and privileges, and, therefore, hold their own meetings of discipline, and transact all affairs belonging exclusively to their own sex; that is, they watch over the wants, interests, moral conduct, and religious consistency of the female part of the community; so that, at the close of a meeting for worship, once a-month, the women retire into another apartment, and open their books, and discuss their own concerns, as the men do theirs, in their meeting; and, of course, they send, to the monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, their own representatives too.

We will now suppose that the spring quarterly meetings, in each county throughout the kingdom, have been held; and both men and women have appointed their respective representatives, generally two or three of each sex in each quarterly meeting; and these important personages are on their way. But they are not on their way alone; for they are not the sole attendants of the yearly meeting. The system, as we have said, is a system of full and equal enjoyment of all social privileges; and, therefore, every individual of the Society has a clear

* Since the appearance of my last article on this subject, "A Member of the Society" has published in this Magazine some strictures on that and the preceding article; and it will very probably be asked by "Friends"—"What has William Howitt to say to those strictures?" My reply is—Nothing. In the first place, I never notice the observations of anonymous writers. I never, myself, write a syllable about any body of men without putting at the head of my remarks my name at length. My remarks are my own deliberate observations and convictions; and, unless my facts can be falsified, or my opinion changed, they can only stand as my avowed sentiments. If any one can convince the public that his sentiments are more rational, he is, of course, at perfect liberty. I could say a great deal on the points adverted to by the anonymous Friend; but all who have read the preceding papers must be aware that I avowed my intention to avoid controversy. All the arguments adduced by the anonymous Friend are perfectly familiar to me; and, if replied to, would lead to that very controversy that is raging in other quarters. I am content simply to record my honest view of the Society, as it was, and as it is. The anonymous Friend has, however, stated one thing as a fact, which is not exactly a fact—he has instanced various Continental languages as preserving the use of the singular pronoun, *thou*. Every one that knows anything of the Continental languages, knows that it is preserved only as we preserve it—partially; and that those of the educated classes addressing each other are most ceremoniously scrupulous in avoiding the use of the second person singular.

right to attend the yearly meeting in his own person. The only difference between the representatives and the other members, as to attendance, is, that the representatives *must* attend; every other individual *may* attend, if he or she please. And great are the numbers which do attend; for, it may well be supposed, that such a meeting must have many attractive attributes to every one who loves the conversation of Friends—who loves the Society, and is interested in the judicious management of its affairs. The representatives are charged, of course, with all specific matters of business; but every individual is interested in every general discussion, and in bringing it to the best termination. Every man, therefore, as he possesses the right, may, if he please, take part in the general business; may give an opinion when an opinion is necessary; and there naturally arise some men, more adroit, or who take more pleasure in the discussion of the Society's affairs in their meetings, and who come to be called great disciplinarians; but every man *may* offer his opinion; and numbers do offer them in a very brief shape indeed.

But, besides the attraction of debate, of religious and moral interest, in the Society, we may believe that the attractions of a social nature are not the less powerful. The yearly meeting is a grand point, at which Friends from every quarter of the island meet, where old Friends may renew their fellowship, and young ones may become acquainted, and form the most interesting connections. Behold, then, every motive which can stir the human frame—apostleship, leadership, friendship, acquaintanceship, courtship—all at work to send up old and young to the yearly meeting. The care of the Church is on some—its ministry, its money, its morality, or reformation; the renewal of old ties, the meeting, once more, of “the old familiar faces,” draws others; and many a fairy vision, no doubt, floats beneath the shadow of beaver or drab-bonnet, making the smoky walls of London more delightful, in perspective, than the green fields and quiet paradises of home. Accordingly, when the time approaches, the question, Who is going to the yearly meeting? circulates through every place where Friends reside, with a daily increased rapidity and intensity; and those who are not averse to take the charge of representation on their shoulders, are not backward to announce, that “they have some thoughts of going.” Sly old disciplinarians, however, who have felt what it is to sit out every meeting and committee, morning, afternoon, and evening, for a fortnight, and are quite willing to be excused the onus and responsibility of the office, keep their tongues in their heads; and young ones, quite as sly in their schemes of pleasure, are as silent too. “Oh, they should like it very much; but they really can hardly hope for such a treat—matters of business are so pressing at home. Perhaps father, or mother, or uncle, will be going, and then they must be at home. They see little chance.” They know very well that,

if they only let it slip out, that they mean to be there, some good Friend, at the quarterly meeting will be sure to call out their names when the time for nomination of representatives arrives; and they are nailed, not only to going, but to a daily attendance at meetings and committees, while, many a fascinating party is made by their less engaged friends on days of less general interest—days when none but members of committees and representatives are wanted at meetings—to the exhibitions of paintings, the British Museum, the Zoological Gardens, and other places, where young hearts, indulging the same tastes, and occupied by the same objects of admiration, naturally grow into closer union and into warmer sympathy. No, the “Quaker sly” was not a truer epithet when Pope wrote it, than it is now; and, when the hour of nomination comes in the quarterly meeting, you would really think that nobody was going at all; that nobody could possibly be found to take the honorable office of representative. Name after name is called out; but one does not know that he is likely to be there: who, indeed, can see into the futurity of a fortnight? Another confesses that he “has had some thoughts of it, but cannot see his way clear as yet.” A third “would like to enjoy the privilege of once more being at the yearly meeting, and perhaps may be favoured, to attend, but has had his name down these last three or four years—thinks it cannot be required of him at this time—thinks it well that some of the dear youth should be nominated—that it is well that they should be taking on them the yoke of duty, and growing up to fill the places of those valuable ancient members who are, from time to time, going from works to rewards.”

Well, a whole catalogue of young Friends are called upon forthwith—but catch them if you can! No; none, but the unlucky or devoted mortals who have let it transpire before-hand that they “had intentions,” are to be caught; or those few patriotic characters, who give way at the demand of pressing duty, consent to go up, and dedicate themselves to the service of the Church, because none else can be found—the very rams whose horns are caught in the thickets of necessity for especial public sacrifice.

The number, however, is sure to be made up, and then very pleasant it is after meeting to compare notes—men and women. “Who are appointed by your meeting?” “Oh, John Such-an-one, and Thomas Such-an-one.” “And who by yours?” “Oh, Susanna Such-an-one, and Rachel So-and-so, and Jane Such-a-Friend!” And then comes the news who are the representatives from the neighbouring quarterly meetings, and the time is looked forward to, and a pleasant season is anticipated. And, lo! as it comes near, it turns out, that plenty of Friends are going. Those who “had not thought of it” before the quarterly meeting, have thought of it seriously since. Those who “did not see their way clear,” have found the atmosphere brighten up amazingly. Matters of business have given way to the

young have found fathers or uncles are not going, so that they can all go very well together. In short, the only difficulty now is to secure places by the coaches. On going to take a place by the mail about this time, you are pretty sure to find the whole inside taken by Friends! Inside and outside, you see them proceeding from all parts of the country for a few days before the commencement of the meeting. The day before, they pour into London by tribes—coaches and private carriages, barouches and chaises; you meet them on every road near the metropolis, travelling, if in their own carriages, at an easy pace and with goodly horses—for a merciful man is merciful to his beast; and, besides, they are not fond of hurrying themselves. In London, even at this thronging season of the year, when all the worlds of this kingdom are met in it—the world of fashion, the religious world, the parliamentary world, the world of pleasure, and the world of business, jumbled and confounded together out of doors, however distinct they may be within; when vehicles, public and private carriages, omnibuses, break-neck cabs, patent carriages, cars, waggon, britchkas, tilburies, are rushing, crushing, scouring, and dashing together, as if their only aim were the utmost pitch of speed and confusion; when ministers of State and ministers of religion, popular orators and popular preachers, are thronging to their particular places of exhibition—to St Stephens, or to Exeter Hall, to nightly debates or anniversary occasions; when visitors of Exhibitions, and troops of lawyers watching the progress of private bills, are all swelling the tide and tumult of the Great Babel—even at this multitudinous season, the influx of Friends becomes strikingly conspicuous. The city is their place of resort. Bishopsgate Street, where their meeting is situated, in which the yearly meeting is held, is the great place of their gathering together.

We have on more than one occasion travelled up to town with a whole inside of Friends, and we could not help imagining that those who are apt to regard them as a very self-denying people, would have seen with some degree of wonder the quiet indulgence in which they travelled on. Going up to the yearly meeting, is like the going up of the Israelites of old to the Passover at Jerusalem—and it is plain that it is a time of feasting and good cheer. At every meal, our Friends seemed to enjoy themselves with a sense of the good things of Providence which even Solomon must have approved, when he said, "Let us eat and drink, for it is the gift of God." I speak now more particularly of one full-grown and full-fed party which filled the coach as a nut is filled with its kernel. They enjoyed the festivities of the table, and laid in stores of substantial food for discussion in the intervals of travel. At breakfast, they ordered a quantity of eggs to be hard-boiled, to take with them, and a pint of Sherry, which they carefully decanted into a handsome wine flask. Whenever the horses were changed at any place noted for the production of any good thing, they sent and procured of it:

at one place a Stilton cheese; at another, a cream cheese; nay, even young radishes were purchased. It was evident that they were providing for the lodgings in town which were themselves already provided—for experienced yearly-meeting goers, always secure good and appropriate quarters, before leaving the "warm precincts" of their own houses. This party being a stout and jolly quartet, and the weather being unusually warm for the season, they travelled with the coach-doors open, to get as good a share of fresh air as they had already got of provisions. Every coachman and every traveller that we met, wondering at the winged aspect of our vehicle, its doors both standing wide, invariably cried, "Coachman, your doors are open!" Coachman nodded assent, and went on without farther notice, to the increased astonishment of the people. If our Friends, however, took good care of themselves, it was evident that they extended their care to all those, too, who had a claim of fees upon them; for those invariably expressed their lively satisfaction on feeling the gratuity in the palm, by the most expressive faces, and other indubitable signs. Let no one accuse me of wishing to represent sober Friends as gourmands. I here merely relate a particular case which I have seen; and I am bound, by a large experience, to describe them truly as temperate, but yet a self-indulgent people, who, in fulfilment of their own and the Psalmist's prayer, have been led to "lie down in green pastures and by the still waters."

The mingling of plain coats, broad hats, friendly shawls, and friendly bonnets, in the great human stream that for ever rolls along the pavées of the city, is in that neighbourhood, at this season, become very predominant. As you pass along almost any street thereabouts, you see at the upper windows of all the inns, and at numbers of the private houses, tribes of Friends' faces. Collarless coats and plain caps catch your eye at every turn. Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without, Gracechurch Street, Houndsditch, Liverpool Street, Old Broad Street, Sun Street, almost every street of that district, fairly swarms with Friends. The inns and private lodgings are full of them. The White Hart and the Four Swans, are noted places of their sojourn. It is said, I suppose more in joke than earnest, that, while the yearly meeting lasts, almost every article of food or luxury rises in price—fresh butter, poultry, eggs, veal, lamb, and vegetables, are dreadfully dear; and that jarvies are more than ordinarily difficult to deal with. No doubt, Friends help to swell the tide of strangers at this crisis, and to increase those effects which are felt distinctly enough in "the season."

It is curious to see the numerous groups of Friends that are there moving about: threes and fours of young women in their dove-coloured garbs, and quiet fresh faces; the men-Friends moving along at a more leisurely pace than Londoners are wont; the stately dowdy-like matrons, most plump and well-fed personages,

with their silk gowns folded carefully round them, and held with one hand, while they lean with the other on some staid man-Friend, or some slender slip of a growing son, who sees mighty London, wondering, yet with a quiet face, for the first time in his life. It is curious to see the many quaint and picturesque figures of men, some with their looped-up hats and walking-canes, and distinct air of wealth and citizenship, which clearly marks them as men of note in their own distant cities; others lank and long, with flying limbs and raiment of uncouth cut, who have evidently issued from far-off dales and secluded abodes, to bear the din and jostle of London a brief while, for the fellowship of spirit to be found in the yearly meeting; and others, again, especially the young, with a cut of coat, progressing by rapid degrees from the most antiquated pattern of Quakerism to the nearest possible approach to the fashionable style of the day; not, indeed, with dress-coats, but with coats scalloped to resemble them—not with collared coats, but with coats *rolled* to resemble collars!—timid approaches to what is not worth approaching if it be not worth adopting, a mulish state between the man-Friend and the man of fashion, a hankering condition on the borders of the broad land of common observance, when a bold leap from the narrow pound of sectarian living had been at once more manly and becoming.

It is equally curious, and far more delightful, to see the continual recognitions of different parties, the running across the street to meet each other, the hearty shaking of hands, and introductions of each other to mutual friends, and the hearings and tellings of news of old friends and relatives in every part of the kingdom; of who is here, and who is not, and where different parties are located. This is what is continually passing in the streets at the first coming up of Friends; and at the different inns and lodgings, many are the visits and the similar inquiries. Numbers, as I have observed, have taken their lodgings before coming up; and those being known to their own friends, serve as guides and links to the discovery of others. At the inns, they have a *table d'hôte*, at which they generally breakfast and dine; and here they can invite any of their friends as their guests. Every Friend's house at this time has its guests; and many of the wealthy keep a sort of open house, and invite as many to their tables as their houses will possibly hold. At their tables, and the *tables d'hôte*, there is a continual circulation of fresh faces; and you are sure, at the one or other of them, to meet, during the yearly meeting, almost every person of distinction in the Society. There are always some individuals of interest amongst them—popular ministers, or leading persons of one kind or other at almost every table. Nothing, therefore, can exceed the facility of introduction, and the formation of new acquaintances by those young persons who are desirous of making them.

The business of the yearly meeting commences by the assembling of the meeting of

ministers and elders, previous to the meeting of the body at large. What is done here I cannot positively say; for these persons form a secret conclave—a thing little in keeping with the general democratic form and spirit of the Society; and, therefore, of late years, an object of considerable jealousy, and where the late divisions appear to have originated. This select body, however, receives and hands to the meeting at large all "Testimonies" of ministers and elders; records and takes cognizance of all writings of members on the doctrines of the Society; and what more does not so clearly appear. Leaving, then, the meeting of ministers and elders, let us come to the general assembly of the yearly meeting; and in describing this, I shall describe it in its general character. We do not want to know what was done at any particular yearly meeting, but to have a clear notion of what the yearly meeting is at all times. To do this, we must take it in three points of view—its mode of transacting business, the sort of business which occupies it, and its general aspect and character. The place of its meeting is, in fact, a cluster of three meeting-houses. On entering the meeting-house yard where the Friends are assembling, the first thing which strikes you is the extreme plainness of their dress. Meeting Friends as you do in their ordinary places of abode, you often feel, especially in the young, the marked departure from the strictness of the old costume; here, on the contrary, you are surprised at the general retention of it. This may, perhaps, be accounted for in a great measure by the fact, that, after all, the most orthodox are those who attend the yearly meeting; and that even the young, who are not too particular on other occasions, may select the plainest coat from the wardrobe, to wear on an occasion where it is likely to be most in esteem.

It is a pleasant sight now to see the women Friends proceeding to their own meeting; a lengthening train of fair creatures, clad in vestures as delicate as a dove's; matrons and mothers in Israel of stately and dignified manner, mingled with younger forms and faces, as fair as any that the sun of England shines upon; but all calm and serious in demeanour, free and independent beings in their character of Christian women, proceeding to act for themselves and their sister friends, with an ability and decorum which might shame male assemblies in places of the highest pretension.

But the doors of the men's meeting are thrown open, and in they are going. Let no one, however, whatever be his curiosity, attempt to enter who is not a member of the Society. Near the door stands one who marks with a sharp eye any one who is a stranger to him, especially if he have a worldly coat on his back. If he doubts him, he steps forward, and asks whether he be a member, and with a quiet, keen look, that seems ready to detect whether the answer have truth in it. If he still doubts, he demands his name, and that of his monthly meeting. Having these, he has only to go to any known member of that

monthly meeting, to identify the individual at once, or detect the imposition.

It may be asked, why so much care to exclude strangers? What mysteries are there celebrated, that need so much secrecy? What Elusian rites, what inquisitorial tortures, or masonic arcanæ, are concealed in a Friends' Meeting, that require such jealous hiding? And, since some differences of opinion on certain points of doctrine, or matters of practice have arisen in the Society, it has frequently been asked, by the movement party, why not allow the free publication of the proceedings of the meeting? The answer to these queries is very simple. The Society is a corporation of private individuals, united upon the basis of certain common principles of faith and morals, and for the enjoyment of them; and it is not amenable to the public, nor has the public any claim of inquisition into its proceedings, while its opinions, which are well known, and its practices, which are equally cognizable, are not injurious to the peace or good of society. As a question of right, therefore, it has the clearest title to confine the witnessing of its proceedings to its own members; and, as to propriety, it must be recollected that one of the Society's most prominent principles of association, is the inquiry into the necessities and maintenance of its poor; another, the education of their children; a third, the moral right of its body, as a Christian Church, to exercise a watchfulness and a power of admonition and rebuke over its members; and it must be obvious enough, that these circumstances, and the raising and applying of the necessary funds, must involve many points of personal and peculiar delicacy, which no one ought to witness, or to desire to intrude himself into, who is not a member, and bearing a common portion of the public burden—pecuniary, moral, and religious. Then, let it be recollected what would be the situation of the ladies in their meetings, if they were exposed to the intrusion of even such of their own sex as chose to go in; or to have their deliberations exposed to the utmost publicity. A circumstance, which I have repeatedly heard stated in their Society, as having occurred at the yearly meeting, may give a pretty good notion of what such an openness of proceedings would subject them to; and that is, that one of the royal princes—I have heard it stated by some as the Prince of Wales, by others the Duke of York, but certainly one of them—took it into his head to witness the proceedings of the women-Friends; and, for that purpose, introduced himself, in the disguise of a young woman-Friend's dress, into the meeting. Though but a slim and smooth-faced youth at the time, he was presently detected; for it is impossible that any young man, even of the Society, could ever successfully imitate the delicate niceties of dress and bearing of a young woman-Friend of taste and education. And we may very well believe that the wild young Prince, who had come there to make use of his eyes—perhaps to see if he could not find, like his father, another Anna Lightfoot—could not preserve a very staid and passive aspect. In fact, he forgot himself, and, thrust-

ing his hand into his pocket, displayed, through the pocket-hole of his gown, the yellow buckskins that he wore beneath. The incident is quite sufficiently instructive on the subject of facility of *entrée* into the women's yearly meeting, at least.

Of late, it has been the practice of certain parties, to take notes of the proceedings of the yearly meeting, and communicate them to the newspapers; and, strongly as I am persuaded of the benefit of the utmost publicity which can be given to the transactions of all corporate bodies, consistent with the delicacy just adverted to, it must be confessed that this proceeding, protested against as it has been by many members, and by the clerk, as the official organ of the meeting, has been a breach of honour, and a doing evil that good might come of it. However much we may regret that the meeting does not give all rational publicity to its discussions, and however much we may feel satisfied that by this publicity it would consult its best interests, still, till it chooses to do so, it has the most undoubted right to refuse; and whoever violates the clear sense of the Society on this head, violates the law of honour and integrity. It is to be hoped that, as a strong desire seems to exist in the religious public, to be made acquainted with its proceedings, the yearly meeting will adopt the plan of the House of Commons, allowing regular reporters; but reserving to itself, on any question of delicacy, the right to resolve itself into a committee of the whole house, whose deliberations shall be sacredly private. But, in order that it should be understood what is *really* the opinion of the bulk of the Society on this subject, the question itself *should be submitted to the vote*.

We have been stopped on our entrance, however, into the yearly meeting, not only by the wary janitor, but by a very grave and knotty question. The meeting-house appropriated to the business of the men, is capable, I suppose, of holding two or three thousand people. It is seated with rows of seats, ascending from near the centre of the house to the wall, each way, in the manner of the House of Commons; and, instead of the Speaker's chair in front, runs across another ascending platform of seats, meeting those of the two sides. Around the meeting above, runs a spacious gallery. The Friends pass on, and place themselves where they please, except that the ministers, elders, representatives, and other Weighty Friends, (a phrase that will presently call again our attention to it,) arrange themselves on the cross seats at the head of the meeting; in the midst of which is placed a plain table, at which the clerk and his assistants are to sit. The first act of the meeting is to choose this clerk. In his "Portraiture of Quakerism," Clarkson says, that the yearly meeting, unlike other large popular assemblies, has no chairman; but the clerk is, in fact, both chairman and secretary. He is the centre of business. To him, and those immediately about him, every one addresses himself. He announces what subject is next coming before the meeting; and he pronounces what termination it has arrived at;

and, moreover, in his capacity of secretary, records the decision in a minute. To counterbalance this onerous combination of offices, he has an assistant appointed him, who reads long articles, and otherwise lessens the amount of his duties. The clerk being chosen, he takes his place at the table, and places on record the opening of the yearly meeting. The names of the representatives are delivered in, and entered on the book.

We cannot here pretend to give an exact detail of the proceedings of the meeting; it will be sufficient to state, generally, that the meeting is held by repeated adjournments, generally morning and afternoon, from day to day, till the business is gone through. The meetings for worship are held regularly on the regular days, Thursdays and Sundays. The first great business of the meetings is to read and consider the answers from all the quarterly meetings, to a standing set of queries on the moral and religious condition of the Society; whether there be any "religious growth" in the Society; whether all social and moral duties are carefully discharged; whether Friends are mindful to be faithful subjects, obedient to the laws, good citizens, and just in their dealings with all men; whether they educate their children, and the children of their poor members; and whether they maintain their "testimonies" steadfastly before men, and live in love one with another. Epistles are read from the yearly meeting of Friends in Ireland, and from those of the various States of America; and committees are appointed to draw up answers. They have committees also sitting on the affairs of their public schools, on the subject of slavery, and other matters in which they take a high interest, and on which they often feel bound to address the crown, petition Parliament, and call upon the public for its aid or attention. They also receive an account of all the seizures upon the members of the Society for tithes, church-rates, &c., generally amounting to about £14,000 a-year; and a committee draws up a general epistle to the members of the Society, which is afterwards canvassed and adopted in the meeting at large; and then printed, and folded in a particular form, and sent to be read, first in the quarterly, then in the monthly, lastly in the preparative meetings, and then, at the doors of the meeting-houses, distributed to the head of every individual family.

This is a bare outline of the kind of business which occupies the yearly meeting; but there is a good deal in its manner of conducting its business which is peculiar to itself. The discussion of every question, however exciting it may appear in its own nature, is carried on with a coolness and passive quietness which forms the most remarkable contrast to the tumult, vehemence, noise, and confusion of popular assemblies in general. There is no attempt to excite the feelings and the passions. There is no attempt at anything like oratory or zealous pleading; every one states his opinion, or gives his evidence on any question, in the most deliberate, plain and concise manner possible. There is, in fact,

a sort of Spartan brevity used, that it would be most difficult for any one accustomed to the free and animated style of harangue, used in public meetings or in Parliament, to acquire. An attempt to influence the mind of the assembly by anything like artful or vehement language, would alarm and shock the whole body, and produce exactly the contrary effect to the one aimed at. The Friends consider that they sit there to hear and ascertain the truth, and to come to such a decision as shall consist with truth, and the dignity of Christian minds. They look upon themselves as sitting in the presence of the Divine Spirit, and under its guidance, and think it equally an affront to that pure and sacred presence, and to the sound sense of grown men, to use or to suffer any passion to be stirred, or practice to be employed, which may unsettle that calmness of spirit most conducive to right judgment. Truth and justice being their objects, they deem them only to be arrived at by the simplest, the clearest, and most honest means. The speakers, therefore, speak calmly and briefly, and are listened to with profound silence. Such a thing as a token of approbation or dissent from the audience is literally unknown. If the speaker wander from the point, he is immediately reminded of it by the clerk, or by some one calling the clerk's attention to the fact; but such a thing as a hiss, a groan, a clapping of hands, or stamping of feet, is never heard within these walls. How would such an assembly be startled and confounded by a fiery outbreak like Sheil's in the House of Commons! A cry of hear! hear! would electrify the whole place. Such vehemence of harangue, such vivacity of attention, would sound there as much out of place, as music in a tomb. To one who has mingled in more stirring elements, it is strange to witness such equanimity of speech and passiveness of attention: the whole body listens without the slightest outward indication of their inward impressions; they break out into no murmur of indignation or surprise; they smile at no sally of wit or humour; they express no weariness or dissent; the speaker only knows that he is heard, and that is all.

But what is, perhaps, more singular than their mode of speaking and writing, is their mode of deciding. All other popular assemblies decide by a show of hands—that is, by numbers; but Friends decide by *weight*. They take no show of hands, not even on the most vital questions; they do not consult the voice of the majority; the question with them is—What is the opinion of the *WEIGHTY FRIENDS*? I alluded to this term of Weighty Friends, just now, and it is one to which none but Friends can attach any meaning. It simply means, men of influence, weight of character—moral character, and experience. These, by a singular anomaly in the Quaker system, are permitted to decide and settle everything, and that often without assigning a single reason. The Society being ostensibly founded on the principle of equality of right, one would have supposed that in its assemblies every individual would have a vote; but not so. All are

presumed to live under the divine influence; but certain characters are supposed to live more closely under it; to be more watchfully attentive to its monitions. These are imagined, by this sort of reasoning, to be living nearer to the principle of all truth, and, therefore, more sure of deciding according to it; and so a few of them have only to arise and say simply, "My opinion is so and so," and "I am quite of that Friend's opinion;" and they carry the question against the whole body. It must be confessed that this is a singular phenomenon in a body of men who have shewn themselves, in other respects, so independent, and affords another striking demonstration how easily men, by their feelings, may be drawn into slavery, if not to priestcraft, yet to something very much akin to it. The pretence of spiritual sanctity is here set up in opposition to the clearest of recognised rights—that of individual vote, and the judgment of the majority; and when this custom is taken in connexion with the close meetings of ministers and elders, already mentioned, and it is understood that these *Weighty Friends* are, for the most part, those very same people, it must be confessed that this is a very dangerous concession of right and reason to an assumption of spiritual sanctity in a ministry; and is, unquestionably, the weakest point of the Quaker system. These *Weighty Friends* are, moreover, generally found to be the men with *weighty purses*. Wealth as uniformly gets to the head of the Friends' meeting as it does to the head of any other body; and even this simple people have an aristocracy of wealth amongst them, as marked as the aristocracy of the country at large. There are some few opulent families, which a young Friend, whatever his moral or intellectual rank, would, unless opulent himself, as soon thing of proposing a matrimonial alliance with, and no sooner, than with the most exclusive of our national nobility. These things, spite of all professions and all systems to the contrary, will be; but it behoves a people equally distinguished for their good sense and independence of character, to guard jealously against the predominance of monied or sanctimonious influence, by the rational protection of individual vote; and it is with satisfaction, as a lover of the great principles of the Society, that I have seen, of late years, a growing spirit in the mass of the community to remedy this palpable defect.

That, then, is the mode of transacting the business of the yearly meeting—the kind of business I have already alluded to; but there are a few subjects of its attention which demand a more distinct mention; and, indeed, the highest possible praise. These are—justice to the Negro and the American Indian; opposition to tithes, and other impositions of the State Church; denunciation of war; the improvement of prison discipline, and the promotion of education. From their first existence as a body, they have never ceased to denounce tyranny and bloodshed; to struggle for the freedom of the oppressed, and the reformation of the depraved. These are the

topics which warm up even their discussions to something like eloquence; on these they are unanimously agreed, and are ready to devote their persons and their purses most freely. These are the traits in their character which make us rejoice in their accumulation of wealth, and inspire us with a hope that they will yet add more zeal to their integrity, and boldness of action to their purity of heart.

But we have not yet seen the women-Friends in the midst of their deliberations. There they are, nevertheless, all this time, in their own court, engaged in deep discussion on all that affects their female polity—weighing their moral and religious growth or retrogression, admonishing on the past, taking measures for the future, with as much gravity, ability, and tact as their brethren can shew in theirs. Vain, however, would be all our desires to take a peep into this peaceful Amazonian republic, into this forum of fair pleaders, were it not for the kind intervention of one of their body. Such obliging Friend now sits on our right hand; and she tells us that nothing in this whole assembly struck her so much, on her first visit to it, as the array of stately forms and fine heads displayed by the more matronly part of the assembly; that the sight of such a company of ladies—a company completely filling a large meeting-house from side to side and end to end, all dressed in the same style of simple elegance, and all quietly attending to the transaction of their affairs—had something very novel and interesting in it; but that the ministers and elders, and other matronly women, had a dowager-like air and dignity about them that was quite peculiar, with a placid purity of countenance that few dowagers of the fashionable world could lay any claim to. The full and portly forms of many of them seemed to speak of easy and even Sybaritic lives—of good tables, soft couches, and carriages of smoothest locomotion. Their countenances had a freshness and a freedom from "spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," at a very advanced age, that were truly surprising, and told of an existence that had passed like a velvet dream, far from all tyrant passions and vehement emotions. We have seen countenances amongst them that are the finest of their kind that can be imagined; such ample and well chiselled features, such fine expansions of forehead, scorning every false and meretricious ornament—the silver hairs of age, in all their honest simplicity, shewing themselves only around them. Others, again, with a stern and masculine style of countenance—cold, determined, commanding women, who have left their homes, and crossed the seas, and traversed wildernesses, in a sense of duty, which would shrink from nothing which it deemed to be demanded of it; masculine intellects in female forms, yet without the softness impressed by feminine feelings; heads and features which filled you, while you looked on them, with strange ideas of Spartan mothers, or the conceptions of Michael Angelo, and which, indeed, it would have been worth anything for a

painter or a sculptor to behold. Others, again, of a Raffael character: faces full of the softest blandest feelings; souls of womanly affection; eyes, large and liquid, that beamed with tenderness; piety that, in softest tones, dropped words of sympathy, which fell like dew. The weather was warm, and our fair friend found these ladies sitting unbonneted—so that they were seen to great advantage; for, while a coiffure of the strictest simplicity and great uniformity, the plainest Quaker-cap, gave a sameness to the *continued line of heads*, their individuality of character, of feature, and expression, was only the more strongly brought out.

But, in the midst of her contemplation of these heads, our fair informant's attention was arrested by a circumstance which, though common enough in Friends' meetings, is nowhere else to be witnessed, and which must appear very strange to other people. A woman-Friend was in the midst of a sermon—for Friends, in these meetings, mingle sermons and business very oddly together—for the movements of the Spirit are not to be restrained by the movements of business, and often manifest themselves very differently from what one would expect, from the general harmony of the divine economy, and very much to the dislocation of the discipline—a woman-Friend was preaching, when the door softly opened, and there appeared at it a little company of men. This was a well-known minister and two Friends, his companions on the occasion. They stepped quietly in; but the woman-Friend went on; for she was in the body of the meeting, and her back was towards them.* It was true that this visit from the men had been announced, and the ministers in the front gallery, who before seemed to occupy every inch of the whole line of it, now compressed themselves, and their liberal garments, into so much less space as to leave room for their visitors in the midst of them, whither, with soft steps, they were advancing. But the woman-Friend—though she knew these visitors were expected, though she saw the female ministers in the gallery quickly put on their bonnets, and make space for the men-Friends, and though their steps were heard on the floor—yet, the burden of her own spirit was too mighty to permit her to attend to these signs; on she went, higher and higher, louder and louder; and the poor men paused, and stood still. Anon, the preacher seemed to pause, and again they advanced a few paces; but again she went on, and they were compelled to stand—three tall men, bolt upright, yet with subdued looks, in their dark habiliments—in the midst of one wide expanse of sitting women, in light-coloured garments. There was something very ludicrous in the scene. They seemed, notwithstanding their subdued looks, as though they would fain be at their seat, and the elderly ladies as though they would be glad if the preacher had done; but

there was no alternative: they must bide her time. She ceased, and they advanced, and, after a pause, the Friend delivered what he had to say; a second pause, and they retired.

These visits are very singular; and, what is more singular, the women have their messages to the men's meetings. One would have thought such an adventure too formidable for any woman; but ministering women-Friends seem to have no fear, and acknowledge no nerves. When a Friend "feels a drawing" to visit the women's meeting, he announces the fact to his own meeting; a message is dispatched, to inquire if it be convenient to receive such a visit; and, on the return of an affirmative answer, away he goes, accompanied by one or two Friends appointed for the purpose. Just the same is the form in case of a "drawing" on the part of a female minister. This custom is as old as the Society, and of the most common occurrence; but, of late, Luke Howard, the meteorologist, has made direct war upon it, as disorderly, prejudicial to business, and of no good result of any sort; and it is probable that a very short time will witness its extinction.

Let us now take one more view—one general view of Friends in the yearly meeting—and then good-by to them. They are assembled at a meeting of worship, be it on Thursday or Sunday. All business has ceased; men and women are met together. It is true, we have not the whole body here; for they have various meetings in and about the metropolis; and, on these days, each attends his own place, and the stranger ministers disperse themselves amongst them, in common language, "as they please"—but in theirs, "as they are drawn." Some are gone to the West-End, some to Stoke-Newington or Tottenham, some to Peckham or Camberwell. We will go into the city; for there we shall find, perhaps not the most aristocratic, but the greatest number. You now understand pretty well the constitution and disposition of a Friends' meeting. The men are sitting all on one side by themselves, with their hats on, and presenting a very dark and sombre mass; the women sitting together, on the other, as light and attractive. In the seats below the gallery, are sitting many Weighty Friends, men and women, still apart; and, in the gallery, a long row of preachers, male and female, perhaps twenty or thirty in number. You may count safely on a succession of sermons and prayers. Men and women arise, one after another, and preach in a variety of styles, but all peculiar to Friends. Suddenly, a man-minister takes off his hat, or a woman-minister takes off her bonnet; he or she drops quietly on the bass before them; at the sight, the whole meeting rises and remains on its feet while the minister enters into "supplication." Most singular, striking, and picturesque are often the sermons you hear. As we entered a meeting last year, a female was in the act of speaking. She stood aloft in the centre of the gallery—a woman considerably in years. Her tall form, her bonnet of an odd, wild air, the long grey shawl, hanging to her feet and enveloping her figure

* It is supposed that she was not yet an "acknowledged minister."

like the robes of a priestess, and the arm held aloft in the energy of a wild and figurative strain of denunciation, made her appear some weird woman of a by-gone age, some prophetic of the troubled times, such as came forth in the plague, or issued from the hiding-places of the Covenanters, rather than a woman, a lady indeed, of these smooth, oily, and commonplace days. She appeared the fit descendant of the Mary Dyers and Barbara Blaugdens of the first days of Quakerism, who went into New England in spite of menaces of death, only too surely fulfilled; or into the precincts of the English Universities, to warn the wild collegians, and to suffer at their hands. The strangers present seemed electrified; the sensation was general and vivid; the tears were running down the cheeks of hardy men, and were only hidden on numbers of softer faces by a wide display of cambric handkerchiefs. For ourselves, we must confess we were more amazed than moved; and, the harangue over, turned with a more pleasing interest to notice that striking and unique spectacle which the young women-Friends, sitting together in one great mass, present. They are continually compared to doves; and, it must be confessed, the *tout-ensemble* is very dove-like. There is such a delicacy and spotless purity in their whole appearance, and they sit in such a profound and devotional quietude; there is such a subduedness and, indeed, total absence of colouring in the whole scene, so different from the strong and varied colouring of most assemblages of females; there is something so unworldly, so cool, so exquisitely clean and fresh—that they look rather like an assembly of spirits or of vestals, than women who have to move amongst the corrodings, harassings, and bedimmings of every-day life. It must be confessed that, though the costume of the men is not to be much commended for its grace, that of the elderly women-Friends is very becoming, and that of the younger ones truly graceful; and by their taste, they have even given it a certain elegance. The bonnets of the most genteel and refined amongst them have a striking superiority of figure over those of the rest, though constructed of the same materials. Their shawls are more tastefully disposed. There is an air, a style about the young Quaker lady which it is not easy to describe. The prevailing colour of their bonnets at this season of the year is of a delicate silver-grey; their shawls of rich crape, of delicate French white, or of silver-grey, to correspond with the bonnet, sufficiently large to fall in graceful folds, pinned in front in a manner peculiar to them, and of so soft a texture as to shew the bust and fall of the shoulders very beautifully. A clear muslin collar, and a light

zephyrine scarf round the neck; the gown of a delicate shade of drab; and kid gloves to match, always well-fitting, new, and spotless—complete the young lady-Friend's costume. Here and there you see a darker gown, a shawl of darker shade, or even a bonnet of a rich brown, giving some variety and contrast to the mass; but it is really wonderful, with so few elements to work with, with almost no colour at all, how they produce so good an effect as they do. It is the extreme delicacy, the purity, the freshness of the whole, which impresses you with an irresistible feeling of a corresponding purity and tone of mind. You cannot help looking upon them as creatures of a purity of thought, of a loving and domestic habit, of innocent and unworldly tastes, that, as wives, sisters, and friends, must present a very grateful contrast to the vanity, the vulgarity under fashionable forms, the lax morality, and the dissipated feeling, which you find around you continually in the world. They remind you of Charles Lamb's "Hester," one of their own sisterhood—

"When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour.

"Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school—
Nature had blest her."

With this testimony to the fair and estimable daughters of the Society, we announce that the yearly meeting is at an end. The Epistle to the Churches has been read—the last words of exhortation and Christian fellowship have been dropped—the last pause of silence made—the last general and cordial shaking of hands given—and, by many a coach, carriage, and steamer, the Friends are, many of them, already on their way to their far-off homes; some strengthened in their spirits by the general communion of mind—some by a sense of duty discharged—all by bearing with them delicious remembrances of the pleasant intercourse of the last ten days. Depend upon it, there have been new schemes and hopes of life originated; new dreams of happiness awakened; there are embryo connections springing up that shall, ere long, come to the light and be heard of. All those pleasant dinings and tea-drinkings, whether in the goodly mansions of the city, or in the rural paradises of Tottenham, Newington, or Peckham-Rye—all those goings to picture galleries, and to the Zoological Gardens, by no fewer than three hundred in one day—have not been in vain. The yearly meeting is over, indeed; but there shall be other meetings in consequence of it, still more pleasant and profitable than it has been.

THE WORM THAT NEVER DIES.

A BEAUTEOUS flower may sweetly smile
In summer light, although the while
A canker gnaws its stem;
But, drooping soon, it fades away,
O'ercome, at length, by slow decay,
A broken garden gem!

Thus, oft a smile may light the brow
Of him whom inward sorrows bow—
Whose heart can ne'er be glad;
And, though he mingle with the throng
Who pleasure's pathway rush along,
Still is he ever sad!

Kilkenny, 1838.

PEEPS INTO PARIS.—NO. I.

MARRIED AND SINGLE.

BY GRIMGIBBER.

“A bachelor leads an easy life.”—*Old Song.*

ONE of the most respectable features in French society is the colonization of families. The Parisian hotels are constructed upon a prodigious scale; and, when belonging to a family of consideration, the various suites of apartments are inhabited by its various branches, instead of being apportioned to lodgers. A family mansion, in a first-rate situation, is usually devoted, on the ground floor, to shops or offices; the first floor, or *appartement d'honneur*, is inhabited by the heads of the family; the second, by the married sons and daughters; the third, by bachelor sons; and the fourth and *mansarde* by domestics. In some instances, the little household unite at a common dinner-table; in others, they live separately: the stables, offices, and cellars being common to the family. All this is patriarchal enough. The inexperience and pranks of the young are controlled by the vicinity of the elders; and the children of all brought up in happy sentiments of family union. Often the warm, snug *entresol* is inhabited by a venerable grandmother, the presiding influence of the house.

My humble Grimgibber attic overlooks the courtyard of one of these nests of Parisian domesticity. A magnificent hotel, erected during the Regency, by a celebrated *Fermier-Général*, has been, for the last thirty years, inhabited by a wealthy banker—one of the class created by Napoleon, as completely as the Rue de Rivoli, or the Column of the Place Vendôme. The *rez de chaussée* is devoted to the *bureau* or banking house of Monsieur Lingot. The first floor lodges, towards the street, the banker and his lady (a contemporary of the Empress Josephine, who seems to fancy herself the contemporary of the Empress Josephine's granddaughters;) and towards the courtyard, Monsieur Paul, his eldest son—a sober-looking gentleman, worthy to succeed to the banking-house, and having a young family of sons under the training of a sober-looking pedagogue in the *entresol*, in order to succeed him in their turn; with a pretty wife, Madame Paul Lingot—sober, steadfast, and demure.

For eight years past, have I had my eye upon the family—a favoured tribe among the worshippers of the golden calf—whose proceedings I find rather tantalizing than entertaining. The comfortable equipages and handsome horses of these people are the cause of bringing the rattling stable-pails and merry songs of grooms and helpers forth into the courtyard on many a spring morning, when, after a sleepless night, I would fain find rest; and, on hungry wintry days, the *fumet* of their soups and ragoûts ascends to my very window, from the vast kitchen, whose *batterie* of copper stewpans glitters within my view, some thirty feet below. Above, on the

first floor, through the four lofty windows of the diningroom, I discern, every day at one o'clock, the family assembling for the meal which the French call breakfast, and the English, luncheon. I can perceive the snow-white quality of the damask—the richness of the china, outspread upon the buffet fronting the windows; nay, I can even see the *maître d'hôtel* carving upon the sideboard the fat capons and Strasburg pies, and handing them round a table steaming with cutlets, mounted on silver *rechauds*, and crowded with the china cups of *café au lait* of the united family of Lingot.

Breakfast being cleared away, in an hour or two commence the preparations for dinner. Freshly-trimmed lamps are brought to the buffet; *bougies* are placed in the sconces of the chandelier overhanging the table; clean linen is distributed by the *lingère* of the house; the covers are placed in array; the cruet-stands and salt-cellars replenished; the busy lackies have set the room in fair and cheerful array for the family-party of ten, which is to re-assemble at six o'clock. Soon afterwards, the noble staircase becomes brightly illuminated with gas. The carriage of Madame Lingot precedes, by half an hour, into the courtyard, the carriage of her daughter-in-law. The young ladies of the house, and their brothers, have already dismounted at the door, after their daily ride in the Bois de Boulogne. From *entresol* to attic, the vast hotel becomes brightened by sounds and symptoms of habitation; and, but that the crimson curtains of the diningroom are shortly afterwards closely drawn, I should be able to behold the family seated at their overflowing meal, mutually recounting the adventures and pleasures of the day.

Hitherto I have described nothing that proves the vicinity of the banker's family an acquisition to my airy habitation. The pair of rooks which has built, for the last three years, in an opposite chimney, are more my companions, and more amusing in their fussy domesticity. The smartness of Madame Lingot's waiting-maid is an abomination in my sober eyes; and the quantity of handboxes which, every winter in Carnival time, traverse the courtyard to the second staircase, or *escalier de service*, a reproach to my conscience. Sometimes a *cartau*, jauntingly borne along by a milliner's girl, proclaims the arrival of a hat and feathers, to shine at one of the court balls of the Tuileries. Sometimes a wooden case, strapped to the shoulders of a strapping porter, announces a ball-dress for Madame Paul, from the far-famed factory of Madame Oudot-Manoncy. On New-Year's Eve, arrive legions of rocking-horses, waggons, dolls, and playshops, from the costly *atelier* of Geroux, with a pretty trinket-case or two, in mosaic leather, from Fossin's, containing glittering *strennes*,

from the old gentleman to his wife, daughters, and daughter-in-law.

It is not cheering to go supperless to bed after witnessing all this prodigality of luxury; or to reflect, on a solitary pillow, upon the improbability that my literary realizations will ever enable me to add a Mrs Grimgibber to the domestic comforts of my miserable attic.

But the consolation and delight of my observations on the morrow, used formerly to rest upon a certain third floor overlooking the courtyard, hitherto undescribed, but affording me as much amusement as I ever derived from witnessing a fashionable farce by Scribe. A gay little suite of apartments, *au troisième*, in the Hotel Lingot, was at that time inhabited by the banker's second son, Alphonse de Lingot—a fine young fellow of twenty-five, a gay-spirited dasher, by whom all the sympathies of my nature were kept on the *qui vive*. The arrival of his fencing-master, on fine spring mornings, gave the signal for throwing open my windows, that I might enjoy a full view of his vigorous and graceful attitudes; and when, five minutes after the hour for closing the banking-house, (to the deck of which he was chained by his father like a galley slave to the oars,) I used to see him vault upon his half-bred Arabian, to gallop off to the Bois de Boulogne, it was an indication to me that my morning labours were at an end; and that I might betake myself to the *cabinet de lecture* to which I subscribe, for the perusal of the daily papers, previous to repairing to my *soupe* and *bouilli*, at a certain favourite *table d'hôte à quinze sous*, without bread. There was something inspiring to my feelings in the hilarity of Alphonse; a freshness in his whole person, a frankness in his manners, a cordiality in his smile, even when addressing the grooms and helpers by whom some hack on sale was trotted round the courtyard for his approbation. He looked so handsome when mounted on field-days, for his duties as *Capitaine de la Garde Nationale à Cheval*, that I wondered his father should choose to make a banker of him, and did not wonder to find how little it was his choice to be a banker.

I could always detect within six hours, by the sudden change in Alphonse's demeanour, the moment of old Lingot's periodical commercial visits to Brussels and Frankfort. No more waiting for the regular hour of shutting up shop: off to Tortoni's before it was open; off to the Bois before it was closed; and never home again till half-an-hour after the ringing of the dinner-bell! If the snow was on the ground, I prepared myself for the jingling of sledge-bells, and the glancing of Alphonse's handsome *traineau*—a gilded dragonfly—across the courtyard, having his pretty sister-in-law seated between the wings, with Alphonse holding lightly over her head the Morocco reins of his wildly prancing horse. It was a comfort to me, by the way, to hear the jingling recur, and ascertain that the little party was safe home again. Towards evening, throughout the Carnival, I was on the watch to see his valet-de-chambre (a far finer gentleman

than the master) steal up the *escalier de service*, with a masquerade-dress hanging on his arm, a Pierrot's pointed beaver in his hand, or a brigand's cap, or some other intimation that Alphonse was to spend the night at Musard's, Valentina's, or some other of the second-rate *bals masques*, where Parisian dandies, though not ashamed of seeing, are ashamed of being seen. On Saturday nights, however, apportioned to the *bals masques de l'Opera*, (where folly and licentiousness are paraded at a higher cost, and it is consequently no disgrace to shew one's face,) I used to observe my young neighbour making an elaborate toilet at eleven o'clock, as if preparing for one of Madame Appony's or Monsieur Rothschild's fetes; and, one mysterious Sunday morning of the Carnival, when I had sneaked out of the *ports cochères* to early service, between seven and eight o'clock, I saw Alphonse step, at the corner of the street, from a handsome carriage, in which sat a lady in an elegant black domino, closely masked; and heard her mingle, in her adieux to her handsome cavalier, an injunction not to follow the carriage. It was evident that he had passed the night at the *bai de l'Opera* with some fair unknown. I had half a mind to follow the carriage, and detect her. The lady's prohibition did not extend to me. But, on second thoughts, I amended my motion, and proceeded decently to church.

It was amazing the number of triangular notes and billets on coloured paper that flew up the *escalier de service* towards the door of Alphonse's antechamber. The letters of the rest of the family were left, according to Parisian custom, at the porter's lodge; but these private and confidential missions were to be expressly delivered, by the pages, jockies, or *commissionnaires*, by whom they were brought, to the hands of either Alphonse or his valet. An answer was to be waited for; and often were the shutters of the young man's bedroom thrown open an hour before the usual time, to enable him to decipher the delicate handwriting *à patte de mouche*, which upbraided him with a promise broken, or exacted promises for the future. I could always ascertain, even without examining the livery of the page, or ragged jacket of the *commissionnaire*, whether the epistle in hand were a first effusion—the opening of a new negotiation. On such occasions, Alphonse would throw himself out of bed, fling on his dressing-gown of Persian silk, and, seated close beside the window, devour every syllable of the exciting billet. Once, (it was in the merry month of May,) I detected him pressing to his lips a dainty little dispatch, of which the bearer was a *chasseur*, in a flaming livery. Yet, only six weeks afterwards, when the same *chasseur* made his fortieth visit to the house, instead of so much as rising to do honour to the correspondence, I saw the letter delivered to him in bed, and almost fancied I could detect a yawn while he was perusing it, through the half-drawn muslin curtain, velling the open window.

The gayest scenes enacted in Alphonse's beche-

lor-hall, were on Sunday mornings from nine to twelve, between April and June. From the periodical regularity of their visits, I conceive that the noisy fellows who, on these occasions, crowded his rooms, were young men of commercial or official pursuits, enjoying, like himself, their weekly holiday—*dies non* for the slaves of Mammon. Such hearty laughs as used to greet my ears when his windows were thrown open by the earliest of his guests! All were as much at home there as Alphonse. Some leaned out of the window, with Turkish pipes in their mouths; others were busy with Alphonse's foils; others with his sparring gloves; while some were examining his newspapers, and others his new detonator, or a pair of Lepage's patent pigeoners. I could hear the click of the locks as they tried them, and see the flash in the pan. I once heard high words pass between Alphonse and one of the wildest and handsomest of his comrades, who, having seized a letter from the secretaire, was only prevented reading it aloud by having it wrested from his hand; and half-fearing the affray might lead to a more serious use of these alarming implements. But friends good-humouredly interfered; hands were shaken before they parted. Next day, I met them driving out together in the tilbury of young Lingot; and, in the course of a few weeks, having watched the same dandy accompany home Alphonse with hurried steps, observed the secretaire again opened, the secret drawer spring out, and a *rouleau* of Louis torn open, and poured by Alphonse into the hands of his agitated friend. From his vehemence of grateful hand-shaking at parting, it was plain the money was not given in payment of a debt; and I loved my young neighbour from the glee with which, on the departure of his friend, he carolled forth the caratins of the *Postillon de Long jumeau* in a voice that Duprez might have envied.

My observations, however, were not always equally favourable to Alphonse. There was a young peasant girl, in a clean starched lace cap, with pink riband, and a close-fitting chintz boddice, who appeared to me to descend at very extraordinary hours the *escalier de service*; and I could never perceive that she ascended higher than the floor of his apartment. She was evidently one of the pretty *paysannes* from the *côte* of Sarasne, where Monsieur de Lingot has a villa; but from the caution with which the damsel was escorted in and out of the house by Felix the valet, I could see that she had no legitimate pretext for her visits. I wish poor Perrette had not made her entrance so late, or her exit so early. There was something crooked in the business. One day I traced her distinctly into Alphonse's sitting-room, with her apron to her eyes; and in the course of the same day, the old banker, whom I never before beheld in his son's apartments, was closeted with him for more than an hour. I never saw the starched cap on the third-floor story after that morning. Alphonse was sadly out of spirits for nearly a month afterwards; but there was no yawning—

no lounging with a meerschaum, as during the reign of the lady of the green and silver chasseur. On the contrary, he sat hour after hour, reading soberly near the window, where stood a flower-pot of sweet basil—too humble a thing to have been anything more than a village offering.

Soon afterwards, the neat court-yard of the banker was littered with straw; waggons and carts were packing, and post-horses arriving, with prodigious cracking of whips, to carry off two coachfuls of the Lingot family to their country-house near Lâon. I grew sad when I saw the young ladies' saddle-horses led away in their stable-cloths, and Madame Paul's gay britschka attached to the rear of one of the waggons. I knew by experience what a vacuity it would cause in my life to look out upon a silent court-yard, green with weeds, and rows of shuttered windows, instead of upon the gay doings of the wealthy family. They departed. Not a creature was left in the hotel but the compting-house slaves, and the porter and his wife, from whom I could have found it in my heart to ask for the gift of the pot of basil, which stood drooping on Alphonse's window ledge. In spite of occasional showers, the plant withered in the summer drought: grew first yellow, then brown—at length, the gnats disdained to swarm round it any longer—it was dead!

Early in September, (a month previous to the usual return of the family to Paris,) I perceived an unusual stir in the hotel. The window-shutters of a hitherto uninhabited second apartment on the second floor, were thrown open; the smell of paint soon became perceptible; then came paper-hangers; then upholsterers; then delicate curtains of figured muslin were fluted into the windows, and I discovered no more of what was passing within. The family took possession of the hotel for the winter. The dinner bell rang, and the gas flamed as usual on the stairs. The *maitre d'hotel* cut up his capons, and the young ladies resumed their rides in the Bois. In winter, I was always accustomed to see less of Alphonse; so that I was not surprised to hear no gay laughs, and no snatches of opera tunes from his window. Before Christmas, however, I saw him cross the court-yard one morning in a toilet of unusual elegance. Staub and Blin had evidently done their best; and the hand of Boivin was discernible in the folds of his cravat. The court-yard soon became filled with carriages; and that evening every window of the hotel was streaming with lights. It was clear that Madame de Lingot had commenced her *soirées* several weeks earlier than usual.

I now noticed that Alphonse's shutters were rarely opened. He was perhaps gone to Compiègne or Fontainebleau, for a *partie de chasse*; or his father might have despatched him in his place to Germany, on some commercial speculation. He was a loss to me. I almost ceased to interest myself in the affairs of the house. At length, having drawn one afternoon towards the window, to extricate a hair from my pen, I plainly saw my young friend hand a pleasant-

looking girl into a handsome chariot in the *porte cochère*; and, when it had driven off, return slowly into the house. Nevertheless, the shutters of the third floor were as strictly closed as usual. Where could he be lodged? The truth glanced into my mind—Alphonse was married! The pretty girl and chariot were his property; and the apartment with the fluted muslin curtains, the retreat of their honey-moon!

It was now with a very heavy heart that I gazed upon the closed *Persiennes* of the third floor; for I knew that there would be no more joyous Sunday morning meetings—no more fencing bouts—no more sparring—no more *Postillon de Long jumeau*! When spring dawned, the windows were daily thrown open by the *frotteurs* of the house; but the rooms within had a look as though their owner was dead. No muslin curtains to the windows—no sheets on the single bed—no stirring about of the crimson dressing gown—no examining of flints, or crossbows, or Lepage's pistols. By some strange oversight, the pot of dead basil, instead of being wholly removed, was pushed out of sight upon the leads, where it was visible only to myself from my opposite window.

No one ever seemed to enter the rooms but the *frotteurs* and the spruce valet, who had replaced Felix, and came occasionally to dust the arms, suspended in racks to the wall, and certain wild boars' heads, which hung in the fencing room, as trophies of Alphonse's hunting feats. These seemed to be attacked by moth; for, in the month of March, five grinning monsters were hung out of the windows to take the air, displaying their fangs to me for several weeks, in place of the joyous countenances of Alphonse and his companions.

Thus passed away a twelvemonth. My favourite was lost to me. More frequent dinner parties were given in the state-rooms below; and my rest was oftener disturbed by calling up the carriages for Madame de Lingot's ball. But, throughout that winter, I saw no masquerade dresses carried up the back stairs—no *billet-doux*—no gay sledges dashing over the snow. And when May brought into their flush of bloom, the two venerable old trees, which twist their trunks in the court-yard, instead of accompanying his young sisters in their ride to the Bois, I more than once observed him saunter into the chariot of his young wife, whose step was now growing as heavy as the countenance of her husband.

At the end of the year, when the family returned as usual from their country seat, I began to detect the form of Alphonse wandering occasionally like a spectre through his old apartments. My favourite had lost his gallant air and smiling countenance; but I knew him in a moment. He went there apparently to peruse and answer certain private letters, and was apparently careful to bolt the doors on his arrival; for I never saw any person follow him to his retreat, though, more than once, while he was ensconced there, a white hand drew slightly aside the fluted muslin curtains of the second floor, and a female

head inclined, as if gazing down into the court-yard towards the stables, to ascertain whether the truant were betaking himself to his tilbury or saddle-horse for an excursion; or whether his pretext were true of repairing to the banking-house to please his father by a diligent day's work. I almost feared his marriage might be a less happy one than I could desire. The bride was, of course, wealthy; because the extent of Alphonse's fortune must, according to French custom, decide the amount of her own. But had she been in all else equally worthy of him, how was I to account for the many a half hour I now beheld him pacing up and down those cold cheerless rooms, as if any escape from his own were acceptable to his feelings?

At length, I was witness to an incident which, with all my partiality, I could not altogether approve. One morning last summer, soon after daybreak, I beheld Alphonse sidgiting up and down his old chamber, and looking every now and then at his watch, as if expecting some person by appointment. Was it a dun? No. The overflowing prosperity of the Lingots forbade all idea of such an alarm. Affluence poured its treasures upon their heads; and everything in the house seemed to move on invisible golden castors. It certainly was not pecuniary difficulty which caused the untimely restlessness of the second son on the second floor.

The mystery was soon explained. There scudded along the court-yard a woman, holding a young child in her arms, who, from her air and the direction she was taking, I conceived to be the wife of one of the coachmen or grooms. But, no!—she entered the side door, and ascended the *escalier de service*! I saw her pause at the back door of Alphonse's rooms, unpin and repin her shawl, shake the summer dust from her feet, and occupy several minutes in adjusting the simple dress of her little boy. Yet all this preparation was not coquetry. I am convinced the young woman was only taking time to recover herself, and that she scarcely knew what she was doing. On lifting up her head from leaning over the child, her eyes were red and her cheeks colourless; and it was then I recognised the face once so blooming under the starched cap with pink ribbons, and now so care-worn under the bonnet demonstrating that the peasant girl was metamorphosed into the Parisian bourgeoisie.

She knocked, and was instantly admitted. It was wonderful with what emotion Alphonse de Lingot strained that little fellow in his arms, kissed his fair cheeks, examined his little limbs, and even took the rude shoe from his little foot, as if curious respecting the conformation of the child. I never saw a finer boy; and Alphonse seemed to think so too, for he was never weary of admiring him and covering him with kisses. The mother stood weeping humbly at a distance, as though overpowered by this tenderness towards her offspring. But I saw no more. I fancy I was weeping too!

GLIMPSSES OF THE WESTERN CORNER OF FAIRYLAND.

"THE Mussulmans," says a pleasant writer of the last century,* "are immutably preposessed that, as the earth approaches its dissolution, its sons and daughters gradually decrease in their dimensions. As for *Dagjal*, they say he will find the race of mankind dwindled into such diminutive pigmies that their habitations, in cities and all the best towns, will be of no other fabric than the shoes and slippers made in these present ages, placed in rank and file in seemly and regular order—allowing one pair for two round families." Without assenting to this whimsical prognostication as to the consequences of the world's age, we cannot but remark how ancient and sedate it has grown. The freshness of its youth has departed; if, indeed, it have not absolutely assumed periwig and spectacles, *relictis nucibus*. We sit and wonder at the rapid strides of a spirit of inquisition which is now marching "from Indus to the Pole," armed, as it were, with a fan, or rather a pair of bellows, which send such searching blasts into every nook and cranny of the mind, that not only the dust and spider-work collected there from time immemorial, but many graceful and shade-loving fancies also, which were wont to shelter there, have been scattered to all the winds of heaven. We are bound to believe that much good will result from this energy of extermination, even as the tropical islands are said to profit by their tornadoes. But the process is rather alarming to persons of sensitive nerves; and at present the strong wind, as it scatters the vapours which, hanging over the precincts of hoar superstition, were wont to wreath themselves into many shapes of majesty or dim loveliness, has rendered the atmosphere heavy and stifling with the dust and chaff, and dry leaves and twigs, which it has stirred up and driven before it. We are sufficiently old-fashioned to mourn over the broken fragments of eld, and to utter a mental complaint as we behold the harmless fears, and prepossessions, and popular traditions of a bygone time, perish like May-bloom in a sudden east wind.

Elves and hobgoblins have left us. Go where you will, you shall not find one learned disciple of the Rosy Cross who can reason of the occult properties of precious stones, or cast a nativity. Of witches, also, there is no more report; and there is not now, we believe, a straw periapt to be met with at the threshold of any ancient woman in the kingdom. Dr Brewster has given the *coup-de-grace* to all ghosts, *incubi*, and wraiths whatsoever. Comets appear, and the enlightened public, peering through their telescopes, dream not of "pestilence or war;"—an eclipse makes a holiday; and the awe that once attended the hiding of the eye of heaven is now replaced by curiosity, strong in science, and

aided by smoked glass. There is not an old hall in the country where you could catch a glimpse of Simkin or Brownie. John Stump is turned philosopher, laughs at "the boggart" whose deeds are recounted by his grandmother, and reads the *Penny Magazine* in place of "God's Revenge against Murder." In short, there is not a sprite or demon left; and the fairy-rings are turned up by the plough, or covered with smoking brick-kilns.

Passé encore for omens—even dreams have lost their solemnity. It is not a week since we were struck by an instance proving how far we have proceeded beyond all faith in the supernatural:—A small circle of strangers, each of different habits and professions, were discoursing on the subject of dreams. From one of the speakers we had expected something cordial. He was neither tradesman nor *savant*, but a man careless of polemics or politics—a quiet man—a brother of the angle—and, therefore, of necessity, a frequent visitant of the undisturbed haunts of nature. We did not ask from him any recollection of the Homeric adage, so impressively revived by the German *Æschylus**—for he was no learned Theban; yet something like this, we fancied, might have been whispered to him in his waking dreams beside some mountain lake, as he gazed on the floating clouds mirrored on its bosom. Alas! our angler was a greater philosopher than all the rest; for, rising, as he spoke, with an air of egregious self-complacence, "For my part," he said, "I know that dreams are merely affections of the stomach!"—a decision no less new than logically precise in terms. There was nothing more to be said—*voilà le procès tout vuide*. We are not quite sure that *Helvétius* or *Voltaire* would have been proud of their unconscious disciple.

All such as retain in secret a belief in invisible powers—they who in humility conceive that there may exist, in the outer as well as in the inner world, mysterious impulses and combinations, inscrutable by actual touch, and transcending the expressions of an algebraic formula—they who feel that, at times, the soul would utterly faint and grow withered, had it no refuge from the pursuit of pressing realities in a less material world, towards which its indomitable yearnings are evermore directed:—these have, indeed, fallen upon lonely and evil days. They must relinquish the sympathy of their fellows the instant they seek to approach the Land of Visions. The portal through which they would escape from the hot arena of actual cares to a calmer scene is condemned and walled up: if they climb over or creep under the barrier, it must be in secret and alone. The domain they have entered is under ban: when they return from thence let them seal up their lips, and breathe no syllable

* Morgan—History of Algiers. 3

* In "The Robbers."

of what they may have seen, lest their wiser brethren cry out upon them as Mandeviles and lying Psalmanazars. Yet it were hard to abstain from all communion touching the wonders of that Land of Discovery. And it is well for those against whom the world would exclaim as dreamers, that they may at least find, amidst the neglected records of the past, the utterances of a kindred reverence for the mysterious and wonderful, which it would now be folly to seek elsewhere.

And what, after all, is our gain, when, under the pretence of a larger philosophy, we have clipped the wings of the human mind, thereby reducing *homunculus* to a truly unfledged biped? There are cravings in the soul of man which will not be stilled by epigrams, or satisfied with systems wherein its main want is utterly overlooked. It is easy to cry out delusion, brain-sickness, ignorance, superstition; but this, after all, will not quiet the restless eagerness born within us. Not all the theories ever invented can wholly reduce our being to a mere life-machine—a moving puppet in the world's Bartholomew Fair: no more than can the surgeon, by lopping off a limb, destroy the nervous sensation which still seems to animate the severed part. And where, in the name of all human sympathies, shall the amputation stop? What is the fervid enthusiasm of love—the energy of hatred—the foretaste of posthumous renown—the reverence which honours the tombs of departed worthies, or the scene ennobled by some great deed?—what is the charm of poetry—the witchery of music—the awe inspired by mighty Niagaras and sky-piercing Alps; nay, what is our belief in a True—a Right—a Soul—that may not, in like manner, be stripped of all that is exquisite, or beautiful, or solemn, as idle sprouts of the imagination, fancies of brain-sickness, and superstitions unbecoming the manhood of mind; or be pared down to the meagre growth sufficient for the purposes of an ungenial and thoroughly-selfish world-wisdom? Were it not better, considered as a matter of profit only, to examine if there be not, in the source of the wildest errors and absurdities (if it so please you) of credulity, some principle to be trained rather than uprooted—some faculty which may enable the soul to attain to a higher conception of its existence and powers—some gift whereby the beautiful may be wooed to mingle more intimately with the needful? Surely this were no small gain; the attempt to discover it would also, we conceive, be more truly philosophical than the opposite process generally adopted.

A glimpse of this truth appears to have visited even that arch-sceptic, Voltaire, when he wrote:—“*Il semble que toute superstition ait une chose naturelle pour principe.*” But let us hear a few words on this head, from a thinker of a different stamp. “Superstition,” says Jean Paul—“for which it might at times be well to choose a gentler name, as, for example, *ultra-belief**—is in man's

spirit a phenomenon far more sublime than the common errors wherewith it is generally confounded. For other errors are not, like this, bound up with feelings that endure when the errors themselves are removed. Superstition is properly a belief, true in itself, but applied to inconsistent objects; it errs rather as to the place than as to the existence of the spiritual world, which announces and discovers itself to our internal consciousness without the aid—nay, in the very teeth of our daily outward perceptions.” And, in another passage, brief, yet pregnant with meaning, he remarks—“We can as little attain to a conception of the miraculous, by mere gradual extension of power, as arrive at an absolute quantity, by means of approximations or infinitesimal series. Thus, superstition must be considered, in the abstract, as the poetry of reason.”

But this is not the place, nor are we at the present moment in a mood suited to the prosecution of inquiries, the gravity and importance of which deserve a wider field and more sedulous attention than can be afforded here. The chief object of the foregoing hints has been to relieve ourselves from the apology which many readers may consider to be indispensable from one who, in this age of “illumination,” loiters in the twilight of forgotten creeds, or recalls the shadows of a more credulous time from their slumber amidst obscure chronicles and moth-devoured romances. We have even now, in our mind's eye, a vision of the magisterial sneers which this announcement will set in motion on the lips of the sagacious. Something might be said in reply to such, who are not unfrequently better stored with gibes than with efficient reasons; but we are at present in no polemical vein, and shall be abundantly contented to remain the object of compassionate or scornful remark to all such intellectual superiors, provided they will allow us to ramble unmolested, for a while, amidst the regions of old tradition and romance, now rarely visited but by the antiquary. We have been haunted by voices from Fairyland, calling to us, night and day, to declare something of what we have gathered there. There are seasons (to us the spring appeals most imperatively in this wise) when the desire to revisit the scenes, to recover the sensations of youth, becomes a passion, and a fever that can only be cooled by full draughts from the fountain of old poetry and fiction—the drops of which, sprinkled over the dry path before us, bring to life, for a while, the feelings and hopes of a time long left behind. And surely it is not less wholesome than delightful, when weary and restless, and exceedingly wroth with all present things, to wander for a season, in search of serenity and forgetfulness of care, amidst fairies, and elves, and Arabian genii, believing, and wondering, and rejoicing, even as of old.

In our next excursion, *Deo volente*, we shall present to the ingenuous reader, the fruit of long from the turn of *aberglauben* (superstition) into *ueberglauben* (literally over, or ultra-belief.)

* It is impossible to transfer to our own language the expressiveness of this alternation in the German, arising

and pleasant meditations upon the histories of Thumb, Jack the Giantkiller, and Sir Thomas Hickathrift, Knight, not omitting some notice of Cinderella, and other renowned personages. Our late wanderings, however, have been in a region less familiar, perchance, to some of our readers—amidst ancient lays and fabliaux of Provence, and France, and Almain, from whence we now would fain summon a few beautiful or pathetic records of the spiritual world.

In no era has the unconscious worship of the beautiful given birth to an ideal more exquisite than the fays or fairies, as they appear in the old fabliaux. We know not how the visions were first revealed to the men of the rude period in which they first meet our eye; they were assuredly no offspring of mere fancy, although modern invention, however superior in splendour and completeness, has created nothing more exquisitely lovely in essence and general form. We are inclined to believe that, in the infancy of nations, the intimations afforded them of whatsoever transcends their narrow experience in the regions of beauty or mystery, are of the nature of immediate revelations, which are thus poured forth on rude and ignorant races, with greater vividness and purity, in as much as, without this immediate aid, they must remain dark and invisible. The stream is wider, but more remote from its well-spring, as it flows down amidst later races, and its current is mingled with others, whereof the clearest is still Poetry. At the source, it gushes forth, alike single and fresh, as a spring of fable, or song, or music; there needs no bridge or boat to approach it—all that have thirst can stoop down and drink freely. Thus, we must conceive of early song, of early tradition, not as *invented*, as having been produced by any intermediate process or combination of faculties, but as springing up from the depths of the human heart, immediately touched by the wand of the Immortal. The fables now present to our recollection are imbued with the very life of beauty and tenderness; they are impersonations of that faith in the infinity of love, and that intense longing to possess it, to which the deepest chords of the human heart vibrate. But the squire, or chieftain, or serf, as he panted or wept in listening to the tale, to him, as full of authority as gospel writ, knew not to what faith his feeling was paying homage.

The beings whose appearance imparts the chief grace to the romance of the middle ages, and whom, in default of a more particular designation, we are compelled to term fairies, must not be confounded with the tiny folk whose moonlight gambols used to enliven the forest glades of our island, known to the Irish and Scottish peasant by the name of "the good people," or "the good neighbours." Those of whom we speak—called, in the Latin of the middle ages, *Fada*, in old French *Faies* or *Fées*, in the Gothic *Feine*—were creatures of a superior, and, in some respects, more interesting description. It is uncertain at what period they first became known. Some regard them as descend-

ants of the Nymphs,* converted, from their old heathenish attributes, to a more Christian way of living. Gervase of Tilbury does not scruple to term them devils and ministers of evil, and classes them, in one sweeping list of denunciation, with *incubi*, spectre horses, larvæ, and other such unclean spectres. But he was a solemn pedant, with little perception of beauty, and just enough affectation of superior wisdom, to render his credulity the more ludicrous. We love the old man, nevertheless; but it requires all our love to win him forgiveness for this discourtesy towards our favourites. The relation between the nymphs and the fairies is, perhaps, no more than that which arises from the impulse, common to all poetical ages, to people the fair and quiet places of the earth, with beings of more than human loveliness, yet partaking, in some measure, of the sympathies and sorrows of human nature; an impulse proceeding from the innate striving in man's heart towards the infinite—which we must call a belief, rather than a superstition. To the believers in the early days of romance, these beings were known as something between women and angels—as spirits tinged with sadness, as in some measure fallen from a higher state, yet still possessed of power and passing beauty, and prolonged, if not immortal youth. This condition of their existence gave additional tenderness to the character of their intercourse with mortals fallen like themselves. They are invested in the old lays with all that imagination delights to picture as most exquisite in women—loveliness, fond affection, constancy, generous forgiveness, and an especial regard for the gallant and daring. They are capricious, like other beauties, and easily angered, but not implacable; the records of their histories represent them as benefactors—too often, alas! repaid with inconstancy or ingratitude, or suffering from the faithlessness or ill-timed curiosity of those to whom all had been given on the sole condition of observing the law of secrecy, or occasional absence imposed by their destiny. Is not this the moral of many another tale of love? It is, however, nowhere more touchingly told than in the old romances before us. But we will choose, for the first of our remembrances, a more cheerful theme—the love, not ill-required, of the brightest of all fairies, Morgana.

It is well known that King Godfrey of Denmark espoused Glorianda, daughter of the valiant Danemund, and by her became the father of Ogier, called the Dane, than whom was none braver of all the Paladins of Charlemagne. He was born under a happy star, like that noble Cid *que en buena ora nació*; and great were the rejoicings in Fairyland on the occasion. Around his cradle stood the brightest fays, each bearing some gift or charm to endow the child withal. One gave him valour; another, grace; and a third

* There is at least a family likeness. See the description of the scholiast to Theocritus. Idyll 3. Νύμφαι δὲ ἐν τοῖς γυναικείοις ὄχι μόνον ἐν τοῖς ἀνδρῶν γυναικείοις ἀντανατολῶν. π. τ. λ. Many of the monkish writers denounce the fairies as no better than fauns and other unbaptized spirits.

assured him good fortune in the field ; her sister, success in lady's bower. But the beautiful Morgana looked on, giving nothing ; yet, more generous than all the rest, (or more selfish) she promised him in her heart the treasure of her love, when he should be of years to enjoy it. She had fixed her choice on an earthly lover, and wisely waited to declare it until all gifts, save that most precious of all, had been shed upon him. Under his fairy guardians, Ogier grew and prospered amazingly ; slew Saracens by hundreds ; and was foremost wherever *los* was to be won by the free hand or the strong arm. Morgana, though unseen, was ever at his side, shielding him in battle, and watchful of every occasion to render him more worthy of her love. She needed not to fear that Time, by fading her charms, should chill the ardour of her lover, but patiently waited for years ; and then only—when his fame could require no addition, and his prowess was sung wherever the harp was heard—did she withdraw her hero to the happiness reserved for him in her enchanted island. Here death is unknown ; and the joys that inhabit the magic bowers are as unfading as their spring. For a season, indeed, two hundred years after his disappearance from Earth, did Ogier return, to rescue his native land from the Saracen. His brow was as smooth and eye as bright as ever, when he rose up by the side of Hugo Capet, and aided him to destroy the infidel invaders. And now that the soil is free once more, he returns to his beautiful Morgana, nor shall he be seen on earth again. It was a favourite task of the *Trouveurs* to describe the gardens where the warrior lives, blessed with the love of his fairy ladye ; and to them we owe the bowers of Alcina, and the magic paradise of Armida, which supplied Ariosto and Tasso with materials for their most luxuriant strains. Yet the fairest charm is lost in these revivals of the old legend. The spirit which inhabits the magic world of these great poets is love, indeed ; but love defiled by evil witchcraft and unhallowed agency. We dwell with greater delight on the older lay ; it is less rich, but nothing disturbs the delicious character of its tenderness. Yet, in the great poets we have mentioned, and in their immortal follower, our own glorious Spenser, it is delightful to observe how the light of a beautiful thought, although robbed of one of its fairest hues, will diffuse itself like a river of splendour over the fields of poetry.

Morgana was one of the most absolute and triumphant of her race. She was, as far as we can learn, independent of destiny, and owed no allegiance save to her own sweet will. When she chose to love, the idea of doubting if her love would be returned, never entered her beautiful head. Nor had it need ; for none could behold the most radiant of the fairies unwounded. But the land of Avalon has many inhabitants of power less commanding than Morgana's, subject also to the restraints of a severer destiny, but equally gracious, and lovely, and loving. Such was that young fairy (of all fairies, save one,

the dearest to us) whom the beauty of Sir Gruelan, the comeliest knight at the Round Table, struck with irresistible passion, as he rode underneath her favourite tree. The next time Sir Gruelan passed through the wood—lo ! on the banks of that very clear and lonely stream that parts the open glade, just where the sun peeps in, a fair young woman, asleep on the bank, in all the luxury of unveiled beauty, attired in nature's glory alone, as though slumber had overcome her on emerging from the bath. Sir Gruelan was a true and courteous knight ; but a sight like this would have turned Nestor himself into wildfire. We can only shake our heads, and say, he had better have fled while yet at a distance, rather than provoke a temptation so enticing and opportune that it was irresistible. In tears, and blushing rose-red, and looking shocked and scared, the beauty, thus unexpectedly awakened, upbraids the cavalier for having taken an ungenerous advantage of her slumber ; and wrings her white hands, and vows never to be appeased. But Gruelan was too wise to believe her, and left not off coaxing and looking contrite, until his pardon was granted and sealed in the sweetest way imaginable ; and a promise of mutual and undying love exchanged between him and the stranger ladye. One condition only was attached to the grant of her favour for the future—namely, that her lover should keep his good fortune a secret. Having received the vow, and named the time of their next meeting, she kissed him, and vanished ; whereby Sir Gruelan knew that his mistress was a fairy. For a long time, the woodland glade continued to witness their rapturous meetings in secret. But Arthur's queen, alas ! chanced herself to cast a longing eye on Sir Gruelan, and doubted not of his grateful readiness to acknowledge her grace ; for she also was beautiful, and a queen. But Gruelan heeded neither glance nor whisper ; and Gineura saw that his heart was bound elsewhere ; nor did she cease to upbraid and persecute him, until, in an incautious moment, he betrayed the secret of his fairy love. If Sir Gruelan was weak, rather than intentionally base, his compunction would be only the more bitter, for his love remained as strong as ever. He sought the river-side at the wonted hour, but no one appeared. Again and again, did he wander thither, weeping and calling aloud upon his ladye ; but no voice answered his. So that he perceived his good fortune was wholly gone, and that his love would return to him no more. He became weary of life, and sought for death in battle ; but death comes last to such as long to die. And now, seeing that this profited nothing, he mounted his brave destrier Gedefer, and once more rode towards the forest ; and, when he had reached the river side, he resolves there to leave his life, where his happiness had left him. Even as he stooped to cast himself into the stream, a soft arm held him back. O joy beyond utterance !—it was his own fairy again. She had suffered not less than her lover from the estrangement, and returns, with all a woman's trustful fondness, to forgive and bless her peni-

tent. Those alone who have been favoured to exchange the shivering prospect of a final plunge into a cold, bottomless-looking stream, for the warm embraces of a breathing, blushing, and beloved mistress, can attain to some idea of Sir Gruelan's transports. The fairy, as happy as himself, when she could find breath to speak, murmured her delight that the culprit's repentance had enabled her to grant the forgiveness which her heart had long yearned to bestow. Nay, at last, in the intoxication of a happiness long withheld, she betrayed, with a most captivating indiscretion, her own secret; and Gruelan learned that the scene of their first meeting was not accidental, the love-sick fairy having adventured upon the discovery of herself *ex negligée*, in order the more surely to win his heart. Another infidelity, and it would no longer be in her power, however she might desire it, to forgive or appear to him again. Gruelan, fearing the risk of losing her a second time, takes leave of earth, turns loose his war-horse, and follows his mistress to her dwelling in Fairyland. Every year, on the anniversary of his master's departure, Gedefer appears at the river side, and impatiently stamps with his hoof on the ground.

More tragical was the history of Melusina's love and marriage. Concerning her there is some doubt, whether she was a spirit by nature, or a weird lady, descended from the fairies by the mother's side only. For, although she possessed many superhuman gifts, we find her, for many years, contrary to fairy usage, a continual inhabitant of earth, like any Christian damsel. Her sire, King Helmas of Arragon, had, besides her, two other daughters, Mellor and Palantine; and all three were doomed, in punishment of a single act of filial disobedience, to suffer a terrible penalty. They had, say the old lays, caused the King to be imprisoned in their castle *Avalon*,* (the alleged motive we need not here repeat,) and were condemned, in consequence, to become, one day in every week, loathsome serpents from the waist downwards. At other times, they were fair, discreet, and graceful beyond all other women.

Melusina was the flower of the three. Her, gentle and beauteous as an angel, (saith the lay,) Count Raymond of Poitiers beheld disporting with her sisters beside a glass-clear spring, as he wandered through the forest in despair, sick of life, and unknowing whither he went; for he had, but a few hours before, slain his cousin and trusty friend Count Emmerick while hunting; the spear having swerved by

mischance as it left his hand. But Melusina's extreme courtesy and sweet words, and melting glances, soon made him forget his sorrow. She consoled him with wise speeches; sheltered him from the avengers of Emmerick's blood, which they deemed had been purposely shed; and, when his gratitude and love found utterance in a passionate entreaty for her hand, she gave it him, on the sole condition that he would solemnly vow to leave her alone and unseen every Saturday. And, when he had vowed, she told him that the violation of his oath would be followed, not only by the loss of his bride and by her eternal misery, but also by disaster and sorrow to himself.

Melusina was never weary in heaping riches and power on her husband. Near the spring where he first beheld her, she built for him the fair Castle of Lusignan, and many others, some of which exist to the present day. Some now known but by their names or by ruined fragments, attest her skill and the generous warmth of her love. All these she richly endowed, and bestowed upon Count Raymond. Every day increased his attachment to Melusina; but fate willed not that their union should be wholly blest. The offspring which it produced, were all writhen, and ugly, and monstrous, both in body and mind; and people marvelled to see such an ill-favoured brood spring from so comely a sire, and a mother so splendidly beautiful. Upon this head, a certain jealous cousin of Raymond's would never cease to gloze, inspiring him with evil doubts connected with the weekly disappearance of his lady, until the Count forgot his vow, and procured the means of privately watching her when retired to her chamber.

Thus he perceived how all the lower part of his Countess's sweet body had been transformed into a writhing snake, spotted with grey and blue and white mixed. Yet remorse, rather than aversion, overcame him on beholding this spectacle; for he saw that the transformation was the fulfilment of some unknown fate, and that, by witnessing it, he had lost for ever the joy of his heart. And when Melusina returned, and lay in his arms, as bright in perfect loveliness as ever, he breathed no syllable of what he had seen; it seemed even as though she were dearer to him than before. But the consequences of his broken vow reached him ere long. His son, Freimund, would fain be a priest, and had settled himself, with some hundred monks, at the abbey built by Melusina, and called Cloltre Malliers. But, chancing, by mishap, to quarrel with his savage brother, Godfrey with the Tusk,* was slain by him miserably, *felonement occis*, and the monastery, with all its monks, was burned to the ground. Now, as Raymond sat alone, sorely dismayed at hearing what had befallen, and deeming that a curse had certainly settled on his house, the Lady Melusina came in, to comfort him. And he bethought him, in his anger, of what he had seen in his chamber, and put her from him, crying—"Begone, thou evil snake and

* This *Avalon* is the Swabian title for Fairyland, and is always used in this sense by Godfrey of Strasburg. Its occurrence, as above, shews that the Provençal tale from which we quote, has been drawn from a still older legend. This will account for a blending of the material with the spiritual, in a manner unknown to the earliest fables, which pervades the entire history. In the first and authentic version, we have no doubt but that Melusina, and all her race, were true fairies. Here she partakes too much of the character of a magician. It is thus the later poets defaced the beauty of these legends. Alcina is the climax of depravity.

* Eberzahn.

base serpent, that hast brought shame upon my house !”

When Melusina thus became aware that Raymond had broken his vow, she could not speak for bitter grief, and straightway fainted outright ; and, on returning from her swoon, in great wo and dismay, she told the Count that their happiness was ended by these hard words, the first he had ever spoken to her ; and that she must now leave him for ever, being condemned, henceforward, to wander upon the earth as a spectre until the last judgment. Nor should she appear again to mortal eyes except on the death-eve of the chief of the house of Lusignan. When the castle was to change its lord, she would be seen on the turret she was wont to occupy. Having thus spoken, with great wailing and lamentation, she withdrew, and is now a miserable night-wandering ghost. Raymond did not survive her long. After a few months, passed in astonishment and despair, he died, a hermit on Monte Casino.

In after years, it was believed that Melusina's appearance preceded the death, not only of the male heirs of Lusignan, but also of the Kings of France. Her apparition was ever in a mourning robe ; she seemed exceedingly beautiful, but in great sorrow, and made such a moaning and wringing of the hands that it was a pity to see her. So lately as in the time of Brantome, there were persons living that had seen her on the Castle of Lusignan, and had heard the three “ sharp and terrible ” cries wherewith she announced the approaching mischance. It appears, moreover, that she was at other times visible in the neighbourhood of her favourite fountain, where she would steal down on Saturdays, about the time of vespers, to bathe her body, one-half a beautiful female, the other half a serpent. At least Brantome informs us that, during Charles V.'s visit to Lusignan, Catharine de Medicis, the French King's mother, had speech of certain trustworthy old women who had seen the doomed ladye at such times. This apparition was rare, for she had naturally a great aversion to be seen to so much disadvantage. Others had beheld her, in her natural aspect, as a perfect and fair woman, arrayed in mourning weeds. Great was the lamentation she made when the castle was beleaguered ; and when orders were at length given to raze it to the ground, her clamours were distinctly heard by many soldiers and persons of credit. “ *Force de soldats et gens d'honneur,* ” says the narrator, “ *l'affirmèrent qui y étoient.* ” Since the demolition she has been no more seen.

From this pathetic and beautiful legend, we turn to a more homely one, of a far later period, the object of which was, like Melusina, condemned, for some obscure reason, to exchange the better half of her person for a snake's tail. The residence of this second victim of destiny, her apparently gentle and generous mood, and the simplicity of her visitant, are so pleasantly described by the true-hearted Stumpff, in his “ *Schweizer Chronik*,” that we shall tell the

story, as nearly as may be, in his express words. The comparatively modern date of the incident, and the respectable authority on which it is recorded, are striking circumstances.

“ About the year of Christ 1520, there was, at Basle in Switzerland, one Leonardus, otherwise generally called *Lienimannus*, a taylor's son, a simple and guileless man, to whom also, by reason of his stammering, speech was no easy matter. The said person, after that he had entered, by what art or means I wist not, the vaulted shaft or gallery, which leads under ground at Augst towards Basle, and had therein proceeded beyond the point reached by any other men, could speak of marvellous tales and doings—viz., he said that he, having kindled a consecrated taper, had gone therewith into the hole or shaft. Here must he pass through an iron door ; and thence from one to another vault ; lastly, also through certain right fair and pleasant green gardens, in the midst of which stood a princely and well-built castle or palace, and therein was an exceeding fair damsel, human in body to the reins downwards, which on her head wore a golden crown, though her hair flowed all abroad ; but beneath she was a lothely snake. By this said damsel was he led to an iron chest, whereupon, however, lay two black hounds, baying in such wise that for them no one might go to the chest. But the damsel had stilled and kept the said dogges in check for him, so that he might approach without hindrance. Thereupon she took a bunch of keys, which she wore about her neck, and opened the chest, taking from thence all sorts of gold, silver, and other moneys ; of which, out of her especial generosity, she gave him not a few, which also he brought with him out of the shaft, as he thereupon shewed and made manifest. He farther asserted, that the damsel had gone on to say she was born of royal house and lineage ; but so was she destined and accursed, that she had been changed into the monstrous thing she seemed. Nor had she hope in anywise to be freed, unless some bachelor, of unspotted chastity, should kiss her thrice. Thus might she regain her former shape and nature ; for which favour, she vowed that she would give all the treasure which in that place lay hid. Now, he went on to say, he did at once heartily kiss the damsel twice ; but, at each time, she displayed her great joy at the prospect of an unhopd for release with such ghastly mows and antics, that he grew fearful, thinking no other than that she would tear him asunder alive.” So the taylor's son fled like a craven, and unlike the hero described in a similar position, in Sir Walter Scott's ballad ; and afterwards, having indiscreetly forfeited the moral character to which it appears he owed his admission, could never more discover the cave's mouth—“ Which,” says Stumpff, “ he would often bewail and lament.” The concluding remarks of the chronicler are very easy and quaint. We are, however, far from taking his view of the subject, which we deem illiberal.

“ But who but must believe,” he says, “ that

this was mere mockery played by the devil?—and yet the right ancient Roman coins which he brought back from the hole, and displayed to many of our citizens, prove that there is certainly buried in the earth in the said cave, a capital treasure, preserved and guarded by some Mammon-spirit. Even as in the hollows of mines, the miner folk have, in their digging, frequent experience and converse of such murderous hobgoblins, to their great damage. And that no one may hold this for a poem or fable, there are still at hand living witnesses, who have heard it all from the mouth of the aforesaid Lienimannus. After him, a burgher of Basle, in the late dearth, hoping to gain some aid for himself and his, betook himself to the same vaulted hole under ground, thinking to bring from them some of the moneys whereof report had been made. But whereas he arrived at a nook, and found therein nothing but certain dead men's bones, a sound fit of shivering and affright overcame him, so that, turning round, straightway he ran back, out of the hole."

Having wandered in this direction, we find it hard to repress the reminiscences which arise before us, of the many sleepers in caves and subterranean vaults; of the Emperor Rothbart; and of the three sleepers of Switzerland, who pass in slumber the interval which must yet elapse ere they return to earth. But these would lead us to a region too remote. We may just indicate, in passing, one of the most wild and yet alluring of these legends—that, namely, of the *Venusberg*, in which, by a mingling of heathen mythology with Gothic forms, the Goddess of Beauty is invested with a limited but perpetual dominion in the heart of the mountain where she, with other condemned spirits, lives in the enjoyment of everything that can ravish the senses. It is fatal to visit the place; for, at times, the Goddess is disposed to increase the number of her subjects; and none who have not been especially fortified beforehand by sacred observances, can resist her allurements. At other times, the entrance leading to her mountain palace is invisible. Those whom she allows to return to earth, come back pale, and haggard, and old, talking, like men in dreams, of youth, and beauty, and voluptuous enjoyment. They hold in their hand pebbles and dust, brought from the hill, and deem them jewels and gold. Such are doomed, and always take the first opportunity of returning whence they came. To this mountain of Venus it is that the dwarf in the *Heldenbuch* conducts the Berner* at the close of his brilliant career of arms. But here the Venus hill is only another form of Avalon, or Fairyland, fixed on earth, and endowed with a local habitation. Others of the legends adverted to, invest the spirits inhabiting these with a semi-demoniac character.

But, to return to the spirits that look out of shady nooks and still waters, laughing at the sons of men, and piercing their hearts with eyes

like woman's, but brighter. The Nixies are, in general, a more petulant race than the gentle fairy ladies whose tales have been above told. These latter, in communing with mankind, appear as frequent yet forgiving sufferers from their lovers' frailty or faithlessness. But, with the nymphs of the water, it is requisite to be more circumspect and attentive. Like their sisters of Venus, they are (in spite of the coldness of their haunts) passionate in their loves, headstrong in will, terrible when angered. To betray them is a matter fraught with peril.* They do not content themselves with taking refuge in flight, or lamentation, or obstinate silence and retirement; when exasperated, they make little account of past love; and, indeed, appear to be young persons utterly destitute of bowels of compassion. An instance to this effect occurred as late as the fifteenth century. Peter von Stauffenberg, a knight at Kaiser Sigismund's court, had long been blessed with the embraces of a peculiarly handsome Nixie, when he received orders from the emperor to take himself a wife of Christian flesh and blood. In those days, the behests of a *Lehn-herr*, or feudal chief, were not to be lightly disregarded. Stauffenberg reluctantly offered his hand to the lady chosen for him. But, as the cavalcade were hastening to the marriage solemnity, the fairy crossed her forsaker's path. She came again as he sat at the marriage board, giving him a secret token of her presence and of her indignation. On a sudden, the knight was mightily shaken—he fell sick from that moment, and never approached the marriage chamber of his bride. On the third day he was a dead man.

A similar comment may be made on one of the Rhine legends of the water-nymph, Lurlei, which describe her as overwhelming the castle of her perfidious and ungrateful lover. But another version of the tale represents her as more placable or less powerful, and confining the expression of her wrong to wailing in her gurgling caverns alone. In general, the nymphs of fountains are beneficent and loving. The River Spirits have all a dash of the terrible in their natures. Our blood curdles at the picture in the *Nibelungen Lied* of the grim *Meerwiber*, or river-woman that, sitting on the waters of the Danube, sing to the Burgundian knights the burden of wo towards which they are hastening, deeming that a gallant high-tide alone awaits them at Chriemhild's wedding.

There is a ghastly legend attached to some of the German rivers. The spirit of the stream demands a certain number of human victims yearly; and it is remarkable that, even now,

* Witness Gervase of Tilbury.—“Habemus probatum quod quosdam hujusmodi larvarum, quas *Fadas* narrant,” (he is speaking especially of Water Fairies,) “amatores audivimus, et, cum ad aliarum feminarum matrimonium se transulerunt, ante mortuos quam cum superinductis carnali se copula immiscuerint: plurimorumque in summa temporali felicitate vidimus stellas, qui cum ab hujusmodi *fadarum* abstraxerunt amplexibus, aut illas publicaverunt eloquio, non tantum temporales successus, sed etiam miseram vite solatium amiserunt.”—*At Imp.*

* This is the romance designation of Theodric the Great.

(unless we have been misinformed,) it is observed that, by one means or another, the full tribute is annually levied by the waters in question. It must be rather appalling, towards the close of a year wherein no toll has yet been paid, to hear at midnight the swollen river shrieking in its wrath, and demanding its customary victims. But we are now rambling from the beautiful into the terrible—a circumstance that might of itself sufficiently prove how far we have entrenched on the domain of night, and which warns us to lay the pen aside. The crowd of associations which meet us on turning to a subject like the present, is so great that, were we to dwell on each, months would not see an end of our record.

It is not very soothing to the vanity of later times to perceive how far their choicest inventions, in all that combines beauty with imagination, are surpassed by the images spontaneously created by the simple belief of ages termed semi-barbarous. Yet this is, perhaps, no matter for wonder. In the midst of a people alive to the impulses of strong feeling, yet destitute of culture, we may almost always discover the germ of poetry—the parent of all such creations—springing in its most genuine form, because unpoisoned by a fictitious atmosphere, and uncovered by the trappings of affectation or commonplace. And it is the highest testimony that can be found of the absolute existence of spirit-

ual power and capacity in the human soul, when we find it, like Apollo amidst the Thessalian herdsmen—the heaven-descended mingling its voice with the rudest accents of ignorant life. It shews us, moreover, that, as Jean Paul has indicated in a passage already cited, belief has a tone of inspiration to which no development of mere intellect can attain. The themes which have supplied inexhaustible matter for embellishment and digression to successive generations of poets, and which their own conceptions can only successfully imitate, may all be traced to a period in which judgment had not learned to be arbitrary, and mankind appear to have been little more than passive and confiding recipients of the faith which was whispered by a mysterious voice from without. Thus we arrive, after all the theories and systems of ingenious men, at the belief, which is surely both grateful and animating, that the source from whence springs our perception of the infinite, the sublime, the beautiful, is found in the uncorrupted springs of human nature. For a time, tyranny or misbelief seals up the fountain. But it cannot be wholly stopped, and must perennially gush forth, until, as we believe, it shall at length appear no longer turbid and overhung with mists, but flowing broadly onwards, a calm and bright river, from which all nations shall drink and be refreshed.

V.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—THE CONCLUSION.

THE public seemed to take for granted, that the interest of Sir Walter Scott's Memoir had ceased with the sixth volume; and that little remained to be told of the six more mournful years in which he was to drag on the load of a weary life—shattered in health, saddened in spirit, and broken in fortunes. On the contrary, it turns out that the concluding volume, little as the pen of Scott has contributed directly to its contents, is replete with melancholy interest—especially to those whose sympathies flow more freely with adversity than with prosperous fortune; and who prefer the study of the mingled character of the man to that of the mere author. The melancholy story of the gradual breaking up, the protracted struggle, and final subjugation of a man of great genius—in whose robust nature the elements of goodness and kindness were largely blended with considerable selfishness and many pitiable weaknesses—affords, we think, one of the most solemn and affecting lessons which human beings can receive; a lesson impressively teaching wisdom and humility, and the true value of whatever ill-directed ambition the most prizes. The last words of Scott, spoken in a brief, but lucid or conscious interval, very shortly before the close of a life of almost preternatural exertion, were a virtual surrender of nearly all the objects on which his ambition had been inordinately fixed—a solemn confession of their com-

parative vanity and nothingness. Mr Lockhart relates that, after Sir Walter had lain in a state of complete stupor for six weeks or more—dead while alive—his attendant came hastily into the room one morning, "and told me," he says, "that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. *Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.*" Scott survived this memorable interview for three or four days; but immediately relapsed into a state of stupor, and never spoke again, though afterwards, in the course of these days, he seemed conscious of the arrival of his sons. When the character and remarkable career of the man are considered, we cannot recall a more solemn and impressive death-bed sermon than this. What, at that awfully realizing moment, were his extended acres, his young trees, and rising towers, or the ambition of founding the house of "Scott of Abbotsford," which had cost him so dear!—what even the nobler intellectual distinction which he had attained, apart from the things crowding on his awakening mind at that solemn

crisis when the visual orb is purged, and the perishing things of time are first beheld in the light streaming through the opening portals of eternity! Viewed in this way, a few of the paragraphs in this closing volume of Scott's Memoirs, convey a more impressive moral than the whole of his multitudinous and beautiful fictions. These exhibit an endless diversity of brilliant and striking pictures of life; but here are its actual experiences, its stern realities, examined, probed, weighed in the balance. And what a heart-rending recital is the narrative of his latter days! Had the gigantic efforts and mental sufferings of Sir Walter Scott, during the last eight years of his life, to which he ultimately fell the martyr, been for mankind, and not a hard task made necessary by ill-directed ambition, he would have deserved to be canonized with the noblest benefactors of the human race. His final and strenuous endeavours were to satisfy the creditors which his mysterious huckstering and short-sighted avidity of wealth, for an object which soon became his master-passion, had made imperative; his death-struggle was to trample upon the obstacles which had been interposed between him and his dream of building up the house and name of "Scott of Abbotsford." For mere literary fame he had no appetite left. It had flowed upon him unasked for thirty years. He had been satiated with applause. It came of itself, like the incense which naturally follows the highest order of young female beauty, unmarked and unvalued, until, as in the case of the flattered beauty, symptoms of waning appeared, and awakened the painful apprehension of decay. On the subject of his master-passion, Mr Lockhart remarks—"By this idea, all his reveries, all his aspirations, all his plans and efforts, were overshadowed and controlled." And if it be true, "that to this ambition we owe the gigantic monuments of Scott's genius," the world may forgive the absence of nobler motives; and, since "his ambition to endow a family sleeps with him," deeply compassionate the ultimate disquiet of his troubled spirit. His biographer affirms "that his ambition was, at least, a different thing from the modern vulgar ambition of amassing a fortune, and investing it in land;" as if Sir Walter had no value for any acres which did not lie upon Tweedside. This is a matter of opinion, and we even question the general prevalence of this alleged "modern vulgar ambition." In almost every case, some feeling, elevated or fantastic, but, at all events, not vulgarly sordid, mingles in what seems the instinctive desire which men feel to appropriate a portion of their native soil, and above all, of the heritage of their fathers; though, viewed philosophically, there is little difference in elevation of motive between the man who feels, like Sir Walter, a burning desire to bring a few more acres within his ring-fence, and secure it to his eldest son, and him who looks mainly to a profitable return for his capital.

The entire scope of the life of Scott illustrates a fact not flattering to the pride of genius. He

was a dutiful son, a good-natured husband, and, bating his aristocratic desire to endow a family, which made him so far unjust to all his younger children, an affectionate father. He was a pleasant companion, a kind master, and, as the world goes, a sensible and safe friend. Of anything like the ardent enthusiasm, the unthinking, reckless generosity with which men of high and warm temperament sacrifice themselves for a friend, a sentiment, or a cause, or even of that more vulgar, pecuniary generosity displayed by the general run of great authors and artists, enriched by their own labours, we see few decided traces. The instances given by Mr Lockhart rather prove the reverse of what is intended; though Sir Walter Scott, like, we should hope, the great majority of men in affluent circumstances, in the course of his life did several and, perhaps, many liberal actions to those whom he liked, and who were useful to his purposes, or who had claims upon his good-nature or benevolence. And yet, because the author of "*Marmion*," and "*Waverley*," and "*Old Mortality*," and the whole of that brilliant family, was not less, and yet, we should imagine, not much more exemplary in the discharge of his domestic and social duties than the bulk of his contemporaries, we delight to expatiate on his virtues, and to magnify the ordinary tenor of a sensible, well-conducted man's daily life into some miracle of sub-lunary goodness. This, as we remarked above, is not flattering to the pride of intellect, as we fear it argues that the union of the purest wisdom and goodness with the highest genius, which ought to be constant, is as rare as, when found, it is precious. Such speculations are, however, premature. Six years of Sir Walter's life were to elapse before a final judgment could be pronounced on his career—those weary and suffering years, when the wine of life was on the lees, and of which the chronicle must often excite the tenderest sympathy. We shall trace this period as briefly as possible.

The close of that year, to him of much good and ill, 1836, left Scott, immediately after his return from France, giving his days and nights to his literary tasks, of which the principal was, at this time, "*The Life of Napoleon*." The present volume of the memoirs, without making the matter more clear, lessens astonishment at his marvellous industry, which has sometimes been regarded as more wonderful than his gigantic power and facility in fiction. The world had attributed wholly to energy of will, what seems to have become, to a considerable extent, the increasing and, at last, resistless force of habit. He could no more refrain from literary toils, when his medical advisers and his children urged the necessity of repose as absolutely requisite to his health, than he could at all times summon resolution to follow rigidly a prescribed regimen; a far inferior triumph to the ordinary run of frail and indolent mortals. If he was bound to his desk by a sense of duty, habit had made the yoke not merely light but desirable. "As well," he says in one place, "may Molly put the

kettle on, and then bid it not boil," as to expect him, in brief, to cease from literary composition. While his mind retained anything like consciousness, and long after its powers had waxed dim and departed, he was planning new romances; and throughout life, those on which he was engaged, were never, he said, five minutes at a time out of his head, in any circumstances. The medical men who bade him cease from writing, in mercy to his health, doomed him, he alleged, "to go mad." There can, however, be no doubt, that his fatal malady was aggravated and his death probably accelerated by excessive mental exertion—long uncheered by hope, and, latterly, unsatisfactory and always anxious. The dread of falling off and losing public favour, and, what was worse, its solid rewards, now become so necessary, seems to have often wrung his heart in his latter years, with unutterable anguish. He fell into a condition not much happier than that of the flattered *prima donna*, when her voice cracks, or the applauded and improvident actor, when the pit begins to perceive symptoms of declining power. In the homely, but pithy phrase of imprudent artisans—Scott was, in his declining years, working double tasks for a dead horse. Pride is an admirable corroborant, fortitude a powerful bracer, but they will not alone sustain the spirit, and much less the physical strength, of any overworked man; and, latterly, great as was his pecuniary success, endurance and stubborn pride were his chief allies. Hope came not but by fits—or, if a vision of Nicol Milne's Faldonside eked to Abbotsford, ever watched before his eyes, the debts, and the meetings of creditors, were sure to scare it ruthlessly away; and, before the ebbing tide of his fortunes had been fairly turned by his unparalleled exertions and good luck, his mental with his bodily powers were for ever laid prostrate.

The entries from Scott's private journal—that journal which he kept to give his thoughts and feelings that vent which he never seems to have freely sought in the sympathies of his friends or family, and which was to set him right with posterity—are less frequent in this new volume and, on the whole, less interesting than in the previous one, though they sometimes incidentally betray anguish of spirit, and even intensity of agony, which exceed the most pathetic expressions of his grief in his worst trials.

From the time of his journey to France, he was tortured with successive attacks of what is termed rheumatism; and his lameness, once so lightly borne that it scarce seemed a defect, daily became more painful. From the date of his bustling and thankless toils and anxiety, during the King's visit, in 1822, he had, according to Mr Lockhart, been liable to alight attacks of paralysis, or apoplexy, or both. At least his family suspected this—for Scott seems long to have striven to thrust the painful conviction from himself; while no one about him durst hint at so unpleasant a truth. Some of his entries will be curious to speculative physiologists, and, perhaps,

to metaphysicians. Of one of his seasons of reverie, he says:—

"The sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a *mirage* in the desert, or a calesture on board of ship, when lakes are seen in the desert, and silvan landscapes in the sea. It was very distressing yesterday, and brought to my mind the fancies of Bishop Berkeley about an ideal world. There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said. It made me gloomy and out of spirits, though I flatter myself this was not observed."

In the summer of 1829, bad symptoms had become much more decided, but he was relieved by copious bleedings; and it was not until February 1830 that he had a first serious attack of apoplexy, which could not be misunderstood. He struggled manfully against his enemy, and soon went on "covering as many sheets with his M.S. as in better years."

Between this period and 1826, Scott had performed prodigies. In 1827, his "Life of Napoleon," begun in happier times, was completed and published. The first and second editions alone—for we are not aware that there has been another—realized the immense sum of £18,000. In the two years immediately following, he wrote the "Chronicles of the Canongate," "The Fair Maid of Perth," and the first and second series of "Tales of a Grandfather." The "Demonology," "Anne of Gelestein," and his "History of Scotland," for Lardner's Cyclopaedia, were the less successful productions of a later year. For the two volumes of history, he received £1500. He also wrote several reviews. These were busy and profitable, but, alas! far from happy years. Few men could have borne up so long under the mere mechanical labour which Scott underwent, and fewer still under the load of care and mortification which crushed him at last. In March 1827, we find him saying—"I cannot keep up with the world without shying a letter now and then. It is true the greatest happiness I could think of would be to be rid of the world entirely. Excepting my own family, I have little pleasure in the world, less business in it, and am heartily careless about all its concerns."

And yet, to the last hours of his conscious existence, he chose to remain the reluctant slave of society; "made a show-off," as he expresses it, when for a show "he was ill in tune."

Campbell, when he next gives Napoleon as a toast, in honour of the Emperor's great merit in the eyes of men of letters, for shooting a bookseller, should follow it up by the memory of Sir Walter Scott. The *Trade* are pretty generally accused of taking advantage of unfortunate authors; but, in some instances of fortunate ones, they certainly meet their match. Yet the case of Scott should perhaps be thrown out of view, in all ordinary calculations between author and publisher. It has, we believe, puzzled learned political economists whether to define the extraordinary profits of his literary labours as *wages* or *rent*. No one was ever a better economist of the fruits of his labour, whatever name its profits should bear. No rubbish, few sweepings of the study, remain to embarrass his ex-

scutors; and the little that did remain, Mr Lockhart has prudently helped to use up in the "Memoir." About the end of 1827, Mr Charles Heath offered Scott £800 a-year to edit the "Keepsake," and £400 for any 100 pages he might write for that annual. He enters on his journal—

"Mr Charles Heath, the engraver, invites me to take charge of a yearly publication, called the 'Keepsake,' of which the plates are beyond comparison beautiful, but the letterpress indifferent enough. He proposes £800 a-year if I would become editor, and £400 if I would contribute from seventy to one hundred pages. I declined both, but told him I might give him some trifling thing or other. To become the stipendiary editor of a New-Year's-Gift Book, is not to be thought of; nor could I agree to work regularly, for any quantity of supply, at such a publication. Even the pecuniary view is not flattering, though Mr Heath meant it should be so. One hundred of his close-printed pages, for which he offers £400, are nearly equal to one volume of a novel. Each novel of three volumes brings £4000; and I remain proprietor of the mine after the first ore is scooped out."

Sir Walter regretted having meddled in any way with the toyshop of literature, and would never do so again, though repeatedly offered very large sums—not even when the motive of private regard was added, upon Mr Allan Cunningham's lending his name to one of these painted bladders.

In the same week that Mr Heath made his proposition, Sir Walter received another, which he thus disposes of in his Diary:—"I have an invitation from Messrs Saunders and Otley, booksellers, offering me from £1500 to £2000 annually to conduct a journal; but I am their humble servant."

But he did not slip the opportunity of turning a penny in the way of trade, which Mr Lockhart tells, like other matters of the sort, with infinite naïveté. Mr Heath wanted his writing, and especially his name, to grace his elegant and fashionable work; and Sir Walter sold the privilege to the best advantage. He chanced to have lying beside him his juvenile prose drama of "The House of Aspen," which had not found a place even in the literary department of *The Edinburgh Annual Register*, and two tales which James Ballantyne had rejected as unworthy of the "Chronicles of the Canongate." These—"My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," namely, and "The Laird's Jock"—were, accordingly, disposed of to Mr Charles Heath for £500. Scott was also the author of two sermons—very indifferent ones, certainly, yet connected with a tale of kindness which Mr Lockhart, who hides none of Sir Walter's acts of generosity under a bushel, has related with fully as much minuteness as delicacy to the party obliged. The "Religious Discourses" were originally written for Mr Huntly Gordon, a young gentleman who acted as Scott's amanuensis, to enable him to pass his theological trials at Aberdeen. The thing might not have been quite fair, perhaps, but this is of less consequence, as Gordon never produced, at the Hall, the effort of his theological grinder. At a subsequent period, Mr Gordon got involved in debt, and craved Sir Walter's permission to dispose of the two sermons to a bookseller, to relieve him of his embarrassments. Though Scott seems to have been exceedingly chary about this mode of assisting his friends—of which Hogg unduly complains

—he kindly consented; and the sermons by W. S. were sold to Colburn for £250. "Well sold, I think," says Sir Walter; and we should imagine the publisher found reason to affirm the judgment.

The quarrel which the blustering French General Gourgaud attempted to fasten on Sir Walter Scott, after the publication of "The Life of Napoleon," exhibits him in a new light; for he had passed the first fifty-five years of his life, not without violent party squabbles, but unchallenged and unchallenging. Now he found he might have to turn out; and he took the affair coolly. His old friend, Clerk, was pitched on as his "friend" in this delicate emergency; and he had, ready for the field, a pair of pistols taken from the carriage of Napoleon at Waterloo, if the second should approve of seething the kid in its mother's milk, or shooting Gourgaud with his old master's weapons. The affair ended in Paris smoke.

Late in the autumn of 1827, Scott was invited to Ravensworth Castle, to meet the Duke of Wellington, then making a sort of progress in the north of England. He, at this time, met Dr Philpotts and a formidable gathering of rampant Tories, mustered to do homage to the great Duke. "There were bells, and cannon, and drums, trumpets, and banners, besides a fine troop of yeomanry. The address was well expressed, and as well answered by the Duke. The enthusiasm of the ladies and the gentry was great—the common people more lukewarm."

Scott went through the duty for which he was brought from Abbotsford. He assisted in the pageants—"jackal," as he says, "to the great lion;" and was probably as great an object of curiosity to some of the gathering as the great lion himself. He remarks—

"What is called great society, of which I have seen a good deal in my day, is now amusing to me, because, from age and indifference, I have lost the habit of considering myself as a part of it, and have only the feelings of looking on as a spectator of the scene, who can neither play his part well nor ill, instead of being one of the *dramatis personæ*; so, careless what is thought of myself, I have full time to attend to the motions of others."

London society, or fine society of any kind, he appears never to have heartily or healthily enjoyed at any period of his life; and, towards the end, it became more and more tiresome—wearier wo—though still to be endured with patience and fortitude, for good reasons understood. After describing a really congenial dinner-party, at Mr John A. Murray's, where he met some of his ancient Edinburgh Whig acquaintances, and another dinner at his friend Clerk's small bachelor dwelling in Rose Court, he breaks out—"In short, we really laughed; and real laughter is as rare a thing as real tears. I must say, too, there was a *heart*, a kindly feeling, prevailed over the party. Can London give such a dinner?—It may, but I never saw one—they are too cold and critical to be easily pleased."

Scott had, by this time, almost given up society, while residing in Edinburgh, and also correspondence; and he seems to have often suffered

from deep depression of spirits, when there was no immediate cause. Yet no one ever used his admirable specific against this malady—labour, namely—more vigorously and steadily. He had not returned many days from a sort of minstrel progress from castle to castle, on the occasion of meeting the Duke of Wellington, when he heard that Mr Abud, his Jew-creditor in London, had again given positive orders to arrest him. It sends a pang to the heart to read such passages, in his Diary, as the following ; written, too, on the morning after a day when he had dined at the seat of the wealthy nobleman whom he delighted to call his chief, at whose board he boasts he had “maintained as good a face in the midst of his perplexities as a man need desire ;” and, probably, while gaily relating the glories of Ravensworth, Durham, and Sunderland, in which he had just borne his part. While the face was good, the agonized heart then, as often, knew its own bitterness.

“November 1.—I waked in the night, and lay two hours in feverish meditation. This is a tribute to natural feeling. But the air of a fine frosty morning gave me some elasticity of spirit. It is strange, that, about a week ago, I was more dispirited for nothing at all, than I am now for perplexities which set at defiance my conjectures concerning their issue. I suppose that I, the Chronicler of the Canongate, will have to take up my residence in the Sanctuary, unless I prefer the more airy residence of the Calton Jail, or a trip to the Isle of Man. It is to no purpose being angry with Abud, or Ahab, or whatever name he delights in. He is seeking his own, and thinks, by these harsh measures, to render his road to it more speedy. Sir Adam Ferguson left Bowhill this morning for Dumfriesshire. I returned to Abbotsford to Anne, and told her this unpleasant news. She stood it remarkably well, poor body.

“November 2.—I was a little bilious this night—no wonder. Had sundry letters without any power of giving my mind to answer them—one about Gourgaud, with his nonsense. I shall not trouble my head more on that score. Well, it is a hard knock on the elbow ; I knew I had a life of labour before me, but I was resolved to work steadily ; now they have treated me like a recusant turnspit, and put a red-hot cinder into the wheel alongst with me. But of what use is philosophy—and I have always pretended to a little of a practical character—if it cannot teach us to do or suffer ? The day is glorious ; yet I have little will to enjoy it. Yet, were a twelvemonth over, I should perhaps smile at what makes me now very serious. Smile ! No—that can never be. My present feelings cannot be recollected with cheerfulness ; but I may drop a tear of gratitude.

“November 3.—Slept ill, and lay one hour longer than usual in the morning. I gained an hour’s quiet by it—that is much. I feel a little shaken at the result of to-day’s post. I am not able to go out. My poor workers wonder that I pass them without a word. I can imagine no alternative but the Sanctuary or the Isle of Man. Both shocking enough. But, in Edinburgh, I am always on the scene of action, free from uncertainty, and near my poor daughter ; so I think I shall prefer it, and thus I rest in unrest. But I will not let this unman me. Our hope, heavenly and earthly, is poorly anchored, if the cable parts upon the stream. I believe in God, who can change evil into good ; and I am confident that what befalls us is always ultimately for the best.

Were it not for poor Anne’s doleful looks, I would feel firm as a piece of granite. Even the poor dogs seem to fawn on me with anxious meaning, as if there were something going on they could not comprehend. They probably notice the packing of the clothes, and other symptoms of a journey.

The sum which threw the man whose ready

pen was a rich mine of gold into such perplexity and distress, was less than £2000. The debt was privately cleared off by Sir William Forbes, who became one of Scott’s ordinary creditors for the amount : nor is it at all likely that his gloomy anticipations of arrest could have been realized, surrounded, as he was, by wealthy relatives and kind friends. On settling in town for the winter, we find him, after the lapse of more than thirty years, renewing his acquaintance with the very aged mother of the lady of his early romance. Mr Lockhart still thinks it decorous to leave in mystery an affair which has been discussed at all the tea-tables in Edinburgh for a quarter of a century ; so we presume it would be against rule to lift a mask which conceals nothing. It was just as the threats of Abud had been met that he first saw the ancient dame whose presence revived so many tender reminiscences of his unfortunate attachment ; so that, like his own Claud Halcro, his low spirits, at this juncture, may be fairly presumed the joint effect “of love and some small debt.”

“November 7.— I went to make a visit, and fairly softened myself, like an old fool, with recalling old stories, till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. I don’t care. I begin to grow case-hardened, and, like a stag turning at bay, my naturally good-temper grows fierce and dangerous. Yet what a romance to tell !—and told, I fear, it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming, and my two years of wakening, will be chronicled, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain.”

Mr Lockhart has been too sentimental by far about this affair. From Scott himself, we hear no more of his first misplaced and painful passion, nor yet of old Lady—we check ourselves ; but, if Mr Lockhart would only say *A*, we should be willing to say *B*. For himself, Sir Walter concludes, “To me these things are now matter of calm and solemn reflection, never to be forgotten, yet scarce to be remembered with pain.” He had far other objects of interest. His younger son had been received into the Foreign Office ; and, most grateful to his gracious Sovereign for this act of favour, he went to Abbotsford, to spend his Christmas, and in much better spirits. A dividend of six shillings in the pound had been paid to his creditors, and the prospect before him was clearing and brightening. He was, as he imagined, restored in constitution ; and, “though still in troubled waters, rowing with the tide.”

In the following spring, he visited London, and mixed a good deal in society. A story about Godwin, entered in his journal at this time, looks so very apocryphal that it will not be permitted to pass unchallenged :—

“Canning’s conversion from popular opinions was strangely brought round. While he was studying in the Temple, and rather entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned, to his astonishment, that, in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of their revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think

what course he should take; and, having thought the matter over, he went to Mr Pitt, and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered until —. Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighthon, upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter-house of some ten pounds a-year to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offered him the dictator's curule chair."

Those best acquainted with the character of Godwin—a man not merely cautious, but, as his Liberal friends thought, timid to excess, and even deficient in spirit—will entertain the strongest doubts about this improbable tale. A story, entitled to nearly the same degree of credit, but gay and amusing, is told of Charles James Fox:—

"A certain Mrs Phipps audaciously set up, in a fashionable quarter of the town, as a person through whose influence, properly propitiated, favours and situations of importance might certainly be obtained—always for a consideration. She cheated many people, and maintained the trick for months. One trick was to get the equipages of Lord North, and other persons of importance, to halt before her door, as if their owners were within. With respect to most of them, this was effected by bribing the drivers. But a gentleman who watched her closely, observed that Charles J. Fox actually left his carriage and went into the house, and this more than once. He was then, it must be noticed, in the Ministry. When Mrs Phipps was blown up, this circumstance was recollected as deserving explanation, which Fox readily gave at Brookes' and elsewhere. It seems Mrs Phipps had the art to persuade him that she had the disposal of what was then called a *hyena*—that is, an heiress—an immense Jamaica heiress, in whom she was willing to give or sell her interest to Charles Fox. Without having perfect confidence in the obliging proposal, the great statesman thought the thing worth looking after, and became so earnest in it that Mrs Phipps was desirous to back out, for fear of discovery. With this view, she made confession, one fine morning, with many professions of the deepest feelings, that the *hyena* had proved a frail monster, and given birth to a girl or boy—no matter which. Even this did not make Charles quit chase of the *hyena*. He intimated that, if the cash was plenty and certain, the circumstance might be overlooked. Mrs Phipps had nothing for it but to double the disgusting dose. 'The poor child,' she said, 'was unfortunately of a mixed colour, somewhat tinged with the blood of Africa; no doubt Mr Fox was himself very dark, and the circumstance might not draw attention,' &c. &c. This singular anecdote was touched upon by Foote, and is the cause of introducing the negress into 'The Cozeners,' though no express allusion to Charles Fox was admitted. Lady ——— tells me that, in her youth, the laugh was universal so soon as the black woman appeared."

The following apt description of a London dinner, of what is fancied the first-rate sort, attracts our eye *en passant*:—

"Dined with Rogers with all my own family, and met Sharp, Lord John Russell, Jekyll, and others. The conversation flagged as usual, and jokes were fired like minute-guns, producing an effect not much less melancholy. A wit should always have an atmosphere congenial to him, otherwise he will not shine."

Then we have the eccentric Haydon, and good old Northcote, and Edward Irving, and a round dozen more of the then London notorieties, all sketched in the best style of Scott's shrewd sagacity. We can notice but one or two of these lions; and, first, Coleridge, at feed, before exhibition:—

"After eating a hearty dinner, during which he spoke not a word, he began a most learned harangue on the Samothracian Mysteries, which he regards as affording the germs of all tales about fairies, past, present, and to

come. He then diverged to Homer, whose *Iliad* he considered as a collection of poems by different authors, at different times, during a century. Morritt, a zealous worshipper of the old bard, was incensed at a system which would turn him into a polytheist, gave battle with keenness, and was joined by Sotheby. Mr Coleridge behaved with the utmost complaisance and temper, but relaxed not from his exertions. 'Zounds, I was never so bethumped with words,' Morritt's impatience must have cost him an extra sixpence worth of snuff."

Sir Walter dined, by command, with the Duchess of Kent, and saw the little Princess Victoria, heiress-presumptive to the throne. He says, after hoping they will change her name:—

"This little lady is educating with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are heir of England.' I suspect, if we could dissect the little heart, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the royal family—the Duchess herself very pleasing and affable in her manners. I sat by Mr Spring Rice, a very agreeable man. There were also Charles Wynn and his lady—and the evening, for a court evening, went agreeably off."

Scott's kindness, at this visit, proved useful to the family of his brother poet, Allan Cunningham. By his interest, cadetships were obtained for two of the poet's sons. He also administered good advice and kindly consolation—'twas all he could—to his unfortunate friend Terry. Poor Terry, in the utter wreck of his health and fortunes, soon afterwards proposed coming down to settle in a cottage near Abbotsford. It was, probably, a visionary scheme—the straw clutched by the drowning man; and it received no encouragement from his sensible patron, whose judgment was always sound save in his own affairs. Terry died in the following year, adding one more to the melancholy list of Scott's unlucky speculating friends.

Death was now become an object of familiar and interesting contemplation to Scott, and none of his early friends stumbled and vanished through the broken arches without attracting his earnest attention. His little sketches and portraits of those deceased, generally done on the instant, unite spirit with great truth of resemblance. Constable is one of his characters; and one would give something to hear what, on the other side, "the Crafty" might, in his latter days, have had to say of Sir Walter. If rumour were to be believed, that little was not flattering.

"Constable's death might have been a most important thing to me if it had happened some years ago; and I should then have lamented it much. He had lived to do me some injury; yet, excepting the last £5000, I think most unintentionally. He was a prince of booksellers; his views sharp, powerful, and liberal; too sanguine, however, and, like many bold and successful schemers, never knowing when to stand or stop, and not always calculating his means to his object with mercantile accuracy. He was very vain, for which he had some reason, having raised himself to great commercial eminence, as he might also, with good management, have attained great wealth. He knew, I think, more of the business of a bookseller, in planning and executing popular works, than any man of his time. In books themselves he had much bibliographical information, but none whatever that could be termed literary. He knew the rare volumes of his library not only by the eye, but by the touch, when blindfolded. . . . Constable was a violent-tempered man with those he dared use freedom with. He was easily overawed by people of consequence; but, as

usual, took it out of those whom poverty made subservient to him. Yet he was generous, and far from bad-hearted—in person good-looking, but very corpulent latterly; a large feeder, and deep drinker, till his health became weak. He died of water in the chest, which the natural strength of his constitution set long at defiance. I have no great reason to regret him; yet I do. If he deceived me, he also deceived himself."

In a letter to Lockhart, he says:—

"Alas, poor Crafty! Do you remember his exultation when my *Bony affair** was first proposed? Good God! I see him as he then was at this moment—how he swelled, and rolled, and reddened, and outblarneyed all blarney! Well, so be it. I hope

'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'

But he has cost me many a tollsome, dreary day, and drearier night, and will cost me more yet."

The death of an eccentric, famous, and once fashionable *blue* follows that of William Gifford. Both personages are well hit off:—

"I observe in the papers, my old friend, Gifford's funeral. He was a man of rare attainments and many excellent qualities. His "*Juvenal*" is one of the best versions ever made of a classical author, and his satire of the Baviad and Maviad squabashed at one blow a set of coxcombs, who might have humbugged the world long enough. As a commentator, he was capital, could he but have suppressed his rancours against those who had preceded him in the task; but a misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay, the misplacing of a comma, was, in Gifford's eyes, a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. The same fault of extreme severity went through his critical labours; and, in general, he flagellated with so little pity that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment. This lack of temper probably arose from indifferent health; for he was very valetudinary. . . . He was a little man, dumpled up together, and so ill made as to seem almost deformed; but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance. Though so little of an athlete, he nevertheless beat off Dr Wolcott, when that celebrated person, the most unsparing calumniator of his time, chose to be offended with Gifford for satirizing him in his turn. Peter Pindar made a most vehement attack; but Gifford had the best of the affray, and remained, I think, in triumphant possession of the field of action, and of the assailant's cane. G. had one singular custom. He used always to have a duenna of a house-keeper to sit in his study with him while he wrote. This female companion died when I was in London, and his distress was extreme. I afterwards heard he got her place supplied. I believe there was no scandal in all this.

"January 28.—Hear of Miss White's death. Poor Lydia! she gave a dinner on the Friday before, and had written with her own hand invitations for another party. Twenty years ago, she used to tease me with her youthful affections—her dressing like the Queen of Chimney-sweeps on May-day morning, &c.—and sometimes with letting her wit run wild. But she *was* a woman of wit, and had a feeling and kind heart. Poor Lydia! I saw the Duke of York and her in London, when Death, it seems, was brandishing his dart over them.

"The view o't gave them little fright."

Since in this vein, we may as well take in Irving, who did not long survive the dinner alluded to:—

One of the last entries in this year's diary gives a sketch of the celebrated Edward Irving, who was about this time deposed from the ministry of the Church of Scotland on account of his wild heresies. Sir Walter, describing a large dinner party, says, "I met to-day the celebrated divine and *soi-disant* prophet, Irving. He is a fine-looking man, (bating a diabolical squint,) with talent on his brow and madness in his eye. His

dress, and the arrangement of his hair, indicated that. I could hardly keep my eyes off him while we were at table. He put me in mind of the devil disguised as an angel of light, so ill did that horrible obliquity of vision harmonize with the dark tranquil features of his face, resembling that of our Saviour in Italian pictures, with the hair carefully arranged in the same manner. There was much real or affected simplicity in the manner in which he spoke. He rather *made play*, spoke much, and seemed to be good humoured. But he *came* with that kind of unction which is nearly allied to *typhloeria*. He boasted much of the tens of thousands that attended his ministry at the town of Annan, his native place, till he well-nigh provoked me to say he was a distinguished exception to the rule that a prophet was not esteemed in his own country. But time and place were not fitting."

Mr Lockhart has ended as he commenced; lowered in tone, perhaps, but still persisting in doing either stinted justice or positive wrong to the memory of Mr James Ballantyne. Early in 1829, Mr Ballantyne sustained the irreparable misfortune of losing an excellent and most amiable wife, by a fever, in the prime of life, and under family circumstances peculiarly painful. He was overwhelmed with grief. The conjugal relations of Scott and Ballantyne were, we apprehend, of a somewhat different character; although the former had not been made of sterner stuff. Scott, after penning a few exquisitely beautiful paragraphs in his Diary, touching the death of his wife, could at once stoically turn himself to his ordinary duties and literary tasks, with entire self-possession and composure of spirit. James Ballantyne bore his loss with far less of Christian resignation, though it drove him for solace to the only source of all lasting consolation. Mr Ballantyne was unable to appear at his wife's funeral; and "this Scott viewed with something more than pity," which we must construe into contempt. Ballantyne, however, promptly summoned resolution to settle his family affairs; and then he retired for a few weeks into the country, to struggle in solitude with an overwhelming sorrow. In the apprehension of Sir Walter, he had sunk, or was about to sink, into a religious dreamer; and he accordingly addressed several expostulatory letters to the man who could, indeed, be very ill spared from the printing office, which was busily occupied with "*Anne of Geierstein*;" "reminding him that, when our Saviour himself was to be led into temptation, the first thing the Devil thought of was to get him into the wilderness."

Ballantyne, after a few weeks, resumed his place in the printing office; but he addicted himself more and more to what his friend considered as erroneous and extravagant notions of religious doctrine; and I regret to say that in this difference originated a certain alienation, not of affection, but of confidence, which was visible to every near observer of their subsequent intercourse. Towards the last, indeed, they saw but little of each other. I suppose, however, it is needless to add that, down to the very last, Scott watched over Ballantyne's interests with undiminished attention.

Sir Walter was, by this time, incapable of attending to any one's interests; but we may aver that Ballantyne's love, reverence, fidelity, watchful affection, and unequalled services, never failed Scott. There are two sides to every tale; and we might shew more on the other, but it matters

* The Life of Napoleon.

not. Besides his other weaknesses, Ballantyne began to be troublesome with his criticisms. He disapproved of "Anne of Geierstein," and the public affirmed his opinion.

Scott was now plunged in the strife of politics, and differing with many of the old staunch Tory party, by going with the Court, the Government, and the Whigs, in favour of Catholic Emancipation. We consider him in the right, without perceiving how he should have happened to think in this manner at this particular juncture. He expresses the strange belief, that the penal laws, if rigidly maintained, would have extirpated Popery—a novel effect of persecution, unless, indeed, six millions of Irish Catholics were to be extirpated along with their faith. He remarks—

"They must, and would, in course of time, have smothered Popery; and, I confess, I should have seen the old Lady of Babylon's mouth stopped with pleasure. But now, that you have taken the plaster off her mouth, and given her free respiration, I cannot see the sense of keeping up the irritation about the claim to sit in Parliament. Unopposed, the Catholic superstition may sink into dust, with all its absurd ritual and solemnities. Still it is an awful risk. The world is, in fact, as silly as ever, and a good competence of nonsense will always find believers. Animal magnetism, phrenology, &c. &c., have all had their believers, and why not Popery? Ecce! if they should begin to make Smithfield broils, I do not know where many an honest Protestant could find courage enough to be carbonadoed! I should shrink from the thoughts of tar-barrels and gibbets, I am afraid, and make a very pusillanimous martyr."

He seemed to have some misgivings, when induced to attend a public meeting in Edinburgh, to petition for Emancipation.

The Whigs were not yet come in; but, shortly after his first serious apoplectic seizure in the spring of 1830, "Circumstances," says his biographer, "rendered it highly probable that Sir Walter's resignation of his place as Clerk of Session might be acceptable to the Government, —and it is not surprising that he should have, on the whole, been pleased to avail himself of this opportunity." His Diary, long suspended, was begun again; but its contents were at this period too medical for quotation, though he does not refer to the real nature of his illness until he was tolerably well again.

"*Edinburgh, May 26.*—Wrought with proofs, &c., at the 'Demonology,' which is a cursed business to do neatly. I must finish it though. I went to the Court, from that came home, and scrambled on, with half writing, half reading, half idleness, till evening. I have laid aside smoking much; and now, unless tempted by company, rarely take a cigar. I was frightened by a species of fit which I had in March [February,] which took from me my power of speaking. I am told it is from the stomach. It looked woundy like palsy or apoplexy. Well, be what it will, I can stand it.

"*May 27.*—Court as usual. I am agitating a proposed retirement from the Court. As they are only to have four instead of six Clerks of Session in Scotland, it will be their interest to let me retire on a superannuation. Probably, I shall make a bad bargain, and get only two-thirds of the salary, instead of three-fourths. This would be hard, but I could save between two or three hundred pounds by giving up town residence."

This arrangement afterwards took effect; and a pension to the amount of the difference, or £500 a-year, was, we are told, offered and declined.

He retired with £800 of his £1300 of salary. Nor was his good luck at an end.

His Diary for the 13th July says briefly—"I have a letter from a certain young gentleman, announcing that his sister had so far mistaken the intentions of a lame baronet nigh sixty years old, as to suppose him only prevented by modesty from stating certain wishes and hopes, &c. The party is a woman of rank, so my vanity may be satisfied. But I excused myself, with little picking upon the terms."

He was now fast breaking down; and we have a touching picture of the inner heart of a house which carried a gay and prosperous face to the world. Oh! how much happier, as well as better, should we all be, were the courage and wisdom granted to seem exactly as we are! Must we first cease to be human?

During the rest of the summer and autumn, his daughter and I were at Chiefswood, and saw him of course daily. Laidlaw, too, had been restored to the cottage at Kaeside; and, though Tom Purdie* made a dismal blank, old habits went on, and the course of life seemed little altered from what it had used to be. He looked jaded and worn before evening set in, yet very seldom departed from the strict regimen of his doctors, and often brightened up to all his former glee, though passing the bottle, and sipping toast and water. His grandchildren especially saw no change. However languid, his spirits revived at the sight of them, and the greatest pleasure he had was in pacing Douce Davie through the green lanes among his woods, with them clustered about him on ponies and donkeys, while Laidlaw, the ladies, and myself, walked by, and obeyed his directions about pruning and marking trees.

It was obvious, as the season advanced, that the manner in which Ballantyne communicated with him was sinking into his spirits, and Laidlaw foresaw, as well as myself, that some trying crisis of discussion could not be much longer deferred. A nervous twitching about the muscles of the mouth was always more or less discernible from the date of the attack in February; but we could easily tell, by the aggravation of that symptom, when he had received a packet from the Canongate. It was distressing indeed to think that he might, one of these days, sustain a second seizure, and be left still more helpless, yet with the same undiminished appetite for literary labour. And then, if he felt his printer's complaints so keenly, what was to be expected in the case of a plain and undeniable manifestation of disappointment on the part of the public, and consequently of the book-seller? All this was for the inner circle. Country neighbours went and came, without, I believe, observing almost anything of what grieved the family. Nay, this autumn he was far more troubled with the invasions of strangers, than he had ever been since his calamities of 1826. The astonishing success of the new editions was, as usual, doubled or trebled by rumour. The notion that he had already all but cleared off his encumbrances, seems to have been widely prevalent; and no doubt his refusal of a pension tended to confirm it. Abbotsford was, for some weeks at least, besieged much as it had used to be in the golden days of 1823 and 1824; and if sometimes his guests brought animation and pleasure with them, even then the result was a legacy of redoubled lassitude. The Diary, among a very few and far separated entries, has this:—

"*September 5.*—In spite of Resolution, I have left my Diary for some weeks, I cannot tell why. We have had abundance of travelling Counts and Countesses, Yankees, male and female, and a Yankee-Doodle-Dandy into the bargain, a smart young Virginia-man."

Politics now began seriously to afflict and mortify Scott. The death of his royal patron, George IV., had been closely followed by the "Three

* This faithful adherent had one night calmly and gently slept the sleep of death, without any previous suffering or warning.—E. T. M.

Glorious Days" of Paris. The Reform Bill was in the wind, and all the wild elements of revolution were, as he imagined, let loose, as in 1792. In the meanwhile, Charles X. arrived at his old quarters in Holyrood; and Scott, ever fanatically zealous in the cause of legitimacy, took the ex-King under his wing. He published in Ballantyne's paper what Mr Lockhart calls "A touching appeal to the better feelings of his townsmen"—which appeal they almost universally regarded as an instance of singularly bad taste. Even the Ultra-Radicals of Edinburgh fancied they did not require to be schooled into the observance of hospitality and good manners by their eminent fellow-citizen. The national character was sufficient guarantee for a good reception to the ex-King—nay, more, the national prudence. The citizens of Edinburgh would, we dare say, have made half, or the whole of the potentates of Europe welcome to the town who came to spend, quietly, some £50,000 or £100,000 a-year among them. Mr Lockhart is under entire delusion when he supposes that Charles Dix was in the least indebted to what he terms Sir Walter's "manly admonition" for the quiet reception he received. Poor Sir Walter's influence over mobs—since assemblages of the people are to be so christened—was scarcely, about this time, sufficient to ensure courteous usage to himself in the little towns of his own immediate neighbourhood, when he came out to oppose Reform. The Edinburgh newspapers gave vent to the public feeling in grumbings at this "admonition," or "salutary interference;" and the Bourbons certainly owe no gratitude on this score, save to the natural feelings of the populace, compassionating an aged, would-be tyrant, humbled to the dust, and stripped for ever of the power of inflicting injury upon his country.* We can, however, well believe that, in this trivial matter, as in others of more importance, Mr Lockhart has spoken in ignorance, and that he really imagined Sir Walter the guardian genius of the Bourbons, as he had been the patron of George IV., on his visit to Scotland—the man whose single influence disposed Edinburgh to loyalty.

As the recipients of his real or imaginary alarms for the new growth of Jacobinism, Sir Walter seems to have prudently selected either Lord Montague or Lady Louisa Stuart. Some of those alarm letters, too, look as if got up for the nonce, when the ancient Tory gentleman would probably have been employed more to his own liking in pruning trees. They have not an easy flow. The reduction of the yeomanry corps, that excellent device of the good old times for keeping the rabble in order, he bitterly laments, in these letters, and, doubtless, in all sincerity.

In the winter of 1830–31, Scott's family were extremely averse to his remaining in the country, where it was so difficult to procure medical aid in case of another anticipated fit; but he would not leave Abbotsford; and the utmost that affec-

tion and unceasing care could do in the melancholy circumstances, was devotedly performed by his daughter, Mr Laidlaw, and his personal attendant, after the Lockhart family had been compelled to go southward. Laidlaw was now his regular amanuensis, and, from his position, obliged to witness that visible, gradual, and most melancholy change, which the most devoted regard could no longer doubt. This, we think, is very beautifully said:—

A more difficult and delicate task never devolved upon any man's friend, than he had about this time to encounter. He could not watch Scott from hour to hour—above all, he could not write to his dictation—without gradually, slowly, most reluctantly taking home to his bosom the conviction that the mighty mind which he had worshipped through more than thirty years of intimacy, had lost something, and was daily losing something more of its energy. The faculties were there, and each of them was every now and then displaying itself in its full vigour; but the sagacious judgment, the brilliant fancy, the unrivalled memory, were all subject to occasional eclipse—

"Along the chords the fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made."

Ever and anon he paused and looked round him, like one half waking from a dream, mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze shewed a momentary consciousness that, like Sampson in the lap of the Philistine, "his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak like unto other men." Then came the strong effort of aroused will—the cloud dispersed as if before an irresistible current of purer air—all was bright and serene as of old. And then it closed again in yet deeper darkness.

During the early part of this winter, the situation of Cadell and Ballantyne was hardly less painful, and still more embarrassing. What doubly and trebly perplexed them was, that, while the MS. sent for press seemed worse every budget, Sir Walter's private letters to them; more especially on points of business, continued as clear in thought, and almost so in expression, as formerly; full of the old shrewdness, and firmness, and manly kindness, and even of the old good-humoured pleasantry. About them, except the staggering penmanship, and here and there one word put down obviously for another, there was scarcely anything to indicate decayed vigour. It is not surprising that poor Ballantyne, in particular, should have shrunk from the notion that any thing was amiss—except the choice of an unfortunate subject, and the indulgence of more than common carelessness and rapidity in composition. He seems to have done so as he would from some horrid suggestion of the Devil; and accordingly obeyed his natural sense of duty, by informing Sir Walter, in plain terms, that he considered the opening chapters of "Count Robert" as decidedly inferior to anything that had ever before come from that pen.

Wellington was, at this time, driven from the helm; and the Whigs—whom Scott had hated through his prime of life with the bitter feelings of party, stimulated by personal interest, and pent up and fermenting in a narrow circle—came triumphantly into power. The consummation of those things was hastening, which, since his playhouse row in the end of the century, he had opposed with all his faculties and means—as a wit, a magistrate, a newspaper-writer, and a thorough Tory partisan. The whole party were chopfallen; but Scott, their Goliath, was totally overcome. Selkirk had nearly rebelled, Galashiels had lifted the heel against him, and there was but hollow faith and doubtful loyalty even in Melrose and Darnick. Mr Laidlaw was a Whig, Mr Cadell was another; James Ballan-

* The Great Reform Meetings were held in the park in the rear of Holyrood, without the exiles feeling the smallest uneasiness.

tyne had, long ago, "deserted his banners;" and Sir Walter too late perceived that, during his long political life, save in personal emolument, he had "sown the wind to reap the whirlwind." His mortification must have been extreme, and even compassionate; and, utterly powerless as we hold his example and his party writings to have been on contemporary politics, the most determined Radical might now well afford to pity and forgive his life-long efforts to prevent the amelioration of the institutions of his country; or, as he fondly imagined, to stay its ruin. When his mortification, from the aspect of politics, was at the deepest, and when personal chagrin must have been as strong as his public feelings, Ballantyne conceived it his duty to his old friend once more to protest strongly against the romance of "Count Robert of Paris," on which Sir Walter was struggling to concentrate the shattered energies of his memory and fancy. If ever any one bore resentment against Sir Walter Scott, whether personal or political, it must melt and disappear before such agonizing revelations as the following:—

"Abbotsford, 8th Dec. 1830.

"MY DEAR JAMES,—If I were like other authors, as I flatter myself I am not, I should send you 'an order on my treasurer for a hundred ducats, wishing you all prosperity and a little more taste;' but, having never supposed that any abilities I ever had were of a perpetual texture, I am glad when friends tell me what I might be long in finding out myself. Mr Cadell will shew you what I have written to him. My present idea is to go abroad for a few months, if I hold together as long. So ended the Fathers of the Novel.—Fielding and Smollett—and it would be no unprofessional finish for yours,

WALTER SCOTT."

Poor Sir Walter! He could speak without any touch of bravado to his old schoolfellow—his most faithful and devoted friend of more than thirty years; but to his bookseller—that "cool, inflexible specimen of the national character," as Mr Lockhart describes Mr Cadell—it was considered necessary to put a braver face on the matter. The letter referred to, addressed to this keen Scotsman, concludes thus:—

"I may perhaps take a trip to the Continent for a year or two, if I find Othello's occupation gone, or rather Othello's reputation. James seems to have taken his bed upon it; yet has seen Pharsalia. I hope your cold is getting better. I am tempted to say, as Hotspur says of his father—

'Zounds! how hath he the leisure to be sick?'

There is a very material consideration, how a failure of 'Count Robert' might affect the *Magnum*, which is a main object."

The "*Magnum*" was the collected novels, now selling to the extent of 35,000, in which Cadell had a large share, and about which he was naturally very anxious. A letter to Mr Cadell, of the following day, shews deeper despondency. It contains the following postscript; and those who remember the shallow, unfeeling, and impertinent gossip of Baron d'Haussez, may learn to compassionate the miserable thralldom in which Scott had involved himself with the great ones of the earth, and doubly to prize and cherish their obscure independence.

"P.S.—I expect Marshal Bourmont and a French Baron D'Haussez here to-day, to my no small discomfort, as you may believe; for I would rather be alone."

It would seem that Sir Walter's family had kept the nature of his illness as quiet as possible; but three days afterwards, he explained the whole story, in a third letter to Mr Cadell, stating the means and precautions taken for his recovery. Unjust as we consider Mr Lockhart to James Ballantyne, Scott himself, though temporarily hurt, never blames, never seems but grateful to his candid and really magnanimous friend for repeated warnings of failure. Scott says to his bookseller—

"It would have been the height of injustice and cruelty to impute want of friendship or sympathy to J. B.'s discharge of a doubtful, and, I am sensible, a perilous task. True

———"The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office;"

and it is a failing in the temper of the most equal-minded men, that we find them liable to be less pleased with the tidings that they have fallen short of their aim, than if they had been told they had hit the mark; but I never had the least thought of blaming him, and, indeed, my confidence in his judgment is the most forcible part of the whole affair. It is the consciousness of his sincerity which makes me doubt whether I can proceed with the *County Paris*. I am most anxious to do justice to all concerned, and yet, for the soul of me, I cannot see what is likely to turn out for the best."

He invited both gentlemen to come out to see him, and added—

"You will think me like Murray in the farce—'I eat well, drink well, and sleep well; but that's all, Tom, that's all.' We will wear the thing through one way or other, if we were once afloat; but you see all this is a scrape. Yours truly," &c.

This letter, Mr Cadell says, "struck both James B. and myself with dismay."

They found him looking better than they had expected, for they had the pleasure to arrive just as his creditors, to express their sense of his honourable conduct, had requested his acceptance of his furniture, pictures, curiosities, and library—a gift which the proprietor valued at £10,000, though he probably saw it through his own spectacles, and Dan Terry's bills for old books, upholstery, and articles of *vertu*. He had, previously to their visit, composed a long political essay, a new "*Malachi Malagrowth*," which he imagined was to do as much for the Tories as his former epistle had done for the Scottish bankers, and at once demolish the vicious and revolutionary new-fangled scheme of Parliamentary Reform. Mr Laidlaw, though a Whig, seems to have considered this piece, and a subsequent production of the same nature intended for an address of the county of Selkirk, as equal to the first of Sir Walter's compositions in his happier days, in bursts of indignant and pathetic eloquence. It may have been so; but Ballantyne and Cadell condemned it *in toto*; the former in the gentle and forbearing manner habitual to him. But, says the biographer—

Cadell spoke out: he assured Sir Walter, that, from not being in the habit of reading the newspapers and periodical works of the day, he had fallen behind the common rate of information on questions of practical policy; that the views he was enforcing had been already expounded by many Tories, and triumphantly answered by organs of the Liberal party; but that, be the intrinsic value and merit of these political doctrines what they might, he was quite certain that to put them forth at that season would be a measure of extreme danger for the

author's personal interest; that it would throw a cloud over his general popularity, array a hundred active pens against any new work of another class that might soon follow, and, perhaps, even interrupt the hitherto splendid success of the collection on which so much depended. On all these points, Ballantyne, though with hesitation and diffidence, professed himself to be of Cadell's opinion. There ensued a scene of a very unpleasant sort; but, by and by, a kind of compromise was agreed to—the plan of a separate pamphlet, with the well-known *nom de guerre* of Malachi, was dropped; and Ballantyne was to stretch his columns so as to find room for the lucubration, adopting all possible means to mystify the public as to its parentage. This was the understanding when the conference broke up; but the unfortunate manuscript was, soon afterwards, committed to the flames. James Ballantyne accompanied the proof-sheet with many minute criticisms on the conduct as well as expression of the argument. The author's temper gave way—and the commentary shared the fate of the text.

Mr Cadell opens a very brief account of this affair with expressing his opinion, that "Sir Walter never recovered it;" and he ends with an altogether needless apology for his own part in it. . . . His (Scott's) reception of Ballantyne's affectionate candour may suggest what the effect of really hostile criticism would have been. The end was, that, seeing how much he stood in need of some comfort, the printer and bookseller concurred in urging him not to despair of "Count Robert." They assured him that he had attached too much importance to what had formerly been said about the defects of its opening chapters; and he agreed to resume the novel, which neither of them ever expected he would live to finish. "If we did wrong," says Cadell, "we did it for the best; we felt that to have spoken out as fairly on this as we had done on the other subject, would have been to make ourselves the bearers of a death-warrant." I hope there are not many men who would have acted otherwise in their painful situation.

We believe there is not one.

Politics were still fermenting in Sir Walter's mind. He recalled the palmy days of Dundas and the "Life-and-Fortune" men; and, in a letter to Mr Scott, younger of Harden, then Member for the county of Roxburgh, he urged association.

"Call yourselves Sons of St Andrew, anything or nothing—but let there be a mutual understanding. Unite and combine. You will be surprised to see how soon you will become fashionable. It was by something of this kind that the stand was made in 1791-2—*vis unita fortior*. I earnestly recommend to Charles Baillie, Johnstone of Alva, and yourself, to lose no opportunity to gather together the opinions of your friends, especially of your companions; for it is only among the young, I am sorry to say, that energy and real patriotism are now to be found. If it should be thought fit to admit peers, which will depend on the plans and objects adopted, our Chief ought naturally to be at the head."

The address, alluded to above, was composed, in the spring of 1831, at the request of one or two of the leading Tories of the county of Selkirk. It was, however, rejected, at a county meeting, in favour of a much shorter and more direct document, drawn up by Mr Lockhart of Cleghorn and Borthwickbrae; and Sir Walter enters in his Diary—

"As I saw that it met the ideas of the meeting (six in number) better by far than mine, I instantly put that in my pocket. But I endeavoured to add to their complaint of a private wrong a general clause, stating their sense of the hazard of passing at once a bill full of such violent innovations. But, though Harden, Alva, and Torwoodlee voted for this measure, it was refused by the rest of the meeting, to my disappointment. I was a fool to 'stir such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action.' If some of the gentlemen of the press, whose livelihood is lying, were to get hold of this story, what would they make of it?

It gives me a right to decline future interference, and let the world wag—'Transeat cum ceteris erroribus.'

"I will make my opinion public at every place where I shall be called upon or expected to appear; but I will not thrust myself forward again. May the Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this vow!"

He did well for himself, and certainly no great harm to the interests of his party. What could not be approved of by the Tory county gentlemen, must have been entirely lost on the Whigs and Radicals. Against the torrent then sweeping over the land, even his eloquent pamphlets, had he been in pristine vigour, would have been about as efficacious as the celebrated Dame Partington's mop opposed to the rising tide of the Atlantic. He was not equally wise regarding public meetings. He appeared at one in Jedburgh in spite of the entreaties of his daughter, and made a speech against Reform, which ungracious Liberals have denominated sheer Tory twaddle, though Mr Lockhart has faithfully preserved it. The people of the town had flocked to the court-house; and, in the excitement of the moment, so far forgot themselves as to hoot and hiss the venerable speaker—who unhappily persisted, and more vehemently, in the same strain. The disapprobation, consequently, waxed louder; and the great man, who had been literally incensed for twenty years with popular breath, the idol of his countrymen, the admiration of the civilized world, and who had in prosperity borne his faculties so meekly, was, on the sudden, and when he was least fitted to bear up against so unlooked for and painful a reverse, roughly cast down from his proud eminence. The impatient and rude audience, in the vehemence of their feelings of patriotism and zeal for Reform, forgot their habitual reverence for Scott. His opinions they were well entitled to condemn; but there is, probably, no one who was then present, who has not since heartily regretted that, in putting down the prejudiced Tory, greater respect and tenderness were not shewn for an eminent man in the visible decline of his faculties. Mr Lockhart tells nearly the same story that appeared in the contemporary newspapers. When Scott's speech had been unceremoniously interrupted, he became exceedingly indignant.

He, abruptly, and unheard, proposed his resolution, and then, turning to the riotous artisans, exclaimed, "I regard your gabble no more than the geese on the green." His countenance glowed with indignation, as he resumed his seat on the bench. But when, a few moments afterwards, the business being over, he rose to withdraw, every trace of passion was gone. He turned round at the door, and bowed to the assembly. Two or three, not more, renewed their hissings; he bowed again, and took leave in the words of the doomed gladiator, which I hope none who had joined in these insults understood—"MORITURUS VOS SALUTO."

We have heard that, when he found refuge in his carriage, he burst into a passion of tears. We have formerly said, that his Diary contains the truth and nothing but the truth, but by no means, either on this or other occasions, what was likely to be the whole truth. It was meant, in the fulness of time, for the world's eye; and Scott appears never to have given his full confidence to any one in the world, man or woman,

much less to the public. His notice of the persons who hissed him is thus slight :—

" March 22.—Went yesterday at nine o'clock to the meeting ; a great number present, with a mob of Reformers, who shewed their sense of propriety by hissing, hooting, and making all sorts of noises. And these unwashed artificers are from henceforth to select our legislators ! What can be expected from them except such a thick-headed plebeian as will be ' a harebrained Hotspur, guided by a whim ? "

The tone of his mind, so far as he shewed it, may be gathered from his remarks on the passing of the Reform Bill by a majority of *one*. " It has fallen easily, the old constitution ; no bullying Mirabeau to assail, no eloquent Maury to defend. It has been thrown away like a child's broken toy. Well—the good sense of the people is much trusted to ; we shall see what it will do for us. The curse of Cromwell on those whose conceit brought us to this pass ! "

A circumstance which happens to be known to us, strikingly illustrates the deep personal mortification, and the angry and sullen sorrow of Scott, at the extraordinary triumph of his early political rivals and their party, and the progress of those opinions which it had been in part the business of his life ineffectually to put down. To stop the spread of these pernicious doctrines of the Whigs, and punish their propagators, he had, it would appear, projected the *Quarterly Review*, made speeches, and indited party ballads, become a proprietor of the silly and scurrilous *Beacon*, and committed himself in many ways redounding little to the permanent honour of the author of " Old Mortality." One of the most obnoxious of the Liberal party, because by far the most able and energetic, was Brougham, the champion of the popular cause in nearly every great struggle between might and right, since the period, now more than twenty years, when Mr Walter Scott had indignantly stopped his number of *The Edinburgh Review*, because, in it, Brougham had written an article offensive to him upon Spanish affairs. Brougham had, besides, been the advocate of the persecuted Queen ; and, by a coincidence worthy of notice, he was ably and eloquently defending the editor of the Durham newspaper at the northern assizes, in the very week when Scott was sweating and suffering as the lackey of George the Fourth and his household in Edinburgh. Who could then have foreseen that seven years were to make so memorable a change in the ostensible public position of those two eminent men ! Brougham—the People's man, the Liberal, the ungraced of princes, the hated of courts and courtly creatures—become Lord Chancellor of England !—and Sir Walter Scott, the servile and violent Tory of the Dundas era, the favourite at Court, having the entrance by the back-stairs, put back in all his aims, frustrated in all his ambitions—not even on the Scottish bench, now fast filling with his ancient Whig rivals, though his thoughts seem to have sometimes pointed to that goal of a Scottish lawyer's hopes. Although the world had not guessed the truth pretty accurately, Mr Lockhart has taken considerable pains to inform it,

that Sir Walter Scott made slight account of the highest honours of literature, and of the purely literary character, of whatever rank, when compared with the station of great lawyers, statesmen, and captains, and all those who influence or guide the destinies of empires. He had zealously, through thick and thin, served his party, his prince, and his own temporary interests, and " ta'en his wages ; " and now the leader of the popular party, who had so long and stoutly buffeted with power, and borne its frowns, had won and held the Great Seal, while he was hooted and hissed in a paltry town in his own neighbourhood. This is rather a long preamble to a simple tale, of which the moral shews a striking instance of retributive political justice. Lord Brougham, now in office, had at once manfully cast behind him the memory of former feuds and injuries, and was literally heaping coals of fire upon the heads of his former political antagonists. All Tories are not, it is to be presumed, either insensible or ungrateful. One day, a letter was received by Sir Walter Scott from his friend Southey. There could be nothing in such a correspondence that it was not pleasant and even desirable that those around him should hear ; and he handed it to a friend to read aloud. Southey launched out into admiration at the career of Lord Brougham, and praise of his magnanimity. Poor Sir Walter ! It was too much to bear. Southey !—*Et tu, Brute !* He instantly snatched the letter from the hand of the reader, and crushed it, in a mode and style which we leave the reader to imagine and pity. This one fiery trial—every circumstance attending it duly considered—may be received as the full and final expiation of Scott's manifold political delinquencies. It would be wrong to suppress it. The anecdote is full of character, of warning, and of encouragement.

About the middle of April 1831, he had another and severe attack of apoplectic paralysis ; and the number of shocks which his vigorous constitution must have sustained, during the ten years from the King's visit to his own death, seems incredible. His speech was now greatly impaired ; his children hastened to him ; and his physician recommended, and the family urged, certain means of recovery to which he was exceedingly reluctant to submit. This was not all. In about three weeks after this fatal seizure, we find him writing in a hand which it was very difficult to decipher.

" May 6, 7, 8.—Here is a precious job. I have a formal remonstrance from these critical people, Ballantyne and Cadell, against the last volume of " Count Robert," which is within a sheet of being finished. I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the public ; at least, it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready ; yet, God knows, I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I cannot conceive that I should have tied a knot with my tongue which my teeth cannot untie. We shall see. I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind ; and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can.

It would argue too great an attachment of consequence to my literary labours to sink under critical clamour. Did I know how to begin, I would begin again this very day, although I knew I should sink at the end. After all, this is but fear and faintness of heart, though of another kind from that which trembleth at a loaded pistol. My bodily strength is terribly gone; perhaps my mental too."

Lockhart follows this up with painful confirmation:—

On my arrival (May 10th,) I found Sir Walter to have rallied considerably; yet his appearance, as I first saw him, was the most painful sight I had ever then seen. Knowing at what time I might be expected, he had been lifted on his pony, and advanced about half a mile on the Selkirk road, to meet me. He moved at a footpace, with Laidlaw at one stirrup, and his forester, Swanston, (a fine fellow, who did all he could to replace Tom Purdie,) at the other. Abreast, was old Peter Mathieson on horseback, with one of my children astride before him on a pillion. Sir Walter had had his head shaved, and wore a black silk night-cap under his blue bonnet. All his garments hung loose about him; his countenance was thin and haggard; and there was an obvious distortion in the muscles of one cheek. His look, however, was placid—his eye as bright as ever—perhaps brighter than it ever was in health; he smiled with the same affectionate gentleness; and though, at first, it was not easy to understand everything he said, he spoke cheerfully and manfully.

He had resumed, and was trying to recast his novel. All the medical men had urged him, by every argument, to abstain from any such attempts; but he smiled on them in silence, or answered with some jocular rhyme. One note has this postscript—a parody on a sweet lyric of Burns—

"Dour, dour, and eident was he,
Dour and eident but-and-ben—
Dour against their barley-water,
And eident on the Bramah pen."

He told me that in the winter he had more than once tried writing with his own hand, because he had no longer the same "pith and berr" that formerly rendered dictation easy to him; but that the experiment failed. He was now sensible he could do nothing without Laidlaw to hold the "Bramah pen," adding, "Willie is a kind clerk—I see by his looks when I am pleasing him, and that pleases me."

In a very few days after the occurrence of the events drawing forth this most affecting statement, Sir Walter, in spite of the entreaties of his family, would be present at the nomination of the Tory candidate for Roxburghshire. The candidate himself, Mr Scott, younger of Harden, begged that he would keep away; but unhappily he would not be overruled, and he accordingly shared the rough treatment of the other Tory gentlemen at the election, no exception being made for the author of "Waverley," since he had chosen to put himself forward so prominently and needlessly. The people were, however, in all probability, quite unaware of the delicate state of his mental and bodily health, before they employed, riotously and rudely, the only means which the constitution leaves them to express their sentiments—their power of lungs, namely, and sundry light missals. They cheered those they fancied their friends, and insulted and hooted those they considered their enemies. Sir Walter attempted to speak in the court-house, and could not be heard; and it was with some difficulty that he and Mr Lockhart escaped safely out of the town, in his carriage, but by a back lane. The Diary contains the following notice:—

"May 18.—Went to Jedburgh, greatly against the wishes of my daughters. The mob were exceedingly vociferous and brutal, as they usually are nowadays. The population gathered in formidable numbers—a thousand from Hawick also—sad blackguards. The day passed with much clamour and no mischief. Henry Scott was re-elected—for the last time, I suppose. *Troja fuit*. I left the borough in the midst of abuse, and the gentle hint of *Burk Sir Walter*. Much obliged to the brave lads of Jeddart."

This idle and very brutal phrase, of which Mr Lockhart says nothing, whether it was really heard or only imagined, struck deeply into the weakened mind of Scott. At different times, when in delirium, and in his last days, he was heard to mutter, "Burk Sir Walter;" and he still seemed to imagine himself at the Jedburgh election. The insult and outrage which his feelings had received there, did not, however, deter him from appearing, a few days afterwards, at Selkirk, where he had the excuse of official duty. There he had the satisfaction of seizing, with his own hands, some roaring boy, who had ventured to hustle a Tory elector on his way to the poll, and of committing him to prison. This was probably his last feat of personal prowess in the cause of Toryism. The Reformers of Selkirk behaved handsomely to Sir Walter, though, like those of Galashiels without heeding his political bigotry or Tory opinions one jot. Their loyal declaration, as we have heard, bearing with his infirmity of judgment on certain points, and loving the man, while they repudiated his servile opinions, was—"We'll fecht for the Shirra; but we maun hae the Bill."

Mr Lockhart has indulged in a solemnly-amusing anathema against Jedburgh and the town of Hawick, which sent out "a thousand blackguard weavers," to hoot—not certainly, Sir Walter Scott, the great author—not the Laird of Abbotsford, the respectable private gentleman—but the interfering Tory Sheriff of an adjoining county, the vassal of the old Dundas interest, who came very far and unnecessarily out of his way, to prop a party and a cause hateful to their feelings and inimical to their interests. and to trample on what they conscientiously considered their dearest rights. Lockhart says—

I am sorry for Jedburgh and Hawick. This last town stands almost within sight of Branksome Hall, overhanging also *sweet Teviot's silver tide*. The civilized American or Australian will curse these places, of which he would never have heard but for Scott, as he passes through them in some distant century, when, perhaps, all that remains of our national glories may be the high literature adopted and extended in new lands planted from our blood.

While we do not suppose that future generations of either democratic Americans or Australians will think much on the subject, we are pretty sure that the present generations of Jedburgh and Hawick, especially when they learn from this Memoir how it fared with Sir Walter Scott when he came among them, will sincerely regret their violence.

As soon as Scott had recovered from the consequences of these election contests, he began his unfortunate Tale of "Castle Dangerous;" and he was, by this time, so much piqued by James

Ballantyne's former candid and most friendly criticisms, though feeling their truth, that he wrote to Cadell—"I intend to tell this matter to nobody but Lockhart—perhaps not even to him—certainly not to J. B." Mr Lockhart adds:—

James's criticisms on "Count Robert" had wounded him—the Diary, already quoted, shows how severely. The last visit this old ally ever paid at Abbotsford, occurred a week or two after. His newspaper had by this time espoused openly the cause of the Reform Bill—and some unpleasant conversation took place on that subject, which might well be a sore one for both parties, and not least, considering the whole of his personal history, for Mr Ballantyne. Next morning, being Sunday, he disappeared abruptly, without saying farewell; and when Scott understood that he had signified an opinion that the reading of the church service, with a sermon from South or Barrow, would be a poor substitute for the mystical eloquence of some new idol down the vale, he expressed considerable disgust. They never met again in this world. In truth, Ballantyne's health also was already much broken; and if Scott had been entirely himself, he would not have failed to connect that circumstance in a charitable way with this never strong-minded man's recent abandonment of his own old *terra firma*, both religious and political. But this is a subject on which we have no title to dwell.

Surely Mr Lockhart has forgotten that he has himself stated, in several of the earlier volumes of this work, that Ballantyne was a Whig, and had long before deserted his colours. The Manchester Massacre, as we have formerly stated, was one memorable occasion when he ventured in their joint newspaper to differ from his Tory patron, who tried to write him down. The Queen's trial, according to Scott's biographer, was another. The abandonment of his old *terra firma* in religion, we do not pretend to understand. Scott had early abandoned the national faith of Presbytery, for the more aristocratic faith of Episcopacy; and Ballantyne continued through life by the Church of Scotland. Though he might, probably, towards the close of his days, have, within its bosom, changed many of his views, there was certainly, neither in religion nor politics, any abjuration of former professed creeds, far less apostacy.

Mr Lockhart gives an interesting account of a short excursion which Scott took with him into Lanarkshire about this time, to examine the scenery of the projected romance, interesting principally as exhibiting a human mind—a gifted and richly-stored one—in a very peculiar state. "It was now," he says, "that I saw him, such as he paints himself in one or two passages of his Diary, but such as his companions in the meridian vigour of his life never saw him—the rushing of a brook, or the sighing of the summer breeze, bringing the tears into his eyes not unpleasantly." Bodily weakness laid the delicacy of the organization bare, over which he had prided himself in wearing a sort of half stoical mask."

They spent the night at Mr Lockhart's brother's, where the Laird of Borthwickbrae, whose address had been preferred to Scott's, met them at dinner. This gentleman, who had been ailing, was seized with palsy that same night, on his return home, and was despaired of. Scott, who

had now frequently "shaken hands with death," was deeply affected by this intelligence; and, though he had agreed to remain for two days, he insisted on going back to Abbotsford immediately. "I must," he said, "home to work, while it is called day; for the night cometh when no man can work." At Rome, ten months afterwards, he heard of the death of Goethe, and was in like manner seized with a restless desire to be at home.

His way of life at this season is minutely described by that favourite authority, Mr Adolphus:—

"At table, if many persons were present, he spoke but little, I believe from a difficulty in making himself heard, not so much because his articulation was slightly impaired, as that his voice was weakened. After dinner, though he still sat with his guests, he forbore drinking, in compliance with the discipline prescribed to him, though he might be seen, once or twice in the course of a sitting, to steal a glass as if inadvertently. I could not perceive that his faculties of mind were in any respect obscured, except that occasionally (but not very often) he was at a loss for some obvious word."

His tour to the Continent had been long resolved, and was now resolved upon; and the Whig government paid that respect to the author of "Waverley" for which the Tory party received the thanks. Sir Walter's passage to Malta, was provided for in a King's ship, and Mr Cadell employed a praiseworthy if not pious fraud, to set him at peace about his new novels of "Count Robert," and "Castle Dangerous." They were kept in type until he had departed, to afford an opportunity, probably, to Ballantyne, of abridging and revising them without vexing the sensitive author. The sale of the re-published novels was now so great, in spite of the agitated state of the times, that Mr Cadell was enabled to hold out cheering hopes for the future, while he kindly assured the invalid that he need not make himself uneasy though he spent a little money on his travels, and also lay fallow for a season. After this intimation, Sir Walter began to entertain the notion that his debts were paid off; and no one had the heart to dispel so soothing a delusion. He even began to dream of the renewed glories of Abbotsford, and the conquest of Nicol Milne's acres. And its brightest glories were renewed, for one last day of parting love, when the son of Robert Burns sat an honoured guest at the board of Walter Scott.

Whatever happy effect Scott's loudly-bruited progress to the Mediterranean and Italy might have had on the sale of the *Opus Magnum*, no one can read its history without feeling deep sorrow that it was ever undertaken. Even in London, he was much more in society than could have been good for him; and far more than could be agreeable to a man in his condition, whose pride and sensibility were still tremblingly alive. Abroad it was yet worse. If his death was not hastened by his unfortunate journey and foreign residence, the remains of life were embittered—the last ties were rudely broken. There is nothing in his own inimitable pictures of the weakness and woes of sinking humanity more affecting than the following—nothing in the Memoir, save, in-

deed, the pathetic scenes of his torpid mind awakening to consciousness and passion, which his biographer has afterwards described. A consultation on his case was held by Dr Holland, Dr Ferguson, and Sir Henry Halford, before he went abroad.

When they left him after the first inspection, they withdrew into an adjoining room, and on soon rejoining him, found that in the interim he had wheeled his chair into a dark corner, so that he might see their faces, without their being able to read his. When he was informed of the comparatively favourable views they entertained, he expressed great thankfulness; promised to obey all their directions as to diet and repose most scrupulously; and he did not conceal from them, that "he had feared insanity and feared *them*."

He remained at Portsmouth for a few days before the *Barham* sailed; and either the attention of the Government had mollified his spirit, or his natural caution and respect for the powers that be had begun to operate; for, though he had just seen *Apaley House* battered, and the windows boarded up, we find him saying of his daughters:—

"October 27.—The girls, I regret to see, have got a senseless custom of talking politics in all weathers, and in all sorts of company. This can do no good, and may give much offence. Silence can offend no one, and there are pleasanter or less irritating subjects to talk of. I gave them both a hint of this, and bid them remember they were among ordinary strangers. How little young people reflect what they may win or lose by a smart reflection imprudently fired off at a venture?"

To Mr Cheney, a friend whom he met at Rome, he declared he was no enemy of Reform:—"If the machine did not work well, it must be mended—but by the best workmen." This was a great advance on his *Jedburgh* oration.

He was accompanied abroad by his daughter and his eldest son, now a major. He seems to have stood the voyage well; but the excitement of Malta, though we are assured that he enjoyed the society, and the marks of honour lavished on him by the inhabitants, was too much for his shattered condition. The history of Scott's residence in this island is borrowed by Mr Lockhart from the journal of Mrs Davy, whose husband, the brother of Scott's friend, Sir Humphry Davy, then held a high medical appointment in Malta. Mrs Davy was herself the daughter of a brother advocate and old neighbour of Scott's in Castle Street, Mr Archibald Fletcher. As cholera was still prevalent in England, the travellers were put in quarantine; but Sir Walter's personal friends, of whom there were several at this time in Malta, approached him as nearly as they durst; while Mrs Dawson, a daughter of Lord Kinneder, carried her filial and sisterly friendship the length of sharing their ten days' irksome confinement. Mrs Davy's party, in paying their respects at the quarantine station, were accompanied by a gentleman who made Sir Walter a formal welcoming oration.

"Sir Walter replied very simply and courteously, in his natural manner; but his articulation was manifestly affected, though not, I think, quite so much so as his expression of face. He wore trowsers of the Lowland small-checked plaid, and, sitting with his hands crossed over the top of a shepherd's-looking staff, he was very like the picture painted by Lealie, and engraved for one

of the *Annals*—but, when he spoke, the varied expression, that used quite to redeem all heaviness of features, was no longer to be seen. Our visit was short, and we left Mr Frere with him at the bar on our departure."

The lady, after Scott was released and settled in a hotel, continues—

"Our house was immediately opposite to this one, divided by a very narrow street; and I well remember, when watching his arrival on the day he took *Pratique*, hearing the sound of his voice as he chatted sociably to Mr Greig, (the inspector of quarantine,) on whose arm he leaned while walking from the carriage to the door of his hotel—it seemed to me that I had hardly heard so home-like a sound in this strange land, or one that so took me back to Edinburgh and our own North-Castle Street, where, in passing him as he walked up or down with a friend, I had heard it before so often. Nobody was at hand at the moment for me to shew him to but an English maid, who, not having my Scotch interest in the matter, only said, when I tried to enlighten her as to the event of his arrival—'Poor old gentleman, how ill he looks!' It shewed how sadly a little while must have changed him; for, when I had seen him last in Edinburgh, perhaps five or six years before, no one would have thought of calling him 'an old gentleman.' At one or two dinner-parties, at which we saw him within the week of his arrival, he did not seem at all animated in conversation, and retired soon; for he seemed resolutely prudent as to keeping early hours; though he was unfortunately careless as to what he ate or drank, especially the latter—and, I fear, obstinate when his daughter attempted to regulate his diet. A few days after his arrival in Malta, he accepted an invitation from the garrison to a *ball*—an odd kind of honour to bestow on a man of letters, suffering from paralytic illness, but extremely characteristic of the taste of this place."

Dr and Mrs Davy afterwards dined with him with a very small party; and on that day he told Scottish stories, and recited snatches of ballads, and was somewhat like his former self. One day, he dined at Sir John Stoddart's, and partook more freely, it is supposed, of food and wine than was advisable for one in his state of health; but by bleeding with leeches he was again relieved. What a mad life altogether for a man in his condition!—But the toils were around him. The intricately-woven threads of the Lilliputians had pinned the rebellious giant to the earth. Yet would that he had been at Inch Kenneth or Sumburgh Head, instead of Malta and Naples! Mrs Davy's account of her farther intercourse with Sir Walter during his short stay, is exceedingly interesting. In her society, many bright glimmerings of home, and of old times and associations, arose on his darkness.

At the time Scott reached Naples, his younger son was there, attached to the embassy; and also many English visitors and residents. His chief friend, however, during his stay, chanced to be Sir William Gell, who has furnished Mr Lockhart with copious memoranda. They were much together, and suited each other; not the worse, probably, for Sir William's helpless lameness, which established an immediate sympathy. Sir William had also a fine, large, favourite dog—and Scott was the friend of dogs. One day that he called for Sir William rather early, he said that he came to tell a piece of good luck.

"This was, as he said, an account from his friends in England, that his last works, '*Robert of Paris*' and '*Castle Dangerous*,' had gone on to a second edition. He told me in the carriage that he felt quite relieved by

his letters; 'for,' said he, 'I could never have slept straight in my coffin till I had satisfied every claim against me.' 'And now,' added he to the dog, 'my poor boy, I shall have my house, and my estate round it, free, and I may keep my dogs as big and as many as I choose, without fear of reproach.'"

Encouraged, probably, by this welcome intelligence, and the implied triumph over Ballantyne's criticism, he actually projected two new romances.

Alas! (says his biographer,) ere he had been long in Naples, he began, in spite of all remonstrances, to give several hours every morning to the composition of a new novel, "The Siege of Malta;" and, during his stay, he nearly finished both this and a shorter tale, entitled "Bizarro." He also relaxed more and more in his obedience to the regimen of his physicians, and thus applied a twofold stimulus to his malady.

Neither of these novels will ever, I hope, see the light; but I venture to give the foundation of the shorter one, as nearly as I can decipher it from the author's Diary, of which it occupies some of the last pages.

Scott never affected a taste for the fine arts; and to even the historical antiquities of Italy he was by this time indifferent, though he suffered himself to be dragged to the usual sights. One day that Gell, a first-rate cicerone, accompanied him to Pozzuoli and to Cumæ; and, as in duty bound, expatiated on those classic localities, and ran over the long bead-roll of the names of the temples and lakes, and all that there is to be admired and remembered, Scott seemed courteously to attend; but almost immediately, he unconsciously repeated, and with great emphasis—

"Up the craggy mountain, and down the mossy glen,
We canna gang a-milking for Charlie and his men."

Sir William smiled at this strange commentary on his eloquent dissertation upon the Lake of Avernus. And what, save as in courtesy bound, cared Sir Walter for the classic lakes of Italy? He might have continued his recitation:—

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here."
To him Cauldshiels Loch was more than the Lucrine Lake, and Avernus to boot of it—"the wheeple of a whaup," more delightful music than the warbling of the most famed prima donna of the Neapolitan opera.

While at Naples, he frequently wrote home.

Some of these letters were of a very melancholy cast; for the dream about his debts being all settled was occasionally broken; and probably it was when that left him that he worked hardest at his Novels—though the habit of working had become so fixed that I may be wrong in this conjecture. In general, however, these last letters tell the same story of delusive hopes both as to health and wealth, of satisfaction in the resumption of his pen, of eagerness to be once more at Abbotsford, and of affectionate anxiety about the friends he was there to rejoice.

With his imagined returning prospects, his heart expanded, and he directed gifts and benefactions to be made to several of his friends. So strong was the delusion as to his amended fortunes, that we find him writing to Mrs Scott of Harden:—

"I should have said something of my health; but have nothing to say, except that I am pretty well, and take exercise regularly, though, as Parson Adams says, it must be of the vehicular kind. I think I shall never ride or walk again. But I must not complain; for my plan of paying my debts, which you know gave me so

much trouble some years since, has been, thank God, completely successful; and, what I think worth telling, I have paid very near £120,000, without owing any one a halfpenny—at least I am sure this will be the case by midsummer. I know the laird will give me much joy on this occasion, which, considering the scale upon which I have accomplished it, is a great feat."

Scott knew little of Goethe, only one complimentary letter having passed between them; and he does not seem to have taken the German poet-philosopher at anything like the high estimate of his modern English admirers, real and pretended. He was, however, exceedingly shocked to hear of Goethe's death. He had intended to visit the patriarch of German literature on his way to England. He had long been impatient to return home; and now his impatience became disease. All his dreams of recovery vanished. "Alas for Goethe!" was his exclamation. "But he at least died at home. Let us to Abbotsford." He, accordingly, left Naples for Rome, attended by his devoted daughter and his younger son. He appeared as indifferent to the treasures of the Vatican as to the classic environs of Naples. What were they to him! Sir William Gell happened to be his frequent companion at Rome as well as in Naples. An old and magnificent Gothic castle, within twenty miles of the city, which they visited, and which he imagined had belonged to the Orsini, and a large Danish dog, belonging to the castle, were, to Scott, more attractive than all the classic antiquities and monuments of art in Rome. He warmly invited Gell to visit him in Scotland, and liberally offered £300 to bear his travelling charges. "He continued," says Sir William, "to press my acceptance of this sum, till I requested him to drop the subject, thanking him most gratefully for his goodness." "I have a perfect right to give it," said Scott, "and nobody can complain of me, for I made it myself." One rejoices to find Sir Walter becoming kinder in heart as he waxed feebler in mind. Yet flashes of his original humour were sometimes breaking through the gloom of his spirit. One day he visited Frescati with a friend:—

"During this visit, Sir Walter was in excellent spirits; at dinner he talked and laughed, and Miss Scott assured me she had not seen him so gay since he left England. He put salt into his soup before tasting it, smiling as he did so. One of the company said, that a friend of his used to declare that he should eat salt with a limb of Lot's wife. Sir Walter laughed, observing that he was of Mrs Siddons' mind, who, when dining with the Provost of Edinburgh, and, being asked by her host if the beef were too salt, replied, in her emphatic tones of deep tragedy, which Sir Walter mimicked very comically,

"Beef cannot be too salt for me, my Lord."

In the scenes of Byron's pilgrimages, he was in the habit of speaking of that wayward Peer with more admiration than in his Diaries; though we were scarce prepared for the declaration, that "he considered him the only poet we have had since Dryden, of transcendent talents, and as possessing more amiable qualities than the world in general gave him credit for." Upon the same occasion, he spoke of Goethe, whom Mr Cheney,

the friend who was with him, said he had seen the year before at Weimar, very old, but in perfect possession of all his faculties.

"Of all his faculties!" he replied; "it is much better to die than to survive them, and better still to die than live in the apprehension of it; but the worst of all," he added thoughtfully, "would have been to have survived their partial loss, and yet to be conscious of his state."—He did not seem to be, however, a great admirer of some of Goethe's works. Much of his popularity, he observed, was owing to pieces which, in his latter moments, he might have wished recalled. He spoke with much feeling. I answered that he must derive great consolation in the reflection that his own popularity was owing to no such cause. He remained silent for a moment, with his eyes fixed on the ground; when he raised them, as he shook me by the hand, I perceived the light blue eye sparkled with unusual moisture. He added, "I am drawing near to the close of my career; I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which, on my death-bed, I should wish blotted." I made no reply.

The following day, May 11th, he left Rome; after that period, in the sad words of his biographer, "the story can hardly be told too briefly." He hurried on, in a state of irritable impatience, indifferent to every object of interest in the towns on his route, until at Venice he desired to see the Bridge of Sighs. On passing the Appenines on a very cold day, the snow and the pine forests recalled his native land; and he expressed pleasure at beholding them. The travellers hurried on through the Tyrol, a country that would have been powerfully interesting to Scott in happier times—but he would look at nothing; and, though the weather was often severe, he even wished to travel all night, in his eager impatience to die at home. He had been several times bled by his servant, on the journey, in anticipation of a fresh attack of his malady, which, however, did not take place until after he had descended the Rhine by the steamboat from Mayence to Cologne.

He was travelling in his carriage from Cologne to Nimuegen, when, on the evening of the 9th of June, he had his last fatal attack of combined apoplexy and paralysis. Bleeding again restored him temporarily. He eagerly desired to move onwards, and was lifted from his carriage into the Rotterdam steamboat. When conveyed to a hotel in London, he was just able to recognise his assembled children, to whom he repeatedly gave his blessing, though he was never fit to converse. Dr Ferguson, who attended him, states, that he was calm, but never collected, and, in general, either in absolute stupor or a waking dream. "He never seemed to know where he was, but imagined himself to be still in the steamboat. The rattling of carriages, and the noises of the street, sometimes disturbed this illusion; and then he fancied himself at the polling-booth of Jedburgh, where he had been insulted and stoned."

After a rest of three weeks, he was carefully conveyed to Scotland, by the Leith steam-packet; both his daughters and Mr Lockhart attending

him. While he lay ill in London, an offer had been made by Lord John Russell to advance any sum necessary to Sir Walter's comfort, ("to relieve him from embarrassment" is the phrase,) from the Treasury. This liberal offer—which, however, was to cost the offerers nothing—was gratefully acknowledged, but declined. The melancholy details of his last journey are of little comparative consequence, until the day he reached Abbotsford; for he lay in complete unconsciousness during the voyage, and while he remained in Edinburgh.

We will not mar the effect of the following passage by one word of introduction:—

At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th, we again torpid him in his carriage; and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But, as we descended the vale of the Gala, he began to gaze about him; and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—"Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee." As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and, during the time thus occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles, loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but, on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable.

Mr Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments; and then, resting his eye on Laidlaw, said, "Ha! Willie Laidlaw! Oh, man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time, his dogs had assembled about his chair—they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.

Next morning, his restored consciousness happily remained, and on the second and third day, he seemed still better, and was wheeled about the doors and through the house in a Bath chair. On the morning following his return, after remaining out of doors for a considerable time, he desired to be drawn into the library, and placed at a window looking down on the Tweed.

Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him; and, when I asked from what book, he said—"Need you ask? There is but one." I chose the 14th chapter of St John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said, when I had done, "Well, this is a great comfort—I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." In this placid frame, he was again put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.

Next day he asked for something "amusing—a bit of Crabbe." Mr Lockhart read a description of the arrival of the players, in "The Borough," which had been one of Sir Walter's favourite passages.

He listened with great interest, and also, as I soon perceived, with great curiosity. Every now and then, he exclaimed, "Capital—excellent—very good—Crabbe has lost nothing!" and we were too well satisfied that he considered himself as hearing a new production, when, chuckling over one couplet, he said, "Better and better; but how will poor Terry endure these cuts?" I went on with the poet's terrible sarcasms upon the theatrical

life, and he listened eagerly, muttering, "Honest Dan!"—"Dan won't like this." At length I reached those lines—

"Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
Your days all passed in jeopardy and joy;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warned by misery, nor enriched by gain."

"Shut the book," said Sir Walter; "I can't stand more of this: it will touch Terry to the very quick."

We need not remind the reader that poor, unfortunate Terry had been some years dead. On the first Sunday, Sir Walter desired to hear the New Testament read, and then a little of Crabbe; and he listened, as to something quite new, to the pathetic tale of Phoebe Dawson, which had soothed the death-bed of Fox. What a task for the reader! Although he had forgotten Crabbe's beautiful episodes, he retained a lively recollection of whatever was read from the Bible; and he also remembered Watts' hymns, repeated by his grandson. These things belonged to an earlier, deeper memory than Crabbe's poetry. The next passage is strongly characterised by the ruling passion. Two days after the above Sunday, when wheeling about out of doors, he

Fell asleep in his chair, and, after dozing for, perhaps, half an hour, started awake, and, shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said—"This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk." He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, "Now, give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but, composing himself by and by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said he—"no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself—get me to bed—that's the only place."

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and, after another week, he was unable even for this. During a few days, he was in a state of painful irritation: and I saw realized all that he had himself prefigured in his description of the meeting between Crystal Croftangry and his paralytic friend. He declined daily; but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice, grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then, he imagined himself to be administering justice as Sheriff; and, once or twice, he seemed to be ordering Tom Furdie about trees. A few times, also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh—and *Burk Sir Walter* escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible, (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah, and the Book of Job,) or some petition in the litany—or a verse of some psalm (in the old

Scottish metrical version)—or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connexion with the church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadences of the *Dies Ira*; and I think the very last stanza that we could make out, was the first of a still greater favourite—

"Stabat Mater dolens,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."

All this time, he continued to recognise his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him, and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness.

Nearly two months passed in this melancholy way, before that final, brief awakening, when he summoned Mr Lockhart to his bedside, as has been noticed above. He died about noon, on the 21st of September, in the presence of all his children. His remains were deposited in Dryburgh Abbey,* with every mark of attention and reverence from friends and neighbours of all parties—the inner and the outer circle. The head was examined after death, and very slight traces of disease appeared in one part of the substance of the brain. The report of the medical men, states, whatever the phrenologists may make of it, that "*the brain was not large*." "The cranium was thinner than it is usually found to be"—we presume, than it is usually found in a man of the green old age of sixty; and Scott was not much above that period of life.

It was remarked that Scott had a very narrow head for a man of his size, and required a smaller hat than even little men. His head, with great elevation—which, however, the busts rather exaggerate—had not corresponding breadth. This point also may be left to the phrenologists. We notice the fact to introduce the hypothesis of Hazlitt, who, somewhere in his writings, imagines he has found the true key to Scott's mixed character, in "that double forehead of his," which bound together, without ever fusing into one, the great writer; the man of astonishing imaginative power, and of universal if not intense sympathies; and the sagacious man of the world; the violent party politician, upon the winning side; and the keen, shrewd, bargainer, of whom we see so much in the Memoir. On this fanciful hypothesis of the "double forehead," we may conclude that the lofty region belonged almost exclusively to the works, and the dreams of the future grandeur of the house of Abbotsford, and the inferior region to ordinary earthly life.

Mr Lockhart notices that Scott piqued himself upon being a *man of business*, which he certainly, in one sense, was; but once, talking of his prevailing weakness, in a jocular humour, he remarked—"Blood will out;" and he narrated a merry anecdote of his grandfather, the Whig and horse-jockey, the Goodman of Sandyknowe, whom Scott resembled so much, that, bating a few inches of forehead, his portrait, now at Ab-

* A striking account of Sir Walter Scott's funeral, from the pen of an eye-witness, a Scottish Baronet, almost as deeply imbued with the spirit of nationality as himself, appeared in *Tait's Magazine* for November 1832.

botsford, might be taken for that of Sir Walter. Early in life this clever person had quarrelled with his father; and "his chief and relative Scott of Harden"—for Sir Walter counts gentle kin, as far as ever did any Macdonald or O'Connor—gave him a lease of Sandyknows, where he took for his shepherd an old man named Hogg, who lent him £30, his whole savings, to stock the farm. They went in company to a Border fair, to lay out the money to the best advantage in sheep. In the autobiography, Scott relates that the old shepherd went carefully from drove to drove, till he found a *kirsa* likely to answer their purpose, and then he went to tell his master to come up and conclude the bargain. But what was his surprise to see him galloping a mettled hunter about the race course, and to find he had expended the whole stock in this extraordinary purchase! The moral of Sir Walter's tale was, that his grandfather, though more by good luck than good judgment certainly, sold the hunter for double the thirty pounds, and throve every day after his wild bargain. So "blood will out," he concluded. "Yet there is a thread of the attorney in me too." Some will be apt to think that the entire warp of the character was attorney, on which was enwoven bright silken threads, "barbaric pearl and gold," in those rich tissues and gorgeous patterns which had concealed the sordid binding material, until Mr Lockhart was compelled to exhibit so much of the seamy side, as has enabled the observers to guess at the true nature of the mixed fabric. Though much delightful, much elevating illusion has been dispelled, we must not forget that, save "for the thread of attorney"—the sturdy hempen warp—the world would never have possessed the precious and beautiful stuff with which it has been enriched—mortifying, as it no doubt is, to know that we may owe the highest productions of genius and imagination to the self-same motive which supplies us with our boots and shoes, and the japan liquid to blacken them.

The remarks made in former notices of these memoirs, almost supersede farther commentary on the manner in which Mr Lockhart has fulfilled his duty as Scott's biographer. We do not see any cause to modify the strongest of our censures. Mr Lockhart, whether biassed by affection, or blinded by prejudice, or both, has "distorted the character and conduct" of James, and even of John Ballantyne, and in a less degree that of Constable—we shall not say "for the purpose of raising Scott at the expense of other men," but certainly to lay too great a share of the burden of his follies upon other men—to make them, and, in particular, the Ballantynes, the scapegoats for his errors. On this subject, James Ballantyne's son has remonstrated—Constable's son has protested—John Ballantyne's widow has complained; and to them the matter may now be safely left. It would seem that the revelations which Mr Lockhart has been compelled to make of Scott's personal affairs—and we must now, from his preface, consider them as

reluctantly given and skilfully managed—have so astounded some persons, (ourselves of the number)—so lowered their estimate of Scott, that it is supposed he secretly disliked Sir Walter, and invidiously, and in a treacherous and underhand manner, "has done his best to dishonour him." If this notion be not wilful slander, it is involuntary madness. Mr Lockhart is not altogether insensible to the grievous weaknesses of his father-in-law—to his worldliness and low-pitched ambitions—though his own mind has evidently been somewhat warped by the same influences; yet every feeling of his nature—the best and the weakest—kindness, vanity, pride, and a cordial, genuine, and perhaps overweening admiration of the genius of Sir Walter Scott—the distinguished grandfather of his children—with warm affection for his person, are so knit up and complicated in his mind, that they have become his master-passion. To Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott was, not merely the greatest of writers, but the most influential of all Scottish political characters; endowed with capacities of being the ablest of generals and the wisest of statesmen, and a few more equally imaginary things—all, however, proceeding from blind devotion, and the desire to enhero an essentially worldly nature. Assuredly, neither Sir Walter Scott's fame, nor even his popularity, will ever wax dim and fade, if his son-in-law can preserve its brilliancy; and the extraordinary notion of those persons who imagine that, secretly disliking, Lockhart seeks to betray the subject of the biography, strikes us as the most far-fetched and ridiculous idea ever born of fantasy.

In estimating the capabilities and suitabilities of Mr Lockhart for his really arduous task, the influence which Scott must have had upon the modes of thought of the young man who grew up beside him, an idolising disciple, must not be forgotten. Mr Lockhart is not only as violent a political partisan as his father-in-law was, but he appears to partake in many of Scott's Quixotries. Affecting, occasionally, a high-minded philosophy, and contempt for external show, to which Sir Walter never pretended, Lockhart sometimes displays the spirit of the tuft-hunter, though pride saves him from shewing that of the lackey; and this he does, not merely on occasions which fall fairly in his way, but on any which he can create. Sir Walter worshipped great people, without enjoying their society; and Lockhart strives to exhibit him as, at all times, on the footing of the most familiar intimacy with those titled persons, whom he studiously lugs in by the head and shoulders. In genealogies, and counting kin *upwards*, he is, to the full, more ridiculous and overstraining than the cousin, ten or twenty times removed, of Scott of Harden; and much of this spirit he must, probably, have caught from Sir Walter, as soon as the mingling of blood consolidated family vanities and glories, as well as interests. But this is a venial transgression, compared with the former.

Mr Lockhart has shewn another propensity, which does not emanate from true chivalry. He

is accused of having given pain to individuals, either by inaccurate statements or improper disclosures. And much of this we should be disposed to excuse, did it not almost uniformly happen, that those with whom he has made thus free, are either the powerless, who sit below the salt, or those unfriended persons who have gone to their account, leaving their memories undefended, save by the courtesy and justice of society. Mr Lockhart must be familiar with many of Sir Walter's *mots*, glancing shrewdly upwards, as well as downwards and around; but he is all but mute on these. If a man will hawk, one likes to see him fly occasionally at high game. Mr Lockhart is more prudent than daring in his sport. We have formerly felt it a duty to censure these things, not from disapproving of far greater frankness and candour in biographical writing than prevails in Great Britain, but because we condemn obvious partiality, based on purely conventional, or low grounds. What useful information, what possible advantage, can the readers of Sir Walter Scott's life derive, for example, from the gratuitous double quotation from Scott's diary, about Mrs Grant of Laggan's small pension? But, if this venerable lady had been some dowager of quality, or some well-allied spinster Lady Louisa—acting the precis same part about a larger pension—and a very natural part we fear it is, to poor, yet proud humanity—should we have heard one word about it?—Or, if it became absolutely necessary to speak of her ladyship, then the blanks, the asterisks, the clouds of mystification that Mr Lockhart would have interposed between the wind and nobility! According to Mr Lockhart, none are privileged to act in a mask, unless their names are found in "The Court Guide Book," or some fashionable Directory. These are not the principles on which manly biography should be written.

The thorough sincerity of Mr Lockhart's inordinate admiration of Scott is shewn, we think, in his remarkable credulity; for we imagine that he is rather mystified himself than desirous of mystifying his readers. It is also shewn in his resentments, especially his dislike to poor Hogg, whom he ought to have known better from the first, to condemn so severely at the last. Hogg's *gaucheries*, and absurdities, and memorable sayings about all the rest of the world, were capital jokes until they were imagined to affect Sir Walter, or any member of the house of Abbotsford; and, in this sort of coin, giving, no doubt, often seems more blessed than receiving. Yet, *take and give* is the rule of life. And was Sir Walter Scott really Hogg's "best benefactor?" Though a very kind friend, he was at any rate not the most respectful or delicate one; but respect was nothing to be looked for in the case. And did the Shepherd, in his latter years, totally abandoned of grace, truly "insult the dust of his best benefactor," so that it would have been better for him had he been deep drowned in any pool of Yarrow several years before his actual death? These are solemn things to jest about; yet what better use

can the public make of the final doom, pronounced on the Ettrick Shepherd, who, having plenary indulgence all his life from his friends, (Mr Lockhart long included,) to be a little *outspoken* and also poetical in his prose, took the same liberties with the deceased baronet which he was in the habit of taking with other men, who could as ill afford to bear it. Unless it is shewn that Hogg committed some outrage on the memory of Sir Walter, of which the world has no idea, it will take leave to consider this stern judgment much of a piece with the anathema pronounced against the towns of Jedburgh and Hawick; and rejoice that James enjoyed his own fire-side for three or four years after the time when he should have died from regard to his fame. All this is abundantly ridiculous; but it proves most convincingly the sincerity of Mr Lockhart's unquestioning devotion to Scott.

The length of the work—six half-guinea and one twelve-shilling volume—is justified by the biographer, on the plea that, "if Scott was really a great man, his life deserves to be given in much detail." But it is not to Scott's Life which any one has objected; not to his letters, though many of them are either mere essays or epistolary compliments, not much connected with his life; and still less to his Diaries, save the make-bulk of the Light-house Yacht log-book—but to much irrelevant matter lugged in, such as the published criticisms of Mr Adolphus, and many extraneous details, exhibiting little either of Scott the artist or Scott the man. It is needless to complain of the want of family letters—the best of all domestic records, "fond and trivial," or of the want of the outgushing of confidences, feelings, hopes, fears, and reminiscences, which render some great men's careless family letters so exquisite—as we are persuaded Mr Lockhart has held nothing back, either in the correspondence of Scott or his friends, that could give grace or glory to his hero. Some gleanings, and piquant morsels, may still remain in the Diaries; and the originals will no doubt be sacredly preserved; but the present generation need expect little more from the literary executor's repositories. Much fugitive information, however, concerning Scott is drifting about in the society of his contemporaries, referring especially to an earlier period of life than that in which Lockhart knew him; and in these busy days, it is probable that some one may collect and tell it; and, rejecting much and condensing much, untrammelled by prejudice, and unbiassed by partial affection, shew the truth of Scott's mixed character in full day, and through a transparent medium—becoming thus to Lockhart what he has been to Currie. To those who would judge with accuracy, there is small difference between colouring matter thrown into the body to be examined, and a medium similarly tinted, through which it is to be viewed. Lockhart's Life partakes of both defects, but the most largely of the latter. In the meanwhile, no future Life of Scott could have been so ample or complete as it may now be made, if Mr Lockhart had not written. The mate-

rials might have been preserved; but it is not little, either in quality or value, that the biographer has contributed from his own stores. Save James Ballantyne, no one could have seen Scott more undisguisedly than his son-in-law, for ten or twelve important years, who possessed equal power of observation. If the same circumstances which extended his scope of observation blinded his judgment, we know not how to condemn. He had not only to judge with tenderness, delicacy, and indulgence of his eminent relative, but to endeavour, as it were, to give the tone to his contemporaries and posterity, in deciding on the character of the remarkable person, whose glory was to shed lustre on his children and his race, after perhaps the name of the Lockharts might have merged in that of "the Scotts of Abbotsford." An impartial judgment of Sir Walter was impossible to Mr Lockhart, had he been a Brutus instead of a man of letters; and, if possible, would have been morally repulsive. Still we will continue to protest against his injustice to other men—to those attached friends to whom Sir Walter, who knew them best, uniformly did justice. He seems, at best, to consider the Ballantynes, Hogg, and even such men as John Leyden, as vassals of a great chief, by and through whom they lived and moved—and to have estimated them by the single virtue of fidelity, blind devotion to his interest and wishes, and enthusiastic attachment to his person. They all swerved, in his opinion, from their clan fealty; and Mr Laidlaw alone, of the whole corps, with Tom Purdie and some one or two more of the household troops, are praised uniformly, or mentioned with tenderness.

Differing so far from the biographer in many debatable points, and disapproving of the spirit in which he has written much of these Memoirs, we have the more satisfaction in cordially subscribing to his general criticism, and just and delicate appreciation of the literary merits of Sir Walter Scott. In Scott's voluminous imaginative works, while we can conceive something loftier to desire, we find nothing to condemn, save indeed latterly vast surplusage—which is a thing apart—unwinnowed wheat, so sent to market on calculations of pounds, shillings, and pence:—nothing to condemn; and how much to approve, admire, love, enjoy, feed upon, and grow with what we feed on! Yet there seems a tendency at present to depreciate Scott's genius, for which it baffles us to find a good cause. There is but one Shakespeare, and we leave him alone, enshrined—unwilling either to hear his name profaned, or to see other men lessened by idle comparisons. The growing disposition to undervalue Scott tempts us to proclaim the belief, that he is not merely the first of prose fictionists, but equal to them all taken together—that in him we find combined the elevation and

delicate imagination of Cervantes, the sagacity of Le Sage, the pathos of Richardson, the inimitable truthfulness and humour of Fielding, the shrewdness and comic power of Smollett, the exquisite simplicity and tenderness of Goldsmith, and even the wild and luxuriant fancy of Radcliffe. There remain but Godwin, in his "Caleb Williams," and Mrs Inchbald, in "Nature and Art," to carry off a laurel which Scott did not seek to gather. There may be other fictionists who, with equal powers of imagination, liveliness of fancy, fertility of invention, magic facility of touch, and all-embracing sympathies, shall bring a higher philosophy to the sphere of romance; but they have not yet appeared, and we know not where to look for them. Not certainly in the modern *intense* school. If we ever there chance on any indication of more expanded thought and loftier aspiration in works of fiction, we miss the thousand other charms and graces of Scott's pen; and are constrained to take to his men and women as they are, in preference to the freezing or extravagant idealities of those whose aims may be higher, but who lack power to strike. Want of *intensity* is often objected to Scott—and systematic *intensity* of high moral purpose, may be wanting; but his critics would, we apprehend, express themselves more accurately if they described the defect of which they complain, as want of *abandonment*. If passion be meant, we know not where, in the entire scope of prose fiction, to look for that highly sublimated and concentrated intensity of feeling, which, superior to the weakness of abandonment, "dies, and makes no sign," if not in his passionate pages. No pathos, no exaltation, no exquisite intensity of sentiment and of imagination, in the last chapters of "Waverley"—in "Kenilworth"—in "The Bride of Lammermoor"—in Rebecca the Jewess—in Minna Troil—in Clara Mowbray—in Effie Deans, her father, and her sister—in "Old Mortality?"—We carry literary heresy so far as to be fervent admirers of Scott's inferior writings—his metrical romances. If Chaucer was a great poet, then there must be a niche for Scott by the side of the Father of English Poetry. There is close resemblance in the distinctive features of their genius: the same freshness, heartiness, sagacity, humour, clearness, and unrivalled command over the picturesque.

A more suitable time may arrive for indulging in these genial themes. Devotees and romantic persons must have leisure to recover from the shock of finding the author of all those exquisite works merely a lucky original cross between the shrewd modern W. S. and the picturesque and gallant Border Laird—a much more exciting and loveable character, though not a peculiarly spiritualized one. True it is, that nearly all great writers shew to most advantage in their works; and it is, we fear, equally true that the author of "Waverley" forms no exception to this mortifying rule.

BENTHAMISMS.

NO. I.—EMANCIPATE YOUR COLONIES.

It is the characteristic of genius, that its words, even when uttered for an immediate and momentary purpose, are available as lessons for all after ages. This is eminently the case with Bentham's pamphlet, entitled, "Emancipate your Colonies."

This tract the author threw into the form of a letter to the National Convention of France. It was published for sale in 1830, but had been printed long before. In most of the copies which, from time to time, were distributed in the way of gift, inserted in MS. at the bottom of the first page, in the form of a note to the title, was the memorandum following:—"Anno 1793, written just before the departure of M. Talleyrand, on the occasion of the rupture between France and England. Copy given to Talleyrand's secretary, Gallois, who talked of translating it."

The letter commences:—"Your predecessors made me a French citizen: hear me speak like one." Its whole texture is thickly sown, interwoven, with allusions to the peculiar position of France, at the time. It is a letter on French affairs, addressed to Frenchmen. Their national vanity is adroitly appealed to, with a view to make it play into the interests of right reason. Humour, sarcasm, indignant eloquence, shift and play through its pages, interchangeably. But the pamphlet is the work of a man who had, by serious and persevering meditation, evolved and established principles of action for himself and others, to which he referred on all occasions, which he never lost sight of. Some of these are stated, in concise and nervous terms, in his letter to the National Convention, and their application to the question before it, clearly made out. The letter itself is matter of history. Its interest is mainly of the past; but these precious enunciations of principle speak to all time. They are lessons to us as they were to our predecessors. They are lessons, in so far as present events are concerned, above all suspicion of bias or partiality.

Bentham first addresses himself to shew the impossibility that a distant dependency can be well governed by the mother country:—

Is it for their advantage to be governed by a people who never knew, nor ever can know, either their inclinations or their wants? What is it you ever can know about them? The wishes they entertain? The wants they labour under? No such thing; but the wishes they entertained, the wants they laboured under, two months ago—wishes that may have changed, and for the best reasons—wants that may have been relieved, or become unrelievable. Do they apply to you for justice? Truth is unattainable for want of evidence; you get not a tenth part, perhaps, of the witnesses you ought to have, and these, perhaps, only on one side. Do they ask succours of you? You put yourselves to immense expense—you fit out an armament, and, when it arrives, it finds nothing to be done. The party to whom you send it, are either conquerors or conquered. Do they want subsistence? Before your supply reaches them, they are starved. No

negligence could put them in a situation so helpless as that in which, so long as they continue dependent on you, the nature of things has fixed them, in spite of all your solicitude. Solicitude, did I say? How can they expect any such thing? What care you, or what can you care, about them? What picture can you so much as form to yourselves of the country? What conception can you frame to yourselves, of manners and modes of life so different from your own? When will you ever see them? When will they ever see you? If they suffer, will their cries ever wound your ears?—will their wretchedness ever meet your eyes? What time have you to think about them? Pressed by so many important objects that are at your door, how uninteresting will be the tale that comes from St Domingo and Martinique!

Whoever peruses this rapid string of queries, endeavouring to answer them to himself as he goes along, must, by the time he comes to the close, feel the conviction that it is impossible the people of any country can govern the inhabitants of a distant country for their good, indelibly engraven upon his mind. Let us select, for an example, that case which at present is, or ought to be, uppermost in all British minds—Canada. The disturbances in Canada were, even by the admission of the originators of the monstrous bill for remodelling its form of government, occasioned entirely by delay in attending to and redressing grievances long and urgently pressed upon the attention of the home government. "Out of sight out of mind"—with so much to occupy our legislature and our ministers, what chance have Canadians ever had of being attended to? Even now that this country is called upon, in its capacity of sovereign, to judge between Canadian and Canadian in matters of blood, what is the answer you receive from nine out of every ten with whom you attempt to argue the question? "I dare say you are quite right; the Government measure has an ugly look; but I am quite ignorant of Canadian affairs." That very ignorance ought to convince the speaker that he is incompetent to legislate for Canada. His consciousness, that his own ignorance of these matters is no greater than that of almost all his acquaintances, ought to convince him that they are equally unfit. But, so long as the British Parliament shall retain the power of legislating for Canada, so long are he and his equally incompetent friends the real legislators for that province. They appoint the men who, in ignorance as gross as their own, legislate for Canada. They take upon them the responsibility of sanctioning, at hap-hazard, what may cause the weal or woe of Canadians. No man who entertains a due sense of this fearful responsibility, can continue to exercise it. "Emancipate your colonies!" The passage we have quoted from Bentham demonstrates the justice of such a measure in the abstract; your own consciences, in so far as Canada is concerned, corroborate his argument. Even the silly fallacy of Ministers—that we must retain the Canadas

to secure the few attached to this country—is met by anticipation in Bentham's pamphlet:—

A minority among them might choose rather to be governed by you than by their antagonists, the majority; but is it for you to protect minorities? A majority which did not feel itself so strong as it could wish, might wish to borrow a little strength of you; but, for a loan of a moment, would you exact a perpetual annuity of servitude?

And again—

“Oh, but the good citizens! What will become of the good citizens?”—What will become of them? Their fate depends upon yourselves. Give up your dominion—you may save them; fight for it—and you destroy them. Secure, if you can do it, without force, a fair emission of the wishes of all the citizens; if what you call the good citizens are the majority, they will govern; if a minority, they ought not to govern; but you may give them safety if you please.

This is most true. If the British party, as it is called, be in the minority in Canada, all our efforts to preserve to it a permanent ascendancy will be unavailing: and, when these efforts terminate, they will leave the majority more embittered against the minority that has ruled them by foreign aid, than it is at present. Leave the people of Canada, even at this thirteenth hour, to fix their form of government for themselves, and the minority will be obliged—with some reluctance and grumbling, it may be—to acquiesce in the will of the majority. Let us throw our weight into the balance, and give the minority, for a time, a factitious preponderance, and, when the time comes that they must be left to themselves, (all parties allow that such a time must come,) the majority will come into power with a rankling sense of injuries sustained, and, in all probability, an unextinguishable thirst for vengeance. This will have been our doing. Our short-sighted policy will, in seeking to benefit the minority, in reality have rendered its situation more dangerous.

From the consideration of what is most for the interest of the colonies, Bentham turns to consider what is most for the interest of the mother country. He knew right well that the only available argument with the holders of power, is to shew them that the course of policy recommended, is that which it is for their own advantage to adopt it. The loudest railers against the doctrine of utility, are those who, conscious that they are sacrificing the general good for the advantage of a few, dare not submit the results of their own measures, and of those recommended by their opponents, to dispassionate measurement; and, therefore, seek to evade inquiry, by raising a dust of words about our ears, in the obscurity of which they hope to evade apprehension. Press home the declaimers upon disinterestedness on their own principles; demonstrate to them that their strict justice calls upon them to sacrifice themselves for others: they will laugh in your face, and tell you that, in a world where all men were just, they would be just too; but in this they are not going to expose themselves to ridicule by becoming the Quixotes of morality. Convinced of this truth, Bentham proceeds to shew the inutility of colonial depend-

encies, and attacks at once the stronghold of monopoly:—

“Oh, but we give ourselves a monopoly of their produce, and so we get it cheaper than we should otherwise; and so we make them pay us for governing them.” Not you, indeed; not a penny. The attempt is iniquitous, and the profit an illusion. The attempt, I say, is iniquitous; it is an aristocratical abomination—a cluster of abominations: it is iniquitous towards them, but much more as among yourselves. Abomination the *first*:—Liberty, property, and equality violated on the part of a large class of citizens, (the colonists,) by preventing them from carrying their goods to the markets which it is supposed would be most advantageous to them, and thence keeping from them so much as it is supposed they would otherwise acquire. Abomination *second*:—One part of a nation (the people of France) taxed to raise money to maintain, by force, the restraints so imposed upon another part of the nation (the colonists.) Abomination *third*:—The poor—who, after all, are unable to buy sugar—the poor in France, taxed in order to pay the rich for eating it.* Necessaries abridged for the support of luxury. The burthen falls upon the rich and poor in common: the benefit is shared exclusively by the rich.

Our author does not rest contented with establishing these truths in the abstract. He views them from every side, and makes them clear by redundant illustration. He carries out his principle; and, by stripping naked the whole deformity of monopoly, he makes good his point. He thus clinches this link of his chain of argument:—

Will you believe experience? Turn to the United States. Before their separation, Britain had the monopoly of their trade: upon the separation, of course, she lost it. How much less is their trade with Britain now than then? On the contrary, it is much greater. All this while, is not the monopoly of the colonists clogged with a *counter-monopoly*? To make amends to the colonists for their being excluded from other markets, are not the people of France forbidden to take colony produce from other colonies, though they could get it ever so much cheaper? If so, would not the benefit to France, if there were any, from the supposed gainful monopoly, be outweighed by the burden of that which is acknowledged to be so burthensome? Yes; the benefit is imaginary, and it is clogged with a burthen that is real.

Having exposed the delusion occasioned by mistaken views of interest, Bentham next proceeds to expose the hollowness and deadness of the idol, national power, in the form in which it is worshipped by those statesmen who are in the habit of arrogating to themselves exclusively the epithet of practical.

“Oh, but they are a great part of our power.” Say, rather, *the whole of your weakness*. In your own natural body, you are impregnable; in these unnatural excrescences you are vulnerable. Are you attacked at home? Not a man can you ever get from them—not a sixpence. Are they attacked? They draw upon you for fleets and armies.

These are the direct arguments in favour of emancipating dependent colonies. Bentham adverts also to the indirect. A few of the first sentences of the extract which we are about to make, are calculated to stimulate the honest pride of the representatives of a regenerated nation. It would almost seem as if our reformed representatives were already rendered too callous to the generous sentiments they once pro-

* Say, in Britain.—The poor, who build no ships, taxed, to force the rich, who do, to use bad timber in building them.

fessed, to be accessible to such appeals. In public life, the sensitiveness of political honour is soon dulled. We cannot, however, bring ourselves to omit them. Bentham speaks to the French patriots, who scorned boroughmongering, Priestley-persecuting, Pitt-ridden England.

You who hold us so cheap—who look down with such contemptuous pity on our corruption, on our prejudices, on our imperfect liberty—how long will you take our example to govern you, and, of all parts of it, those which are least defensible? Is it a secret to you, any more than to ourselves, that they cost us much, and they yield us nothing—that our government makes us pay them for suffering it to govern them—and that all the use or purpose of this compact is to make places, and wars that breed places? You who look down with so much disdain on our corruption, on our prejudices, on our imperfect liberty, will you submit to copy a system in which corruption and prejudice are in league to destroy liberty—a compact between government and its colonies, of which the mother country is the sacrifice and the dupe? You have hitherto seen only what is essential—collateral advantages crowd in, in numbers: saving of the time of public men, simplification of government, preservation of internal harmony, propagation of liberty and good government over the earth. You are chosen by the people: you mean to be so. You are chosen by the most numerous part, who must be the least learned of the people. This quality, with all its advantages and disadvantages, you, the children of the people, must expect, more or less, to partake of. Inform yourselves as you can, labour as you will, reduce your business as much as you will, you need not fear the finding of it too light for you. What a mountain of arguments and calculations must you have to struggle under, if you persevere in the system of colony-holding, with its monopolies and counter-monopolies! What a cover for tyranny and speculation! Give your commissaries insufficient power, they are laughed at; give them sufficient, they become dangerous to their masters. All this plague you get rid of, by the simple expedient of letting go those whom you have no right to meddle with.

These, and all that we have quoted, are memorable words. They speak to us, at this moment, like a voice from the tomb. They tell us to pause, and to reflect before we sanction laws for Canada, which, passed in ignorant irritation, may be productive of evil we may yet shudder to reflect upon. What man amongst us, who pleads ignorance of Canadian affairs as a reason for not interfering to denounce the Canada Coercion Bill, but thereby acknowledges the incompetency of this country to govern Canada? What man, who acknowledges this incompetency, but must admit the wisdom and justice of this exhortation—"Emancipate your colonies?"

There is a specialty in the case of Lower Canada, we admit; but that specialty tells against the advocates of the Ministerial policy. Canada was originally peopled from France; its inhabitants were French in their language, customs, laws, and religion; they were long governed by France. They were transferred by France to this country, without their wishes being consulted. No sooner was Canada ceded to Britain, than British adventurers flocked thither, to make or mend their fortunes. These adventurers went to Canada, knowing that French laws and customs prevailed among its inhabitants; and it is the duty of such visitants to conform to, to respect the laws of the people among whom they beg leave to earn a bit of bread. Instead of

doing this, however, our sturdy baggars availed themselves of home connections to influence the British government to force the people among whom they settled, to conform themselves to their likings and dislikings. This was the first origin of heart-burnings and discontent in Canada. Under Pitt, a compromise was arranged: by the act of 1791, the French Canadians ceded Upper Canada to the admirers of British law, upon condition that, within their narrowed limits, they might enjoy their own native laws, and a representative legislature, to amend them as occasion required. Still British adventurers continued to pour into Lower Canada; and, still regardless of the price at which its inhabitants had purchased liberty to live under their own laws, these newcomers insisted that a whole people should abandon its own inclinations and convictions, and conform to their crotchets. And now Sir George Grey proposes to settle the disputes thence arising, by again subdividing Lower Canada into halves, and allowing the French Canadians to enjoy their own laws within further curtailed boundaries. As the Red Indians have been driven from their settlements in the United States in violation of every principle of honesty and humanity, so are the French Canadians to be squeezed gradually out of the British provinces. This is the first origin of the mischief in Lower Canada. The acts of dishonest and contumelious aggression of which the British authorities have been guilty, have all been perpetrated in enforcing this wrong. We are told that the French Canadians are too ignorant for self-government; we heard nothing of this necessity while they were ignorant enough to endure, tamely, wrong at British hands. Reading and writing are not education, but only the means to that end. There may be good, substantial education without reading and writing; and with reading and writing there may be gross, imbecile ignorance. The French Canadians are a proof of the former position; our British aristocracy of the second. If Charlemagne, who could not write, was capable of keeping a large empire together after winning it, and of establishing laws the influence of which has not yet passed away, we confess ourselves unable to see why calligraphy should be indispensable in a voter for a member of the House of Assembly.

But, although the case of Lower Canada may be a special one, the cases of the other British provinces in North America are not. In all of them there are discontents, although the British government seem to have quieted some of them for the present, by the unworthy device of exciting the prejudices of the Englishman against the Frenchman. Such a low and dishonest method of governing, cannot endure. Both parties will come in time to their senses, and make common cause against the government which is Macchiavellian enough to act thus. And, in addition to their enmity, we run eminent risk, through the folly of the governors whom our precious Ministers have sent across the Atlantic, of being engaged in a squabble with the United States.

The short and easy method of getting rid of all those risks and annoyances, is to "emancipate our colonies." There is yet time to pass a law, ordaining that a convention shall be held in each of the British North American provinces, in spring, to settle how it shall henceforth be governed.

"That is exactly what Roebuck says." We are not aware that it is; and, if it be, what then? It is the advice and not the adviser that ought to be looked to. Is Mr Roebuck necessarily more biassed than Mr Ellice, whose son Lord Durham, with such exquisite good taste, is taking out as his private secretary? But, even on this point, Bentham has forestalled us, when he supposes his French auditors stopping their ears and abusing him:—

"Oh! but you are a hireling: you are a tool of your King and his East India Company. They have employed you to tell us a fine story, and persuade us to strip ourselves of our colonies, not being able to rob us of them themselves." "Oh, yes; I am all that. I have not bread to eat; and, no sooner is your decree come out, than I get £50,000 from the Company, and a peerage from the King. *I am a hireling*; but will you then betray the interest of your constituents, because a man has been hired to shew it to you? *It would be of use to England*;

but are there no such things as common interests?—and are you never to serve yourselves but upon condition of not serving others at the same time? Is your love for you brethren so much weaker than your hatred of your neighbours? *It would be of use to England*; but are *England* and *King of England* so perfectly synonymous? and do you, of all men, think so? *The King's interest would be served by it*; but, by knowing a man's interest, his true and lasting interest, are you always certain of his wishes? Is consummate wisdom among the attributes of his ministers? Have they no passions to blind, and no prejudices to mislead them? Are you so unable to comprehend your own interest, that it is only from the opinion of others that you can learn it, and those your enemies? *The King of England is your enemy*; but because he is so, will you put yourselves under his command? Shall it be in the power of an enemy to make you do as he pleases, only by employing somebody to propose the contrary? See what a man exposes himself to by listening to such impertinences. *I am hired*; but are not advocates hired as often as a question comes before a court of justice? And is justice on neither side, because men are paid on both sides? Legislators, suffer me to give you a warning. This is not the only occasion on which it may have its use. Those, if any such there be, who call attention off from the arguments that are offered to the motives of him that offers them, shew how humble their conception is, either of the goodness of their cause, of the strength of their own powers, or of the solidity of your judgment, not to say of all three."

THE CONQUEROR'S DREAM.

A BRIGHT dream flash'd upon his soul; his mother,
kneeling by,
Gazed with a mother's pride and love within her tearful
eye.
She watch'd the play of noble thoughts upon his changing
cheek;
She watch'd young passion's infant fire his snow-white
forehead streak;
She mark'd from 'neath his half-closed eye soul-bright
gleamings dart;
She mark'd the moving, wordless lip, the wildly-throb-
bing heart.
She deem'd his thoughts were far away, where his young
co-mates play'd
Upon the mimic battle plain, with mimic battle blade;
Or climb'd the eagle-haunted cliff, or bounded on the turf,
Or dash'd aside in rival glee old Ocean's stormy surf.
She little wist that glowing eye saw visions brighter far
Than smiled within Paoli's isle, beneath the evening
star.
That cheek the same high passion burn'd that glow'd
in his who stood
With blade unsheathed, and waving plume, wet from the
Granic flood;
That boyish bosom throbb'd with thoughts that claim'd
their bound to be
A mightier tide than rolls its foam within the Tuscan
sea.
He dream'd that, from a mountain's brow, beyond the
white clouds piled,
He gazed on fair and sunny plains, that far beneath him
smiled;
Around, ten thousand warrior men, ten thousand flashing
spears,
That flung terrific brightness o'er the snows of ancient
years.
Before him floated, in mid air, on dim and shadowy
wing,
Luring him on, what seem'd to be the phantom of a king.
With face averted, on the plain, it waved its shadowy
hand,
And he—the genius of the scene—spoke words of high
command:

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He deem'd himself the Lybian chief of old heroic times,
Who tamed the Roman eagle's wing, in its own sunny
climes,
And waved a foreign banner high above the Alpine snow,
And roll'd the war-blast of the south along the winding Po.
The scene was changed! A burning sky o'erhung a burn-
ing plain—
The ocean of the desert-ship—the bright sun's own domain:
Three vast old piles rose high and hoar amid an Afric levin,
The pride and mockery of man, at war with Time and
Heaven;
And there, beneath these hoary towers, far gleam'd the
warrior's brand,
And shout and shriek are mingling there, and blood is
on the sand.
There casque and turban wildly blend, and high the cres-
cent shines,
And high the eagle-banner waves above the conquering
lines;
And he, the chief, with folded arms across his gallant
breast—
With eye like lightning, keen, but calm, like thunder-
cloud at rest—
Sits proudly on his noble steed; and there the shadowy
form
Floats o'er the eagle-flag, and seems to guide the battle-
storm.
The scene was changed, but not the clime. The herald-
star of night
Flung o'er the trembling ocean-wave its melancholy light;
The blue deep murmur'd to the moon—the cloudless moon
above
Mantled the wave and wilderness in one soft smile of love;
And in that holy light gleam'd mosque and minaret afar,
But round them fiercer radiance flash'd, from sword and
scimitar;
For, round a rock-built citadel, a leaguering army stood,
And by its gates War raised his plume, and roll'd his
purple flood.
Wild was the Allah shriek! while he, the chieftain of the
Frank,
Sped, like the arrowy light of death, from wavering rank
to rank;

And loud the shout, while, bathed in blood, beneath the
crescent's glow,
A stern old warrior, grey with years, cheer'd on the tur-
ban'd foe.
With thunder-crash of shot and shell, the wall in ruins
burst,
And in the breach, 'mid smoke and flame, with malison
accurs,
Foe meets with foe! Now in advance, with victory's light
upon her,
The eagle floats!—now onward gleam the Moslem blade
and banner!
But what attracts the warrior's eye? what clouds the
chieftain's brow?
Before the phantom's mournful gaze he feels his spirit bow:
An instant hovering near, it folds its plume across its
breast,
Then sails, on melancholy wing, into the starry east.
The scene was changed!—Oh, brightly shine, within that
pillar'd hall,
The pomp of chivalry, the gem of beauty's coronal!
There riches sheds on loveliness its incense and its bloom,
And pride of birth is tossing there its high ancestral
plume;
But what, amid that courtly pomp, enthral's each look
and tone?
A white-stoled priest is kneeling there—he kneels before
a throne,
And vows a nation's loyalty, a nation's love, to him—
That sovereign prince whose brows are bound with em-
pire's diadem.

To him, the proud unconquer'd chief, that bright-hair'd
slumbering boy,
The champion of his island mate, his island mother's joy;
Oh, is he not the glorious youth he deems himself to be,
Who bade the conquest star of Greece burn o'er the In-
dian sea,
And wept to think that Ammen's son had not a mightier
world
On which the flag of Macedon might be again unfurled!
He waked and dream'd again; but, ah! that after dream
was long—
Week roll'd on week, and year on year, but still the spell
was strong;
That slumberous spell that wrapt his soul in glory and
in bliss,
Or steep'd it in the wormwood gloom—the gall of bitter-
ness.
It conjured up the battle strife, and woke the warrior's joy;
The crown of empires lured his grasp—he deem'd the
crown a toy.
It conjured up a vanquish'd world, and then strange
sights were seen:
The eagle stoop'd where once its fierce, triumphant flight
had been;
The hot simoom moan'd wildly by, and thousands gasp'd
below;
The ice-fiend breathed, and thousands more lay stiffen'd
on the snow.
A foeman's brand hath tamed the crest that once un-
conquer'd shone,
And, prison'd on an ocean-crag, awoke—Napoleon. [C. P.]

SERJEANT TALFOURD'S COPYRIGHT BILL.

THE parties at issue on this question, are the holders of copyrights, whether authors or publishers, on the one side, and the public on the other. Printers, papermakers, and retail booksellers, have only a temporary interest in the matter; for, as long as these trades are open to free competition, the profits of the individuals engaged in them cannot be either permanently raised or depressed by enactments as to copyright, whether wise or absurd. The opposing interests are those of the monopolists, (we do not use the word in an invidious sense,) and those of the public.

On the part of the authors, a claim is set up of absolute property in their works, of the same nature, and equally sacred, as property in lands or houses. On the decision of this question of absolute property in the productions of mind, hangs the whole matter at issue. For, if it be decided in favour of the authors, they and their assignees are entitled to protection for not merely the long period proposed by Serjeant Talfourd's bill, but to the end of time. If copyright be really a species of natural property, it undoubtedly ought to be regarded as sacred. To violate such property, on account of public utility, is no more to be thought of than taking a man's estate from him, and dividing it among his destitute neighbours. Nay, more; if our British authors have a "sacred property" in their works, they are entitled to protection, not only from all invasion of that property at home, but abroad also. Our government is bound to afford British authors the same protection from foreign depredation, which our merchants enjoy. Grant that the author's right of property in his composition is as clear and sacred as the merchant's in his goods, and the consequence is undeniable.

This is not all. The representatives of authors long ago gathered to their fathers, are entitled to assume the "sacred right" which their ancestors had in their works. That they have long been unjustly deprived of it, is no reason against the resumption. Prescription cannot cut off the sacred right, however long it may have lain dormant. It is a rule of law, that a man cannot lose his property by the long prescription, unless some other person has, by the same prescription, acquired the property. It follows, that the heirs of Milton, Spenser, Pope, Dryden, Shakspeare, Richardson, even Chaucer, have only to

prove their descent, and forthwith they are entitled to a monopoly, for ever, of the works of their great ancestors; a monopoly not confined to Britain, Ireland, and the British dependencies, but extending over the whole globe; at least wherever the British arms can secure justice to British subjects.

These consequences of the right of authors to the productions of their pen, are a little startling, and may well prompt those who take an interest in the diffusion of knowledge to a strict scrutiny of the right which has been perhaps too readily allowed to pass current as sacred.

We maintain that there is no analogy between the right of a man to his estate or his house, to his ox or his ass, and the right of an author to the exclusive printing and publishing of his works. Between the former class of rights and the right of an author to his own manuscript, or to the copies of it he has printed, the analogy is perfect. But there all resemblance of the two cases ends. It is true, as has been said, that, for the protection of property, as of copyright, resort may be had to the law. There is, however, this material difference between the two cases:—The owner of a house or an estate has a perfect right to exclude an intruder on his property by force, if he chooses and is able to do so; whereas the author has no right to seize, without recourse to law, copies of his book printed without his permission, or to stop what he would call the piratical press at work on his composition. If he were to attempt to do so, he would not be in the situation of the owner of lands or houses, expelling *brevis manu* the trespasser on his property; but would himself be the trespasser, and be liable to be treated as such. The truth is, that authors, musical composers, and painters, have no exclusive right to their ideas, when once they have published or promulgated them, except what is the creature of statute. Judge Yates, in the famous case of *Miller versus Taylor*, was quite right when he maintained, that "ideas cannot be the object of property; they are not visible, tangible, nor corporeal" and again—"A literary composition is undoubtedly the property of the writer so long as it remains in manuscript; but by the act of publishing, he gives it to the world; he lets the bird fly; his property is gone." Exactly analogous is the case of

patents. He who discovers some new application of mechanical powers, has no right to prevent others from imitating the new process. With the operation of one man, another must not interfere: but he may go and do likewise, and resist by force any attempt to hinder him. Whatever one man does, another may do, in so far as natural right is concerned. He can only be prevented from imitation, or piracy, by express statute. And whether the original invention be a book, a tune, a painting, a speech, the cut of a coat or of a cap, a game at cards, a guard in self-defence, or a new mode of locomotion by the aid of wings or of a steam-engine, all men may copy the invention, may fly, paint, print, &c., as like the inventor as they please, until restrained by a law made for that purpose. But no law is required to prevent intrusion upon what is really the property of another; although the law may be called in to aid in punishing the transgressors, as it may to punish offences against property in copyright, *after* copyright has been made property by law.

There is no question as to the propriety of encouraging authors, musical composers, painters, and inventors of all kinds, by giving them, for a certain time, the exclusive benefit of their invention. That copyrights and patents should be the reward of authors and inventors, all are agreed. The question, in the case of copyright, is, how long it should endure? Having got rid of the idea of authors having a "sacred property" in their works, we are now at liberty to discuss the duration of copyright, and the other points of Serjeant Talfourd's Bill, upon the simple principle of public utility.

Fourteen years was the period first fixed by statute. Afterwards, copyright was extended for fourteen years more, if the author survived the first period; and, in 1814, twenty-eight years was the term allotted to all copyrights; with a prolongation, in the case of the author being alive at the end of the twenty-eight, for the remainder of his life. With this law, authors have been very generally satisfied; and so have publishers, who, in fact, have benefited far more than authors by the extension of the duration of copyright; and always will benefit more, unless the new law make a change which no one foresees—namely, place authors in easy circumstances before they become such, and make them provident afterwards. For, as is well known, almost every copyright that is worth purchasing, speedily becomes the property of publishers. From whatever cause it may arise, the fact is certain, that authors very rarely retain a copyright for which they can obtain money. It becomes, therefore, an important question, what number of years' sale do publishers generally contemplate, when making an author an offer for his copyright? Mr Murray, the great London publisher, on his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons, declared that he would not give more for a copyright, after the extension of the protection from fourteen to twenty-eight years, than before. Those who know anything of the publishing business, will agree with us, that even fourteen years is a much longer period than is embraced in the calculations of the purchasers of copyrights. Very seldom do such calculators take in more than from five to seven years' sale. If the book should sell for a longer time, the publisher considers that he has, by that time, paid enough to the author; that paper, print, and advertising, will be enough for him to encounter afterwards, from the diminished sale to be expected, the competition with other works, and the probable necessity of reducing the selling price. When copyrights are sold by the London booksellers to each other, they usually estimate their value at the profit of three or four years' sale of the books; and this in relation to books in regular demand, and the returns of which can be calculated upon with great precision. The copyright of Scott's novels, after every means of enhancing their value had been used, were bought back from Constable's creditors for £8,500, including the whole, from "Waverley" to "Quentin Durward;" while £8,000 had shortly before been given for "Woodstock" alone. If, then, our two positions be well-founded—the authors seldom retain a saleable copyright, and that

publishers seldom reckon on more than from five to seven years' sale, in calculating the value of the copyright, rarely indeed look to fourteen years, and scarcely in any instance to twenty-eight; it follows, that the proposed extension of the monopoly to sixty years after the death of the author, may benefit publishers occasionally, but scarcely ever will be of the smallest advantage to authors. Benefit to publishers is not the object of the Bill—at least not the avowed object—although we have a shrewd suspicion that publishing influence has had something to do with the bill, and has suggested one very curious clause of it. Setting aside, then, all care for the interest of publishers, and looking to the question between the authors and the public—a question, be it remembered, of public utility, and not of "sacred right" exposed to spoliation—we ask, can there be one moment's hesitation as to what the decision ought to be? Is it possible that any impartial person can balance the small possible advantage to authors, probably to one out of five hundred at most, by extending the monopoly to sixty years, besides the author's life, against the loss to the public? The full extent of the public loss it is indeed difficult for any person to calculate. But that it would be great, and out of all proportion to the benefit to authors, must be evident to all. Even the advantage that would accrue to the publishers, who would be the real holders of the copyrights, although twenty times that which authors would reap, would be as nothing compared to the public loss. The best administered monopoly never serves the public like free trade. Not even the monopoly of printing Bibles and Prayer Books, held by the King's Printers, supplies the public so well and cheaply as free trade would do. This also has been proved by evidence before a House of Commons committee. And the Bible monopoly is a remarkably favourable specimen of the system—so favourable, indeed, that it was long doubted whether, from its excellent management, it was not an exception to the general rule, and a real benefit to the public. Few copyright books are managed so well as the Bible monopoly—few even, during the early years of the copyright. After these early years, copyrights that might be worked to advantage, are often carelessly attended to, or allowed to lie dormant. Newer copyrights, and the publications of the day, engross the publisher's attention; he advances in years, perhaps in wealth, and gradually loses his activity. New modes of publishing, to the advantage of the many and perhaps of the publisher too, are adopted by rising men; but the elderly holder of copyrights will not abandon his old ways, and adopt newfangled notions. If he live long, half his copyrights are buried before him, with slender chance of resurrection; and there is no certainty that his heir will be a better manager of monopolies than himself. The best hope for the public is, that the purchaser of many copyrights may die soon, or become bankrupt, or have a spendthrift heir; in which cases, the copyrights are likely to fall into young and active hands. Next to free trade, is to be desired, monopoly directed by activity and intelligence. Serjeant Talfourd's bill prevents the better system from coming into play for two generations after the author's death; and affords no security for well-conducted monopoly.

In our opinion, the present term of twenty-eight years is too long. Looking at the question as one of utility, and not forgetting that, in that view, authors ought to be encouraged and rewarded, fourteen years certain, and the remainder of the author's life, seems to us as long as the monopoly of publication should endure.

Thus decidedly opposed to the main object of Serjeant Talfourd's bill, we feel little inclined to notice the objectionable clauses of a less important nature, of which it contains many. Sufficient regard for the public interest, we trust, will be found in the British Legislature, to prevent so mischievous a bill from passing into a law. As specimens of the crude composition of this bill, we shall call attention, however, to one or two clauses. After, by clause 4, carefully securing the extended copyright to the author's *representatives*—who may be distant relatives whom he never saw, or with whom he was at feud—the bill goes on, by clause 5, to deprive the

author's assignees of any right of printing, after twenty-eight years, a work, the entire copyright of which they had purchased. True, their copyright, so far as regarded the right of excluding others, does not extend beyond that period; but they have the right to go on printing, themselves; nay, they have an honorary copyright—not without considerable advantages by the custom of the London trade—of which the bill would deprive them. This clause is rank injustice to the holders of copyrights; and cannot be sustained, in any event.

Clause 8th is rather a mitigation of the injustice above-noted; but is eminently absurd, and inconsistent with other provisions of the bill. It enacts that, provided the assignee so to be deprived of his copyright, that it may revert to the author or his representatives, shall happen to have stereotyped the book, he may go on, *ad infinitum*, printing from the stereotype plates! So, after all, he is to retain his right to print, if he has had the luck or the sense to stereotype in time. This curious clause is surely the interpolation of some knowing publisher, who happens to be, as to stereotype plates, "in a concatenation accordingly."

By clause 9th, a ridiculous provision is made for the case of works not "kept up," as the phrase is, after twenty-eight years of the copyright have run, or the author's decease have occurred. The mischievous consequences of monopoly will scarcely be abated by enacting that, whenever five years shall elapse after the expiration of the twenty-eight years, or the author's death, without publication of any works out of print, any one may petition the Lord Chancellor, &c., for liberty to republish the same; and republish the same on such permission, (after waiting one year or two years more, according as the volume may contain more or less than 600 pages.)

What an incompetency for legislating on the subject of copyright does this clause manifest!

Of such crudities there are more: but we forbear prosecuting further the task of exposing the evils and absurdities of a bill which we cannot believe will be allowed to pass.

As to Mr Poulett Thompson's scheme of extending book monopoly over space, as Serjeant Talfourd's bill does over time, we shall not waste ten lines upon it. Foreign nations will never allow our monopolies to overspread their territories. Only a very few authors would derive any benefit from such an extension of their monopoly; and by these few alone has the scheme of international copyright been projected. Those who wish to see a specimen of the wailing of these few authors, at not being allowed to levy contributions from foreign nations, will find an excellent one in the *Monthly Chronicle* for April. There, also, it will be found that the fudge about international copyright, is not limited to this side of the Atlantic. A certain Mr William Clay's opposition, in Congress, to the emancipation of the Negroes, is only equalled, it seems, by his zeal for the emancipation of authors from the slavery of being confined, in the establishment of their monopolies, to one country. If Mr Clay would exert himself to get the heavy duty exacted by his government on the importation of all British books repealed, he would better promote the interest of the people of America and the authors of Britain, than by his balderdash about international copyright. Monopolies in favour of British authors the American Government will not and ought not to create; but it would act wisely for its own people by admitting to the American market the works of foreign authors, without duty or restriction.

TRAFALGAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

ABOVE the howl of ocean
And frowning Trafalgar,
From bursting clouds went forth the voice
Of elemental war.

And, louder than the tempest,
From man, the insect, came,
Beneath the frown of Trafalgar,
His deadly voice of flame.

But, ere it rent the blackness
Which God's stern brow cast wide,
"Now, Victory or Westminster!"
Said Nelson, in his pride.

"My comrades, do your duty!
Or what will England say?"
"They shall!" cried accents from the deep,
Where dead men waltering lay.

Red horror tore the tempest;
Down stoop'd both sea and sky;
And, like a flood on Collingwood,
The clouds rush'd from on high.

Life pledg'd for life, arm'd thousands
Join'd then in horrid strife.
O Life, thou art an awful thing!—
For what is God but Life?

Shouts, groans, and man's dread thunder,
Made up one dismal cry:
The affrighted storm ask'd what it meant,
And Death made no reply.

But, on the grave of thousands,
A silent spirit trod;
He clasp'd them in the embrace of Death—
And what is Death but God?

He car'd not for their glory,
He ask'd not of their cause;
While, right or wrong, the weak and strong
Obey'd alike his laws.

One tyrant lost his war-ships;
Worse tyrants summ'd their gains;
And toil-worn nations sang and danc'd
(As maniacs dance) in chains!

How like an empty bubble
The turmoil pass'd away!
"Where are the weak?" said sun and cloud—
"The mighty!—where are they?"

And birds of light and calmness—
Where dolphins gamboll'd free,
And heroes in their glory lay—
Flew over the smooth sea.

And, from his throne of silence,
The God of Peace look'd down,
Though sternly, on their bed of death,
With pity in his frown.

For Spaniard, Frank, and Briton,
All peaceful, in one grave,
Like babies in their nurse's arms,
Slept under the green wave.

Image of God! through horrors
"That make the angels weep,"
Why seek the gift that comes unought—
His boon of dreadful sleep?

TO ERIN.

DEAR isle of my fathers ! I love thee ! I love thee
With fervour that ne'er shall depart from my soul—
Whether blest land of quiet thy rulers may prove thee,
Or Discord the knell of thy brave ones may toll !

Yet there have been tyrants, who, callous and cruel,
Have tortured thee, smiling at every groan ;
And robbers were led, by the price of the jewel,
To plunder thy children, and make thee their own.

Oh, blessings to thee, lovely island ! were given
Beyond what the nations that wrong'd thee possess ;
Till, envying, they deem'd thee too favoured by Heaven,
And perverted to curses the gifts sent to bless.

Too much had been thine if dark discord ne'er entered,
And prompted thy sons to the warfare of crime ;
If Bigotry here her mad bands had not centred,
Thou wouldst seem like the Eden earth was in its prime.

The Godhead, to balance the gifts which he gave thee,
Permitted a miscreant horde to intrude ;
And, across the blue waters whose broad billows lave thee,
They came, and they fought thee, but never subdued !

They came—and a curse from their coming is dated ;
No freedom since then did thy children enjoy ;
And, for ages, with slaughter and suffering unsated,
They spurn'd thee, insulted, and strove to destroy.

But Hope—soothing Hope !—has at length come to cheer
thee,
And wipe off the tear-drops that still wet thy cheek ;

And the cowards who scorn'd begin now to fear thee—
For thy friends are no longer the few and the weak !

Yet some of thy foemen e'en still are unyielding,
And strive, since thy Champion has blunted their
swords,
To keep thee still groaning in fetters, by wielding
Hate's weapons, and using the bigot's foul words.

For the Faith which thy children preserv'd through all
danger—
Which bloodshed and massacre fail'd to uproot—
Which they clung to the fonder the more that the stranger
Revil'd it—these bloodhounds would still persecute !

But bootless as should be a demon's endeavour
To extinguish the heaven-fixed lamp that has shone
From the "birth of creation," and will shine for ever,
Is the effort of malice their Faith to dethrone.

The glad days are coming—their "shadows before"
them—
Of rejoicing and triumph, my country, to thee !
The last links are loosening—oh, too long we bore them !—
And soon shall thy children be rank'd with the Free !

Oh, Erin ! when thus, under Freedom's protection,
Thy friends may hope safety, and honour, and fame,
The change cannot deepen my heart's pure affection—
In gladness or grief, I will love thee the same.

Kilkenny, 1838.

TIME AND MEMORY.

TIME rolleth on ! and every laden hour
Of life's dull toil, which passeth slowly o'er,
Brings with it a renew'd embalming power,
To freshen and to fix the memory
More deeply of the scenes and friends of yore,
Which love had stamp'd upon the heart, before
It lost its softness with the lapse of years !

Time floweth on ! As rivers to the sea,
Its waters rush to join eternity,
And bear man with them, swollen with his tears !
But, 'mid the changing scenes he courseth through,
Though oft the future dream—the present view—
Employ his thought, his heart ne'er loseth one
Remembrance of young joys whose sweets are gone !
Kilkenny, 1838.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT has been sitting for four months, and has only passed three public bills—the Civil List, Canada, and Slavery Act Amendment. Not a single measure regarding Scotland has become law ; and in very few of the Scotch bills has any considerable progress been made. Parliament will, in all probability, be prorogued by the middle of June, that there may be no interruption to the idle and expensive ceremony of the Coronation ; so that this session, like so many others of late, will pass over with little but talk. It is plain that there is something essentially defective in the constitution of Parliament, and that it is quite inadequate to get through the business of the country. One obvious mode of enabling Parliament to dispatch the public business, would be to relieve it of the immense and yearly increasing mass of private bills, which could much more cheaply and economically be managed by local parliaments than in London. In America, all private bills are passed by the state legislatures ; and the consequence is, that, instead of

costing thousands of pounds, as in this country, a private act is generally procured for £40. As the Court of Session has now so little business, we do not see what is to prevent the preliminary investigations, on applications for private acts in Scotland, to be made by that Court, by which a report might be made to Parliament. We cannot help thinking that an investigation in a court of justice would be much more satisfactory than in a Committee of Parliament ; for no one, after the late disclosures, will suppose such committees impartial tribunals, or remarkable for adherence to strict justice.

SCOTLAND.

THE ESTABLISHMENT IN EDINBURGH.—As we anticipated when the agitation for church extension began, the result has been to show, that it was a mere political movement, in order that, by building additional churches, the supporters of Toryism might be increased, and the Dissenters driven out of the field—not by superior sanc-

tity, zeal, or knowledge, on the part of the Establishment, but by a heavier purse. In Edinburgh, the thirteen city churches are becoming each year less numerously attended. This extraordinary fact is unquestionable. From the Town Council Returns, it appears that, comparing the number of seats let and unlet at 20th February 1837, and 20th February 1838, the following is the result at the latter date:—An increase in three churches of 315; a decrease in eight, of 495—leaving a net decrease of 180; of the total number of sittings—viz., 14,807, only 9,844 are let, and more than one third, or 4,963, unlet. So far from it being the fact, as was so confidently stated, that it was the high price of sittings which prevented them from letting, the proportion of unlet seats *increases* precisely in the ratio of their *cheapness*. Of seats at 40s., only 8 per cent. are unlet; of those at 2s., 69 per cent.; of seats from 3s. to 8s., 45; and so on. The clergy refused, some years ago, to accept from the Town Council £500 a-year of stipend, with ample security, or £9,000 for the eighteen ministers; the gross produce of the seat-rents this year is £6,925, being £207 less than last year. But from this gross sum have to be deducted, for precentors, cleaning, stoves, &c. £180 for each church, or about £2,400 in all, leaving a net receipt of £4,500 for eighteen clergymen out of the produce of their labours, or £250 for each, without taking anything into account for return on the original outlay on the erection of the churches, which cannot have been less than £150,000! Five of the churches do not pay the expense of precentors, repairs, &c., leaving nothing whatever for stipend! We have often heard it proposed, as a mode of settling the Annuity question, to give each Clergyman the church of which, at present, he is the incumbent, and to allow him to regulate the seat-rents in any way he thinks proper. Now, the return we have mentioned, shows that the result of such an arrangement would be, that stipends would be reduced to one-half of what the clergy have refused to accept. Were they, on the other hand, placed in the same situation as the Voluntaries—that is to say, obliged to defray, from the produce of the seat-rents, not only the whole expense of repairs, cleaning, lighting, precentors, beadsles, but also the interest on the original cost of the church—not only would the Edinburgh Clergy have no stipends at all, but there would be an annual deficiency of about £3000. We can now easily understand why the Established Clergy have so cordial a detestation of Voluntaries, and why they should be so eager to impoverish the Dissenting meeting-houses, by surrounding them with Established Churches, built by those who are conscious their coffers are filled with unexhausted tithes, the plunder of the Church, and in which the religious duties are proposed to be performed by tax-fed parsons.

UNEXHAUSTED TITHES.—We believe that few had any conception, before the publication of the recent report of the Church Commissioners, that the tithes in the hands of laymen in Scotland, held by them in trust for religious purposes, amounted to the enormous sum of £138,000 a-year. According to the law as it at present stands, three-fourths of the heritors of any parish in which there are such teinds, can apply them for the relief of such religious destitution as they conceive to exist in the parish. Whatever may be the result of the contemplated measures of the Ministry with regard to Church Extension, we can hardly believe that the people of Scotland will rest contented until this enormous mass of Church plunder is got out of the hands of those who have so long possessed it and made available for purposes of general utility. The old cry of vested interest has already been raised on this question, and will, we fear, prove much too powerful for the honesty of Parliament. It never seems to be considered that the people have any vested interest: otherwise it would be seen that they have, at least, as strong a right to resist the application of the Bishops' Teinds, as the landholders have to resist that of the teinds in their hands, to the extension of the church. What difference does it make, either in common sense or in law, that the one kind of teinds has been held for a century or two by private individuals in their own right, and the other sort

by the Crown for an equal period—that is, by the State—for the public behoof?

BISHOPS' TEINDS are those which, during the times of Episcopacy, formed the livings of the bishops and dignified clergy. On the abolition of Episcopacy, they fell to the Crown, and became part of its hereditary revenues. For many reigns past, the sovereigns, and, in particular, her present Majesty, have uniformly surrendered their hereditary revenues to the nation, in exchange for the much more ample provision created by the Civil List; and the bishops' teinds are thus, in reality, at this moment, as much part of the general revenue of the country, as the land-tax or excise. It is, therefore, nothing but downright jugglery to pretend that there is any difference between endowing churches out of the bishops' teinds, and out of the consolidated fund. It is precisely the same thing, not only to the people of Scotland, but to the people of England and Ireland; and all the three countries should combine in resisting it. We are told the bishops' teinds are to go to endow churches in the Highlands; and this is not the first time the Highland proprietors have put their hands into the public purse for the benefit of their churches. We think, however, that, as they keep themselves carefully exempt from poor-rates, and contrive to make their southern neighbours maintain their worn-out dependents, they might club together to pay their ministers' stipends. Much money will not be wanted.

By an act passed in 1810, £10,000 are annually set aside for the augmentation of stipends under £150 a-year, the greater portion of which is expended in the Highlands; and numerous grants have, from time to time, been obtained from Parliament, for building churches in the same districts. This church extension scheme will, we doubt not, be a fertile cause of perplexity to the Ministry before it is settled. That the "landed interest" will permit such an alteration to be made on the act of the Scottish Parliament of 1707, as to allow any considerable proportion of the unexhausted teinds to be extorted from their grasp, no one can imagine, while the mere announcement of the intention has already created much alarm among such of the pious extensionists as happen to be landowners. The Dissenters, on the other hand, will be provoked at the grant of the bishops' teinds, for the purpose of aggrandizing their religious antagonists; while those who have contributed to church-building, in the proportion of a subscription of £50 to an annual revenue of £4,000 a-year of church plunder in their possession, will not find it very pleasant to be compelled to pay, for an indefinite period, the greater part, if not the whole of the stipends of the clergymen of these churches, which they have so charitably placed at the Dissenters' doors. The scheme has ended precisely in the manner those who originated it deserved.

But to return to bishops' teinds. It is unquestionable law, that the church has a claim upon them inferior to what she has upon teinds in the hands of the heritors. It is the settled practice of the Teind Court, where there are heritors' teinds and bishops' teinds in the same parish, to allocate the whole of the former in payment of the ministers' stipend, before any part of the latter is encroached on. Why, therefore, if teinds, not at present by law applicable to church extension, are to be laid hold of by Parliament, are heritors' teinds not to be seized before bishops' teinds? Simply because the Ministry can fleece the public with impunity, when they dare not touch a hair of the "landed interest."

THE THIRD REPORT OF THE LAW COMMISSIONERS is confined to the important subject of conveyancing. The Commissioners express a very decided opinion against abolishing the feudal system of our land rights; but they propose a great variety of alterations for abridging and simplifying the present forms of deeds, whereby much risk of error will be removed, and much expense saved. The report concludes with thirty-eight propositions, of which the following are the most important:—To commute the various rights of superiors either into a fixed annual payment, or to entitle the vassal to purchase them for a sum paid down; charters by progress, and precepts of *clare constat*, to be abolished, except when the vassal

chooses to complete his title, as at present; provision to be made for the entry of vassals where the superior is unknown, or is unable or unwilling to act; instruments of sasine to be greatly curtailed, and the taking of the sasine on the ground, abolished; briefs from Chancery to be abolished, and the proceedings on inquests of all sorts simplified and regulated; heritable securities to be greatly facilitated, and their expense lessened, by striking out all the mere formal clauses from the bond or deed, by dispensing with the instrument of sasine—the bond itself being recorded—and by permitting transferences by a short assignment on the back of the deed, the assignment being recorded in the register of sasines. We believe that, were these, and the other suggestions of the Commissioners, carried into effect, they would be of the greatest advantage to proprietors of heritable. For example, a loan of £600, which at present costs upwards of £25, could be completed for £7 7s., of which £5 5s. would be outlay. But we have little doubt that the proposed reforms will meet with strenuous opposition from the great landed proprietors and their agents; the former fearing that their rights will be affected, and the latter that their emoluments will be diminished, by the changes proposed. Unless, therefore, an effort be made throughout the country, by petitioning Parliament and otherwise, no material improvements on our land-rights need be expected. And, as the proposed changes are fully as great as there is the least chance of carrying through the present Parliament, we think it would be injudicious to reject them because they do not go far enough. We regret, however, that no notice is taken, in the report, of the injurious effect the heavy stamp-duties on conveyances and securities have on heritable property, and the yearly diminution of that branch of the public revenue. In Scotland, it has fallen off one-half since 1816; and there can be little doubt that a reduction of the amount of stamp-duty would increase the revenue. The fees for recording deeds and for searches should also be reduced, they being at present more than three times what they ought to be; a great proportion being drawn by sinecurists, who perform no part of the duty, and add little or nothing to the security of the public. For example, the Right Hon. W. Dundas draws £3000 a-year from the Sasine-Office. The Dean of Faculty, as well as many other of the most respectable witnesses examined by the Commissioners, recommend a great reduction of those fees. In many transactions, one-half or two-thirds of the total expense arise from stamp-duties, and exorbitant fees for searches and recording; yet it is generally understood that the officers are *not responsible* for the grossest errors they may commit in a search, however serious the damage such errors may occasion! If it is really wished to secure the public against loss from mistakes and omissions, large salaries should not be given to officers who may be found to be bankrupt when a demand is made on them; but the method followed at Geneva should be adopted, and a small fee, in addition to the expense of recording the deed, levied, from which a fund would be formed for indemnifying those injured by the negligence of the keeper; he also paying a certain portion of the loss, to ensure his vigilance.

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW RAILWAY.—The proposed capital of the Company is £900,000, divided into 18,000 shares of £50 each; and it is intended to take power by the act to raise £300,000 more by loan, or by the issue of additional shares. The income expected to arise from the conveyance of passengers is £88,312, and from goods £34,307. There are to be five short tunnels on the line; the longest, at Callender, 830 yards, nearly half a mile long. The length of the main line is within a few yards of forty-six miles, four miles longer than the present road. The estimated charge of the annual expenses of the railway, when completed, is £40,873 per annum. This is greater than the expense of keeping in repair the whole turnpike roads in the county of Edinburgh, the tolls of which produce £33,000 or £34,000 yearly. We believe that it is at present intended that the railway should terminate at the Haymarket; but we understand that it would not be difficult to bring it into the Grassmarket, there being few houses on the line, and those of the meanest description.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts continue very unfavourable; and the state of the Revenue shews that great suffering must have prevailed among the working classes during the year. It is certainly not a little alarming that, after a quarter of century of peace, the expenditure should exceed the income by £855,000; while, so far from anything like retrenchment being in contemplation, the expenditure of the current year, owing to the state of Canada, will greatly exceed that of the last. Whatever temporary expedients may be resorted to, we must shortly come either to the imposition of new taxes or to the contracting of more debt; and it is difficult to say which is the more hazardous experiment in the present state of matters.

AGRICULTURE

We are glad to observe that the question of the repeal of the Corn Laws is daily exciting more interest, and that it is now clearly seen that the people must accomplish this most important object by their own exertions, and not by relying on the wisdom of a parliament of landlords, blind to every interest except their own, and who have recently, by a majority of three to one, refused even to consider the question. The truth is, the landlords have an interest adverse to that of every other class of the community. It is the general interest of the community to have labour highly remunerated, and high profits for capital; it is the interest of the *land-owners alone* to have cheap labour and low profits. When labour is cheap and profits low, rents rise; when the reverse takes place, rents fall. Suppose, for example, the rate of profit is ten per cent., and a capital to the extent of £10,000 is to be employed, no one will engage in agriculture unless he can obtain £1000 a-year of profit on his capital. Suppose he pays for a farm an equal sum as rent, or £1,000 a-year, he must draw from the farm £2000 each year, after payment of expenses. Let it now be assumed that the ordinary rate of profit has fallen to five per cent.; then capital will be as profitably employed in agriculture, by giving £1,500 of rent for the farm we have mentioned, as by applying it in other pursuits; for the farmer will, in this way, draw five per cent. on his capital. Thus, it is undeniable, that the landlords are benefited by a low rate of profit. It must be superfluous to shew, that the less the tenant has to give his labourers, the more rent he can pay his landlord; and that the latter has thus an interest in labour being cheap. The capitalist, professional man, and labourer, have a direct interest in high profits; for, when they are high, interest is high, the remuneration of professional men is not grudged, and capital accumulating rapidly creates a great demand for labour, whence wages inevitably rise. To intrust, therefore, the welfare of the community, to a parliament consisting, by express regulation, almost entirely of landowners, is to hand over the sheep to the care of the wolves.

But, not content with the great combination they already possess in Parliament, the agricultural interest—meaning thereby the landowners, aided by a few of the most ignorant of their tenantry, who are so blind as not to see that they have the same interest as all classes of society, except the landowner, to have profits high, and labour and industry well remunerated—is organizing associations for the “protection” of agriculture in all parts of the kingdom. The “Central Agricultural Society of Great Britain and Ireland” have unanimously agreed to memorialise Government for the revival of the Board of Agriculture. Mr Martin, the secretary, made some statements at the meeting which are deserving of remark. He stated, that of the population of the United Kingdom, which he estimated at twenty-six millions, twenty millions were *dependent* on agriculture. It would have been better to have said that the whole population was dependent on agriculture; for, as no foreign food is allowed to be imported, the whole population must starve, if the tillage of our fields were neglected. But, in the same way, and with equal truth, it might be said, that the whole population depends upon our manufactures; for,

were foreign clothing prohibited, the agriculturists must go naked if no manufactures were produced in this country. But, not to talk of those who are dependent on, but of those who are engaged in agriculture, the population returns shew that not more than one-third, or eight millions, are chiefly employed in agriculture; and this proportion is rapidly diminishing. Thus, between 1821 and 1831, the increase of population was least in the counties where the people were employed in agriculture, and greatest in the manufacturing districts. The increase in the shires of Berwick and Selkirk was two per cent.; in Bute, Haddington, Linlithgow, Perth, three per cent.; in Argyle, Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, Nairne, four per cent.; Inverness, Peebles, five per cent.; but in Renfrewshire it was nineteen per cent.; in Dumbarton, twenty-two per cent.; in Forfar, twenty-three per cent.; and in Lanark, thirty per cent. Taking the whole Scottish agricultural counties, and the whole manufacturing, the rate of increase was three times greater in the latter than in the former. How is it possible that this could have occurred, if four-fifths of the population were dependent on agriculture? But Mr Martin's statement refutes itself; for he goes on to state, that 3,000,000 of labourers are dependent on agriculture; 250,000 farmers, whose incomes average £900 each, and 30,000 landed proprietors, rental £1000 each; so that he appears to average eight farmers for each £1000 of rent, and twelve labourers to each farmer, or 100 labourers to produce £1000 of rent. We believe that, taking grazing and agricultural farms together, each labourer will produce nearly £100 instead of £10 of rent, it being usual to cultivate seventy acres of arable land yearly with a single plough; and 30s. an acre is but a low rent for arable ground. Mr Martin farther informed the Society, that "the reduction of one shilling a bushel on corn would sweep away the rents of all the landlords of the kingdom." His announcement, of course, excited much attention; but the Secretary did not think it worth while, in so favourable an audience, to give any proof of his assertions. Now, taking the whole kingdom, there is not the slightest reason to believe that rents have fallen, since the highest period of the war, twenty-five per cent. At that time, wheat was 15s. a bushel, and other grain in proportion. Now wheat is considerably under 7s.; so that it is somewhat difficult to see how, when a reduction of 8s. a bushel caused a fall of only one-fourth of the rent, a reduction of 1s. should sweep away the other three-fourths. But not only were rents but slightly affected by so serious a reduction of the price of grain—if rents can indeed be said to have been affected at all, since £75 is of more value at present than £100 during the time of war and of a depreciated currency, when a guinea sold currently for 38s.—but the population of the country was going on rapidly increasing, and even the persons *actually employed* in agriculture, were more numerous in 1831 than in 1811, though the *proportion* of persons so employed, as contrasted with the other classes, was smaller at the latter period than at the former. Thus, to take a strictly agricultural county, Berwickshire, the number of families employed in agriculture, in 1811, was 3,124; in 1831, 3,334 in Argyleshire, a pastoral county—the number so employed at the two periods, was 8,421, and 8,989; and so on, we believe, without a single exception. In no county in the United Kingdom, has the population diminished since the end of the war and of high prices—although many of them depend solely on agriculture or pasturage, so that it is tolerably clear that agriculture has not been in so depressed a condition as has constantly, for the last twenty-five years, been represented. But Mr Martin's statement is valuable, in shewing that, in the opinion of an expert statistic, and the secretary of a society where an erroneous statement on such a subject could not fail to be detected, the whole landed proprietors of the United Kingdom are only 30,000; and for this miserable fraction, 25,000,000

of people are sacrificed. Surely this fact, if it be one, should open the eyes of the people; for it is as indisputable as any proposition in mathematics, that every class but the landowners are injured by the Corn Laws; and we have great doubts whether even they are benefited by them, considering how large a proportion of their rent-rolls is expended on servants, horses, and dogs, and how much dear corn and dear animal food enhance the price of everything they purchase. Those, however, who live abroad in cheap countries, are unquestionably enriched by the Starvation Laws, for that is their proper name—corn being only one of the numerous articles of food prohibited to be imported.

It is amusing to hear any relaxation of the Corn Laws—such as that proposed, of grinding foreign grain in bond—called a "concession." The people do not demand the repeal of the Corn-Laws as a concession or favour, but as a right. It is not the people, but the landowners who require "concessions." Lord Lyttleton remarks, "that, if the privileges of the people be concessions from the Crown, is not the power of the Crown itself a concession from the people?" At a later period, the Marquis of Lansdowne thus expressed himself: "It was on the debate regarding Pitt's famous Regency Bill of 1788. The question was, whether the Prince of Wales had the right to assume the regency; a doctrine which was strongly urged by Fox, opposed by Pitt, and ultimately rejected by all parties. The Marquis said—"The People, my Lords, have rights, Kings and Princes [and, he might have added, nobles] have none. The people want neither precedents nor charters to prove their rights; for they are born with every man in every country, and exist in all countries alike, though some of them may have been lost. I wish, therefore, that the question of right to assume the Royal authority which has been claimed and asserted, may be decided, in order that those who suffer oppression under Governments the most despotic, may be taught their rights as men. They will then learn that, though their rights are not, like ours, secured by precedents and charters, yet, as soon as they assert their rights, they must be acknowledged." One of the most sacred rights "born with every man in every country," is that of labour—of enjoying the fruits of his industry. It is more sacred than the right of property itself. But, if a man is forced to pay a monopoly price for his food, double what he ought to pay, that the fortunate owner of land may luxuriate in idleness, how can it be said that the right of labour is protected? What right have the landowners to divide the whole land of the kingdom among them, and to keep it, but by the concession of the people? Were the seizure of the whole lands, and the enactment of the Corn-Laws, anything originally but encroachments on the people by the landowners? Is the long-existence of an abuse a reason that it should be rendered perpetual? The landowners should take care lest, in their zeal to protect rents, they cause an investigation into their titles to their estates. A good Tory,* in giving his evidence before the Scotch Law Commissioners, scouts the notion of an allodial system in land rights. "It supposes," he says, "that a man could be the owner of a particular piece of territory, as true and absolute proprietor out and out. Now, this is not consistent with the fact; no private individual holds property in land on that footing. The absolute right to the territory of a community belongs to the nation." Whatever right a man may have in a particular estate or piece of land, "still the nation is radically the owner, and the right of property in private individuals is still, after all, but a tenure, in some measure, by privilege." Let us not, therefore, hear again a repeal of the Corn-Laws talked of as a "concession;" and let not the landowners provoke further discussions, lest they be deprived of a "privilege" which, it is now generally seen, they are resolved to make a nuisance to those by whose concession they hold it.

* Mr R. Forsyth, Advocate.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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LIFE OF WILBERFORCE.*

We are far from being the blind worshippers of Mr Wilberforce. The generation of which he was an idol is fast passing away ; and the interval of his retirement from public life, with the five years which have elapsed since his decease, have afforded ample time for opinion to cool down, and to right itself. We are still, however, disposed to believe that his was, upon the whole, a healthful influence, if not in all its direct objects, yet in its general tendencies and in its source. Few men in England who have not directly administered public affairs, have ever, prior to the times of Mr Wilberforce, exercised the same powerful influence in Parliament, and especially on the formation and guidance of opinion among the respectable middle class, and what is termed the religious world, as that eminent and excellent person. Mr Wilberforce was, however, not infallible, and, as a public man, not remarkable for energy, nor for acting vigorously up to his own theories and conceptions. He was eminently cautious. To the innocence of the dove, he often added more than the due complement of the wisdom of the serpent ; and, in his views of policy, and still more in his conduct in Parliament, there was very generally, if not subservience or suppleness, yet studied and anxious complacency to the reigning powers, whosoever and whatsoever these might be. Upon

theory, he considered it right to support every existing government ; and from intimacy and strong personal attachment, he was devoted to Pitt. Against this evident bias it is fair to set the strong fact, that his objects were not those of vulgar selfishness, for he sought neither title nor emolument ; and that his motives to deviate from the rigid rule of independence which he professed, and certainly desired to follow, were neither sordid nor ambitious. Place he does not seem to have coveted ; but neither does it appear to have been in his power. He was much more useful to the Tory government, as the affluent independent member for Yorkshire, and afterwards as the leader in the House of the compact and influential phalanx which came to be nicknamed *The Saints*, than if he had been in the Cabinet. Neither his talents, acquirements, nor desultory habits, fitted him for business ; though very inferior men, in all these respects, have often held office in his and in our day. We should imagine, however, that the circumstance of being more useful otherwise, and not possessing the highest capacities, nor even the industry necessary for place, proved as disqualifying as the apprehension of his stern, uncompromising independence and political integrity. It is at least certain, that successive cabinets were broken up and formed while Wilberforce was closely connected with the lead-

ing men, and that he was not without passing dreams of ambition; yet he was never once thought of as a member of the Government. Baron or Viscount he might have become at any time. More than half the English nobility are the mushroom growth of his own generation; but he had the solid good sense and true dignity to avoid the vulgar distinction. He placed his higher pride, the pride with which Cobbett used to taunt him, in being the member for Yorkshire and the prop of the Government—nor followed the vulgar herd in

—— “Bartering honest fame
To gain from Pitt a tawdry name,
To call their vixens by.”

This wise, proud humility was the cause of sincere thankfulness in after life, when he saw that title would have been the bane of his family.

But the personal history, which fills five thick volumes, compiled by two of Mr Wilberforce's sons, from his diaries, journals, and letters, and the “conversational memoranda” furnished by his friends, claims, in its narrative part, our first notice. We cannot pretend to think that the life is judiciously executed. It is often trite, and oftener tedious; and full of “vain repetitions,” gleaned from the religious contents of the private diaries. His penitential confessions, devotional breathings, and ejaculatory aspirations for divine aid and a better frame of mind, have naturally a sameness of tone and phrase, which, when so often repeated, come at last to the reader with little more effect than if the reverend biographers had duly entered, each day, at full length, their father's grace before meat, and thanksgiving after meals. With the utmost desire to preserve the mind in a sober and reverential frame, it is impossible for the most piously-disposed reader, to receive such crude and oft-repeated spiritual doses with edification.

It is not, be it observed, to the appearance of these things that we object, but to that unceasing recurrence of grave subjects, which, in the abrupt and desultory pages of these hurried diaries, come at last to have a painful, and we doubt not to some minds a ludicrous effect, from the strange mingling of the tone of the world and the conventicle—the close neighbourhood of the serious and the light.—But five volumes, of which at least the full half is superfluous, if not absolutely tiresome, still afford ample and rich materials for a few pages of narrative and remark.

Mr Wilberforce was born at Hull, on the 24th August 1759. He was an only son. His only surviving sister, first married to a clergyman in Hull named Clarke, became afterwards the wife of Mr Stephen. Their father, besides possessing some original patrimony, was engaged in the Baltic trade. Their mother was the daughter of Thomas Bird, Esq. of Barton, Oxon; and through her Wilberforce was connected with those wealthy commercial Smiths, now represented by Lord Carrington. He was sprung from a younger

branch of an ancient though much decayed Yorkshire stock; and the twenty-four clear descents of the family of *Wilberfoss*, as it was first called, certainly swamp the pretensions of most of the new nobility. The humble dignities of his immediate ancestors, were being mayors of Hull and Beverley; and, upon the whole, the wealth of the family is as apparent as its rank. Their military prowess was not remarkable. In Marlborough's wars, his father, when abroad, was invited by that great commander to witness an approaching battle; but the offer was prudently declined by the grateful and cautious merchant. Wilberforce was a feeble child, and grew up of small stature, and with very weak eyes, of which he complained throughout life. In his ninth year, he lost his father, and was transferred to the care of his uncle, William Wilberforce of Wimbledon, who placed him at a very indifferent mercantile school, kept by a Mr Chalmers, a Scotchman, with Scotch ushers. He was disgusted with the coarse food, and probably not much delighted with the learning, which was of kindred quality. His aunt's brother was the late (and why should we not say, celebrated?) John Thornton, a man of princely munificence, though his liberality was not displayed in the usual manner of those “British princes who are merchants.” From this good man he received a much larger present of money, one day that they travelled together, than is usually given to schoolboys. The gift was intended to enforce the precept, that, where much is possessed, some should be given to the poor. The seed dropped by the way-side fell into good ground, for Mr Wilberforce was a truly generous and compassionate, as well as a charitable man. He was so from Christian principle as well as natural disposition; and he systematically expended a very considerable portion of his handsome income, either in alleviating distress or in promoting objects of usefulness. His Wimbledon aunt, the sister of Thornton, was a great admirer of Whitfield's preaching, and connected with the early Methodists, while his mother was what he humorously called “an Archbishop Tillotson Christian,” though, in the last years of her extreme old age, she became something more consonant to her son's ideas of a truly religious character. At twelve years of age, Wilberforce caught the fervant spirit of his aunt. He says—“How far these impressions were genuine I can hardly determine, but, at least, I may venture to say they were sincere;” and his religious letters, written from school when he was very young, were so much admired that leave was asked to publish them! He was, meanwhile, recalled from the hotbed of Methodism by the sensible and cool “Archbishop Tillotson Christian,” who, when his pious aunt protested against his removal from the means of grace, said, in caustic allusion to her tenets, “If it be a work of grace, you know it cannot fail.” His Hull grandfather remarked, “If Billy turn Methodist, he shall not have a sixpence of mine.”

We are rather at a loss to know what came to be Mr Wilberforce's ultimate opinion of this matter.

nal interference. First, he "is impressed with the dreadful effects of the efforts used but too successfully to wean me from all religion;" and again, he traces "the finger of God in his mother taking him away," as it had been the means of his being connected with political men, and becoming useful in life. "If I had staid with my uncle, I should probably have been a bigoted, despised Methodist." He, however, left his uncle and aunt with great regret. From this lady and her Methodist friends, he had probably first heard of the wickedness and enormities of the slave-trade, to which Granville Sharpe had already drawn public attention; and while at school after his return to Hull, he is said, on the testimony of an old schoolfellow, to have sent a letter to a York paper, condemning the odious traffic in human flesh. The fact seems to us obscure, although it were important. Wilberforce became a devoted abolitionist; but, in point of time, as of zeal, he was neither first nor second in that body of philanthropists. To reclaim him from fanaticism was the great object of his friends and family in Hull; or, as he says, "to charm away the serious spirit by self-indulgence and gaiety." In this they were but too successful. The habits of society in his native town were favourable to the design.

"It was then as gay a place as could be found out of London. The theatre, balls, great suppers, and card-parties, were the delight of the principal families in the town. The usual dinner hour was two o'clock, and at six they met at sumptuous suppers. This mode of life was at first distressing to me, but by degrees I acquired a relish for it, and became as thoughtless as the rest. As grandson to one of the principal inhabitants, I was everywhere invited and caressed: my voice and love of music made me still more acceptable. The religious impressions which I had gained at Wimbledon continued for a considerable time after my return to Hull, but my friends spared no pains to stifle them. I might almost say, that no pious parent ever laboured more to impress a beloved child with sentiments of piety than they did to give me a taste for the world and its diversions." The strength of principle they had to overcome was indeed remarkable. When first taken to a play, it was almost, he says, by force. At length, however, they succeeded; and the allurements of worldly pleasure led his youth away from all serious thought.

Wilberforce, always fond of society, and possessing, even in boyhood, many of the talents which enliven and embellish social intercourse—a good singer and a clever mimic—thus became a youth of the gay world, even before he went to the university.

At the age of seventeen, he went to Cambridge, not very well prepared by scholarship or habits of application; nor did he profit much by his University studies. The death of his grandfather and his uncle had already made him master of a large fortune; and his companions wisely said, "Why should a man of your wealth trouble himself with fagging?" The Fellows and flattering tutors, while he engaged in cards and amusement, would remark of the hard-reading, diligent lads, that "they were mere eeps—Wilberforce did all by force of talent." Altogether, he was in a hopeful school. "I was introduced," says he, "on the very first night of

my arrival, to as licentious a set of men as can well be conceived. They drank hard, and their conversation was even worse than their lives. I lived among them for some time, though I never relished their society—often, indeed, horror-struck at their conduct." Where enlightened and firm principle was still wanting, natural delicacy happily interfered to protect his youth from the example of profligate excess set by his companions; and his early friends affirmed that his habits, thought not those of strict piety, were far from being dissolute, even in this perilous period. Through life he seems to have kept, in some sort, open house; and at the University, the frank and simple hospitality of later times already helped him to general popularity.

Amiable, animated, and hospitable, he was a universal favourite. "There was no one," says the Rev. T. Gisborne, "at all like him for powers of entertainment. Always fond of repartee and discussion, he seemed entirely free from conceit and vanity." He had already commenced the system of frank and simple hospitality which marked his London life. "There was always a great Yorkshire pie in his rooms, and all were welcome to partake of it. My rooms and his were back to back, and often when I was raking out my fire at ten o'clock, I heard his melodious voice calling aloud to me, to come and sit with him before I went to bed. It was a dangerous thing to do, for his amusing conversation was sure to keep me up so late that I was behind-hand the next morning."

His early ambition was to be in Parliament. He accordingly gave up the lucrative traffic carried on during his minority by a kinsman for his benefit; and on his twenty-first birth-day, an ox was roasted whole, to entertain the voters of Hull, by order of their gay, rich townsman, the intending candidate for their suffrages. He canvassed personally with great spirit; and he used to relate—

"When I first canvassed the town, there lived at Hull a fine athletic fellow, by trade a butcher, named John, or, as he was usually addressed, Johnny Bell. I rather shrunk from shaking hands with him, saying to one of my staunch supporters, that I thought it going rather too low for votes. 'O sir,' was his reply, 'he is a fine fellow if you come to bruising.'"

Bell accordingly offered to kill a man for him who had thrown a stone at the poll; but this was declined as too severe a punishment. At that time there were three hundred freemen of Hull residing in London, in the vicinity of the Thames; and these the young candidate harangued and treated with suppers in Wapping; thus gaining both votes and skill in popular oratory—an art which, we apprehend, must be learned young, if at all. He also took nightly lessons in public life in the gallery of the House of Commons, where a slight acquaintance with Pitt, formed at the University, ripened fast into intimacy. The foundation thus laid, he was elected in the face of the interest of Lord Rockingham, Sir George Saville, and the Government; but at the cost of £9000. How voters are rewarded in Hull under the Reform Bill, has scarcely been made sufficiently clear by the different reports of election committees; but, at that time, a resident elector got two guineas for his vote, or four for a *plumper*; and the outlying freemen about £10 a-piece, in name

of travelling expenses. Mr Wilberforce came to think this practice not quite correct; but he never was a rash reformer.

The young member for Hull was thus launched into public life and fashionable society, with every advantage, save those of high birth and family connexion. He was, however, known to be possessed of a large independent fortune, and he was in Parliament. What more is required to give lustre to the most obscure, stupid, or worthless individual? He says—

"When I left the University, so little did I know of general society that I came up to London stored with arguments to prove the authenticity of Rowley's Poems; and now I was at once immersed in politics and fashion. The very first time I went to Boodle's I won twenty-five guineas of the Duke of Norfolk. I belonged at this time to five clubs—Miles and Evans's, Brookes's, Boodle's, White's, Goostree's. The first time I was at Brookes's, scarcely knowing any one, I joined from mere shyness in play at the faro table, where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a victim doomed out for sacrifice, called to me, 'What, Wilberforce, is that you?' Selwyn quite resented the interference, and, turning to him, said, in his most expressive tone, 'O sir, don't interrupt Mr Wilberforce—he could not be better employed.'"

At Goostree's, in his first winter, he met Pitt constantly, as the embryo minister supped there every night. He is declared "the wittiest man" that his friend Wilberforce ever knew; with, which is more admirable, "his wit at all times under his control." Pitt gamed on first entering life, but soon gave up at least games of chance; and Wilberforce, on happening one night to win £600, as banker, at the faro table, from men not very able to bear the loss, was happily weaned from his taste for deep play. He had already once or twice lost £100 at faro. He was in those days reckoned a tolerably active Member of Parliament, when compared with his predecessors—as perhaps the memory of Andrew Marvel had been forgotten. His first vote is divertingly characteristic of the future legislator. He had entered Parliament as an opponent of the American war, and of Lord North's administration; and his very first vote, on the choice of the Speaker, was given to the Ministry. Thirty years later, it came to be a standing joke, that Mr Wilberforce maintained his independence by generally giving his speech to the Opposition, and his vote to the Minister. So far as rearing and managing a Parliamentary reputation is concerned, there were few better tacticians than Wilberforce. From the very first, his sagacity and tact were remarkable. His advice to a young Member is invaluable.

"Attend to business," he said in later life, to a friend entering the House of Commons, "and do not seek occasions of display; if you have a turn for speaking, the proper time will come. Let speaking take care of itself. I never go out of the way to speak, but make myself acquainted with the business, and then, if the debate passes my door, I step out and join it."

At a period the most fertile of great Parliamentary orators, able debaters, and public men of transcendent capacity, Wilberforce was always listened to with attention and the profoundest respect, and often carried the House, if not by storm, yet by sapping. He did not all at once

join with his friend Pitt against "the old fat fellow," Lord North; but his intimacy with the rising men, aided by fortunate circumstances, increased daily, and, while fancying himself neutral, he was imperceptibly linked to the Pitt-interests. He had come into the possession of his fortune, and

He was the only member of their set who owned a villa within reach of London. The house of his late uncle at Wimbledon gave him the command of eight or nine bedrooms; and here Pitt, to whom it was a luxury even to sleep in country air, took up not unfrequently his residence: their easy familiarity permitting him to ride down late at night, and occupy his rooms, even though the master of the house was kept in town. In one spring Pitt resided there four months.

Pitt thus came and went on the pleasantest terms.—Here is the course of young men's easy intercourse and friendships:—

Dined Pitt's, then Goostree's, where supped, Bed almost three o'clock. April 3d. Wimbledon, where Pitt, &c., dined and slept. Evening walk—bed a little past two. 4th. Delicious day—lounged morning at Wimbledon with friends, joining at night, and run about the garden for an hour or two. . . . We found one morning the fruits of Pitt's earlier rising, in the careful sowing of the garden beds, with the fragments of a dress hat, in which Ryder had overnight come down from the opera."

"Sunday, May 18th. To Wimbledon with Pitt and Eliot, at their persuasion—26th. House. Spoke. Dined at Lord Advocate's [Dundas]—Mr and Mrs Johnstone, Thurlow, Pepper, Pitt: after the rest went, we sat till six in the morning. Monday, June 30th. Supped at home, Ranelagh, Mrs Long there with Lord George Gordon. Sunday, July 6th. Wimbledon. Persuaded Pitt and Pepper to church. 11th. Fine hot day, went on water with Pitt and Eliot, fishing, came back, dined, walked evening. Eliot went home, Pitt staid." . . .

And he frequented other society.

His rare accomplishment in singing, tended to increase his danger. "Wilberforce, we must have you again, the Prince says he will come at any time to hear you sing," was the flattery which he received after his first meeting with the Prince of Wales, in 1782, at the luxurious soirees of Devonshire house.

He was also an admirable mimic, and, in particular, was able to set the table in a roar, by his perfect imitation of the "fat old fellow." Of this propensity, he was cured by Lord Camden, who was kind to him. When invited to witness the Member for Hull's performances in mimicry, his Lordship declined, saying, slightly, "It is but a vulgar accomplishment." It has, however, been told, we know not with what accuracy, that the powerful propensity to mimicry sometimes overcame Mr Wilberforce even in his grave latter years; though, after humorously imitating his friends or acquaintances, he would check the merry propensity, and pray for pardon of the unchristian and unbecoming levity.

In 1783, he made a visit to France with Pitt, and Mr Eliot, the husband of Lady Harriet Pitt. They proposed to stop at Rheims until they had attained some proficiency in the language, and went thither without any introductions. For these Wilberforce sent home, and they were recommended by Peter Thelluson to the commercial correspondent, who turned out to be a literal grocer, selling figs behind the counter with his own hands. The "son of the great Chatham," and his companions, were hence respected of being

little better than swindlers, instead of "grands seigneurs;" and, when they reached Paris, their adventures, and Mr Pitt's "friend the grocer," became a jest to the Court. A most portentous union, which, had it taken place, must certainly have affected the destinies of Europe in some extraordinary way, is noticed here. It was hinted to Pitt, through Horace Walpole, that he might have Necker's daughter for the asking, with a fortune of £14,000 a-year. "I am wedded to my country," said the ungallant minister; and the lady became Madame de Stael.

The English philosophic statesman, who went abroad, *not to see sights, but to study the people*, repaired to Fontainebleau, dined and supped with the minister, and spent every evening in the Queen's circle. She is described as being of engaging manners; but poor Louis XVI.

"Is so strange a being, (of the hog kind,) that it is worth going a hundred miles for a sight of him, especially a bear hunting. They all, men and women, crowded round Pitt in shoals; and he behaved with great spirit, though he was sometimes a little bored when they talked to him about the Parliamentary Reform."

The next session of Parliament was one of great party interest. Wilberforce followed the fortunes of the rising statesmen, and revelled with the fashionable and the gay, fluttering from the catch club to the opera—flirting with Mrs Crewe, and supping with the Duchess of Portland. This, we think, is still a fair average picture of the life of a young M.P. favourably received in both hemispheres—those of politics and fashion.

"26th. No House. Dined Tom Pitt's—Mrs Crewe—charming woman—29th. Went to see Mrs Siddons—Mrs Crewe at play—30th. Dined Lord Chatham's—meeting. Wrote for ladies to go to the gallery, but disappointed—December 1st. House—late night. Home about five, immediately after debate. Fox spoke wonderfully—3d. Catch-club—Sandwich—then opera. Mrs Crewe there. Supped Lord George's. Lord John there—Mrs Crewe—Duchess of Portland—conversa. Mrs Crewe made the party [promise] to adjourn to Downing Street next night—3d. Dined Goostree's. Supped Duchess of Portland's, Downing street. Charles Fox came in—whispering over chair. Heavy evening—4th. House. Supped, tête-à-tête, Lord and Lady Chatham—6th. Dined Hamilton's—opera. Supped Burlington house—Mrs Crewe—Duchess of Portland. Mrs Sheridan sang old English songs angelically—promised her our votes—7th. Church—Lock—De Costegon—then Goostree's—8th. House sat till near four. Spoke ill—confused—16th. House—resolutions relative to King's interference. Home late—19th. Pitt, Lord Temple, Thurlow, accepted—20th. Morning Pitt's—31st. Pitt's—supped Lord Chatham's—22nd. Lord Temple resigned. No dissolution declared. Drove about for Pitt. "So your friend Mr Pitt means to come in," said Mrs Crewe: "well, he may do what he likes during the holidays, but it will only be a mince-pie administration, depend on it."—23d. Morning, Pitt's. Dined Sir C. Middleton's. Pitt nobly firm—Evening, Pitt's—Cabinet formed—We had a great meeting that night, of all Pitt's friends in Downing Street. . . . February 22d. Dined G. Hardinge's, Mrs Siddons; sung charmingly. 24th. Lady Howe's ball; danced till half-past four. 25th. *They got off the horses by a trick.* [Nothing new under the sun.] Address carried up; danced at Dundas's," &c. &c."

It is idle to follow the history of the Coalition Ministry, which Wilberforce took an active part in demolishing. He went down to Yorkshire, to attend a great county meeting, a trial of strength, between the parties, the issue of

which might be regarded as deciding the struggle. The high aristocracy of the county were generally hostile to Pitt; but the party which addressed the King against the Coalition Ministry were respectable and numerous. Wilberforce made here his first memorable out-doors appearance. He harangued the multitude with signal effect. Boswell, who chanced to be at York, told Dundas in Edinburgh—

"I saw," said Boswell, "what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table; but, as I listened, he grew, and grew, until the shrimp became a whale."—"It is impossible," says one who heard him, "though at the distance of so many years, to forget his speech, or the effect which it produced. He arraigned with the utmost vigour the Coalition Ministry, and the India Bill, which they had proposed—a measure which he described as 'the offspring of that unnatural conjunction, marked with the features of both its parents, bearing token to the violence of the one and the corruption of the other.'"

This appearance, the opportune accession of his friend's ministry, and a series of lucky hits, opened to him the representation of Yorkshire, which he carried, as if by magic, over the head of the old, powerful interests, and long held with honour. Pitt wrote to congratulate him, and the victory in Yorkshire set that example which brought success in many other elections. The result of the elections left Mr Pitt so strong in the House of Commons that he might, says Wilberforce in a fit of candour, "if he had duly estimated his position, have cast off the corrupt machinery of influence, and formed his government upon independent principles." Pitt's worst errors, his perseverance in the war, and thirst for colonial acquisition and conquest, he attributed to the bad counsels of Dundas.

In the recess of Parliament, Wilberforce attended his mother and sister to Nice, accompanied by Isaac Milner, then in orders, and afterwards a lecturer at Cambridge, Dean of Carlisle, &c. He had invited this learned person to accompany him as an instructive friend. This journey was productive of important and lasting consequences. Milner was not then a man of religious life; but the theory had been instilled into a powerful and tenacious mind by his theological studies; and Wilberforce retained so much of his early religious impressions as to like discussion on such subjects. For this ample opportunity was afforded on their long journey, but a bustling Parliamentary session and fashionable gaieties intervened, and again lulled his awakening mind:—

He lived in a constant round of company and amusement, dining twice or three times a-week with Mr Pitt—joining in the festivities in which Dundas delighted at Wimbledon and Richmond; while "sitting up all night singing—shirking Duchess of Gordon, at Almack's—danced till five in the morning;" are fair samples of the common descriptions of his days.

In the following season, Milner and he rejoined Mrs and Miss Wilberforce at Genoa; and on the journey, their religious discussions were resumed with greater earnestness. Wilberforce had already been sensibly affected by the perusal of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion," which had accidentally fallen in his way. Altogether, such had been the effect of his discus-

sions and meditations, that, when he reached Spa on the homeward route, Mrs Crewe was astonished to learn that he thought it sinful to go to the play, or to travel on Sunday. It is worthy of notice, at this particular time, when the fashion is revived, that both Wilberforce and Milner were operated upon at Nice by an animal magnetizer, whose manipulations affected them no more than if they had been made of shoe-leather; while another Englishman, Mr Frederick North, who was in feeble health, and very nervous, would fall down even on entering the scene of operations.

Wilberforce was now under very serious impressions of religion; and we are told he returned home "another man in his inner being, yet manifesting outwardly little of the hidden struggle."

It was early in November when he returned, and he remained at Wimbledon until Parliament met in February, reading the Bible and religious books, examining himself, and exercised in meditation and private devotion. Pascal, and Butler's "Analogy" were his chief studies. He began to have family prayers with his servants, and he longed to visit John Newton. He also opened the change his mind had undergone to his friends, and even wrote to Pitt, who, fancying him in a morbid state of mind, came to Wimbledon to talk with and cheer him.

"He tried to reason me out of my convictions, but soon found himself unable to combat their correctness, if Christianity were true. The fact is, he was so absorbed in politics, that he had never given himself time for due reflection on religion. But, amongst other things, he declared to me, that Bishop Butler's work raised in his mind more doubts than it had answered."

There was henceforth a truce between them on these grave topics. He visited Newton secretly, who gave him the judicious counsel, not hastily to form new connexions, nor yet to separate too widely from his former friends. So with this sort of dispensation, he went the same day to Holwood to Mr Pitt's—

"Sad work—I went there in fear, and for some time kept an awe on my mind—my feelings lessened in the evening, and I could scarce lift up myself in prayer to God at night.—7th, At Holwood—up early and prayed, but not with much warmth—then to the St John's at Beckenham. In chaise opened myself to —, who had felt much four years ago when very ill. He says that H. took off his then religious feelings—but query, what did he give him in the room of them? Rather tried to show off at the St John's, and completely forgot God—came away in a sad state to town, and was reduced almost to wish myself like others, when I saw the carriages and people going to town, &c. . . .

"At the leave," he says some weeks before this time, "and then dined at Pitt's—sort of cabinet dinner—was often thinking that pompous Thurlow, and elegant Carmarthen, would soon appear in the same row with the poor fellow who waited behind their chairs."

He was thus "exercised" for some months, studying the Scriptures, and attending Newton's preaching, which, however, did not long satisfy his mind.

John Thornton, at this crisis, proved a stay, and wise comforter, and Unwin a sensible and soothing friend. One day he writes:—

To Manly's; he earnestly busy about useful things,

but all of this life—returned—dined and slept at Pitt's. January 11th. To town, and Woolwich—after church, brought Mr Newton down in chaise—dined and slept at Wimbledon—composure and happiness of a true Christian: he read the account of his poor niece's death, and shed tears of joy. 12th. Newton staid—Thornton and I surprised us together on the common in the evening. Expect to hear myself now universally given out to be a methodist: may God grant it may be said with truth!"

His mother was again alarmed on hearing of this new outbreak of methodism, and he wrote her a sensible and sober-minded explanatory letter. A visit to Unwin's vicarage proved highly beneficial to his spirits; and the sky was now brightening over him, never to be again so darkly overcast. In the spring of 1786, he returned to his duty in Parliament, an altered and a better man, with a modest exterior demeanour, and full of good and pious resolutions. One may smile to find him saying, thus early—"Though I told Pitt that I could not promise to him unqualified support, I was surprised to find how generally we agreed." After the first failure—if Pitt ever really wished to succeed—neither of them spoke any more of Parliamentary Reform; though Wilberforce attempted some useful minor measures, and, in particular, fought through a bill to extend the power of the judges in giving up the bodies of other executed criminals for dissection, besides those of murderers. This bill, he remarks, was defeated in the House of Lords, by a coalition of the King's friends and the Whig aristocracy. In spite of his good resolutions, he sometimes fell into what to his tender conscience seemed sinful lapses; but, though his offences might not have been considered very heinous by a less scrupulous judge, it is to be feared that he was too apt to expose himself to what he imagined temptation to evil. After a public breakfast, given at quitting his villa at Wimbledon, he says—

"In how sad a state is my soul to-day! Yesterday when I had company at Wimbledon, I gave the reins to [myself;] sometimes forgetting, at others acting in defiance of God. If Christ's promise, that he will hear those who call upon him, were less direct and general, I durst not plead for mercy, but should fall into despair; and from what I perceive of the actual workings of my soul, the next step would be an abandoning of myself to all impiety. But Christ has graciously promised that he will make unto us not redemption only, but sanctification. Oh! give me a new heart, and put a right spirit within me, that I may keep thy statutes and do them. This week has been sadly spent; I will keep a more strict watch over myself by God's grace.

"To endeavour from this moment," he says, June 21st, "to amend my plan for time, and to take account of it—to begin to-morrow. I hope to live more than heretofore to God's glory and my fellow-creatures' good, and to keep my heart more diligently. Books to be read—Locke's Essay—Marshall's Logic—Indian Reports. To keep a proposition book with an index—a friend's book"—(i. e., memoranda to render his intercourse with them more useful according to their characters and circumstances)—"a commonplace book, serious and profane—a Christian-duty paper. To try this plan for a fortnight, and then make alterations in it as I shall see fit.

When he next visited the north, he resolved that his cheerfulness, forbearance, and affectionate manner should commend his change of religious views to his mother; and he succeeded so

well that a female friend said to her, "If this be madness, I hope he will bite us all." Reformed himself, his strongest desire was to reform others; and, for this end, he hoped to organize an association, "to resist the spread of immorality." This association was to be based upon a royal proclamation against vice! He canvassed the bishops, and set himself to the task with great zeal, and with the ordinary success which attends all such measures. Shortly afterwards, he was led to embark in what formed the chief glory, honour, and usefulness of his public life—the Abolition of the Slave Trade. With him, the question of slavery grew up gradually, and from small beginnings; many causes conspiring finally to concentrate his mind upon this great object. His affectionate biographers, warmly devoted to his memory, have raised an injudicious controversy about the relative amount of the claim of their father and other individuals in this glorious work. They would not only place Mr Wilberforce in his true station—the first in the rank of Parliamentary Abolitionists—but claim for him a predominance to which he never pretended. They must admit that, long before Mr Wilberforce had moved at all, Clarkson and the Quakers had been actively agitating. With Granville Sharpe, they had formed a Central Society, or Committee, of which, we may say, the sittings were permanent. Shortly afterwards, Mr Wilberforce, when the question was put to him by Bennet Langton, "in the shape of a delicate compliment," as Clarkson states, at a dinner where Clarkson and other abolitionists were assembled, with a view to discussion, he replied that he "had no objection to bring forward the measure in Parliament, when he was better prepared for it, and provided no person more proper were found." This is Clarkson's unquestioned statement. Mr Wilberforce must often previously have revolved a subject which occupied so much of the public attention. Some of his personal friends were already avowed champions of abolition. He had frequently seen Mr Ramsay—one of its early martyrs—at Sir Charles Middleton's; and Lady Middleton had sent the missionary Latrobe to enlighten him on West India slavery. Clarkson had importuned him many times. He now conversed with Pitt and Grenville upon it, and the former gave his important sanction, by thinking this a fit measure for Wilberforce to conduct. His biographers relate that, sitting under an oak tree at Holwood, he finally made up his mind to give notice, on a fit occasion, of a motion. He thus became, but certainly not spontaneously, far less rashly, and not even promptly, the Parliamentary leader of the abolition party. In arrogating too much for their venerable father, and detracting from the merits and unequalled services of Clarkson, the biographers will, we should imagine, neither increase his true glory, nor raise the reputation of their own work. Disputing for the supremacy of the different leading Abolitionists, is, however, like the fable of the head and the members. In Parliament, Mr Wil-

berforce may be justly considered the head of the party; but it is not in Parliament, nor yet in the bureaux of ministers, that such questions are prepared, nor such measures carried. Parliament merely ratifies—puts the seal to what the People have already decreed. Even carrying this formality of ratification, is often no easy achievement—and Wilberforce and Stephen found it so. If any man deserve more praise than another in working out this great and glorious human deliverance, it is undoubtedly Granville Sharpe, who, in England, was the true father of the Abolition of Slavery; if any body of abolitionists merit superiority, it is the society of Quakers. The Quakers had been born for generations hereditary foes to slavery. With the co-operation of the Friends, by the way, in schemes of philanthropy, Mr Wilberforce was sometimes dissatisfied. "The Quakers," he says, "are humane and active; but often obstinate, and occasionally absurd, from not knowing enough of the world, of the judgments likely to be formed by other men, and the impressions to be made on them." This observation is enough in that spirit of the world, which Mr Wilberforce was at other times very ready to repudiate, as unfit to profit a growing Christian. To return to the more immediate object of our remarks. In the summer of 1788, after passing some time at Bath for the benefit of his health, Mr Wilberforce made a long visit to Cambridge. While there, the most of his evenings were spent with his friend Milner. But college life no longer suited him; and he says of the learned persons he met, "They were not what I had expected; they had neither the solidity of judgment possessed by ordinary men of business, nor the refined feelings nor elevated principles which become a sequestered life." From Cambridge, he repaired to a villa which he had taken in Westmoreland, partly with a view to shew Mr Pitt his favourite lake scenery, when that great man should travel down to Scotland. This journey was never made by the minister; but a crowd of fashionable and worldly visitors flocked to the summer headquarters of the saintly legislator, and placed him in frequent perplexity. "Sadly taken up," he says, "on Sunday with company in the house. . . . The life I am now leading is unfavourable in all respects, both to mind and body; as little suitable to me, considered as an invalid, under all the peculiar circumstances of my situation, as it is unbecoming my character and profession as a Christian. . . . I am this week entering on the scene of great temptation—a perpetual round of dissipation, and my house overflowing with guests; it is the more necessary for me to live by the faith of the Son of God. Do thou then"—We stop short, wishing that much less of these serious but incongruous things had been published. While one set of guests came, and another went to the lake villa, and a whirl of what he considered dissipation broke in upon tranquil and sober-minded life, it is not to be forgotten that all this racket was quite voluntary on his part! He had great scruples of conscience

about attending a jubilee at York, feeling a divided duty between heaven and his constituents. He accordingly laid the case before a clerical friend, fearing that at York it might be requisite for him to drink and sing as he used to do. "He deemed it, however, right to obey the summons," and dined at the tavern, and attended the ball at night—"the enemy grandees there"—without any more of those compunctious visitings, or straining at gnats. Like all persons of desultory habits, however mentally active, he was constantly laying down rules for conduct and the distribution of time; thus consuming much time in noting how far his rules had been broken.

In the session of 1789, the illness of the King, which produced violent party contention on the Regency question, drew him into Pitt's personal as well as his political *clique*. His rules could not be very strictly observed in the midst of such a racketing life as this:—

"Jan. 1st. Thursday. I hope to spend this year better than the preceding. Eliot breakfasted with me, and I went with him to the Lock—received the sacrament. Dined at home. Thought over future plan of conduct. Called at Pitt's.

"5th. House—chose Grenville Speaker, Sir Gilbert Elliot being opposed, 215 to 144. Dined Lord Camden's—Bayham, and Lady B. there. Afterwards called at Duchess of Gordon's: where an assembly grew on me.

"6th. Very much shattered. Evening, made calls.

"7th. Committee morning—sat till half-past five. Dined Pitt's: then friends at home till late. 8th. Committee till after five. Dined at home—Scott, Muncester, &c.: then committee till past one. Pitt and Dundas till three. 9th and 10th. Committee as before. Sunday, 11th. Very indifferent from late sitting—dreadfully severe weather all this time. Dined at Addington's—serious talk with him. . . . 17th. Dined Bishop of Salisbury's—then called Duchess of Gordon's, and Pitt's, where staid too late; but could not well get away—discussing with Dundas and Rose the Household business.

"21st. At dinner, and all night, till very late—Pitt, Mulgrave, Rydar, &c.—too dissipated.—22d. At Shooter's Hill. Resolved to go with Mulgrave in the morning. Montagu and his wife gave me excellent advice. God bless them.—24th. Called Duchess of Gordon's, and long discussion about Prince of Wales, &c.

"Feb. 24th. I called on John Wesley—a fine old fellow. The bustle and hurry of life sadly distract and destroy me. Alas, alas! I must mend.

"March 20th. Went to Holwood with Pitt, and there exceeded rules—Va, va! yet will I struggle and not give p the combat."

In the midst of this distracted life, hovering between Pitt and the Duchess of Gordon, and Scott's sermons at the Lock, he, however, frequently saw Clarkson and others on "slave business," and was anxiously, if not diligently, preparing for the grand debate. But what were, what could be his attention to this cause at this time, compared with that given by the men who dedicated their entire energies to the single office! He, however, went to the house of a friend in the country, and says—"I resolve to live with a view to health—slave business—attention to my rules—no waste of eye-sight—and may God bless the work; may my religion be more vital from this retirement." A new plan of employing time was made out; and, for three days, he applied eight or nine hours a-day to the "slave business."

Still attended by his satellite, Mr Ramsay, a clergyman, who had lived in the West Indies, and was one of the first and most devoted of the Abolitionists, he came to London; and, on the 19th May 1789, and full two years after his pledge was given at Mr Bennet Langton's, his first great speech was made, and was received by all the leading chiefs of both parties with warm eulogiums, Burke being of the number; and his sentiments were approved as warmly as his oratory was praised, by Burke, Pitt, and Fox. Evidence was allowed to be received, and great efforts were made by many friends to the cause to procure it, as the influence and terrors of the planters deterred witnesses from venturing forward. But before almost anything had been done, "the slave business" was, like so many other businesses of interest to universal humanity and justice, first "put off, because other things in the House;" and then put off till next year. It was now June; and, on the birth-day, Mr Wilberforce felt it indispensable to go to St James'. He says—

"4th. What doest thou here, Elijah?—Dined Pitt's afterwards; great party—sad waste of time.—17th. Dined Bankes's with Burgh—large party—Jekyll, &c. Evening, after seeing Milner went to Hampstead; Pitt, Grenville, Bayham, Eliot—saw children in bed. Dreadful fire at the Opera House. How unsuited are all these companies to one of my objects and aims!—23d. Slave business put off till next year. Dined Lord Chatham's—Duchess of Gordon, Lady Charlotte, Duke of Rutland, Graham, Pitt, Dundas, &c. How ill-suited is all this to me! how unnatural for one who professes himself a stranger and a pilgrim!

"July 1st. Dined up stairs with Addington, because Duke of Gordon's dinner likely to be delayed till late by the House. Went at night to D. of Gordon's—Lennox, Pitt, Bankes, Dundas, &c. there. Phipps in and out about what appeared afterwards to have been Lennox's challenge to Swift. Staid till twelve, and once more experienced how little these meetings are suited to me."

He was never altogether satisfied with his course of life—the service of God and the enjoyments of the gay world were felt incompatible; but his character was amiable rather than energetic; and he was incapable of that substitute for mental firmness, "dogged resolution;" and so went wavering on. On the 15th July, he is saying:—"Earlier hours: attention to health—bodily, mental, intellectual.—16th. Went to town, and dined with Lord Camden, who was very chatty and good-humoured. Exceeded rules, and will forfeit to M. Called to see Pitt, and lounged too long.—17th. Obligated to dine with S., to meet Duchess of Gordon, Chatham, and P. Arden. How ill these meetings suit my state of mind," &c. &c. His biographers say that, "charged as he perceived himself with a mission to his countrymen, which could be fulfilled only by his mingling much in social life, he was yet possessed by a growing conviction that the habits which he was compelled to form were injurious to his own mind." But was dining, to meet the Duchess of Gordon, and such like engagements, really the way in which his mission was to be best accomplished? About this time he became acquainted with Hannah More and her sisters, then residing at Cowslip

Green. Their friendship continued to the end of their lives. She was one of his most frequent correspondents, while he became one of her best supporters in her Cheddar schools. They were, in many respects, congenial spirits—as well in their virtues as in their weaknesses.

Mr Wilberforce was often accused of favouring sectarians, and of being a Methodist, and so forth. He was quite the reverse. His sons state that, in recommending one of "Wesley's wandering comets" to Hannah More, "he had no thoughts of encouraging dissent from the Church of England; for John Wesley was no Dissenter, nor were any of his preachers in his lifetime auferred to attempt to administer the sacraments." Once, and it was only once, Wilberforce received the sacrament in a dissenting meeting-house, from happening to be on a visit to a friend who attended there. He afterwards expressed regret at this compliance, and "he dissuaded a female relation, who complained that, in her place of residence she could find no religious instruction, from attending at the meeting-house." "Its individual benefits," he wrote, in answer to her letter of inquiry, "are no compensation for the general evils of dissent. The increase of Dissenters, which always follows from the institution of unsteeped places of worship, is highly injurious to the interests of religion in the long run." He strenuously opposed the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts while in Parliament; and he held a maxim sufficiently paradoxical, that "the Dissenters could do nothing, if it were not for the Established Church"—meaning, we presume, if anything is meant, save for the negligence of the Established Church, as the instance is drawn from Cheddar, a wild, neglected village and district in Somersetshire, "wretchedly poor and deficient in spiritual help;" yet within the bounds of a wealthy diocese, and affording a good living to a non-resident vicar, and a pittance to his journeyman curate, who, from a distance of nine miles, "visited the parish on Sundays only." Such was the preparation for the labours of dissenting preachers which the Church bestowed on Cheddar, when Hannah More undertook to reclaim this desolate nook.

Even the sojourn at Cowslip Green had not raised Mr Wilberforce to the high standard of religious life to which he aspired. We find him shortly afterwards, in Yorkshire, saying, "Off after breakfast for R—, where a large party at dinner. B., the philosopher, &c. Played at cards evening, and supped. S.—how little of St Paul! F., an old man. Alas! alas! sat up too late, and strong compunctions." After retiring to his room, he wrote upon a sheet of paper—"I have been acting a part this whole evening; and, whilst I have appeared easy and cheerful, my heart has been deeply troubled!" Many good resolutions follow; yet, we fear, that, while some may view these things as the stings of a tender conscience, others will regard them as indications of over-scrupulosity or mental imbecility. His scruples at attending

balls, plays, and operas, never extended to reading. We find him often reading Shakespeare—not the "Family Edition"—and, even in old age, he seems to have been very fond of novels and books of entertainment. This was some times atoned, however, by severe condemnation of their character, as of "Pelham," which, having "looked at," he pronounces "most flippant, wicked, unfeeling delineations of life. To read such scenes without being shocked, must be injurious. I am sorry I read it. For very shame I would not have it read to me." This is surely straining at gnats.

Scott's romances he relished, and found "useful as the works of a master in general nature, and illustrative of past life."

A reader was, through life, a household appendage of Mr Wilberforce, on account of his weak eyes; but, with a gentlemanly taste for literature, he was not eminent either as a scholar or a devourer of books.

The last entries from his diaries, cited above, were written towards the close of 1789. His manner of living, then, is a tolerably fair picture of what it continued to be for many years of his public life. He was much in general society, and especially in the high society connected with his friend, the minister; and, although the slave-trade abolition was already his standing job, if not always his main business, he was immersed in the ordinary duties of an active and influential Member of Parliament, representing a very large constituency.

His house was continually open to an influx of men of all conditions. Pitt and his other parliamentary friends might be found there at "dinner before the House." So constant was their resort, that it was asserted, not a little to his disadvantage in Yorkshire, that he received a pension for entertaining the partisans of the minister. Once every week, the "Slave Committee" dined with him. Messrs Clarkson, Dickson, &c. jocosely named by Mr Pitt, his "white negroes," were his constant inmates; and were employed in classing, revising, and abridging evidence under his own eye. "I cannot invite you here," he writes to a friend who was about to visit London for advice, "for, during the sitting of Parliament, my house is a mere hotel." His breakfast table was thronged by those who came to him on business; or with whom, for any of his many plans of usefulness, he wished to become personally acquainted.

Clarkson had, however, already served a long and severe apprenticeship to this business.—In the spring of 1790, Mr Wilberforce was rather posed by the question of the repeal of the test act. Many of his constituents were Dissenters, and there was, if not positive *trimming*, yet wavering and something equivocal in his management. To a staunch Churchman, he rejoices that the measure had been defeated by a large majority; and he thus sagaciously notices what has since become a remarkable historical fact:—

The large majority by which the motion was this year rejected, marks the rising dread of French principles. "When I entered life," Mr Wilberforce has said, "it is astonishing how general was the disposition to seize upon church property. I mixed with very various circles, and I could hardly go into any company where there was not a clergyman present without hearing some such measure proposed. I am convinced that, if the

public feeling had not been altered by our seeing how soon every other kind of plunder followed the destruction of the *Temple in France*; our clergy would by this time have lost their property."

The aristocracy now believe their interests closely identified with those of the clergy. He was now so firmly seated in the esteem of the great body of his constituents, that he ventured to cut the York races, where his horses had formerly run and won. He was convinced "that the tendency of races is immoral." He had already commenced his well-known work, the "View of Practical Christianity," which came out, at once a good book, and, from its authorship, a great literary curiosity, and had an immense success. A portion of many of his summers was delightfully and satisfactorily spent at Yoxall Lodge, the seat of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Gisborne. He was also, partly induced by considerations of health, a regular frequenter of the fashionable watering-places. In the country, his time was generally spent with the approbation of his conscience—divided between study, exercise, and sober social enjoyment; but no sooner was he back in London, than he was sucked into the vortex. Thus, he says, "Plunged at once into a dinner circle of Cabinet Ministers, how did I regret the innocent and edifying hilarity of the Lodge!" "Much talk about Burke's book. Lord Chatham, Pitt, and I seemed to agree, *contra* Grenville and Ryder. Kept up late, and unfit for prayer." Burke's book was the "Considerations on the French Revolution." "Kept up late. Oh, how I regret Yoxall Lodge! Gave Pitt a serious word or two. . . . Dec. 1st—Dined R. Smith's. Pitt, Long, Bayham, Dundas, Banks. Staid too long. Came home heart-sick." Sometimes he was afraid Pitt might think that, with all his professions of godliness, he was not very different from other men. Yet he was, at this time, a good deal occupied with the active abolitionists; and the rest of the Sabbath had already become a season of quiet and retirement. Some persons urge the sanctifying of the Sabbath from humanity to horses; but Mr Wilberforce would, among other reasons, have the seventh day set religiously apart from all secular pursuits, from consideration to overwrought ministers of state, and harassed public men. One day in seven set apart for retirement, devotion, and relaxation from secular business, would, he conceives, have helped to avert the dreadful catastrophe of Whitbread, Romilly, and Lord Castlereagh, and have protracted Canning's life. He was much shocked by the violent death of the former; and in lamenting that of Castlereagh, he reverts to Sir Samuel Romilly, who, it seems, would not concur in the propriety of giving up Sunday consultations. "If he (Castlereagh) had suffered his mind to enjoy such occasional remissions, it is highly probable these things would never have snapped as they did from over-tension." The Sunday drillings of volunteers in England, under terror of Bonaparte's threatened invasion, grieved him much; and he strongly disapproved of Sunday news-

papers, forgetting that it is Monday newspapers which occasion Sunday work.

"Often in my visits to Holwood," he has said, "when I heard one or another speak of this man's place, or that man's peerage, I felt a rising inclination to pursue the same objects; but a Sunday in solitude never failed to restore me to myself.

"Dined Duchess of Gordon's—children's ball talked of—oh, what madness is all this! 4th. The quarrel between Burke and Fox, which I had endeavoured to prevent. 7th. Dined Duke of Montrose—a large party of our peculiar old friends—what a system are they on! 11th. Burke and Fox, further quarrel—much company this week also in Palace Yard. 22d. I thank God that this town season is nearly over. I hope the next will be better.

"Queen's birth-day—at St James's. Dined at Pitt's—sadly idle. What stuff such a day as this is! 21st. Went tête-à-tête with Pitt to Wimbledon—finance lecture on the way. A long discussion with Dundas after dinner—a most excellent man of business. Oh, what a pity that he is not alive to what is best! his diligence shames me."

His opinion of Dundas, of whom, at this time, he saw so much, was never very favourable. On the memorable investigation into his conduct, the member for Yorkshire was compelled by conscience, and not a little, we think, by policy, to take an open part against the northern friend of Pitt. Early in the Abolition struggle, his friend Milner, by this time Dean of Carlisle, wrote him—

"The worst circumstance is this Dundas—nobody thinks well of him—duplicité and artifice are esteemed parts of his character—he is judged to do what he does unwillingly and with design, in the worst sense. No graveris upon my making these observations on him. I know he says you have as pure a heart as ever inhabited a human breast. Such things you can withstand, but there is a stream of more delicate applause which is likely to have more effect, and against which it is more difficult to guard."

And Wilberforce returns—

"I rather believe, unless Dundas be forced to it, he will not name any specific time, but hold out the prospect of an accelerated or retarded Abolition, accordingly as the islands shall more or less cordially concur in his scheme, professing that, if they will not concur at all, he will next year consent to immediate Abolition."

Dundas soon declared off, and Wilberforce declares, on the East India Bill, "My clauses thrown out. Dundas most false and double; but, poor fellow! much to be pitied." Yet, in two days, this very placable senator says—

"Dined at E's—rout afterwards—what extreme folly is all this! yet much entertained; perhaps too volatile. 27th. Brought in Foreign Slave Bill. 28th. Pitt's birth-day, 34.—House till late, then dined Dundas's, and up too late.

"Dined one day at Dundas's. Lady—and great party. The conversation on natives of New South Wales, duels, &c. I felt strongly how little I was fit for these people, or they for me; ('What doest thou here, Elijah?') but I went upon Dowlin's affair."

This was an affair of benevolence.

In speaking of Pitt and Dundas, after the impeachment of the latter, he says—

"His connexion with Dundas was Pitt's great misfortune. Dundas was a loose man, and had been rather a disciple of the Edinburgh school in his youth, though it was not much known. Yet he was a fine fellow in some things. People have thought him a mean, intriguing creature; but he was in many respects a fine, warm-hearted fellow."

Paine was judged hollow, and sometimes even insincere in his support of the measure of his meek, acquiescing friend. From Scotland, an abolitionist missionary, Dr Dickson, wrote that the people had taken up the question in the view of religious duty, and that "from London to Inverness, Mr Pitt's sincerity is questioned; and, unless he can convince the nation of his cordiality in our cause, his popularity will greatly suffer." Mr Pitt was sincere in his convictions; but the King and the whole prominent Guelphs were arrayed against the measure, and Mr Pitt, loving place, had become weak and as another minister. The notion of Abolition and Jacobinism had become confounded in the King's mind; for many of the friends of the Africans were also avowed admirers of the destruction of the Bastille, and of the first grand aspects of the French Revolution. Wilberforce, a morbidly cautious man, thus got into fresh perplexity. The fervid, zealous, and enthusiastic travelling apostle of Abolition, Clarkson, who had devoted his youth, his fortune, and his health to the cause, did not limit his passion for universal freedom merely to "God's images carved in ebony," and his cautious coadjutor got alarmed.

"You will see Clarkson," writes Mr Wilberforce to Lord Manchester; "caution him against talking of the French Revolution: it will be ruin to our cause."—"Clarkson," writes Dr Milner, "would tell you that he had a long conversation with me. I wish him better health, and better notions in politics; no government can stand on such principles as he appeals to and maintains. I am very sorry for it, because I see plainly advantage is taken of such cases as his, in order to represent the friends of Abolition as levellers. This is not the only instance where the converse of a proposition does not hold: levellers certainly are friends of Abolition." Great mischief had already arisen to the cause. "What business had your friend Clarkson," asked Dundas, "to attend the Crown and Anchor last Thursday? He could not have done a more mischievous thing to the cause you have taken in hand."

The Diary states—"Clarkson called, and warned him about the French Revolution." "We have nothing to depend on," said Wilberforce, after Granville, Windham, all, had openly deserted them, "against the efforts of St James's and the Guelph family being against us; but that Pitt and all his connections and known supporters are warmly with us." But with all this support, the Abolitionists were baffled for twenty years, and the Whigs carried in a few months what the Tories were suspected of not wishing (as a party) to carry. There were *gradual* Abolitionists in those days, as there are now *gradual* Reformers. One day long afterwards, his temper was somewhat moved to see "four of the Guelphs" come to the House of Lords to vote against mercy and justice.

A good deal is seen of the rapid growth of alarm and hatred of French principles in this work, and we hear much of the growing disaffection among the lower orders. Dr Milner, living at Cambridge, is "sorry to find that Paley is as loose in his politics as in his religion," and indulged in conversation tending "to destroy all subordination, and bring rulers of every description into contempt." Fox, the very Reverend

Dean supposed to have no principles of any kind, but to be ready for whatever turned up. He was, however, a far-seeing, sagacious person, this same well-endowed churchman. He remarks—

"The tide at present seems setting strongly in support of Government amongst all ranks. I believe this arises in great measure from the alarm of the moment; and when that is over or abates, I fear the democratic principles will be found to have firmer roots."

Paine's "wicked and mischievous book," "The Rights of Man," was now sold in Yorkshire for sixpence; and one merchant had distributed 200 copies at his own expense; and, though Tom Paine was shortly afterwards flogged in effigy through Leeds, and solemnly burned to the tune of "God Save the King," Mr Wilberforce was not wholly reassured. It was "a happy change," but he "did not build much on such hasty effusions." He thought of proposing to the Archbishop of Canterbury, a day of national fasting and humiliation, in consequence of the profligacy of the times, a remedy which was often adopted in subsequent years of the glorious war. The war he, however, at first disapproved, but he also believed that Pitt was secretly unfavourable to the system, which, at first, he probably was. In this instance, Mr Wilberforce, for a time, maintained his consistency. He disliked the war nearly as much as he detested the Revolution, but his Parliamentary opposition was never deadly. He afterwards came to see the war just and necessary; while, throughout the whole struggle, there was not, we think, a single Gagging Bill, Sedition Bill, Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, or bill to destroy the freedom of the Press, which he did not strenuously support. The Spy System was an honourable exception. He denounced it as immoral—at least in his diary. It is, by the way, remarkable, how opportunely Mr Wilberforce's little ailments often saved him the pain of giving votes on ticklish or testing questions, by sending him home before the division came. Those little illnesses were, perhaps, real, though so very opportune; for he was of so feeble an original constitution, that, before he was thirty, the principal physicians of London had decently dismissed him to Bath, to die, declaring that "he had not stamina to last a fortnight." The means by which he recovered his health, and to which he attributed his reaching a good old age, are peculiarly worthy of notice, since, from its abuses, a strong and unfounded prejudice still exists against the drug which, in his case proved specific.

His returning health was in a great measure the effect of a proper use of opium, a remedy to which even Dr Pitcairne's judgment could scarcely make him have recourse; yet it was to this medicine that he now owed his life, as well as the comparative vigour of his later years. So sparing was he always in its use, that, as a stimulant, he never knew its power, and as a remedy for this specific weakness, he had not to increase its quantity during the last twenty years he lived. "If I take," he would often say, "but a single glass of wine, I can feel its effect, but I never know when I have taken my dose of opium by my feeling." Its intermission was too soon perturbed by the recurrence of disorder.

At a very advanced age, he writes to a friend, confirming the utility of this medicine.

Grubbe was another remarkable instance of an individual to whom opium was of great benefit; but its manifest uses are, perhaps, not to be set against the chances of its abuse. Although Mr Wilberforce often contrived to eschew unpleasant votes, he gave some sound ones, which, though popular, required from him resolution. He generally voted against the full amount of those profligate grants of the public money, which were proposed by government for members of the Royal family. His principles were such that we apprehend he must have opposed the extravagant Whig civil list of Queen Victoria; and the enormous pension of the Duchess of Kent. If Pitt did not often encounter his opposition, it was felt the more pungently when it occurred. It was first openly given, in moving an amendment to the address at the opening of the Session of 1795, condemnatory of the warlike policy of the Government, as indicated in the King's Speech. "There were," it is here said, "but two events in Pitt's public life, which were able to disturb his sleep—the mutiny at the Nore, and the first open opposition of Mr Wilberforce." The latter was, however, in addition to disturbed friendship, a strong indication of how many of those felt on this subject, who had long and strenuously supported the Pitt administration. Wilberforce suffered too:—

"I felt queer, and all day out of spirits—wrong, but hurt by the idea of Pitt's alienation. 12th. Party of the old firm at the Speaker's; I not there."

Some of his former supporters were dissatisfied, and many of the warlike Tory ladies of Yorkshire, when he next went down, "would scarce speak to him." To make the matter worse, the democrats approved; while some politicians, Lord Thurlow of the number, imagined there was a secret understanding between him and Pitt. Before the next campaign opened, Pitt had won him round again. Mr Wilberforce, individually, was in no sense fitted for opposition; and, in his county, alarm was still increasing. He, therefore, supported the Sedition and Treason Bills, and helped to concoct the former bill. He says—

"A meeting at Pitt's about the Sedition Bill, after which supped with him and Mordaunt—my advice—Pitt's language, 'My head would be off in six months, were I to resign.' I see that he expects a civil broil. Never was a time when so loudly called on to prepare for the worst." "How vain now appears all successful ambition! Poor Pitt! I too am much an object of popular odium. Riot is expected from the Westminster meeting. The people, I hear, are much exasperated against me. The printers are all angry at the Sedition Bills. How fleeting is public favour! I greatly fear some civil war or embroilment; and with my weak health and bodily infirmities, my heart shrinks from its difficulties and dangers."

Many of his liberal constituents were dissatisfied; and the Dissenters had not forgiven his opposition to the repeal of the Test Act. Pitt sent him hurriedly off to face a county meeting, where the Tories managed to carry the victory. The Yorkshire towns were again a blaze of loyalty, and Mr Pitt was informed by express of the happy result of his friend's eloquence, and of all those other appliances and means by which

multitudes were led or managed in the good old times. These valuable services did not produce reciprocity. Pitt becoming strong in the house, and, again growing in popularity with the nation, left "the slave business" to its fate, and a bill to abolish the trade was lost in a thin house, but by so small a majority that Wilberforce indignantly says, "Enough at the opera to have carried it!" But how were honourable Members to give up the first night of a new opera-singer for any measure relating to thousands or even millions of black wretches far across the Atlantic Sea? This defeat gave rise to an odd philippic from his friend Dr Burgh against several members of Parliament, but especially against Dundas. He writes—

"Sir William Young, by his insincerity, entitles himself to as much attention as may frustrate a shallow trick, but against Dundas I recommend, and will cultivate in myself, a propensity to direct hostilities. Reared as he has been in the small metaphysics of Scotland, and cramped by his country's imitative adoption of French philosophy, I can only see in the influence of such a man, the approaches of French morals, French politics, French atheism."

This is said of the Tory manager of all Scotland! Meanwhile, Wilberforce, the grand measure still pending, was going to small musical parties at the Duchess of Gordon's, and surprised to find them turn out very large. "People, surprised to see me there."

Bentham's penitentiary had just been contracted for by the projector; and the philosopher and philanthropist was involved in a very considerable expense, undertaken upon the faith of Government aid. Mr Pitt had sanctioned and Dundas encouraged him; but they had no more money to spare in experiments for the improvement of the system of punishments in 1796 than Lord John Russell has declared that he has in 1838.

Mr Wilberforce took up Bentham's cause with zeal, and applied, amongst others, to the Chapter of St Peter's, Westminster, in furtherance of his design. "I shall never forget Horsley's keen glance, when, in the course of our discussion, he asked me, 'Mr Wilberforce, do you think that Mr Pitt is in earnest in the business?' Never was any one worse used than Bentham. I have seen the tears run down the cheeks of that strong-minded man, through vexation at the pressing importunity of creditors, and the insolence of official underlings, when, day after day, he was begging at the Treasury, for what was, indeed, a mere matter of right. How indignant did I often feel, when I saw him thus treated by men infinitely his inferiors! I could have extinguished them."

At the age of thirty-six, in one of his periodical visits to Bath, Mr Wilberforce saw the lady who, so far as we are told, first made any impression upon his affections; and in May 1797 they were married. She was the eldest daughter of Isaac Spooner, Esq., of Elmton Hall, Warwickshire, commercially a banker in Birmingham. That his wife was not of the aristocracy, not a court lady, "not a Pavilion-monger, with daughters to bring out," was to him a frequent ground of thanksgiving. He became the father of four sons, and of two daughters, who predeceased him after attaining the years of womanhood. The honeymoon was spent at Gowslip Green.

We are diverted, by the way, with an extract from one of "Holy Hannah's" letters, written about the time of the marriage; yet her ultra-liberality afterwards kindled the zeal and anger of a numerous party of churchmen.

"The boasted *liberality* on which they value themselves in the conduct of the Bristol schools, is that relaxing toleration which enables them to combine Quakers and Presbyterians, 'the sprinkled and the dipped,' by insisting on no peculiar form of worship or religious instruction; so that I fear in this accommodating and comprehensive plan, Christianity slips through their fingers. I hope and believe they inculcate industry; but I never went to see them myself, because I think they are carried on in a way I could not commend, and which it might not be right to censure."

In the next page, Wilberforce is found saying—

"Heard of Lord Lonsdale's reformation through my book. Went to the School of Industry. Asked to subscribe to Jay's velvet cushion, but refused. Dr Fraser dined with us—he says that Mackintosh is grown anti-democratical."

One cannot help remarking how imperceptibly Mr Wilberforce, by the strength of his sympathies with Pitt, and others of that party, often veered round to their opinions. He was, for instance, at first opposed to the Irish Union, to which some of his friends in Parliament and in the Church—such as Mr Banks and Dr Burgh were decidedly hostile; but "his objections decreased;" and he made up his mind just in time to vote for it. He thought Pitt's speech in support of an income, instead of a property tax, and proving the injustice and impracticability of the latter, the most masterly piece of reasoning he ever heard; which was, to say the least, quite natural in the circumstances. A great part of his income arose from land, and he warmly, yet scarcely manfully, supported the Corn Bill throughout the terrible agitations of 1815, when the justly exasperated people were on the eve of rising to resist the barefaced iniquity of these selfish legislative landowners, who, in their own strong language, had thrust their greedy hands into their dish. Mr Wilberforce, in one place, charitably infers that Joseph Hume opposed slave emancipation, because his brother had an estate in Trinidad. We shall not say that, in 1815, he supported the bread-tax because he had an estate in Yorkshire. There is on this subject the following passage in his "Diaries," which we have read with regret, and something very like rising disgust:—

"Public discontent running high, Corn Bill cause. 6th. House. Corn Bill in committee—and rioting at night. Both doors of the carriage, which set down members, opened, and member pulled out. . . . Much pressed to speak on Corn Bill; and told Huskisson I would, if government would support the Register Bill.* It would not be right to change my opinion; but one may fairly take a more or less forward part from considerations of expediency. House—Report of Corn Bill, and tendency to riot. 9th. House. Some mobbing, and people savage and inveterate—Alas! alas!"

But he did speak, without the government having made any concession. For almost the first time, in his public life, he waxed bold, and it was in defence of the "things honest" for his household. There had been riots in London, and a sergeant, with a party of soldiers, were stationed in his

house at Kensington Gore, for the protection of the family, while its head displayed in Parliament an unwonted intrepidity in the cause of landed privilege.

"At my prayers this morning," his Diary continues, "March 10th, I reflected seriously if it was not my duty, to declare my opinions in favour of the Corn Bill, on the principle of providing things honest in the sight of all men, and adorning the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things. I decided to do it. I see people wonder I do not speak one way or the other. It will be said, he professes to trust in God's protection, but he would not venture anything. Then I shall have religious questions and moral questions, to which my speaking will conciliate, and contra, my silence strongly indispose men. Besides, it is only fair to the Government, when I really think them right, to say so, as an independent man, not liable to the imputation of party bias, corrupt agreement with landed interest, &c.; so I prepared this morning and spoke, and, though I lost my notes, and forgot much I meant to say, I gave satisfaction."—"I am sure that in coming forward, I performed a very painful act of duty, from a desire to please God, and to serve the interests of religion, and I humbly trust God will protect me and my house and family. If not, His will be done."

So Mr Wilberforce thought "he was pleasing God and serving the interests of religion," when he did his best to inflict upon the poor of England, and the whole labouring class, the most impudent impost that ever was levied from a people fancying themselves freely represented in popular national assemblies! If all his public conduct had been of a piece with this, it could not have been said that it adorned the faith which he professed. This martyrdom—this cant—for it is no better—deserved to have been subjected to Cobbett's commentary. Gross injustice committed, gross betrayal of the people's interests, and Scripture to clinch it with! Though Mr Wilberforce, as a legislator, was, of course, much more anxious about the spiritual than the temporal welfare of the people, he was not without bowels for their extremest sufferings. During the famine of 1801-2, he sent considerable sums to be distributed in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire; and he earnestly recommended that the Government should, by an extraordinary grant, relieve the worst cases, "deeming it hard to call on the land alone for the subsistence of the manufacturers, if they should be thrown out of employment for some months, by the continuance of hostilities." The Government were not quite so foolish. Wilberforce was, however, active and compassionate at this crisis; though not in the best way. He patronized George Rose's salt herrings, while Hannah More wrote receipts, we believe, for cooking them. The labouring classes have still to teach their benevolent legislators that they require nothing at their hands save justice.

Mr Wilberforce, as we have noticed, was frequently seized with opportune little illnesses, when it became necessary either to oppose the Minister, or endanger popularity with the nation. When the report of the Secret Committee was to be received, preliminary to passing a few of Castlereagh's gagging Bills, he says—

"I have just written to Lord Castlereagh, to express my concern at not being able to support him tonight in the House of Commons, and to the Duke of Gloucester,

* A Slavery Amalgamation Bill.

and the Duchess to be invited to dine at night." And a few days later, he declares, "It has been a very great mortification to me, or rather it would be, were it not for the reflection that all is in higher hands, that I cannot attend the House to support the measures which have been taken, and are still in progress, for preserving the public peace."

He thought the House of Commons the most unfit place for inquiring into the conduct of the Manchester magistrates at the time of the "Massacre;" and, on another occasion, he says, in reference to Whitbread's charge against Lord Eldon and Sidmouth for unconstitutional conduct regarding the King's derangements—

"Did not hear one-third of Castlereagh's defence, so that I came away without voting. I know how unpopular this is in the House; but it was the path of duty and conscience, for it was in truth as if I had not been present. But very middling in health just now."

Mr Babington and Henry Thornton, who usually acted with him in supporting Government, had, on this occasion, voted with Whitbread. Upon a similar occasion, in 1812, he says—

"May 8th. House till about two, on Parliamentary Reform. I should have spoken but for Ryder's telling me he would have followed, saying, How shocking to throw such an apple amongst the factious in Yorkshire! I thought I had better be silent. I for Parliamentary Reform moderately."

"The state of the West Riding manufacturing districts is dreadful—next to rebellion, smouldering rebellion—great military force sent down, and now, but too late, vigorous measures taking. The aspect of affairs is very gloomy. Who shall say whether poor dear Perceval's death may indicate evil to come, or that a reversal of his counsels is needful for our safety?"

When public affairs seemed coming to a dangerous crisis—and he was very easily frightened—his favourite remedies were, first, a General Fast, and, next, a moderate change of the Ministry—letting in the Whigs for a time, to stop the gap through which the popular force appeared to be making way. The assault on the Danish fleet, which will long rankle in the heart of the Danish nation, was "shocking." "Alas, alas!" he remarks, "they must think us the most bullying despots. There is, however, the consolation of believing that our Government really conceived themselves to be acting justly. My friends [the saints] doubt about the Danish business. I own the policy doubtful; but our right clear, if self-defence clear. Oh, that nations!" &c. &c. He conceived it wrong, or, in his first view, sinful, to erase the name of Queen Caroline from the Liturgy, and sent his son "with an earnest letter" to the King, entreating him to restore it, lest the soldiers should take part with her, which he greatly dreaded; but afterwards, when urged to wait on the King and remonstrate, he positively refused. The step would have been unconstitutional, and the "contumacy" of the Queen soon made him waver in opinion as to the omission of her name. He had one of his ill-omens on the night the vote was taken on Lord Archibald Hamilton's motion regarding the omission of the Queen's name. He was personally thrown into great perplexity. He could not conscien-

tiously approve of the course taken by Ministers, and he wanted courage to oppose it manfully. Cobbett pressed him hard, allowing no loop-hole for escape—"very clever," he writes of him, "but very mischievous, and full of falsehoods." Cobbett's friends, but, above all, impartial posterity, will object to the latter epithet, though they may not conclude Mr Wilberforce "the perfect rational" which he complains the public then thought him. His conduct was at least equivocal, even by his own account. He wished to mediate; he desired to stop that horrible and indecent investigation. He writes Samuel Roberts, Esq., that he frankly would have preferred the course of moving the restoration of the Queen's name to the liturgy; but yet, for a very poor reason, he did not move it; and, after voting against Lord A. Hamilton, he turned once more, and voted on the directly opposite side, with Mr A. Smith. A brilliant and able contemporary writer, has described Wilberforce as a *double entendre*, "far from being a hypocrite, but as fine a specimen of moral equivocation as can well be conceived,"—one "who rather patronizes honesty, than is a martyr to it"—one "who has two strings to his bow"—"the vanity of being popular, and the conceit of an approving conscience; reaping the credit of independence, without the obligation;" "not a party man, but the more looked up to on this account, but not with sufficient reason."

Much in these sharp remarks are borne out by the conduct of Mr Wilberforce on the Queen's trial. On Sunday the 9th June, he writes to his wife:—

"I fear lest it should please God to scourge the nation through the medium of this rupture between the King and Queen. If the soldiery should take up her cause, who knows what may happen—and is it very improbable? O Lord, deliver us! Then only canst, who hast the hearts of all at Thy disposal. Yet how gracious God is to me, giving me the acceptable service of putting off the discussion! I go to prayer, and, oh, may He have mercy on us and avert so great an evil, in answer to the prayers of many among us, who call upon His name, and set their hearts on Him!"

We make not one word of commentary on what follows from the diary, and other letters to Mrs Wilberforce, written one fortnight after the above.

"I talked with Lord Kenyon and Calthorpe, and rather agreed that nothing was to be done but to go on with the business, though I would embrace any creditable way of stopping it. Castlereagh moved to adjourn his proceeding for a fortnight. This gave Opposition an opportunity of moving its adjournment for six months. I and others voted against Opposition; not meaning to vote for a *Secret Committee* at all, much less specifically in a fortnight, but not being able at once to take a by-way of defeating a thing which might at any moment be revived."

Who the others may be we cannot guess; but, even while acting against the Opposition; and, consequently, against either delay, or for getting rid of what he justly terms "the painful and disgusting" inquiry; and while professing a strong feeling for the Queen's situation in early life, he is on perfectly good terms with himself, referring thus complacently to the moral degradation he was undergoing:—"The first pain, which I learned by heart lately, has been a great

comfort to me. . . . Well, remember good old Bessy, in worse times, when assisted by her friends that could burn as well as write." "Oh, what a comfort it is to have to fly for refuge," &c. &c. These things are somewhat too much. To one of his female correspondents, "sweet Lady Olivia Sparrow," he quietly indulges in a little jocular sneering about the ladies who went to Queen Caroline's court. "How much you must regret that you being out of town could not accompany Lady Fitzwilliam, and the Duchess of Somerset, to congratulate her Majesty on her honourable acquittal!" He still wished to see a peaceful adjustment of the liturgy squabble, and, by a roundabout way, tried to reach the throne, in a letter addressed to some anonymous individual; who must have been in the King's confidence, or about his person. In that finessing epistle, there is one statement, one pious fraud, which must have required some straining of conscience. He says to his correspondent—"It is not that I, or any experienced man, ever supposed the bulk of the people would long feel acutely about the omission of the Queen's name, but that the omission would tend to produce an estimation (a most false one) of the King's mind and motives," &c. &c., thus leaving it to be inferred that the King's motives in ordering that omission, were believed by Mr Wilberforce to be those of conscience, piety, and duty. "Dear good Vansittart's proposition for new churches," is not quite so bad as this.

The opinions which Mr Wilberforce held of his more eminent or conspicuous contemporaries, become of interest, when his peculiar position in society is considered, hovering so long half-suspended between the political-fashionable, and the fashionable-evangelical world, and ultimately exercising no small influence upon opinion among a large class.

Of Castlereagh, whom he seems to have almost uniformly supported, he says, at one time, in relation to the slave trade, "What a cold-blooded creature!" Canning was not a great favourite. "Poor fellow, he had neither father nor mother to train him up. He was brought up partly, I believe, with Sheridan. I always wondered he was so pure." . . . "Canning clever, genius; but too often speaking, and too flippant and ambitious." . . . "Pitt too much encouraging Canning." It was not to be expected that he should like Sheridan; but he frequently complains that, while the reporters often did less than justice to his own speeches, they took pains and pleasure in patting good sense and eloquence into the mouth of Sheridan, whether drunk or sober.

Sheridan would, against the advice of all the Opposition friends, electrify the country on the Spanish business. He came down to the House, but the opportunity being delayed, he going up-stairs got so drunk as to make him manifestly and disgracefully belittled. Yet he seemed to remember a fair speech, for the topics were good; only he was like a man watching through a thick medium at the objects before him. . . . Ah! his most humiliating spectacle; yet the papers state him to have made a brilliant speech. . . . Sheridan's speech was tedious, and Fortescue's excellent, . . . a good and a total success.

Yet, as on the other evening, all the newspapers make a slight speech for Sheridan; and even his supporters.

"Our general impression of Sheridan was, that he came to the House with his flashes prepared and ready to let off. He avoided encountering Pitt in unforeseen debating, but when forced to it usually came off well."

The happy reply of old Major Cartwright to Mr Wilberforce, is well known: The veteran Reformer and he had been cordial friends in youth. After a long separation, they chanced to meet one day. Wilberforce was, of course, rejoiced, and expressed the hope that, though so long estranged on earth, they might yet meet in a better world. "Yes," replied the Reformer; "but I hope to make this one better first." The writer whom we have already quoted, says, with severity not unmixed with truth—"Wilberforce has no mercy on those who claim a property in negro slaves . . . but not a word has he to say, not a whisper does he breathe against the claims set up by the despots of the earth, over their Continental subjects, but does everything in his power to confirm and sanction it! He must give no offence. Mr Wilberforce's humanity will go all lengths that it can with safety and discretion, but it is not to be supposed that it should lose him his seat for Yorkshire, the smile of Majesty, or the countenance of the loyal and the pious. He is anxious to do all the good he can without hurting himself or his fair fame."

Although, on the accession of the Grey and Grenville cabinet, he thought it a duty to support his Majesty's Whig ministers, he could not support the grant to Maynooth College. The Rev. Sidney Smith wrote to him scolding—"I hope, now you have done with Africa, you will do something for Ireland. There is no man in England who, from activity, understanding, character, and neutrality, could do it so effectually as Mr Wilberforce. And when this country ceased, a century ago, an establishment to the Presbyterian Church, it is horrible to see four millions of Christians of another persuasion, instructed by ragged priests, and praising their Creator in wet ditches." On this subject he was obstinate; nor do we know how he got rid of Sidney Smith's argument, as he reprobated the Presbyterian or Calvinistic doctrines, and, as we have shewn, was an enemy to dissent in every shape. Of a celebrated book, Wutherspoon's "Essay on Justification," he says, "I have never read [it], but I am told it is decidedly Calvinistic; and, every year that I live, I become more impressed with the unscripural character of the Calvinistic system." Of a preacher, he says he "heard ——— twice; still very doctrinal and unprofitable, reconciling his Calvinism with practical religion. . . . Of Olney, I hear but a very melancholy account. It is, indeed, an awful instance of masses slighted and privileges abused. I suspect, also, from what I have heard, that some of the former ministers of the place, like my excellent friend Newton, not being quite enough on their guard respecting Dissenters and dissent, has not been unproductive of evil. His biographers state that his 'wardenship for the liturgy' grew manifestly with his years." He

breaks out this winter (1825) in a letter to a friend, into a warm expression of his "delight in the principles of our various formularies." Though not a Calvinist, he was on terms of cordial friendship with Dr Chalmers, who has paid the very highest compliment to his "Practical View." When the northern star first rose on the horizon of London, he went, with all the world, to hear the new apostle of Presbytery, and even scrambled, with a stout gentlewoman, over the railings, to find a seat. "Chalmers," he says, "most awful on carnal and spiritual man. Home tired, and satisfied that I had better not have gone for edification." In private intercourse, he says—"Much pleased with Chalmers' simplicity—walked and talked in garden." On the death of another remarkable Scotsman, he remarks—

"Poor Beeswell! I once had some serious conversation with him; he was evidently low and depressed, and appeared to have many serious feelings. He told me that Dr Johnson had assured him he was never intimately acquainted with one religious clergyman. I was determined not to let him off; so I replied, 'That can only be because he never sought their acquaintance.'"

The only Parliamentary opponent whom Wilberforce seems to have personally disliked was Tierney, whose jeers, biting sarcasms, and rude and remorseless stripping away of pretences, often vexed him. At one period Tierney took a real delight in girding at him. He seemed studiously to have set himself to worry the leader of "the saints." The worst thing he has said of Tierney is, that, when Queen Caroline came to England, he was base enough to enter into a flirtation with the King for office on disgraceful terms; but, as nothing came of it, we hope this may not have been the case. Next in annoyance to Tierney in the House was Cobbett in *The Register*; but this was at a much later period. At one time, the more violent party journals on both sides attacked him; and he complains as bitterly of *The John Bull* as of Cobbett. From 1798, Wilberforce found an able auxiliary in the war against slavery, in Mr Stephen. That gentleman had spent a considerable time in the West Indies, and was personally familiar with the hideous aspects of the trade. He was a man of ardent temperament, and of great energy of character; and his services to the Abolition cause were invaluable, both by his pen and his activity in Parliament. The general pacification of 1816 appeared to the Anti-Slavery party a favourable crisis for the traffic being crashed and abolished for ever, not only by Great Britain, but by all the Continental states having American colonies. But when the Peace was concluded, amid general triumph and rejoicing, and those important interests were overlooked by Castlereagh, for which a noble band, in which had long been included Brougham, Babbington, Macaulay, and many others equal in zeal and in usefulness, had made the most strenuous exertions, Mr Stephen became utterly disgusted. He declared himself sick of private communications and private remonstrances. "I am quite, quite sick," he says, in a tone remarkably opposed to the timid style of

Wilberforce, "of the West Indies as a field of labour in our cause; especially when that Augean stable has to be cleaned with a Government muck-fork. There is satisfaction in speaking to the public; the sympathies of congenial minds, the indignation of honest hearts, may be moved, and much solid ground in public opinion may be gained; but to load the shelves of a Minister with laboured memorials, to haunt him with conferences for years, and at last to be turned by the whisper that a governor stands well with great men, and must not have his toes trod upon, is beyond all patience, or, at least, beyond mine." We cite these opinions as peculiarly applicable to present times and newer ministers; and in vindication of the manly course which has been adopted by the Abolitionists of our own day. "I really think," concludes Mr Stephen, "that we shall do nothing essential to check colonial crimes till we blazon them to the English public, and arm ourselves with popular indignation." This must have been absolutely terrific to the mild and cautious Mr Wilberforce. "Even now," with provocation heaped up—with delay which seemed as endless as wilful—"even now," say his biographers, "Mr Wilberforce would not listen to these violent counsels;" and Mr Stephen finally threw up his seat in Parliament, and chose a wider and better field for his energetic labours. He, though the fervent admirer of Wilberforce, was not always satisfied with his excessive caution and timidity. Upon one occasion, he remonstrates—

"I still clearly think, that you have been improperly silent, and that when you see the Government leading the bloody altars of commerce, the idol of this Carthage, with an increase of human victims, and building new altars for the same execrable purpose, while the sword of Almighty vengeance seems uplifted over us for that very offence, you are bound by the situation wherein you have placed yourself to cry aloud against it. You are even the rather bound to do so, because those high priests of Moloch, Lord Liverpool and Mr Dundas, are your political, and Mr Pitt also your private friend."

It is to the praise of Wilberforce that he always seems to have taken frank dealing in good part. Mr Wilberforce, by the way, disapproved of female anti-slavery agitation, grounding his objection upon the Apostle's precept about woman not speaking in the Church. Another ground of his disapproval might be dislike of all innovation. In this last view, he especially regretted the increase of newspapers, and the taste the people were acquiring for reading them—"the morbid appetite for politics," requiring the constant diet of newspapers. A very bitter and mischievous, but clever one, had been established in Westmoreland, "cherishing the anti-aristocratic feelings in their full life and action." This, we presume, from the date, must have been after one of Mr Brougham's contests with the Lowthers. On the whole, he considered newspapers "among the very greatest, if not the greatest evil of the country." His cure, however, is a safe and right one, whether the evil exist or not:—

"Have you reflected," he asks Dr Chalmers, "on the effects produced in this country by the newspapers? They are almost incalculably great; and, on the whole, I fear,

lively infirmity. It is my persuasion that our safety will hereafter be no adequate our people up to the newspapers, if I may so express myself. We must so much enlighten them that they may be armed against those delusions of which they are otherwise likely to become the victims."

So tender was he about publication, that we find him greatly scandalized at seeing in the *Christian Observer* the advertisement of Scott's "Final Perseverance Sermon," adjacent to the advertisement of his "Reply to the Bishop of Lincoln." The *Christian Observer* had been established, and was warmly patronised by himself and his friends.

Mr Wilberforce had, we have seen, the common taste of the unsanctified public for novels; though, after enjoying the pleasure of their perusal, he compromised with his conscience by passing, as in the instance of "Pelham," very severe censure on their tendency. Even Sir Walter Scott's works, though often admired, were sometimes condemned for the levity and the frivolity of ordinary novels. Miss Edgeworth wanted "religious feeling;" Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" and "Man of the World" are declared "mischievously-principled works;" Byron's "Cain" was "blasphemous," (but, we believe, there is Chancery law for that judgment;) and the "Vicar of Wakefield," infinitely told though the tale is allowed to be, indicates "such an utter ignorance of true Christianity." At last, he came to complain of Scott's "fascinating volumes" having so little "moral or religious object."—"I would rather," he remarked, "go to render my account, at the last day, carrying up with me 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' than bearing the load of all those volumes, full as they are of genius." These critical opinions may safely be left to the judgment of the reader. We find Mr Wilberforce, upon one occasion, confessing that, such was his spirit's infirmity, that he found it much pleasanter to read the tittle-tattle of Boswell's Johnson, than engage in his private devotional duties; and, with his severity of censure upon the "Vicar of Wakefield," he reads Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son" in the family circle, without any mark of condemnation for their want of religious or moral principle. The concatenation of books is diverting:—

"Run over part of Gil Blas, in the afternoon and evening, when nothing more serious could be well done. It is useful for me to know these works, and I do not find them fascinate me as many talk; but how completely unchristian are they! Besides this, I have run through four-fifths of Captain Pausley's book, the Quarterly and British Reviews, a little Cecil, and am reading Isaiah with Lewth—a little poetry to the ladies at night, and sometimes Walter Scott and Lord Chesterfield's 'Letters to his Son.'"

In closing this work, we are constrained to say that we have seldom or never found so bulky and minute a record of the life of a man who, for above half a century, occupied so conspicuous a station in public affairs and in the religious world, so barren of interest or of solid material of any kind. Here there are few traces of the wisdom and sagacity for which Mr Wilberforce has obtained so much credit; and of the eloquence or

power of persuasion with which he was said to be gifted—none whatever. Much of the beauty and effect of his speeches must, we presume, have consisted in the charm of delivery, and in a remarkably sweet, insinuating, and exquisitely-modulated voice; for they have not even borne well transplantation to the columns of the newspapers.

In 1812—after having sat for Yorkshire in six Parliaments, and carried his last election after a very extraordinary canvass—he withdrew from the representation; and, until 1825, when he retired from Parliament, he sat for the close borough of Bramber, as the nominee of his kinsman, Lord Carrington. From the time of his retirement, he lived principally at Highwood Hill—a house and small estate, "just beyond the disk of the metropolis." Here several of his declining years were spent rationally and happily; and, without engaging in any new public business, he did not lose sight of those philanthropic designs which he had formerly laboured to promote. About 1831, heavy losses, sustained through the commercial disappointment of his eldest son, compelled him, with his wife, to seek an asylum in the houses of two of his sons, who were in the Church. Nothing can be more amiable or more truly Christian than the spirit in which he sustained these strokes of adversity. A much more severe trial was the loss of his only surviving daughter, shortly after he had left Highwood Hill. He had not remained long with his son at the Rectory of Brighton, in the Isle of Wight, when another son was enabled to offer him another happy home in Kent. It does one's heart good to find him writing thus, in old age, to a friend, about an early and zealous coadjutor in the long-continued conflict of Abolition:—"You will join me, I am sure, in being thankful as well as rejoiced in my being able to inform you that Lord Brougham has given to my second son, (or rather, I may say, to me,) quite spontaneously, and very handsomely, the living of East Farleigh. The parsonage is very little above a mile from Barham Court; and there must be many pleasant circumstances in being so near the residence, library, and park of an old friend."

The record of his last years, spent in the parsonages of his sons, is, to us, the most delightful portion of the book. Wilberforce was especially formed to endear domestic intercourse, to cheer and brighten the fireside; and we see far too little of him in his happier element. It was now, when, like Lear, "a poor old man," that the full influence of his religious principles broke forth, with mild and steady effulgence, shedding cheerfulness and joy upon

"An old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night."

Though he had so long occupied an eminent place in the political world, it was not his native sphere. Parliament was not his congenial element, nor public business his vocation; and, great as his moral influence became, he never deserved the praise of being, even in the ordinary sense, a good man of affairs. His habits

were desultory, his arrangements confused, and the greater haste he made the worse was his speed. High as the Abolition cause has carried his name, he was, at best, in all else a sorry reformer. He wanted the first grand requisites—courage, fortitude, and enthusiasm; while he had no taste whatever for being on the unpopular side of any great question. He compares himself, on one occasion, with the persecuted Luther; but, if the lion-hearted German—who declared that, if “all the devils in hell opposed him, he would go on”—had been of the mild, cautious, sweet temper of Mr Wilberforce, the Reformation would have halted for him. The true place of Wilberforce was tranquil private life. He should, for his own happiness, have been the inmate of a parsonage, or of some quiet rural mansion, mildly guiding and instructing his flock or his dependents, and enlivening and benefiting his neighbours.

Mr Wilberforce, as a public character, has not been treated by us as infallible—as little less than the angels; but, if we are not often compelled to bear testimony to his great public virtues, we cannot omit his singular exemption from the ordinary and vulgar vices of public men. He was neither ambitious nor covetous for himself, nor yet for his children. The sons of his more aspiring and religious friends are, several of them, high in office—rich in public emolument—while his sons occupy the obscure, if respectable, station of parish priests—that condition which the religious man, and the veteran in public life, regarded as safer and better. He wished none of his children to become politicians. He warned them from that dangerous path, and he bred none of them lawyers.

Before closing this notice, we would fain give our readers as clear an idea of the *personalities*, so to speak, of Wilberforce, as we are enabled to do by these reverential and filial volumes. Owing to delicacy of health, he wore prematurely the external marks of extreme old age, which, with a stoop which he had early contracted, lessened his apparent stature—and it had never been commanding; but, up to a late period, the agility of his step, the quickness of his sparkling eye, with the compass and beauty of his voice, were all at variance with these appearances of decay. A friend, who had first seen him when between fifty and sixty, remarks—

“Those who never saw him till within eight or ten years of his decease, when his figure had become a good deal bent, and his head depressed upon his chest, by the weight of years acting on an extremely delicate frame, cannot easily form a just idea of him, at the period to which I now refer. Some tendency to these infirmities, it is true, was already apparent; but the elasticity and spring of his movements, the comparative erectness of his figure, and the glow on his cheek, presented a strong contrast to the decrepitude which gradually stole upon him in his declining years. His frame was at all times extremely spare, and seemed to indicate that the ethereal inhabitant within, was burdened with as little as possible of corporeal encumbrance. . . . His eyes, though small, and singularly set, beamed with the expression of acute intelligence, and of comprehension quick as lightning, blended with that of cordial kindness and warmth of heart. A peculiar sweetness and playfulness marked

his whole manner. There was not a single handsome feature—there was scarcely one that was not in itself plain; but the mingled emanations of imagination and intellect, of benevolence and vivacity, diffused over his countenance a sort of sunny radiance, which irresistibly acted as a powerful magnet on the hearts of all who approached him. At this time, and till within a very few years of his death, he wore powder; and his dress and appearance were those of a complete gentleman of the old school.”

When he was just sixty years of age, Count Pecchio remarked of him, “When Mr Wilberforce passes through the crowd on the day of the opening of Parliament, every one contemplates this little old man, worn with age, and his head sunk upon his shoulders, as a sacred relic—as the Washington of humanity.” “At the breakfast table, and again from the setting in of evening until midnight, were his gayest times; at the last, especially, all his faculties were in the fullest exercise.” In his long intercourse with society, he had mingled with all manner of strange and opposite characters, and with persons of all gradations of rank. In the same day, he might have, first, a very miscellaneous group to breakfast; then a minister to a tête-à-tête dinner for political talk; and afterwards a poor missionary going to the Namqua country, or an oddity who liked spiders better than roast beef. To the very close of life, Mr Wilberforce retained a keen relish of its best enjoyments. He liked the quiet of the country, and rural sights and sounds; he was fond of flowers, of simple music, of entertaining literature, and of the easy intercourse of lively and intelligent, rather than fine society. His own conversation must have been singularly fascinating; though, like his Parliamentary eloquence, it exhibits few results. It would, indeed, be difficult to collect few pages of his table-talk from these five volumes. His last illness was short and easy. He retained his faculties to the very last; and his cheerful piety, and warm, yet childlike feelings of devotion were never more beautifully displayed than on his death-bed.

Our opinion of Mr Wilberforce as a public character, has been sufficiently indicated. While acknowledging the value of his Parliamentary labours to the fullest extent, we are far from considering him the perfect model of either a great or a useful statesman. His faults were often more detrimental than those of his most corrupt contemporaries. His name and his influence, for many a long year, formed a sort of break-water to the minister of the day. If not always the advocate or apologist of oppression and abuse, he was their frequent abettor; and he must not be estimated alone by what he did, but by what he might have done, and omitted. In private life, his character, we think, stands much higher. His virtues were solid; his graces and dispositions the most endearing and amiable. We can scarcely imagine, by the fire-side, a person more free from faults, or possessed of so many gladdening and charming qualities; but we should vehemently desire, in all time coming, a very opposite sort of man for the representative of the West Riding.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Continued from our April Number.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.—NO. II.

It was summer. The earth groaned under foliage and flowers—fruits I was going to say, but, as yet, fruits were not—and the heart of man under the burden of triumphant gratitude: man I say; for surely to man, and not to England only, belonged the glory and the harvest of that unequalled triumph.* Triumph, however, in the sense of military triumph, was lost and swallowed up in the vast overthrow of evil, and of the evil principle. All nations sympathized with England—with England, as the centre of this great resurrection; centre for the power; centre, most of all, for the moral principle at work. It was, in fact, on that ground, and because all Europe felt and acknowledged that England had put a soul into the resistance to Napoleon, wherever and in whatever corner manifested—therefore it was that now the crowned heads of Europe, “with all their peerage,” paid a visit to this marvellous England. It was a distinct act of homage from all the thrones of Europe, now present on our shores, actually or by representation. Certain it is, that these royal visits to England had no other ground than the astonishment felt for the moral grandeur of the country, which only, amongst all countries, had yielded nothing to fear—nothing to despondency; and also the astonishment felt, at any rate, by those incapable of higher emotions, for its enormous resources, which had been found adequate to the support, not only of its own colossal exertions, but of those made by almost half of Christendom besides. Never before in this world was there so large a congress of princes and illustrious leaders attracted together by the mere force of unwilling, and, in some instances, jealous admiration. I was in London during that fervent carnival of national enthusiasm; and naturally, though noseeker of spectacles, I saw—for nobody who walked the streets of western London could avoid seeing—the chief objects of public interest. I was passing from Hyde Park along Piccadilly, on the day when the Emperor of Russia was expected. Many scores of thousands had gone out of London over Blackfriars’ Bridge, expressly to meet him, on the understanding that he was to

make his approach by that route. At the moment when I reached the steps of the Pultney Hotel, a single carriage, of plain appearance, followed by two clumsy Cossack small landaus, (or rather what used to be called *sociables*), approached at a rapid pace; so rapid that I had not time to pass before the waiters of the hotel had formed a line across the foot-pavement, intercepting the passage. In a moment, a cry arose—“The Czar! the Czar!”—and, before I could count six, I found myself in a crowd. The carriage door was opened, the steps let down, and one gentleman, unattended, stepped out. His purpose was to have passed through the avenue formed for him, in so rapid a way as to prevent any recognition of his person; but the cry in the street, the huzzas, and the trampling crowd, had brought to a front window on the drawing-room story a lady whom I had seen often before, and knew to be the Duchess of Oldenburg, the Emperor’s sister. Her white dress caught the traveller’s eye; and he stopped to kiss his hand to her. This action and attitude gave us all an admirable opportunity for scanning his features and whole personal appearance. There was nothing about it to impress one very favourably. His younger brother, the present Emperor, is described by all those who saw him, when travelling in Great Britain, as a man of dignified and impressive exterior. Not so with the Emperor Alexander: he was tall, and seemed likely to become corpulent as he advanced in life, (at that time he was not above thirty-seven;) and in his figure there seemed nothing particularly amiss. His dress, however, was unfortunate; it was a green surtout: now, it may be remarked, that men rarely assume this colour who have not something French in their taste. His was so in all things, as might be expected from his French education under the literary fribble, Monsieur La Harpe. But, waving his appearance in other respects, what instantly repelled all thoughts of an imperial presence, was his unfortunate face. It was a face wearing a northern fairness, and not perhaps unamiable in its expression; but it was overlaid with flesh, and expressed nothing at all; or, if anything, good humour, good nature, and considerable self-complacency. In fact, the only prominent feature in the Czar’s disposition was, an amiable, somewhat sentimental ostentation—amiable, I say, for it was not connected with a gloomy pride or repulsive arrogance, but with a bland and winning vanity. And this cast of character was so far fortunate, as it supplied impulses to exertion, and irritated into activity a weak mind, that would, else, by its natural tendencies, have sunk into torpor. His extensive travels, however, were judiciously fitted for rescuing him from that curse of apathetic courts; and his greatest enemy had also been

* It is a favourite doctrine with some of the Radical Reformers, (thanks be to God! not with all,) to vilify and disparage the war with France, from 1793 to 1815, not, (as might, perhaps, consistently be done, during some of its years,) but throughout and unconditionally—in its objects, its results, its principles. Even contemplating the extreme case of a conquest by France, some of the Radicals maintain, that we should not have suffered much; that the French were a civilized people; that, doubtless, they (here, however, it was forgotten that this “they” was not the French people, but the French army) would not have abused their power; even suppose them to have gained possession of London: Could we read Dunno’s account of the French reign in Rome; any account of Napoleon in Hamburg; any account of Janet in Lisbon.

his greatest benefactor, though unintentionally, through the tempestuous agitations of the Russian mind, and of Russian society, in all its strata, during that most portentous of all romances—not excepting any of the crusades, or the adventurous expeditions of Cortez and Pizarro, still less the Parthian invasions of Crassus or of Julian—viz., the *anabasis* of Napoleon. There can be no doubt, to any reflecting mind, that the happiest part of his reign, even to Charles I., was that which was also, in a political sense, the period of his misfortunes—viz., the seven years between 1641 and 1649; three of which were occupied in stormy but adventurous war; and the other four in romantic journeys, escapes, and attempts at escape, checkered, doubtless, with trepidations and anxieties, hope and fear, grief and exultation, which, however much tainted with distress, still threw him upon his own resources of every kind, bodily not less than moral and intellectual, which else the lethargy of a court would have left undeveloped and unsuspected even by himself. Such also had been the quality of the Russian Emperor's experience for some of his latter years; and such, probably, had been the result to his own comparative happiness. Yet it was said, that, about this time, the peace of Alexander's mind was beginning to give way. It is well known that a Russian emperor, lord of sixty million lives, is not lord of his own—not at any time. He sleeps always in the bosom of danger, secret, unfathomable, invisible. It is the inevitable condition of despotism and autocracy that he should do so. And the Russian Czar is, as to security, pretty nearly in the situation of the Roman Cæsar. He, however, who is always and consciously in danger, may be supposed to become partially reconciled to it. But, be that as it may, it was supposed that, at this time, Alexander became aware of some special conspiracies that were ripening at home against his own person. It was rumoured that, just about this time, in the very centre of exuberant jubulations, ascending from every people in Europe, he lost his serenity and cheerful temper. On this one occasion, in the moment of rejoining a sister, whom he was said to love with peculiar tenderness, he certainly looked happy; but, on several subsequent opportunities that I had of seeing him, he looked much otherwise; disturbed and thoughtful, and as if seeking to banish alarming images, by excess of turbulent gaiety, by dancing, or by any mode of distraction. Under this influence it was also, or was supposed to be, that he manifested unusual interest in religious speculations; diverting to these subjects, especially to those of a quietist character, (such as the doctrines of the English Quakers,) that enthusiasm which hitherto, for several years, he had dedicated to military studies and pursuits. Meantime, the most interesting feature belonging to the martial equipage which he drew after him, was the multitude of Tartar or other Asiatic objects, men, carriages, &c., prevailing in the crowd, and suggesting the enormous mag-

nitude of the empire from whose remote provinces they came. There were also the European Tartars, the Cossacks, with their Hetman Platoff. He had his abode somewhere to the north of Oxford Street; and further illustrated the imperial grandeur, being himself a sovereign prince, and yet a vassal when he found himself in the presence of Alexander. This prince, who (as is well known) loved and honoured the English, as he afterwards testified by the most princely welcome to all of that nation who visited his territories, was, on his part, equally a favourite with the English. He had lost his gallant son in a cavalry skirmish; and his spirits had been much depressed by that calamity. But he so far commanded himself as to make his private feelings give way to his public enthusiasm; and he never withdrew himself from the clamorous applause of the mob, in which he took an undisguised pleasure. This was the man, amongst all the public visitors now claiming the hospitality of the English Regent, whom Lamb saw and talked of with most pleasure. His sublime ugliness was most delectable to him; and the Tartar propensities, some of which had been perhaps exaggerated by the newspapers, (such, for instance, as their drinking the oil out of the street lamps,) furnished him with a constant *feu-de-joie* of jests and playful fictions, at the expense of the Hetman; and in that way it was that he chiefly expressed his sympathy with this great festal display. Marshal Blucher, who still more powerfully converged upon himself the interest of the public, was lodged in a little quadrangle of St James' Palace, (that to the right of the clock-tower entrance.) So imperious and exacting was the general curiosity to see the features of the old soldier—this Marshal "*Forwards*," as he was always called in Germany, and who had exhibited the greater merit of an Abdol fidelity, on occasion of the mighty day of Jena,—that the court was filled from an early hour of every morning, until a late dinner hour, with a mob of all ranks, calling for him by his name, *tout court*, "*Blucher! Blucher!*" At short intervals, not longer in general than five minutes, the old warrior obeyed the summons throughout the day, unless when he was known to be absent on some public occasion. His slavery must have been most wearisome to his feelings. But he submitted with the utmost good nature, and allowed cheerfully for the enthusiasm which did so much honour to himself and to his country. In fact, this enthusiasm, on his first arrival in London, shewed itself in a way that astonished everybody, and was half calculated to alarm a stranger. He had directed the postilion to proceed straightway to Carlton House—his purpose being to present his duty in person to the Regent, before he rested upon English ground. This was his way of expressing his homage to the British nation, for upholding, through all fortune, that sacred cause of which he also had never despaired. Moreover, his hatred of France, and the very name French, was so intense, that upon that side also he cherished an ancient love towards England.

As the carriage passed through the gateway of the House-Guards, the crowd, which had thus covered him, became enormous. When the garden or Park entrance to the palace was thrown open, to admit Blücher, the vast mob, for the first and the last time, carried the entrance as if by storm. All opposition from the porters, the police, the soldiers on duty, was vain; and many thousands of people accompanied the veteran prince, literally "hustling" his carriage, and, in a manner, carrying him in their arms to the steps of the palace door; on the top of which, waiting to receive him, stood the English Regent. The Regent himself smiled graciously and approvingly upon this outrage, which, on any minor occasion, would have struck him with consternation, perhaps, as well as disgust. Lamb, I believe, as well as myself, witnessed part of this scene; which was the most emphatic exhibition of an uncontrollable impulse—a perfect rapture of joy and exultation, possessing a vast multitude with entire unity of feeling, that I have ever witnessed, excepting, indeed, once besides, and that was a scene of the very same kind, or rather a reflection of the same scene. It occurred in Hyde Park, on the following Sunday: Prince Blücher and his master, the King of Prussia; the Metman of the Cossacks, with his master, the Czar; the Duke of Wellington, with some of the royal Dukes, and a vast cortege of civil and military dignities—in short, the élite of all the great names that had grown into distinction in the late wonderful campaigns—German, Spanish, French—rode into the Park, simultaneously. If there had been any division of their several suites and parties, this had vanished; and all were thrown into one splendid confusion, under a summer sun. The Park was, of course, floating with a sea of human heads. And, in particular, there was a dense mass of horsemen, amounting to six thousand at the least, (as I was told by a person accustomed to compute crowds,) following close in the rear. The van of this mighty body, composed of so many "princedom, dominations, virtues, powers," directed their course to Kensington Gardens—into these, as privileged guests, they were admitted—precursors, founded on the Carlton House experience, having been taken to exclude the ignoble vulgar who followed. The impulse, however, of the occasion, was too mighty for the case. The spectacle was absolutely sublime—of hurricane, instantaneous power, sweeping away, like an Alpine lake broken loose, all barriers almost before they were seen. The six thousand horsemen charged into the gardens; that being (as in the other case) the first and also the last intrusion of the kind. One thing in this popular festival of rejoicing was peculiarly pleasing to myself and to many others—the proof that was thus afforded to so many eminent foreigners of our liberality, and total freedom from a narrow or bigoted nationality. This is a grave theme, and one which, on account of the vast superstructure reared upon it, of calamitous insult to our national character, requires a separate dis-

cussion. Here it may be sufficient to say, that Marshal Blücher, at least, could have no reason to think us an arrogant people, or narrow in our national sensibilities to merit, wherever found. He could not but know that we had also great military names to shew—one or two greater than his own; for, in reality, his qualities were those of a mere fighting captain, with no great reach of capacity, and of slender accomplishments. Yet we—that is to say, even the street mob of London—glorified him as much as ever they did Lord Nelson, and more than they ever did the Duke of Wellington. In this crowd, on this memorable Sunday, by-the-by, rode Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, as yet obscure and poor, (not having £300 a year,) and seeing neither his future prosperity, nor its sudden blight, nor its resurrection. There also rode the Prince of Orange, and many another, who was to reap laurels in the coming year, but was yet dreaming not of Waterloo as a possibility. With respect to Blücher, however, it is painful to know that he, who was now so agreeably convinced of our national generosity, came afterwards to shew that jealousy of us which we had so loudly refused to feel of him, through the mere mortifications practised on his self-esteem, perhaps maliciously, by the French authorities, in passing by himself and addressing their applications to the Duke of Wellington.

Fouché, Chateaubriand de la Râche, and other writers, have recorded the maniacal rage of Prince Blücher, when dispatches from Paris passed through his camp—may, were forwarded to his headquarters, in order to gain—what? Audience from him? No. Sanction from him? No. Merely a counter-sign, or a passport for the messenger; some purely ministerial act of participation in the transit of the courier; the dispatches being uniformly for the Duke of Wellington. This, on the part of the French authorities, must have been, in some respects, a malicious act. Doubtless, the English general was known only in the character of a victor; whereas Blücher (and that the old testy hussar should have remembered) had never been known at Paris, for anything but defeats; and, within the week preceding, for a signal defeat, which many think might have been ripened into a smashing overthrow. But, still, there can be no doubt that deadly malice towards the Prussian name was the true ground of the act; for the Parisians bore, (and still bear,) a hatred to the Prussians, absolutely irrational and inexplicable. The battle of Rebach can hardly have been the reason, still less the Prussian resumption of the trophies then gathered from France, and subsequently carried off by Napoleon; for, as yet, they had not been resumed. The ground of this hatred must have lain in the famous manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick—for he, as a servant of the Prussian throne, and commanding a Prussian army, was looked upon as a Prussian. This change, however, in Blücher—this jealousy of England, within so short a time—astonished and grieved all who had seen him amongst ourselves.

Many a time I met him in the street; four or five times in streets where he could not have been looked for—the streets of the city; and always with a retinue of applauders, that spread like wildfire. Once only he seemed to have a chance for passing *incognito*. It was in Cheapside. He was riding, as he generally was, in the open carriage (on this occasion a curriole) of some gentleman with whom he was going to dine, at a villa near London. A brewer's waggon stopped the way for two minutes; in that space of time, twenty people crowded about who knew his features:—"Blucher! Blucher!" resounded through the street in a moment; an uproar rose to heaven; and the old Marshal's face relaxed from its gravity, or its sternness, (though, to say the truth, there was little of determinate expression in his features; and, if he had not been so memorable a person, one would have thought him a mere snuffy old German)—relaxing, however, from his habitual tom-cat gravity, he looked gracious and benign. Then, at least, he loved us English; then he had reason to love us; for we made a pet of him; and a pet in a cause which would yet make his bones stir in the grave—in the national cause of Prussia against France. I have often wondered that he did not go mad with the fumes of gratified vengeance. Revenge is a luxury, to those who can rejoice in it at all, so inebriating that possibly a man would be equally liable to madness, from the perfect gratification of his vindictive hatred or its perfect defeat. And, hence, it may have been that Blucher did not go mad. Few men have had so ample a vengeance as he, when holding Paris as a conqueror: and, yet, because he was but one of several who so held it, and because he was prevented from mining and blowing up the bridge of Jena, in that way, perhaps, the delirium of his vengeance became less intoxicating.

Now, returning to Lamb, I may remark that, at this memorable season, his wayward nature shewed itself more conspicuously than ever. One might have thought that, if he manifested no sympathy in a direct shape with the primary cause of the public emotion, still he would have sympathized, in a secondary way, with the delirious joy which every street, every alley, then manifested, to the ear as well as to the eye. But no! Still, like Diogenes, he threw upon us all a scoffing air, as of one who stands upon a pedestal of eternity, looking down upon those who share in the transitory feelings of their own age. How he felt in the following year, when the mighty drama was consummated by Waterloo, I cannot say, for I was not then in London; I guess, however, that he would have manifested pretty much the same cynical contempt for us children of the time, that he did in all former cases.

Not until 1821, and again in 1823, did I come to know Charles Lamb thoroughly. Politics, national enthusiasm, had then gone to sleep. I had come up to London in a case connected with my own private interest. In the same spirit of frankness that I have shewn on other occasions in these personal sketches, I shall here not

scruple to mention, that certain pecuniary embarrassments had rendered it necessary that I should extricate myself by literary toils. I was ill at that time, and for years after—ill from the effects of opium upon the liver; and one primary indication of any illness felt in that organ, is peculiar depression of spirits. Hence arose a singular effect of reciprocal action, in maintaining a state of dejection. From the original physical depression caused by the derangement of the liver, arose a sympathetic depression of the mind, disposing me to believe that I never could extricate myself; and from this belief arose, by reaction, a thousand-fold increase of the physical depression. I began to view my unhappy London life—a life of literary toils, odious to my heart—as a permanent state of exile from my Westmoreland home. My three eldest children, at that time in the most interesting stages of childhood and infancy, were in Westmoreland; and so powerful was my feeling (derived merely from a deranged liver) of some long, never-ending separation from my family, that at length, in pure weakness of mind, I was obliged to relinquish my daily walks in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, from the misery of seeing children in multitudes, that too forcibly recalled my own. The picture of Fox-ghyll, my Westmoreland abode, and the solitary fells about it, upon which those were roaming whom I could not see, was for ever before my eyes. And it must be remembered that distance—the mere amount of distance—has much to do in such a case. You are equally divided from those you love, it is very true, by 100 miles. But that, being a space which in England we often traverse in eight or ten hours, even without the benefit of railroads, has come to seem nothing at all. Fox-Ghyll, on the other hand, was 280 miles distant; and from the obstacles at the latter end of the journey, (cross roads and interruptions of all public communications,) it seemed twice as long. Meanwhile, it is very true that the labours I had to face would not, even to myself, in a state of good bodily health, have appeared alarming. *Myself*, I say—for, in any state of health, I do not write with rapidity. Under the influence of opium, however, when it reaches its maximum in disease, the liver and deranging the digestive functions, all exertion whatever is revolting in excess; intellectual exertion, above all, is connected habitually, when performed under opium influence, with a sense of disgust the most profound for the subject (no matter what) which detains the thoughts; all that morning freshness of animal spirits, which, under ordinary circumstances, consumes, as it were, and swallows up the interval between one's self and one's distant object, (consumes, that is, in the same sense as Virgil describes a high-blooded horse on the fret for starting, as traversing the ground with his eye, and devouring the distance in fancy before it is approached)—all that dewy freshness is exhaled and burnt off by the parching effects of opium on the animal economy. You feel like one of Swift's *Strulbruggs*, prematurely exhausted of

life; and mole-hills are inevitably exaggerated by the feelings into mountains. Not that it was mole-hills exactly which I had then to surmount—they were moderate hills; but that made it all the worse in the result, since my judgment could not altogether refuse to go along with my feelings. I was, besides, and had been for some time, engaged in the task of unthreading the labyrinth by which I had reached, unawares, my present state of slavery to opium. I was descending the mighty ladder, stretching to the clouds as it seemed, by which I had imperceptibly attained my giddy altitude—that point from which it had seemed equally impossible to go forward or backward. To wean myself from opium, I had resolved inexorably; and, finally, I accomplished my vow. But the transition state was the worst state of all to support. All the pains of martyrdom were there: all the ravages in the economy of the great central organ, the stomach, which had been wrought by opium; the sickening disgust which attended each separate respiration; and the rooted depravation of the appetite and the digestion—all these must be weathered for months upon months, and without the stimulus (however false and treacherous,) which, for some part of each day, the old doses of laudanum would have supplied. These doses were to be continually diminished; and, under this difficult dilemma—if, as some people advised, the diminution were made by so trifling a quantity as to be imperceptible—in that case, the duration of the process was interminable and hopeless. Thirty years would not have sufficed to carry it through. On the other hand, if twenty-five to fifty drops were withdrawn on each day, (that is, from one to two grains of opium,) inevitably within three, four, or five days, the deduction began to tell grievously; and the effect was, to restore the craving for opium more keenly than ever. There was the collision of both evils—that from the laudanum, and that from the want of laudanum. The last was a state of distress perpetually increasing, the other was one which did not sensibly diminish—no, not for a long period of months. Irregular motions impressed by a potent agent upon the blood or other processes of life are slow to subside; they maintain themselves long after the exciting cause has been partially or even wholly withdrawn; and, in my case, they did not perfectly subside into the motion of tranquil health, for several years.

From all this it will be easy to understand the fact—though, after all, impossible, without a similar experience, to understand the amount—of my suffering and despondency in the daily task upon which circumstances had thrown me at this period—the task of writing and producing something for the journals, *insita Minerva*. Over and above the principal operation of my suffering state, as felt in the enormous difficulty with which it loaded every act of exertion, there was another secondary effect which always followed as a reaction from the first. And that this was no accident or peculiarity attached to my individual temperament, I may presume from the

circumstance, that Mr Coleridge experienced the very same sensations, in the same situation, throughout his literary life, and has often noticed it to me with surprise and vexation. The sensation was that of powerful disgust with any subject upon which he had occupied his thoughts, or had exerted his powers of composition for any length of time, and an equal disgust with the result of his exertions—powerful abhorrence I may call it, absolute loathing, of all that he had produced. In Mr Coleridge's case, speaking at least of the time from 1807 to 1815, this effect was a most unhappy one; as it tended to check or even to suppress his attempts at writing for the press, in a degree which cannot but have been very injurious for all of us, who wished to benefit by his original intellect, then in the very pomp of its vigour. This effect was, indeed, more extensive than with myself: with Coleridge, even *talking* upon a subject, and throwing out his thoughts upon it liberally and generally, was an insurmountable bar to writing upon it with effect. In the same proportion in which he had been felicitous as a talker, did he come to loathe and recoil from the subject ever afterwards; or, at least, so long as any impressions remained behind of his own display. And so far did this go—so uniformly, and so notoriously to those about him—that Miss Hutchinson, a young lady in those days whom Coleridge greatly admired and loved as a sister, submitted at times to the trouble of taking down what fell from his lips, in the hope that it might serve as materials to be worked up at some future period, when the disgust should have subsided, or perhaps in spite of that disgust, when he should see the topics and their illustrations all collected for him, without the painful effort of recovering them by calling up loathsome trains of thought. It was even suggested, and at one time (I believe) formally proposed, by some of Coleridge's friends, that, to save from perishing the overflowing opulence of golden thoughts continually welling up and flowing to waste in the course of his ordinary conversation, some short-hand writer, having the suitable accomplishments of a learned education and habits of study, should be introduced as a domestic companion. But the scheme was dropped; perhaps from the feeling, in Coleridge himself, that he would not command his usual facility, or his natural power of thought, under the consciousness of an echo sitting by his side, and repeating to the world all the half-developed thoughts or half-expressed suggestions which he might happen to throw out. In the meantime, for the want of some such attendant, certain it is, that many valuable papers perished. In 1810, "The Friend" was in a course of publication by single sheets of sixteen pages. These, by the terms of the prospectus, should have appeared weekly. But if, at any time, it happened that Wordsworth, or anybody else interested in the theme, came into Coleridge's study whilst he was commencing his periodical lucubrations, and, naturally enough, led him into an oral disquisition upon it, then perished all

obstacle for that week's fulfilment of the contract. Miss Hutchinson, who was aware of this, did her best to throw hindrances in the way of this catastrophe; but too often ineffectually: and, accordingly, to this cause, as a principal one amongst others, may be ascribed the very irregular intervals between the several numbers of "The Friend" in its first edition: and to this, also, perhaps, the abrupt termination of the whole at the twenty-ninth number. In after years, Coleridge assured me, that he never could read anything he had written without a sense of overpowering disgust. Reverting to my own case, which was pretty nearly the same as his, there was, however, this difference—that, at times, when I had slept at more regular hours for several nights consecutively, and had armed myself by a sudden increase of the opium for a few days running, I recovered, at times, a remarkable glow of jovial spirits. In some such artificial respites, it was, from my usual state of distress, and purchased at a heavy price of subsequent suffering, that I wrote the greater part of the Opium Confessions in the autumn of 1891. The introductory part, (i. e., the narrative part,) written for the double purpose of creating an interest in what followed, and of making it intelligible, since, without this narration, the dreams (which were the real object of the whole work) would have had no meaning, but would have been mere incoherences—this narrative part was written with singular rapidity: The rest might be said to have occupied an unusual length of time; since, though the mere penmanship might have been performed within moderate limits, (and in fact under some pressure from the printer,) the dreams had been composed slowly, and by separate efforts of thought, at wide intervals of time, according to the accidental prevalence, at any particular time, of the separate elements of such dream in my own real dream-experience. These circumstances I mention to account for my having written anything in a happy or genial state of mind; when I was in a general state so opposite, by my own description, to everything like enjoyment. That description, as a general one, states most truly the unhappy condition, and the somewhat extraordinary condition of feeling, to which opium had brought me. I, like Mr Coleridge, could not endure what I had written for some time after I had written it. I also shrunk from treating any subject which I had much considered; but more, I believe, as recoiling from the intricacy and the elaborateness which had been made known to me in the course of considering it, and on account of the difficulty or the tediousness, which might be fairly presumed from the mere fact that I had long considered it, or could have found it necessary to do so, than from any blind mechanical feeling: inevitably associated (as in Coleridge it was) with a second survey of the same subject. One other effect there was from the opium, and I believe it had some place in Coleridge's list of morbid affections caused by opium, and of disturbances extended even to the intellect—which was, that

the judgment was for a time grievously impaired, sometimes even totally abolished; as applied to anything which I had recently written. Fresh from the labour of composition, I believe; indeed, that almost every man, unless he has had a very long and close experience in the practice of writing, finds himself a little dazzled and bewildered in comparing the effect, as it will appear to neutral eyes, of what he has produced. This result, from the hurry and effort of composition, doubtless we all experience, or at some time have experienced. But the incapacitation which I speak of here, as due to opium, is of another kind and another degree. It is more childish helplessness, or senile paralysis, of the judgment, which distresses the man in attempting to grasp the upshot and the total effect (the *tout ensemble*) of what he has himself so recently produced. There is the same imbecility in attempting to hold things steadily together, and to bring them under a comprehensive or unifying act of the judging faculty, as there is in the efforts of a drunken man to follow a chain of reasoning. Opium is said to have some specific effect of debilitation upon the memory;* that is, not merely the general one which might be supposed to accompany its morbid effects upon the bodily system, but some other, more direct, subtle, and exclusive; and this, of whatever nature, may possibly extend to the faculty of judging. Such, however, ever and above the more known and more obvious ill effects upon the spirits and the health, were some of the stronger and more subtle effects of opium in disturbing the intellectual system, as well as the animal, the functions of the will also no less than those of the intellect, from which both Coleridge and myself were suffering at the period to which I now refer (1891-5)—evils which found their fullest exemplification in the very act upon which circumstances had now thrown me as the *cause-motif* of my extrication from difficulties—viz.; the act of literary composition. This necessity, the fact of its being my one sole resource for the present, and the established experience which I now had of the peculiar embarrassments and counteracting forces which I should find in opium, but still more in the train of consequences left behind by past opium—strongly co-operated with the mere physical despondency arising out of the liver. And this state of partial unhappiness, amongst other outward indications, expressed itself by one mark, which some people are apt greatly to misapprehend, as if it were some result of a sentimental turn of feeling—I mean perpetual sighs. But medical men must very well know, that a certain state of the liver, mechanically, and without any co-operation of the will,

* The *technical* memory, or that which depends upon purely arbitrary links of connexion, and therefore more upon a *ritus* or separate activity of the mind—that memory, for instance, which recalls names—is undoubtedly affected, and most powerfully, by opium. On the other hand, the *logical* memory, or that which recalls facts that are connected by fixed relations, and where A being given, B must go before or after—historical memory, for instance—is not much if at all affected by opium.

expressed itself in sighs. I was, much too firm-minded, and too reasonable, to murmur or complain. I certainly suffered deeply, as one who finds himself a banished man from all that he loves, and who had not the consolations of hope; but feared too profoundly that all my efforts—efforts poisoned so sadly by opium—might be unavailing for the end. But still I endured in silence. The mechanical sighs, however, revealed, or seemed to reveal, what was present in my thoughts. Lamb doubtless remarked them; he knew the general outline of my situation; and, after this, he set himself, with all the kindness of a brother, Miss Lamb with the kindness of a sister, to relieve my gloom by the closest attentions. They absolutely persecuted me with hospitality; and, as it was by their fireside that I felt most cheered, and sometimes elevated into hope, it may be supposed that I did not neglect to avail myself of the golden hours thus benignantly interposed amongst my hours of solitude, dependency, and labour but partially effectual.

Thus then it arose, and at this period, that I had my first experience of Lamb's nature and peculiar powers. During one part of the time, I, whose lodgings were in York Street, Covent Garden, became near neighbour to the Lambs—who (with a view to the two great theatres, I believe) emigrated for some months from the Temple to Russell Street. With their usual delicacy, the Lambs seemed to guess that, in my frame of mind, society of a mixed character might not be acceptable to me. Accordingly, they did not ask me to their parties, unless where they happened to be small ones; but, as often as they were free of engagements themselves, they would take no denial—come I must, to dine with them and stay as late as I would. The very first time on which these dinner invitations began, a scene occurred with Charles Lamb, which so nearly resembled the Coleridge and "Ancient Mariner" mystification of years long past, that, perhaps, with all my knowledge of his character, I might have supposed him angry or offended in good earnest, had I not resorted to the lesson of that early introductory visit to the Temple. Some accident, or perhaps it was Lamb himself, had introduced the subject of Hazlitt. Aware of Lamb's regard for him, and of what I esteemed his exaggerated estimate of Hazlitt's powers, I fought shy of any opinion upon him. The fact is, somewhere about that time—but I am not sure whether this had yet happened—Hazlitt had published a little book which was universally laughed at, but which, in one view of it, greatly raised him in my opinion, by showing him to be capable of stronger and more agitating passions than I believed to be within the range of his nature. He had published his "Liber Amoris, or the Modern Pygmalion." And the circumstances of the case were these:—In a lodging-house, which was also, perhaps, a boarding-house, in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn, Hazlitt had rooms. The young woman who waited on him, was a daughter of the master of

the house. She is described by Hazlitt, whose eye had been long familiar with the beauty (real and ideal) of the painters, as a woman of bewitching features; though one thing, which he confesses in his book, or did confess in conversation, made much against it—viz., that she had a look of being somewhat jaded, as if she were unwell, or the freshness of the animal sensibilities gone by. This girl must evidently have been a mercenary person. Well, if she were not an intriguer in the worst sense—in the sense of a schemer, she certainly was. Hazlitt, however, for many weeks (months perhaps) paid her the most delicate attentions, attributing to her a refinement and purity of character to which he afterwards believed that she had no sort of pretensions. All this time—and here was the part of Hazlitt's conduct which extorted some sympathy and honour from me—he went up and down London, raving about this girl. Nothing else would he talk of. "Have you heard of Miss —?" And then, to the most indifferent stranger, he would hurry into a rapturous account of her beauty. For this he was abundantly laughed at. And, as he could not fail to know this—for the original vice of his character, was dark, sidelong suspicion, want of noble confidence in the nobilities of human nature, faith too infirm in what was good and great—this being so, I do maintain that a passion, capable of stifling and transcending what was so prominent in his own nature, was, and must have been (however erroneously planted) a noble affection, and justifying that sympathy which I so cordially yielded him. I must reverence a man, be he what he may otherwise, who shows himself capable of profound love. On this occasion, in consequence of something I said very much like what I am now saying, Hazlitt sent me a copy of his "Liber Amoris;" which, by the way, bore upon the title page an engraved copy of a female figure—by what painter I forget at this moment, but I think by Titian—which, as Hazlitt imagined, closely resembled the object of his present adoration. The issue for Hazlitt, the unhappy issue, of the tale, was as follows:—The girl was a heartless coquette; her father was an humble tradesman, (a tailor, I think;) but her sister had married very much above her rank; and she, who had the same or greater pretensions personally, now stood on so far better ground than her sister, as she could plead, which originally her sister could not, some good connexions. Partly, therefore, she acted in a spirit of manoeuvring as regarded Hazlitt: he might do as a *pie aller*, but she hoped to do better; partly also she acted on a more natural impulse. It happened that, amongst the gentleman-lodgers, was another, more favoured by nature, as to person, than ever Hazlitt had been; and Hazlitt was now somewhat withered by life and its cares. This stranger was her "fancy-man." Hazlitt suspected something of this for a long time; suspected, dated, and was again persuaded to abandon his suspicions; and yet he could not

relish her long conversations with this gentleman. What could they have to say, unless their hearts furnished a subject? Probably the girl would have confessed at once a preference, which, perhaps, she might have no good reason for denying, had it not been that Hazlitt's lavish liberality induced him to overwhelm her with valuable presents. These she had no mind to renounce. And thus she went on, deceiving, and beguiling, and betraying poor Hazlitt, now half crazy with passion, until one fatal Sunday. On that day, (the time was evening, in the dusk,) with no particular object, but unhappy because he knew that she was gone out, and with some thought that, in the wilderness of London, he might, by chance, stumble upon her, Hazlitt went out; and not a half mile had he gone, when, all at once, he fancied that he saw her. A second and nearer glance shewed him that he was right. She it was, but hanging on the arm of the hated rival—of him whom she had a hundred times sworn that she never spoke to but upon the business of the house. Hazlitt saw, but was not seen. In the blindness of love, hatred, and despair, he followed them home; kept close behind them; was witness to the blandishments freely interchanged, and soon after he parted with her for ever. Even his works of criticism, this dissembling girl had accepted or asked for as presents, with what affectation and hypocrisy Hazlitt now fully understood. In his book, he, in a manner, "whistles her down the wind;" notwithstanding that, even at that time, "her jesses" were even yet "his heart-strings." There is, in the last apostrophe to her—"Poor weed!"—something which, though bitter and contemptuous, is yet tender and gentle; and, even from the book, but much more from the affair itself, as then reported with all its accessory circumstances, something which redeemed Hazlitt from the reproach (which till then he bore) of being open to no grand or profound enthusiasm—no overmastering passion. But now he shewed indeed—

"The nympholepsy of some fond despair."

Perhaps this furnished the occasion for our falling upon the subject of Hazlitt. What was said will better come in upon another occasion—(viz., that of Hazlitt.) Meantime that Lamb only counterfeited anger, appeared from this—that, after tea, he read me his own fine verses on "The Three Graces;" and, that I might not go off with the notion that he read only his own verses, afterwards he read, and read beautifully—for of all our poets Lamb only and Wordsworth read well—a most beautiful sonnet of Lord Thurlow, on "Lacken Water."

In answer to what I considered Lamb's extravagant estimate of Hazlitt, I had said, that the misanthropy which gives so unpleasant a tone to that writer's works, was, of itself, sufficient to disgust a reader whose feelings do not happen to flow in that channel; that it was, moreover, a crude misanthropy, not resting upon any consistent basis, representing no great principles good or bad, but simply the peevishness

of a disappointed man. I admitted that such a passion as a noble misanthropy was possible; but that there was an ignoble misanthropy; or, (taking an illustration, which I knew would tell with Lamb better than all arguments,) on the one hand, there was the lofty, nay sublime, misanthropy of Timon; on the other, the low villainous misanthropy of Apemantus. Now, the cynicism of Hazlitt, as also of another writer, who, in our times, affected misanthropy, if not exactly that of Apemantus, was too much akin to it; not built on the wild indignation of a generous nature, outraged in its best feelings, but in the envy of a discontented one. Lamb paused a little; but at length said, that it was for the intellectual Hazlitt, not the moral Hazlitt, that he professed so much admiration. Now, as all people must admit the splendid originality of much that Hazlitt has done, here there might have been a ready means, by favour of the latitude allowed to general expressions, for one, like me, who disliked disputing, to effect a compromise with my opponent. But, unfortunately, Lamb chose to insinuate (whether sincerely and deliberately I cannot say) that Hazlitt was another Coleridge; and that, allowing for his want of poetic power, he was *non tam impar quam dispar*. This I could not stand. I, whose studies had been chiefly in the field of philosophy, could judge of that if I could judge of anything; and certainly I felt entitled to say that anything which Hazlitt might have attempted in philosophy—as his "Essay on the Principles of Human Action," and his polemic "Essay against the Hartleian Theory"—supposing even that these were not derived entirely from Coleridge (as C. used to assert)—could, at the best, be received only as evidences of ingenuity and a natural turn for philosophizing; but, for any systematic education or regular course of reading in philosophy, these little works are satisfactory proofs that Hazlitt had them not. The very language and terminology which belong to philosophy, and are indispensable to its free motion, do not seem to have been known to him. And, whatever gleams of wandering truth might flash at times upon his mind, he was at the mercy of every random impulse; had no principles upon any subject; was eminently one-sided; and viewed all things under the angle which chance circumstances presented, never from a central station. Something of this I said, not wishing or hoping to disturb Lamb's opinion, but piqued a little by what seemed to me not so much honour done to Hazlitt as wrong done to Coleridge. Lamb felt, or counterfeited a warmth, that for the moment looked like anger. "I know not," he said, "where you have been so lucky as to find finer thinkers than Hazlitt; for my part, I knew of none such. You live, I think, or have lived, in Grasmere. Well, I was once there. I was at Keswick, and all over that wild country; yet none such could I find there. But, stay, there are the caves in your neighbourhood, as well as the lakes; these we did not visit. No, Mary," turning to his sister, "you know we didn't

visit the caves. So, perhaps, these great men live there. Oh! yes, doubtless, they live in the caves of Westmoreland. But you must allow for us poor Londoners. Hazlitt serves for our purposes. And in this poor, little, inconsiderable place of London, he is one of our very prime thinkers. But certainly I ought to have made an exception in behalf of the philosophers in the caves." And thus he ran on, until it was difficult to know whether to understand him in jest or earnest. However, if he felt any vexation, it was gone in a moment; and he shewed his perfect freedom from any relic of irritation, by reading to me one or two of his own beautiful compositions—particularly "The Three Graves." Lamb read remarkably well. There was rather a defect of vigour in his style of reading; and it was a style better suited to passages of tranquil or solemn movement, than to those of tumultuous passion. But his management of the pauses was judicious, his enunciation very distinct, his tones melodious and deep, and his cadences well executed. The book from which he read, was a folio manuscript, in which he had gathered together a number of gems, either his own, or picked up at random from any quarter, no matter how little in the sunshine of the world, that happened to strike his fancy. Amongst them was one which he delighted to read to his friends, as well on account of its real beauty, as because it came from one who had been unworthily treated and so far resembled himself. It was a sonnet of Lord Thurlow, a young poet of those days, who has, I believe, been long dead. I knew not whether there is anything besides of equal value amongst this noble writer's works; but assuredly the man who could have written this one sonnet, was no fair subject for the laughter which saluted him on his public appearance as an author. It was a sonnet on seeing some birds in a peculiar attitude by the side of Lacken Water. And the sentiment expressed was thankfulness to nature for her bounty in scattering instruction everywhere, and food for meditation, far transcending in value, as well as in extent, all the teaching of the schools. But the point of the whole, which peculiarly won Lamb's approbation, was the way in which the poet had contrived to praise the one fountain of knowledge without disparaging the other. Accordingly, Lamb used always to solicit the hearer's attention, by reading it twice over, to that passage—

"There need not schools, nor the Professor's chair,
Though these be good, to"—

This sudden turning aside to disclaim any blame of the one power, because he was proclaiming the all-sufficiency of the other, delighted Lamb, as a peculiarly graceful way of expressing the Catholic charity which becomes a poet. For it is a maxim to which Lamb often gave utterance (see, for instance, his letters to Bernard Barton,) that the genial effect of praise or admiration is robbed of its music, and untuned, by founding it upon some blame or harsh disparagement of a kindred object. If blame be right

and called for, then utter it boldly; but do not poison the gracious charities of intellectual love and reverence, when settling upon grand objects, nor sully the brightness of those objects, by forcing the mind into a remembrance of something that cannot be comprehended within the same genial feelings. No maxim could better display the delicacy and purity of Lamb's child-like spirit of love, to which it was a disturbance and a torture even to be reminded that there was anything existing that was legitimately a subject for a frown or a scowl.

About this time it was—the time, viz., from 1821 to 1825—that Lamb first, to my knowledge, fell into the habit of sleeping for half-an-hour or so after dinner. These occasions exhibited his countenance in its happiest aspect; his slumbers were as tranquil as those of the healthiest infant; and the serene benignity of his features became, in those moments, as I have heard many persons remark, absolutely angelic. That was the situation for an artist to have chosen, in order to convey an adequate impression of his countenance. The portrait of him, prefixed to Serjeant Talfour's book, is far from being a good likeness; it has the air of a Venetian senator, and far more resembles Mr Hamilton Reynolds, the distinguished wit, dressed for an evening party, than Charles Lamb. The whole-length sketch is better; but the nose appears to me much exaggerated in its curve.

With respect to Lamb's personal habits, much has been said of his intemperance; and his biographer justly remarks, that a false impression prevails upon this subject. In eating, he was peculiarly temperate; and, with respect to drinking, though his own admirable wit, (as in that delightful letter to Mr Carey, where he describes himself, when confided to the care of some youthful protector, as "an old reprobate Telemachus consigned to the guidance of a wise young Mentor")—though, I say, his own admirable wit has held up too bright a torch to the illumination of his own infirmities, so that no efforts of pious friendship could now avail to disguise the truth, yet it must not be forgotten—1st, That we are not to imagine Lamb's frailty in this respect habitual or deliberate—he made many powerful resistances to temptation; 2dly, He often succeeded for long seasons in practising entire abstinence; 3dly, When he did yield to the mingled temptation of wine, social pleasure, and the expansion of his own brotherly heart, that prompted him to entire sympathy with those around him, (and it cannot be denied that, for any one man to preserve an absolute sobriety amongst a jovial company, wears too much the churlish air of playing the spy upon the privileged extravagances of festive mirth)—whenever this did happen, Lamb never, to my knowledge, passed the bounds of an agreeable elevation. He was joyous, radiant with wit and frolic, mounting with the sudden motion of a rocket into the highest heaven of outrageous fun and absurdity; then bursting into a fiery shower of puns, chasing syllables with the agility of a squirrel

bounding amongst the trees, or a cat pursuing its own tail ; but, in the midst of all this stormy gaiety, he never said or did anything that could by possibility wound or annoy. The most noticeable feature in his intoxication, was the suddenness with which it ascended to its meridian. Half-a-dozen glasses of wine taken during dinner—for everybody was encouraged, by his sunshiny kindness, to ask him to take wine—these, with perhaps one or two after dinner, sufficed to complete his inebriation to the crisis of sleep ; after awaking from which, so far as I know, he seldom recommenced drinking. This sudden consummation of the effects was not, perhaps, owing to a weaker, (as Serjeant Talfourd supposes,) but rather to a more delicate and irritable system, than is generally found amongst men. The sensibility of his organization was so exquisite, that effects which travel by separate stages with most other men, in him fled along the nerves with the velocity of light. He had great merit in his frequent trials of abstinence ; for the day lost its most golden zest, when he had not the genial evening on which to fasten his anticipations. True, his mornings were physically more comfortable upon this system ; but then, unfortunately, that mode of pleasure was all reaped and exhausted in the act of enjoyment, whilst the greater pleasure of anticipation, *that* (as he complained himself) was wanting unavoidably, because the morning unhappily comes at the wrong end of the day ; so that you may indeed look back to it as something which you have lost, through the other hours of the day ; but you can never look forward to it as something which is coming.

It is for ever to be regretted that so many of Lamb's jests, repartees, and pointed sayings, should have perished irrecoverably ; and from their fugitive brilliancy, (which, as Serjeant Talfourd remarks, often dazzled too much to allow of the memory coolly retracing them some hours afterwards ;) it is also to be regretted that many have been improperly reported. One, for instance, which had been but half told to his biographer, was more circumstantially and more effectually related thus, in my hearing, at Professor Wilson's, by Dr Bowring, soon after the occasion. It occurred at Mr Coleridge's weekly party at Highgate. Somebody had happened to mention that letter of Dr Pocke, upon the Arabic translation of Grotius *De Veritate Fidelis* Christ., in which he exposes the want of authority for the trite legend of Mahomet's pigeon, and justly insists upon the necessity of expunging a fable so certain to disgust learned Mussulmans, before the books were circulated in the East. This occasioned a conversation generally, upon the Mahometan creed, theology, and morals ; in the course of which, some young man, introduced by Edward Irving, had thought fit to pronounce a splendid declamatory eulogium upon Mahomet and all his doctrines. This, as a pleasant extravagance, had amused all present. Some hours after, when the party came to separate, this philo-Mahometan missed his hat, upon which, whilst a general search for it was going

on, Lamb, turning to the stranger, said—"Hat, sir!—your hat! Don't you think you came in a turban?" The fact that the hat *was* missing, which could not have been anticipated by Lamb, shews his readiness, and so far improves the Serjeant's version of the story.

Finally, without attempting, in this place, any elaborate analysis of Lamb's merits, (which would be no easy task,) one word or two may be said generally, about the position he is entitled to hold in our literature, and, comparatively, in European literature. His biographer thinks that Lamb had more points of resemblance to Professor Wilson, than to any other eminent person of the day. It would be presumptuous to dismiss too hastily any opinion put forward by the author of "*Ion*;" otherwise, I confess, that, for my own part, knowing both parties most intimately, I cannot perceive much closer resemblance than what must always be found between two men of genius ; whilst the differences seem to me radical. To notice only two points, Professor Wilson's mind is, in its movement and style of feeling, eminently diffusive—Lamb's discontinuous and abrupt. Professor Wilson's humour is broad, overwhelming, riotously opulent—Lamb's is minute, delicate, and scintillating. In one feature, though otherwise as different as possible, Lamb resembles Sir Walter Scott—viz., in the dramatic character of his mind and taste. Both of them recoiled from the high ideality of such a mind as Milton's ; both loved the mixed standards of the world as it is—the dramatic standards in which good and evil are intermingled ; in short, that class of composition in which a human character is predominant. Hence, also, in the great national movements, and the revolutionary struggles, which, in our times, have gone on in so many interesting parts of the world, neither Sir Walter Scott nor Lamb much sympathized, nor much affected to sympathize, with the aspirations after some exaltation for human nature by means of liberty, or the purification of legal codes or of religious creeds. They were content with things as they are ; and, in the dramatic interest attached to these old realities, they found sufficient gratification for all their sensibilities. In one thing, upon consideration, there *does* strike me, some resemblance between Lamb and Professor Wilson—viz., in the absence of affectation, and the courageous sincerity which belong to both ; and also, perhaps, as Serjeant Talfourd has remarked, in the comprehensiveness of their liberality towards all, however opposed to themselves, who have any intellectual distinctions to recommend them.

But, recurring to the question I have suggested of Lamb's general place in literature, I shall content myself with indicating my own views of that point, without, however, pausing to defend them. In the literature of every nation, we are naturally disposed to place in the highest rank those who have produced some great and colossal work—a "*Paradise Lost*," a "*Hamlet*," a "*Novum Organum*"—which presupposes an effort of intellect, a comprehensive grasp, and a sustain-

ing power, for its original conception, corresponding in grandeur to that effort, different in kind, which must preside in its execution. But, after this highest class, in which the power to conceive and the power to execute are upon the same scale of grandeur, there comes a second, in which brilliant powers of execution, applied to conceptions of a very inferior range, are allowed to establish a classical rank. Every literature possesses, besides its great national gallery, a cabinet of minor pieces, not less perfect in their polish, possibly more so. In reality, the characteristic of this class is elaborate perfection—the point of inferiority is not in the finishing, but in the compass and power of the original creation, which (however exquisite in its class) moves within a smaller sphere. To this class belong, for example, “The Rape of the Lock,” that finished jewel of English literature; “The Dunciad,” (a still more exquisite gem;) “The Vicar of Wakefield,” (in its earlier part;) in German, the “Luise” of Voos; in French—what? Omitting some others that might be named, above all others, the Fables of La Fontaine. He is the pet and darling, as it were, of the French literature. Now, I affirm that Charles Lamb occupies a corresponding station in his own literature. I am not speaking (it will be observed) of kinds, but of degrees in literary merit; and Lamb I hold to be, as with respect to English literature, that which La Fontaine is with respect to French. For, though there may be little resemblance otherwise, in this they agree, that both were wayward and eccentric humorists; both confined their efforts to short flights; and both, according to the standards of their several countries, were occasionally, and, in a lower key, poets. The brutal “Tales” of La Fontaine do not merit to be considered in such an estimate; for they are simply vulgar and obscene jokes thrown into a metrical version; and are never treated, as indeed they rarely could be treated, poetically. The “Fables”* are a work of more pretension; and throughout the works of La Fontaine there is an occasional felicity in the use of conversational phrases and conversational forms. But, if any reader would wish to see the difference between an inspired writer and a merely *naïf* writer of unusual cleverness—if he would wish to see the magical effects that may be produced upon the simplest incidents by a truly poetic treatment—I would recommend to his notice the fable of the oak and the broom, as told by Wordsworth, with one on the same subject by La Fontaine. In the one fable, such a soul is introduced beneath the ribs

* By the way, it has been made a matter of some wonder in the annals of literature, why La Fontaine was amongst the very few eminent writers of that age who did not bask in the court sunshine; and La Harpe, with many others, fancies that his “Tales” excluded him. But there is no wonder at all to those who are acquainted with his “Fables.” The ludicrous picture which he constantly presents of courts, and courtiers, and royalty—in treating many of those fables which relate to the lion, &c.—must have confounded and mortified the pompous scion of Louis XIV. more than the most audacious acts of rebellion; and could not have been compensated by the hollow formality of a few stilted dedicatory addresses.

of what else are lifeless symbols, that, instead of a somewhat comic effect, the reader is not surprised to find a pensive morality breathing from the whole, and a genuine pathos attained, though couched in symbolic images. But in La Fontaine we find, as usual, levity in the treatment, levity in the result, and his highest attainment lying in the *naïveté* or picturesque raciness of his expressions. Wordsworth, however, it will be said, is not Lamb. No; but Lamb, although upon a lower scale, has something of the same difference in point of feeling; and his impulses, like those of Wordsworth, are derived from the depths of nature, not from the surfaces of manners. We need not, indeed, wonder at the profounder feeling, and the more intense, as well as consistent originality of Lamb, when we contrast his character, disposition, life, and general demeanour, as I have here endeavoured to sketch them, with what we know of La Fontaine, viewed under the same aspects. Not only was La Fontaine a vicious and heartless man, but it may be said of him, with perfect truth, that his whole life was a lie, and a piece of hollow masquerading. By some accident, he had gained the character of an absent man; and, for the sake of sustaining this distinction, with the poor result of making sport for his circle, he committed extravagances which argue equal defect of good sense and sincere feeling in him who was the actor, and in those who accredited them. A man who could seriously affect not to recognise his own son, and to put questions about him as about a stranger, must have been thoroughly wanting in truth of character. And we may be assured, that no depth of feeling in any walk of literature or poetry ever grew upon the basis of radical affectation. The very substratum of Lamb's character, as I have said before, lay in the most intense hostility to affectation. This, however, touches the quality of their social merits; and at present I am merely concerned with the degree; having selected La Fontaine as that one amongst the French classics who best expresses by analogy the true position and relative rank which the voice of posterity will assign to Charles Lamb in the literature of his own country. His works—I again utter my conviction—will be received as amongst the most elaborately finished gems of literature; as cabinet specimens which express the utmost delicacy, purity, and tenderness of the national intellect, together with the rarest felicity of finish and expression, although it may be the province of other modes of literature to exhibit the highest models in the grander and more impassioned forms of intellectual power. Such is my own intimate conviction; and, accordingly, I reckon it amongst the rarest accidents of good fortune which have gilded my literary experience, that, although residing too often at a vast distance from the metropolis to benefit by my opportunities so much as I desired, yet, by cultivating those which fell naturally in my way at various periods, but, most of all, at that period when I may consider my judgment to have been maturest, I reaped so much delight from

that intercourse, and so far improved it into a fraternal familiarity, as to warrant me in as-

suming the honourable distinction of having been a friend of Charles Lamb.*

WEDDING SLIPPERS.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

ONE of the shortest and dreariest days in January was drawing to a close. Snow had fallen some days previously, and glared upon the roofs of the houses in the picturesque and irregular old town of Belford Regis, and lay mixed with ice, and trodden into a sort of wintry dust upon the highway; snow, too, was visibly hanging in the grey and gloomy sky, waiting only for milder weather—for the hour when the soft south-west should steal upon the bleak north-east—to come down in a world of white feathery flakes, and cover the earth with its bright, level, uniform beauty. The streets, although not yet lighted, were almost deserted of carriages and passengers—except, indeed, the well-wrapt little boys and girls, tripping rapidly home from school, with cheeks almost as red as their red comforters; and the noisier and merrier troop of happy, ill-clad urchins, who came frisking and shouting from the pond at the top of the hill, the great pond opposite the Queen's head, where they had been keeping the cold at bay, by sliding and tumbling upon the ice, and pelting each other with snowballs; making, as it were, a playmate of the frost; and, excepting also careful servant-maids, wending, with cautious speed, over the slippery pavement, laden with smoking dishes from the bake-houses; or hurrying pot-boys, or slower milkmen, rattling their jingling commodities against the icy steps of the doors, or the iron railing of the areas.

In a word, it was at the close of a winter's day, that, the morning influx of customers having intermitted, the shopmen and apprentices of Mr Morris, the greatest haberdasher of Belford, had retired to warm their fingers in their own apartment—preferring the bright fire of the open grate

to the smoky heat of the stove—after returning to their shelves, nicely folded up, the numerous articles taken down to gratify the fastidiousness or the caprice of lady-purchasers, (for men, to do them justice, seldom do give this sort of trouble,) leaving in the dusky range of show-rooms, rendered tenfold more gloomy by the waving draperies which darkened the windows, and swayed to and fro in the dim twilight, only two individuals—a respectable-looking elderly man, who, mounted upon a high stool, was seated at a very business-looking railed-in desk, employed in writing, by the light of a single taper, in an equally business-like, tall, thick book, bound in calfskin; and a young man, particularly well-looking and gentlemanly, whose likeness to the former sufficiently marked their relationship, and who stood at his side, pretending to be occupied in arranging a drawer of rich satin ribbons, which he was rolling and unrolling, and doing unconsciously his very best to spoil, in the eagerness of his appeal to his father's feelings.

"Yes, sir, it is but too true—and a thousand times has she urged the fact upon me—that poor Elizabeth is only a servant maid in the family of our good rector, Mr Sumner. A servant she certainly is, but a most honoured and trusted one. Mrs Sumner was so struck by her intelligence and sweetness, above a dozen years ago, amongst the girls at the Green School, that she took her home to her own house, partly to attend and partly to play with her elder children. She shared their advantages of education—not indeed the accomplishments which were unfitted for her station, but those better and rarer advantages which regard the cultivation of the

* Among the prominent characteristics of Lamb, I know not how it is that I have omitted to notice the peculiar emphasis and depth of his courtesy. This quality was in him a really chivalrous feeling, springing from his heart, and cherished with the sanctity of a duty. He says somewhere, in speaking of himself, under the mask of a third person, whose character he is describing, that, in passing a servant girl even at a street crossing, he used to take off his hat. Now, the spirit of Lamb's gallantry would have prompted some such expression of homage, though the customs of the country would not allow it to be *literally* fulfilled, for the very reason that would prompt it—viz, in order to pay respect—since the girl would, in such a case, suppose a man laughing at her. But the instinct of his heart was—to think highly of female nature, and to pay a real homage (not the hollow demonstration of outward honour, which a Frenchman calls his "homage," and which is really a mask for contempt) to the sacred idea of pure and virtuous womanhood. The one sole case I remember in which Lamb was betrayed into—not discourtesy—no, that could not be—but into a necessity of publicly professing a hostile feeling, was in the letter (now we may say *celebrated* letter) to Mr Southey. To this, however, he was driven, not by any hostile feeling towards Southey, but simply by a feeling too animated of sympathy with those who happened to be on questions of public interest hostile to Southey. Lamb, it must be remembered, was—that is, he called himself—a dissenter. Was he such in reality?—Not at all. So far from adopting the distinctions of his religious party, he was not even thoroughly aware of them. But with Lamb it happened, as with many another man, though careless of the distinctions which bound him to a party, still he was in profession faithful to his party, as a principle of honour. I know many men at this day, who, if left to choose a form of religion—left unfettered by old family connexions—would much prefer connecting themselves with the Church of England. But they are restrained and kept loyal to their section of dissent, not by religious considerations, but by worldly honour; the appealing look of the clergyman, resting perhaps his influence one-half upon old household recollections—upon the father whom he counselled, the grandfather he prayed with. Such look, such recollections, who could resist—who ought to resist? The only plan is this: when the old minister dies—in the interregnum—whilst as yet the new minister is not—bolt, cut and run. Lamb's situation was difficult; Southey assures us that he knew himself to be wrong; he did not. *Your penitent* Lamb was for the ear of Southey—he never meant it for the world.

mind and the formation of the character; and Mr Sumner's opinion of her has been sufficiently proved, by his having, since the death of his excellent wife, and the marriage of his eldest daughter, committed the direction of his house and of his two younger children unreservedly to her charge. A servant she is, but one accustomed to the management of a large family, to the keeping of the most exact and elaborate accounts, to the prudent and careful expenditure of money—to everything, in short, that is most desirable in a tradesman's wife. I speak now merely in a worldly point of view, and say nothing of the beauty, the sweetness, the grace, and the modesty which make her an object of admiration wherever she appears."

"She has no money," replied Mr Morris, suspending for a moment his pen over the book in which he had been apparently most sedulously engaged in making various entries during his son's harangue. "She has no money."

"Then her taste and skill in female apparel. You know, sir, how often you have said that, if my poor sisters had lived, you would have added millinery and dress-making to your business, and converted some part of our large premises up stairs into show-rooms. How often I have heard you say, that one branch of trade helped the other; and that our opposite neighbour, Mr Welsh, would not be able to keep his shop open against us if it were not for his wife's caps and bonnets. Now, Elizabeth's taste, and Mr Sumner's connexion"—

"She has no money, Edward—she has no money."

"Neither had she, sir, two years ago, when, in consequence of Master Arthur's rashly venturing upon ice too weak to bear his weight, I had first the happiness of being of use to her and her young charge. Mine is no love of yesterday; no concealed or clandestine attachment. We have met openly at the institution lectures; have walked together on summer evenings. Mr Sumner, without any verbal recognition of our engagement, has yet often, after church on a Sunday, virtually sanctioned it, by smiling and significant invitations to accompany Elizabeth and the children to his house; nay, even you yourself, by your manner of speaking to her and of her, have led me to believe that you considered her as a daughter. You are too keen an observer, too kind and careful a father, not to have seen the state of my affections; and I had thought you too wise and too liberal, to set a little paltry money in competition with the happiness of a whole life, or to wish me to break my plighted troth to one whom I dearly love—to one who loves me—and marry I know not whom, for the sake of adding needless pelf to our already flourishing fortunes. I had thought your only son was dearer to you than money. But I was mistaken—you hold my honour and my happiness at no higher price than this gaud." And he threw from him in bitterness of spirit the roll of ribbon which he had been so busily folding and unfolding.

The pen dropped from the father's hand.

"You are mistaken, Edward," said he, in a low voice, which was interrupted for a moment by a sound well known to the inhabitants of Belford—the deep hoarse cry of "Shoes! old shoes!—shoes! old shoes!" from beneath the window.

"You are mistaken, my dear son, not in my feelings, but in my circumstances. The fortunes of the poor half-starved wretch who is calling 'shoes' through the wintry snow, are more flourishing than mine. Without your aid I am a bankrupt."

Another hoarse deep cry of "Shoes! old shoes!—shoes to buy! shoes to sell!—shoes! old shoes!" gave to the agitated father the pause which his feelings required. His son was too much absorbed in astonishment and horror for speech; he could only listen in silent agony to a story which seemed to him rather like a frightful dream than a stern and waking reality. Mr Morris continued:—

"You were too young when your blessed mother died, to remember her distinctly; and your poor sisters, gentle and amiable as they were, inherited rather her delicacy of constitution than her vigour of mind. Far above me in birth, in education, and in cultivation, she was yet left destitute at the age of seventeen, by the improvidence and the sudden death of her father, a dignified clergyman; and I owed the blessing of her hand chiefly to her desire to procure for her twin brother a home and a protector. Before our marriage, she made me promise to treat William Arnot as my own younger brother, as my own eldest son; to be to him as a friend, a guardian, a father; and of this most solemn promise she requested the renewal upon her death-bed. Heaven and you, my son, pardon me if I have kept it but too faithfully! Let me make short work of this wretched matter. I placed him as clerk in a banking house in the city, where, as you know, he rose to be cashier. I and another friend of my family were his securities, and all seemed fair and prosperous. Three months ago, he came to me in an agony of guilt and despair. He had been speculating in the share-market. He had embezzled a large sum belonging to the firm, and, unless it were replaced by a certain day, his liberty, his character, his life—for never, he swore, would he survive the loss of reputation—were destroyed. Could I hesitate? Even had I abandoned him to his fate, I was equally ruined, since the house would have come upon me and upon the friend who, at my pressing instance, had joined me as his bondsman, to indemnify them for their loss. The sum was, to a man in my station, enormous, exceeding, by some thousands, the earnings and savings of the five-and-twenty years that I have passed in business. The deficiency was, however, raised for me, within the stipulated time, by our friendly solicitor, Mr Byrne, who happened to have, at the moment, a client, willing to lend the money upon my personal security, and this house, with the stock and furniture. I gave him a bill of sale on all my effects; and was considering whether or not to break the matter to you, or to go on upon credit, and leave

the result to time, when Mr Byrne made me, two days ago, a most unexpected overture, from the friends of a young person with a portion of £5,000, who, although informed of my difficulties, was yet willing to marry her to you, willing to pay off the debt, requiring nothing but a settlement of the rest of the money, and such an arrangement as to partnership, as I should have been, under any circumstances, but too happy to enter into. I have not seen her—I do not even know her name; but she is, they tell me, young, well-educated, and amiable—a thoroughly good and exemplary girl."

"Oh, my father, do with me as you like! But, yet, Elizabeth!—dear, dear Elizabeth!"

"You would rather, then, be poor and happy with her whom you love. So be it, my dear son. Go to your Elizabeth. See if she be willing to share your poverty; willing to wait until some prospect may arise, that should, in some sort, authorize your union. The unhappy man whose imprudence has been our ruin, spoke of one whose defalcation had ruined him, and who might, who probably would hereafter make good the sums for which he was engaged. He has repeated this expectation in a letter which I received from him last week. But that hope is too vague to build upon. See Elizabeth. Disclose to her, unreservedly, the position of affairs—I feel that, with her, the confidence will be sacred—and then act as you see good. Put me out of the question. I am still strong and healthy, and capable of earning my bread as a shopman."

"O father! never! never!" interrupted Edward, with a sharp and sudden revulsion of feeling. "Even if I were so undutiful, so unnatural, she would not consent; I knew she would not. Often and often has she said that she felt that our marriage would never take place; that it never ought to take place; that your son, the son of the most respectable tradesman in Belford, ought not to be united to a poor girl from a charity school. And, now that that union can only be accomplished by depriving you of your home, by sending you in your old age to serve as a hireling—oh, she would never hear of it—would never bear the thought!"

"Go to Elizabeth," repeated Mr Morris, in a smothered voice, pressing his son's hands between his, with an energy that betokened the struggle of his feelings—"Go and consult with your Elizabeth." And, as the shopmen and apprentices came flocking in, and the lighted gas gave a glittering brilliancy to the rich and gaily decorated shop, radiant with shawls, and silks, and ribbons, of a hundred varied hues—and a group of customers, gay country ladies, who wished to choose an evening dress by candlelight, appeared at the door—he escaped into the street, with an instinctive desire for solitude, and, almost unconsciously, took the road to St Michael's Rectory.

The lamps in the streets and shops were now burning, and shewed, with a most striking effect of light and shadow, the fantastic outline of the picturesque old town—the tops of the houses covered

with snow, the icicles hanging from the eaves, and the windows already covered with icy frost-work. The pavement was again alive with passengers—men and women hurrying to the Post-Office; flies and carriages gliding, with a sort of dull, rumbling sound, along the snowy road; a stage-coach emptying itself of its freezing passengers at the Red Lion; a man with periwinkles, and a woman with hot chestnuts, each so muffled, the man in a frieze cloak, and the woman in a dreadnaught coat, that it would have puzzled an *Œdipus* to decide betwixt the he and the she; one little girl lingering longingly in the wake of the periwinkles; two great boys burning their fingers in a bold attempt to filch the burning chestnuts; other children rushing aimlessly along, shouting and bellowing as if to scare the cold. Men were thumping their feet upon the ground, and busfetting their chest with their arms to restore the circulation; women were chattering, dogs barking, beggars begging, fiddles scraping, bells ringing, knookers tat-tat-ing—in short, all the noises of a wintry evening, in a country town, were in full activity.

From the High Bridge, where the broad, bright river, with its double line of wharfs and houses, crowded with people, its boats and its barges, forms so gay and pretty a moving picture, so full of bustle, and colour of light and of life—from the High Bridge, the Kennett now shewed, like a mirror, reflecting on its icy surface, with a peculiarly broad and bluish shine, the arch of lamps surmounting the graceful airy bridge, and the twinkling lights that glanced, here and there, from boat, or barge, or wharf, or from some uncurtained window that overhung the river. The snow lay in drifts upon either shore, marking the long perspective, and glanced upon the suburban cottages and the distant country, edging into the gentle uplands, hardly dearriving the name of hills, that closed the prospect, strongly relieved, at the present moment, by the dark and dusky sky. In spite of his distress and preoccupied mind, poor Edward, who had, probably without knowing it, much of those two rare gifts, the poet's feeling and the painter's eye, could not help stopping a moment, on the centre of the bridge, to contemplate so fine an effect of *clair-obscur*, so striking and beautiful a picture, composed almost without colour, by the nice contrast of light and shade.

While he stood admiring the scene, he was overtaken by the old man whom he had heard, a short while previously, crying "Shoes! shoes!" under the window of his father's shop; and whom he had passed just before, whilst engaged in chaffering for some of his commodities with an orange-woman, whose barrow was stationed at the end of the bridge.

This itinerant shoe-marchant was, as I have said, well-known to the inhabitants of Belford by the name of Old Isaac; and, from his name, his calling, his keenness at a bargain, as well as from his quick, black eye, aquiline nose, and a greater proportion of beard than is usually suf-

ferred to adorn a Christian countenance, was commonly reputed to be a Jew. He was a spare old man, of the middle height, somewhat stooping, but with a picturesque and richly coloured head, surmounted by an old slouched hat. His patched and faded garments were well nigh hidden by two enormous bags, in which he carried the old shoes which he bought, and the new ones, or *soi-disant* new—for he was a great man at a *rifacimento*, and had the art to “gar auld shoon look ‘maist as guid’s the new”—which he sold.

“Buy a pair of warm slippers, master, this cold night?” quoth Isaac. “Wedding slippers, fine enough for a lord.”

“Nothing, this evening,” said Edward.

“Have ‘em a bargain, master,” persisted the man of shoes.

“I am not in want of any,” rejoined Edward, moving on.

“Wedding shoes, then?—wedding boots? Must buy somewhat,” continued the vender, pertinaciously keeping up with our friend’s rapid steps, and thrusting before his eyes the articles which he named.

“I tell you that I want neither wedding slippers nor wedding shoes, nor any of your commodities,” answered Edward, with some humour, endeavouring to escape from his pursuer.

“Don’t ye!” exclaimed Isaac, with a knowing twinkle of his keen black eye. “Don’t ye! Well, then, buy for the want that’s to come. I’ve set my heart upon having a bit of a deal with ye to-night, and shan’t mind bating a penny or two, rather than balk my fancy. You shall have ‘em under prime cost,” continued Isaac, coaxingly; “you shall have ‘em for next to nothing. Do ye have ‘em! We must have a deal. You’ll see that you’ll be married sooner than you think for. Your time’s coming. So you may as well buy the wedding slippers at once. What do ye bid for ‘em? Make an offer.”

“Not a farthing, Jew. I am in haste. You need not untie the bag. You have nothing that I would take if you would give it me. Let me pass on. I am not going to be married. I want nothing of you.”

“Don’t be too sure of that, Master Edward Morris. You and I may come to a deal yet. Jew, quotha! No more a Jew than yourself. If your eyes were not turned another way, you might see me in the aisle of St Michael’s Church every Sunday morning and afternoon, as regular as yourself. Jew! ‘Tis an extraordinary compliment you idle folk pay to that tramping race, that, whenever you meet a body who takes care of the main chance, and turns an honest penny, you call him a Jew. Well, Master Edward, you’ll see that you’ll come to me for your wedding slippers.” And, so saying, Isaac shouldered his bag again, and left the path free.

At another moment, Edward would have smiled at the old man’s acute observation of the direction of his glances in church, and at his persevering endeavour to attract a customer, founded upon that observation; but his

thoughts were too painfully divided between his father and his mistress—his duty and his love; and, during his rapid walk to St Michael’s rectory, he could only resolve to be guided in all things by the judgment and the feeling of Elizabeth.

She received her lover with the gentle self-possession, the calm and serious sweetness, which characterised her manner, and which had been partly, perhaps, the cause, partly the result of the confidence placed in her by Mr Sumner. His father had, to suit his purpose, forced himself to advert to her situation and her origin in his conversation with his son; but Edward felt proudly that there was no trace of the charity school or of the servant’s hall in the lovely woman who stood before him with a simple and unaffected propriety—in a higher rank it would have been termed dignity—that would have become a palace. His distress was immediately visible to her, and her anxious inquiries served to introduce his story.

“We must part, Edward; as to that there can be neither doubt nor question,” said she, in a low, steady voice, whilst the tears trembled on the long fringes of her large black eyes, and the rich colour went and came on the finely-turned cheeks and lips, which a sculptor would have been proud to model. “We must part. I have always known that it would be so—always felt, without suspecting or dreaming of this obstacle, that Mr Morris would find an insuperable objection to receiving me into his family. I ought, perhaps, knowing that, to have forbidden your visits. But I was encouraged in my attachment by one whom I am bound to obey, and by whose orders I have acted in this business; and my own feelings led me but too readily into the error. Oh, if it were only for ourselves, this poverty would be nothing! Young, active, accustomed to exertion, it would be delightful to labour with you and for you—delightful to feel that there was no superiority on your side, except that of your respectable connexions, and your manly and vigorous character. But your father—your kind and excellent father!—to tear him from his home, to send him in his old age to serve as an hireling—he, so long accustomed to respect and consideration!—to banish him from his friends, his neighbours, his native town! We must not think of it. The sacrifice must be made. And you will find your happiness, dear Edward—we shall find our happiness—in his restored comfort, and in the consciousness of having done our duty.”

Affectionate son as Edward was, and determined as he had professed himself to abide by the decision of his mistress, he could not forbear from combating this resolution. She listened to him with sweet and mournful attention, as if willing to hear all that he had to say; but her determination was unshaken. She had just asked—

“Since we must part, dearest Edward, were it not wiser to shorten this pain?” when an odd-looking little note was delivered to her.

Elizabeth read the contents once, twice, thrice,

and remained silent and perplexed, as if hardly comprehending the meaning.

"It is very strange!" exclaimed she, thinking aloud, and forgetting that she was not alone; "very strange! What can he want at this hour?"

"He!" exclaimed Edward, jealous (so strange a thing is a lover's heart) of her whom he was upon the very point of resigning. "He!—what he? From whom comes that note?"

"From one who must be apprised of this event."

"Not, surely, from Mr Sumner? No; from him it cannot be. But from whom? Who can have the power so to absorb your attention at such a moment?"

Elizabeth paused an instant, and then said, gently—"Come with me, and you shall know. Although we are doomed to part, to meet no more, you must always be amongst the most valued, the most cherished of my friends. I cannot afford to lose your good opinion. Come with me, and you shall know all."

She tied on her bonnet, wrapped herself in a large cloak, and they passed through the rectory garden into the churchyard. The fine old Gothic building, with its grey cloisters, its graceful porch, its towers, and its steeple, rose in sombre grandeur from the graveyard, covered with snow, by which it was surrounded, the summit almost lost in the frosty mists of the air; so that the imagination added to the actual height, gave a cathedral-like grandeur to the edifice. A few yews and cypresses were clustered in one corner, and a row of stately limes, their larger limbs partially covered with snow, which lay in long intersecting lines, defining the forms of the branches, led to an iron gate, which opened into a narrow lane, leading to one of the poorest and least populous suburbs of the town. Along this lane, Elizabeth passed, sedulously attended by Edward.

"I ought to have told you before," said she, in a low voice—"only he whom it most concerns forbade the disclosure, and Mr Sumner, I hardly know why, coincided in his desire—that, although a charity girl, I am not, as you have thought, an orphan. I have a father, a most fond and affectionate father, one whom I love dearly, and who dearly loves me. He is a poor but industrious man, following a mean occupation; not so poor but that he makes me frequent presents, and is most kind and generous to the widow in whose cottage he lives, and whom he mainly supports. Still, I have always felt that he was not fit to be your father, nor to be connected so closely with a man so intelligent, so well-educated, and so respectable in station as Mr Morris. I always felt that something would prevent our union. And so, alas! it has turned out."

By this time the clouds had so far cleared away as to admit glimpses of a keen and frosty moon, which shed a cold, pale, desolate light upon every object; dwelling with tenfold desolation on a small hovel, whose rugged thatch and windows stuffed with rags, as well as the broken-

down state of the little gate, (ajar perforce, since, hanging by one hinge, it would neither shut nor open,) which led into the narrow front court, betokened the most sordid poverty.

Up this court Elizabeth passed; and, knocking, with, as it seemed, a forced resolution, at a low door, in little better condition than the gate which formed the outer barricade, was immediately admitted by an infirm old woman into a dark and dismal kitchen.

"I look for your father every minute, Miss Betsy," quoth the tottering crone, "for 'tis past his time o' coming in; and, if ye'll wait till I strike a light, ye may walk into his room, and I'll kindle ye a bit o' fire; for you tender lassies, that live in grand houses, can't bear the cold like us poor folk that be used to nothing better."

And, so saying, she fumbled out an old tinder-box, and having, with some difficulty, cherished a spark into a flame—for her old and withered hands, and feeble breath, seemed numbed and chilled by the cold which she defied so manfully—she lighted a wretched candle, led the way into the next apartment—and endeavoured, with a little damp straw, and a few dirty chips, that had evidently been long trodden under foot in some carpenter's yard, to produce, in a small rusty grate, from which the brickwork was breaking away, something as nearly approaching to a blaze as the state of the fireplace and the nature of the fuel would allow.

Edward, in the meanwhile, took a mournful survey of the sordid abode, contrasting so strongly with the appearance, the mind, and the manners of the lovely and graceful woman who stood beside him, the beloved of his heart. The hearth and its appointments—the bit of old iron that served as a poker, the broken dustpan that officiated as shovel, the pipkin upon two legs, and the lipless pint cup which did duty as kettle, pot, and saucepan—this niggard and beggarly hearth was but a type of the rugged and scanty plenishing of the comfortless chamber. A joint stool, a rickety table, and two tumble-down chairs, one of them garnished with a cushion, darned, patched, and mended, until mending was no longer possible, figured in the centre of the uneven, bricked floor; over the chimney, was a mug without a handle, a teapot curtailed of its fair proportions by the loss of half a spout, a teacup and saucer of different patterns, and two or three plates and basins, all more or less cracked, and repaired, not very artistically, with putty and white paint. In one corner was the inmate's humble bed—a chaff mattress, with one or two rugs or horse-clothes, much the worse for wear; in another, the little pile of straw, and chips, and rotten sticks, from whence the fuel now smoking rather than burning in the chimney had been selected; and, in a third, a dingy heap of old shoes.

The old woman, satisfied with her labour, retired to her part of the dwelling. Elizabeth was the first to break the pause which succeeded her departure.

"This, Edward, is the abode of my father—of a father whom, in spite of all that surrounds us, I

have good cause to love. Does not the sight of such misery serve to reconcile you to the destiny that parts us? Such, at least, is the effect which it ought to have—which it has on me. I am not fit to belong to your family. Never should I have cherished such a thought. Strange that Mr Sumner, knowing as he did the whole truth, should have encouraged our attachment! Strange, most strange, that, till now, the name and the existence of my father should have remained a secret! Well! my presumption is fitly punished, and you will turn with a freer heart to one more worthy to share your home and possess your affections."

"Say not so, my own Elizabeth! Were it not for my paramount duty to my own most kind and excellent father, all that I see here would but supply a fresh motive for our union. All speaks of poverty and industry—nothing of crime. And, next to the joy of offering you a comfortable home, should I reckon that of rescuing one so near and dear to you from penury and toil. Oh! that I were now the free agent that I thought myself yesterday! Not another night should your father spend beneath this roof. If my wretched uncle, Arnott, could but know the misery that his wild spirit of speculation has brought upon us all!"

"If he could, Master Edward, I am minded that he'd rather cry old shoes than gamble in the share market," quoth our friend Isaac, advancing into the room; depositing, with considerable care, his two bags of shoes in their appropriate corner, and emptying, with equal readiness, divers rotten sticks, fir apples, and stumps of gorse, gathered during his day's travel—for apparently he had wended countryward—from the several pockets of his nondescript garments. "If these Stock-Exchange gamblers could but tell the sore hearts they cause to their friends and kindred, mayhap it might go nigh to reform 'em," pursued Isaac. "So here you be, Master Edward, come to make a deal, as I prophesied; and ye ha' brought Bess wi' ye, to clinch the bargain. So much the better. Gie me a kiss, Bess. So thou be'st come to help Master Edward to choose his wedding slippers—eh, my girl?" And the old man nodded his head, with a knowing wink, and chuckled—"Come to choose the wedding slippers!"

"Alas, my dear father, you little know"—began Elizabeth.

"Alack and alack, wench! No alacks for me. I do know all the story; ay, and a great

deal besides, that neither of you know, wise as ye think yourselves. Come, my good boy and girl, sit ye down here by the fire. Bess looks as white as the snow on the house-top; and thou, Master Edward, art not much better. Sit down, and make yourselves comfortable. I'll tell you all about it." And the old shoe-merchant drew his two chairs to either side of his little fire, seated himself upon a stool in the middle, flung on fresh fuel, breaking the sticks with his withered hands, and did the honours of his small apartment with much hospitality. "Well, Master Morris, for all I cry old shoes about the streets, and my Bess (heaven bless her sweet face!) was brought up at a charity school, it ain't altogether for want of a bit of money. Many a year have I been scraping and scraping, and hoarding and hoarding, to save her a portion; and I told her and Mr Sumner not to let out that she had a father, just for the pleasure of the surprise like. So, in the meantime, comes this affair of Master Arnott. Ay, better cry old shoes than go gambling in shares. So I happened to have the money, waiting for a good security—nothing like turning an honest penny—just when Master Byrne was wanting it for your father. So I lets him have it. Here's the paper, see—the what-d'ye-call't?—the bill of sale. And I offered him my girl, with £5000 to her portion; not letting out who she was. And here I've just got a letter from him to Master Pyrne, saying as how 'twill break your heart to marry her; not thinking, mind, that she's she. And I s'pose as how you are come to say that you won't have her, 'cause o' your father—eh? So she's refused o' both hands—eh, Bess? Well! I love a good father, and I love a good son; he'll be sure to make a good husband. And, if Bess don't make thee a good wife, my lad, there's no faith in woman. So take her!—and take this bit o' paper; that's four thousand pounds: and there's one thousand that I promised," continued he, going to one of his corner heaps, and taking a couple of dirty bank-notes out of an old shoe; "and another that I give, 'cause of these two refusals. A good father makes a good son, and a good son 'll make a good husband. And I've heard to-day, from a real Jew, who knows a good deal of what goes on in 'Change, that Master Arnott is likely to get his money back again. So now off wi' ye to Master Morris, and tell him the news. And, hark ye, my boy, don't forget to come back for the Wedding Slippers!"

WOMAN'S LOVE.

How blest is he for whom the sigh
Of gentle woman oft is breathed!—
On whom is fix'd her wistful eye—
Around whose heart her hopes are wreathed!
Oh, priceless is her tender love!
'Tis th' only drop to mankind given,
From the bright bowl that's fill'd above,
From which they drink of bliss in Heaven!

But not for all does woman's heart
Yield up the feeling there implanted—
Alas! 'tis oft the bitter part
Of him to whom it ne'er is granted,
To prize it most. Thus are the fairest
And richest gems always the rarest!

PROGRESS OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION.—NO. III.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CIVIL LIST — THE KENT ANNUITY — REVENUES OF THE DUCHIES OF CORNWALL AND LANCASTER—THE PENSION COMMITTEE.

"WHAT are three thousand livres to the King?" said the ladies of the court to M. Necker. "Ah!" replied the financier—"they are the taxation of a village."* "What is a royal expenditure of half-a-million," Mr Spring Rice, Sir R. Peel, or my Lord Stanley, may exclaim, "to this opulent and flourishing community?" Please you, Messieurs, it is the produce of last year's duties on newspapers and advertisements, which impeded the circulation of useful information to all classes of the people; it is more than the produce of all the taxes levied on corn, on cheese, on butter, skins, and hides, by which the price of bread and shoes has been enhanced to every consumer. Call you this nothing, gentlemen? It is a great deal to be improvidently granted by a Reformed Parliament, and for which every member ought to be called to strict account by his constituents. The value of money is relative—it has reference to its abundance—a penny to a beggar is more than a sovereign to a lord. If taxation touched only the superfluities, not the necessities of life—if it scotched only the rich—such trifles might pass unheeded; but, so long as the nation is told, in solemn phrase, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that his wants are so urgent that he cannot take his hands off the loaf of the poor man, the comforts of the middle-class man, nor the reasonable enjoyments of the wealthy, we say that the guardians of the public purse are wholly indefensible in wasting a shilling on the glare and trappings of royalty.

This is the pounds-and-pence view of the matter; the constitutional one is more important.

Lavish grants to the crown are lavish grants to the ministers. They may use them patriotically, or—and the temptation lies that way—they may pervert them to the fostering of pernicious power. There is, perhaps, little direct gross corruption in the state; but we are not entirely removed from danger. We are a commercial people: we have a commercial press—a commercial bar—a commercial House of Commons—a commercial, and, as respects many of them, a needy peerage. Place at our disposal a batch of over-paid places, a good round sum for pensions, a string of coronets and baronetcies, of garters and ribbons, and rods, and wands, and gold sticks, and we will undertake to give a hoist, in any direction that an epicurean Walpole or despotic Bute could desire, to the public policy of the empire. It is not the amount of the *bribe*, or the cost it entails on the community, that is of the greatest moment; it is the irresponsible hands in which it is placed, and the sinister uses to which it may be applied, in bolstering up the

interests of the few, at the expense of the many, which renders it dangerous to the general weal.

"Keep your salaries low," said Jeremy Bentham to Mr Rush, the American minister. If you make the pay disproportionate to the service, you hold out baits for imbecility; you create a host of deputy-employés; you aggregate in the public administration all the fribbles—the Sir Charles Esays, Hon. Tom Shuffletons, and Lord Foppingtons of society—ephemera, who may be harmless in their places, but who ought never to be seen in the public offices, who work infinite mischief there, by negligence and incompetence, and are daily infringing Judge Ellenborough's libel law, by bringing into the "disesteem and contempt" of the Queen's lieges, her Majesty's government.

These precautions may be useful hereafter; at present, we fear, they will pass unheeded. Reform has evidently retrograded—the race now is backwards. Never more shall we say, except in bitter irony, "Reformed Parliament"—call it the trading, confiding, hoping, or collusive parliament. Members have got their *leases* signed, as they fondly think, for seven years, or as long as may gratify personal ambition or cupidity; and they, nearly one and all, snap their fingers at their landlords.

Our hope was to terminate the "Progress of Political Corruption" with the Georges; but the first month of Queen Victoria's first Parliament afforded ample materials for a supplementary chapter. The situation of the country is notorious: a hopeless debt hanging over us; profits and wages unusually low; and the poor—God's portion—reduced to that minimum of food, in quantity and quality, which, after an official trial, has been found indispensable to the support of life. Under these circumstances, what was the duty of the national representatives?—what did justice to the public creditor, and justice to their constituents, require? Most assuredly, a watchful and unsparing economy. Let us see how this obligation has been redeemed by the settlement of the Civil List.

George III. had his debts paid *eight* times. He had, like his predecessors since the Revolution, a Civil List granted him at the commencement of his reign, which the House of Commons deemed adequate to his wants; but his expenditure constantly exceeded his income, till at length Ministers, becoming ashamed of repeated applications to Parliament, determined, in 1804, to give him an allowance, formed on the basis of his highest expenditure during antecedent years. This arrangement subsisted till the Regency Government; when, the Prince of Wales being still more expensive than his father, the Civil List again fell enormously in arrears. At this

* Mad. de Staal's *Considerations on the French Revolution*, Vol. I., p. 93.

time, Lord Castlereagh was Minister. His Lordship was no great economist, and readily followed the notable precedent of 1804, for averting future embarrassments in the royal household. In his Civil List Regulation Bill of 1816, he adopted, as the basis of his plan, the *maximum* expenditure of the first four years of the Regency. It was on this extravagant scale of estimate that the Civil List of George IV. continued through the whole of his reign. On his accession, the Civil List Act was passed, as Mr Creevy remarked at the time, with the entire approbation of "all parties;" that is, all parties concurred in making a permanent addition to the King's income, of a quarter of a million above that enjoyed by his predecessor.

On the accession of William IV., there was a *shifting of weights*, a transfer of charges from one fund to another, and reduction in the classes of payment; but no saving to the public. The allowances for the privy-purse and the royal household were the same as those for George IV. And it is on the same wasteful scale that a Reformed Parliament—without inquiry, without the examination of a single witness, or the calling for a single paper—has settled the Civil List of Queen Victoria. It is not formed on the basis of the somewhat lavish expenditure of the latter years of George III., who had a large family to support, and who was paid in a depreciated currency, but on the still more lavish scale of expense of the four first years of the Regency.

A word may be here premised of the principle on which these Civil List arrangements are concluded. They are considered a *bargain* with the sovereign—a contract entered into at the beginning of every reign, by which Parliament undertakes to pay a certain yearly sum, during the King's life, for his personal maintenance and dignity. But it is a bargain binding only on *one side*; therefore it is, in law and reason, no bargain at all. If the sum granted by Parliament is sufficient, the arrangement continues; if it exceeds the royal expenditure, the King pockets the surplus; if it falls short, Parliament makes up the deficiency. This was the practice during the long reign of George III. Parliament granted him a fixed allowance; but this being inadequate, they made it up by new grants. These applications becoming unpopular, it was determined to ascertain the utmost amount of money the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, and the Master of the Robes could possibly spend; and up to this amount the Civil List was augmented. The same course was adopted under the Regency. The Prince of Wales experimented for about three years. Having found the maximum of his disbursements in entertainments to the Allied Sovereigns, in Carleton House *fêtes*, and other outgoings, at this amount his income was fixed. The royal income having been stretched to the utmost limit of profusion, during the national intoxication of the battle of Waterloo, by the most voluptuous monarch that ever sat on the throne, it was, in homely phrase, *nailed there*—it was continued for his life and that of his successor, and now forms

the basis of the Whig arrangement for the Queen, proving the verity of Lord Melbourne's remark on the non-niggardliness of Parliaments, whether reformed or boroughmongering.

The following comparative statement shews, at one view, the equality of the Parliamentary allowances for the three sovereigns, without regard to differences in the value of money, their habits, or personal circumstance; one being a maiden Queen, George IV. a noted rake, and William IV. a family man of wide ramifications.

	George IV.	William IV.	Victoria.
Privy Purse,	£60,000	£60,000	£60,000
Salaries and Retired Allowances,	130,300	130,300	131,260
Expenses of the Household,	171,500	171,500	172,500
Royal Bounty, Alms, and Special Service,	23,200	23,200	13,200
Unappropriate Monies,	—	—	8,040
	£385,000	£385,000	£385,000

So much for the FIRST ACT of the first Parliament under the new reign. It is a job of the first magnitude, perpetrated in the most approved fashion of the school of Castlereagh, Canning, and Nicholas Vansittart; in which seminary the Chancellor of the Exchequer took early lessons of Parliamentary finesse. A Select Committee was appointed to "inquire into the income and expenditure of the Civil List, and its probable future charge." From this it might have been inferred that a general inquest would have been instituted into the past and future expense of this department of the public service. No such thing; the object was not to inquire, but to screen inquiry, to give the semblance of popular sanction to all the extravagant items that had been previously concocted in the recesses of the Treasury. That this was the scope of its functions, may be hence inferred. First, the committee was named by the Hon. Thomas Spring Rice himself, whose accounts and estimates were to be inquired into and tested. Secondly, the composition of the committee was such as to defeat its ostensible purpose: consisting, first, of Tories, who are bound by their principles to support regal profusion as well as prerogatives; secondly, of ministerial officials or expectants, whose discretion was fettered by their hopes, or the tenure of their offices; and, thirdly, of a small guidable minority of well-meaning persons, who seem to have been placed there to give a colourable appearance of impartiality to its proceedings. Though a committee of inquiry, it was precluded from all means of investigation; no power to send for papers, or to examine witnesses; all the work previously prepared, ready cut and dry, before the committee met or existed. "Here, gentlemen, are the accounts—take them or none; you are my judges, appointed by myself, and I am your chairman; I am the person on trial, and the only witness you will be allowed to examine. Be quick, gentlemen, in making up your minds; for this precious Civil List must be passed before the recess, that John Bull may pass it, and forget it with his Christmas cheer.

Go, expedite your proceedings. Here is one more document—the *judgment* or report you ought to agree to; sign it, and the business is done.” *Exeunt omnes.*

Thus, the order of the performances—and nothing better was ever done by Mr Yates or Mr Matthews—was as follows:—

Mr Spring Rice’s Civil List was to be tried.
Mr Spring Rice named a committee to try it.
Mr Spring Rice was chairman, while
Mr Spring Rice was being tried.

Mr Spring Rice selected all the evidence against himself.

Mr Spring Rice was the only witness against himself.

Mr Spring Rice drew up the report or judgment against himself.

Mr Spring Rice laid the judgment on the table of the House of Commons.

And, lastly, Mr Spring Rice made the longest speeches, as was natural, in defence of that judgment.

As a suitable tailpiece, Mr Hume proposed, in the committee room, to insert, at the end of the report, the following words:—“As the Committee have not had sufficient details before them to enable them to judge either as to the number of officers and servants in the departments of the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, and the Master of the Horse, or as to the tradesmen’s bills in those several departments, the Committee do not consider themselves called upon to offer any opinion as to the adequacy of the details of the estimate.” Question put, and negatived.

By *whom* was the amendment negatived? Who were present? It is possible the Honourable Member for Kilkenny was alone when he proposed his resolution, or had the benefit of the solitary and casting vote of Mr Chairman Rice. This would have only been an appropriate finish, and we incline to think such was the fact, as we remark, in the Appendix to the Report, that, in all the previous divisions, the *names* of the members who divided are given, but not in this.

Strange as the proceedings of the Civil List Committee may appear, there were men of worth and intelligence upon it; men whom the country is accustomed to confide in for useful sense, watchfulness, and perspicacity. Sir R. Peel and Mr Goulburn were following their wonted vocation; but how could Messrs Grote, Hawes, Strutt, George Evans, and Lord Ebrington lend themselves to such a hacknied delusion?—how could they continue to sit on a Committee of Inquiry, without the means of inquiry, without any detailed information to throw light on the lavish estimates which the Chancellor of the Exchequer called upon them to sanction? Could they know, without interrogating the parties themselves, whether the following were really necessary to the comfort and dignity of the sovereign; or mere sinecurists, that might be dismissed to more appropriate scenes, in Drury Lane or Bartholomew Fair:—

Lord Chamberlain,	£2,000
Vice-Chamberlain,	4

8 Lords in Waiting,	£5,616
8 Grooms in Waiting,	2,685
First Lady of the Bedchamber,	500
7 Ladies,	3,500
8 Maids of Honour,	2,400
8 Bedchamber Women,	2,400
Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms,	5,129
Corps of Yeoman of the Guard,	7,100
Order of the Garter,	502
Order of the Bath,	419
Kings and Herald at Arms,	355
Sergeants-at-Arms and officers of Ceremonies,	1,556
The Lord Steward,	2,000
Treasurer,	904
Comptroller,	904
Master of the Household,	1,158
Master of the Horse,	2,500
Chief Equerry and Clerk Marshall,	1,000
4 Equerries,	3,000
4 Pages of Honour,	460
Secretary, Clerks of Stables in London, at Windsor and Brighton,	1,500

Or could they know the reasonableness of the following royal disbursements—

Modellers and Floor-Chalkers,	£137
Card Makers,	118
Washing,	3,014
Whips,	46
Chimney Sweepers,	150
Tailors,	25
Hatters,	14
Pages’ Uniforms, Clothing, Yeomen, Warders, Watermen, Chapel Boys, and Maundy,	2,131
Grocery,	4,644
Oilery,	1,793
Fruit and Confectionery,	1,741
Washing Table Linen,	3,150
Liqueurs, &c.	2,811
Board Wages to the Yeomen of the Guard,	2,230

There might be lavishness or stinginess in some of these items; but whether one or the other, the Committee knew nothing, save from the elucidatory glosses of Mr Chairman Rice.

Act II. of the new Parliament was the additional grant to the Duchesses of Kent. Grasping meanness excites more indignation than open wickedness; and whoever recommended the application was no wise friend of her Royal Highness, however well their “tongues may be attuned to courtly strains.” Was it worth while to peril the popularity of the young Queen before her coronation, and that of her mother, for a paltry £8000 a-year. Repeated fleecings have made the people very sore. It is the everlasting lusting after money, that has done more to damage royalty and aristocracy in Europe than their detestable wars. As to this particular case, never was one brought forward on more fragile grounds. It is weaker even than that of the late Duke of York, who received £10,000 a-year from the Tories, for officiating as *custos* to his afflicted parent.

Leaving this offensiveness, let us turn to the extraordinary proceedings in respect of the

Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall. This is an interesting subject ; it is historically curious, as connected with an ancient branch of the Crown revenues, and instructive, from the mode it has been dealt with, of the *animus* and competence of our middle-class representatives. As little seems to be known of the Duchies, we shall endeavour to give them a satisfactory elucidation.

The Parliamentary allowance for a Civil List has been always held forth, as an equivalent given to the sovereign for the surrender of the hereditary revenues or ancient patrimony of the Crown, whether arising from real or personal estate. This was the understanding, and the actual practice, at the Revolution of 1688. In the Civil List, introduced by the 9th and 10th of William III., the revenues of the Duchies were surrendered with the other branches of the hereditary revenues, and so continued on every new accession, till that of George III. In this reign, the small branches of the hereditary revenues first began not to be surrendered ; they were reserved for the King's *private use*—another anomaly, introduced on the establishment of a privy purse. This was quite an exotic, and never heard of till the time of the “good old King.” At first the sum set aside for the privy purse was £48,000 a-year ; but the King's family increasing, it was augmented to £60,000. Precisely the same sum has been set apart for our maiden Queen, by the economical Whigs. To what uses the privy purse is applied, can only be matter of conjecture. In the Civil List, every item of royal disbursement is provided for ; sums are voted for the household expenses ; for tradesmen's bills ; for the royal wardrobe ; for the master of the horse ; for salaries, pensions, and gratuities : there is no imaginable want of any kind, whether to eat, drink, wear, or give away, for which there is not a provision. For what end then can be this modern device of a privy purse ? In the case of George III., it was most likely the suggestion of some courtier, to gratify the monarch's avarice, or to enable him always to have a little loose money about him, to give to his children. In the case of Victoria, the royal pocket-money, however, can have no such destination. William IV. had his privy purse of £60,000, and no doubt many ways of using it ; as well as that of his consort, of £50,000. In this reign, the uses of the privy purse were extended ; it became a kind of *dust-hole*, into which was swept all redundancies, whether accruing from the duchy revenues, or from savings in the royal stables, household, kitchen, or pantry. “From the latter source alone, £22,731 accrued to the late King, and was paid into his privy purse.”—*Civil List Report*, App. p. 11.

Returning from this digression, we may remark, that the surrender of the hereditary revenues, about which there is always a flourish of trumpets on every new accession, has been, for the last three reigns, little more than a delusion—not to say fraud—on the nation. Sir R.

Inglis has intimated his intention to move for a return of the produce of the hereditary revenues for the last seventy years. Let him do so, and also of their *application*. He will find that, while nearly one hundred millions have been paid for the use of the royal family, little—very little indeed—has been paid out of the Crown revenues for the use of the public. The Admiralty *droits* have been the chief source of the hereditary income. They yield much during war—little or nothing during peace. How have they been appropriated ? Nominally, they formed part of the purchase-money of the Civil List allowance ; but, for the most part, they have been expended in the payment of royal debts and arrears, of furniture bills for the palaces, expenses of the King's journeys to Hanover and Scotland, and of the Princesses to Weymouth ; and in additional grants, beyond their Parliamentary allowances, to the younger branches of the Royal Family. It was the same with escheat and intestate property : hardly any found its way into the Treasury ; it was intercepted for decorating Brighton Pavilion, or other royal gewgaws. With these hints, we advise Sir R. Inglis to pursue his researches. Like many Tories, he has, we suspect, read only one side of the history of the Georges : let him turn to the other and more trust-worthy sources of intelligence. He will there find that this bubble-bargain of the Civil List settlement has been an imposition on the community—that the life-annuity has been granted to the Sovereign, on condition of receiving an equivalent, but that the equivalent has been shamefully withheld, or misapplied, by servile and trading ministers.

As to this Whig job of the Lancaster and Cornwall revenues, it is gross, palpable, and without extenuation. At the commencement of the reign of William IV., Lord Althorp distinctly stated, they were to be surrendered with the rest of the Crown revenues. Lord Brougham held the same language. Finding, however, the King wished to retain them, for reasons well known, these noble Lords altered their tone, and took shelter under some legal subterfuges. But now every obstacle is removed ; there is neither Prince of Wales nor illegitimate issue. “The Queen's Governors,” as the honourable M.P. for Leeds termed them, are truly independent. They are, if British ministers ever were, strictly responsible ; and let them mind what they are about. Lord John Russell told the House of Commons, that the revenues would be put under an improved system of management, and the accounts be annually laid before them. Is this all ? Are we to be simply allowed to look at the papers, not touch the cash ? For whose benefit will the improved management be, if we are not to share in the increased produce ? It can never be meant to sweep the entire into the dust-hole ? Ah ! my Lord, these tricks are bad policy ; they are foolish as well as mischievous. They might pass in boroughmongering times, but not when there are so many free pens and tongues to proclaim their “whereabout.” Digitized by Google

It is a ludicrous incident, that the wise gentlemen of the Civil List Committee actually made their report, assigning the Queen an income of £385,000, without once adverting to the Duchy revenues, whether they were to continue to form an addition, or be abstracted from the royal allowance. So completely do they appear to have been bewildered by some paltry savings, jangled in their ears by their adroit chairman, that they entirely overlooked a cool £100,000, lying directly in their pathway. It is possible some of them may have forgotten, or been unconscious of its existence; if so, it is proper they should, without delay, be made acquainted with the origin, amount, and tenure of these appanages of royalty; for we are quite sure, if Mr Rice has another Civil List to concoct, he will be very desirous to secure their reappointment, they managed his business so spaniel-like. Here, then, is a short unravelment of a story as old as Windsor Castle, and not less interesting.

John Plantagenet—styled of Gaunt*—married Blanch, sole heiress of Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaster, and, by virtue of that marriage, succeeded to his vast possessions. He received a summons to Parliament, as Duke of Lancaster, Earl of Derby, Richmond, Lincoln, and Leicester. Lancaster became a county palatine, having a Treasury, Court of Chancery, and other royal franchises, which continue to this day. On the death of John of Gaunt, his eldest son, Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, ascended the throne as Henry IV. He was well aware that he held the Duchy of Lancaster by a better title than the Crown, and he, therefore, held the title and revenues of the Duchy separate from his royal rights; but Edward IV., on his accession, annexed, by statute, the honours and revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster to the Crown; and, in the first year of Henry VII., it also was enacted, by statute, that all the lands of the Duchy of Lancaster, which had, during the wars, been alienated from that inheritance, should be reinvested in the King and his heirs. Henry VIII. greatly impaired the revenues; but, in the reign of Philip and Mary, the Duchy possessions were restored to their *former extent by act of Parliament*; which act, with those of Edward IV. and Henry VII., "must be considered," as Mr Wells remarks, "as completely establishing the doctrine of a resumption of grants by the Crown and Parliament." They also completely establish the futility of those intimations thrown out in the late debates, that the Duchy is *private property* of the Crown, with which Parliament has no right to meddle, and under shelter of which Mr Speaker Abercromby, with more zeal than learning, put an abrupt extinguisher on Mr Harvey's motion.

The county of Lancaster is not co-extensive with the duchy, which has estates in many other counties. About the year 1888, the following account was taken of the fees belonging to the duchy:—

Chancellor,	£288	18	4
Attorney,	68	5	4
Auditor for the North Parts,	68	13	4
Ditto for the South Parts,	68	13	4

Besides perquisites. The sum of all the payments to the officers amounted, in 1888, to £641 : 3 : 4.

The woods, forests, chases, and parks of the duchy, extended into thirteen counties. In Yorkshire, there were twelve parks, besides forests; in Staffordshire, seven parks; in Lancaster, four; in Leicester, five; in Essex, four; in Wiltshire, two, exclusive of Alberne chase; in Hampshire, two, and the chase of Holt; in Hertford, three; in Sussex, four, and the forest of Ashdown; in Chester, one; in Derbyshire, there were High Peak Forest, and six parks, one called Melbure Park, now corrupted into Melbourne Park.

It will naturally be asked, what has become of all those chases, forests, parks, and woods, forming part of the ancient landed possessions of the crown? Why, they must be sought in those vast caverns of plunder—the rent-rolls of the peerage. If the alienated domains of her Majesty were resumed, as appears to have been frequent formerly, there would, at the current price of land, be a fund amply sufficient to defray the charges of civil government, without stamps, customs, or excise duties.

In the year 1888, the whole revenues of the Duchy were estimated at £14,000 per annum. As the estates are let on fines, it is likely the rents reserved have been kept at the same amount. There are, however, valuable resources in the Duchy courts, whose emoluments arise from fees and perquisites. That of Chancellor has been retained at £4000 a-year, exclusive of patronage. It is now held by Lord Holland, and, in capacity of which, his Lordship is a Cabinet Minister. It was once held by the celebrated Dunning; and is a *top* always thrown to some one whose influence or aid the Minister of the day thinks worth securing.

Next, as to the Duchy of Cornwall, whose estates and rights were anciently very extensive. They were originally the possessions of the earls of that county; but, the earldom reverting to Edward III., he erected it into a dukedom, in favour of his son, (afterwards the Black Prince,) whom he invested with all the estates, tolls, and profits, which had formerly been enjoyed by the Earls. This grant was subsequently confirmed by Parliament; and the title and estates were settled in such a manner as that they should, in future, be enjoyed by every eldest son of the reigning king, and, in default of such son, should revert to the crown, to be held no longer than till the birth of an eldest son. Under this act, it has continued down to its last possessor, the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.; it is now held in abeyance by the Crown, which receives its revenues. The charter is very peculiar, limiting the succession to the eldest son of the King. George II. was never Duke of Cornwall; nor was George III., because his father,

* Wells "Revenue and Expenditure of the United Kingdom." P. 290.

the Prince of Wales, never became King of England. If Queen Victoria were to marry, and have a son, he never could become Duke of Cornwall. The original settlement of King Edward was, most likely, intended as a provision for the education and maintenance of the infant prince. If so, and this is Sir C. Lemon's opinion, there can be no distinction between it and the Civil List, which is granted for the support of the royal household. It could never have been intended that these revenues should accumulate during the minority of the Prince of Wales; and then, on his coming of age, be placed at his discretion. What better mode could be devised for making the prince a spend-thrift, than by placing at his uncontrolled disposal, £800,000 or £700,000, which it is probable the revenues would amount to, at their present value, by the time he attained his majority?

Mr Fox, Mr Burke, and other statesmen, always repudiated the idea of the Duchy revenues being the King's private property. They considered them part of the Civil List, which ought not to be transferred to swell the private resources of the Crown. Everything held by the present family, in right of the kingly office, is held by a parliamentary title. This was settled at the Revolution of 1688. The Plantagenets, or Tudors, might derive from prescription or inheritance; but the House of Brunswick derives from the bounty of the Lords and Commons, who called in William the Deliverer. It is monstrous inconsistency in a Whig Attorney-General, Whig Secretary of State, or Whig Speaker of the House of Commons, ever to have broached a contrary doctrine. But, if this argument does not settle the legal competence of Parliament to deal with the Cornwall revenue, we will add another, which seems quite conclusive.

The Duchy is settled by royal charter, confirmed by act of Parliament. Have royal charters always been held inviolate, even in recent times? Who swept away the municipal charters of England and Scotland, and now meditate a like reformation in Ireland? Verily, Lord John, Right Honourable James, and Honourable Sir John, Baron of Straddlealley, that is to be—you do strain at gnats and swallow camels in a wonderful manner.

The stake is too great to be left the prey of Ministerial jobbing. The present revenues of the Duke of Cornwall are supposed to amount to £30,000; but, with proper management, Mr Wells conjectures that they might be made to produce £90,000. The chief sources of this income are—*first*, the coinage duty, which is payable to the Duke, as lord of the stannaries, upon all white tin coined; *second*, the profits of manors, lands, and other property still attached to the Duchy; *third*, the profits of mines and mineral rights on the Duchy estates; *fourth*, fines, wrecks, estreats, &c. The first is the chief source of income, and consists of four shillings levied upon every hundred weight of white tin brought to be coined. Efforts are being made to get rid of this impost. It some-

times prevents the working of mines, thereby lessening employment, and is levied inconveniently, without adding to its produce. The coinage days are too few, and the miners are obliged to cast their tin in a particular shape, whatever the purpose for which it is wanted. The effect of these regulations is to make the pressure of the duty of four shillings on the smelter, equivalent to one of six shillings. But the consumer, in this, as in similar cases, pays all; for the smelters do not fail to represent the disadvantages under which they labour, to the government; and the duty on the import of foreign tin is kept high, to prevent competition. Thus remunerative prices are secured; and the aristocracy of the miners, like the aristocracy of the surface lords, is kept up by the monopoly of the home market.

The estates of the Duchy of Cornwall extend into the counties of Devon, Somerset, Wilts, Surrey, and to London, and yield a large revenue. Alienations have taken place to a great extent; but it is said that, in every case, the right to minerals is reserved. The lax administration of public property is mostly such, that encroachments are always going on, and vast quantities of land have been enclosed, and made private property, which, of right, belonged to the duchy. Lord Brougham related an instance, this session, of a man who had an estate which, in fifty years, had stretched, not by any natural means, but by some fraudulent proceedings, from forty-five acres to one hundred. When the worthy tenant was asked how it happened that an estate, containing originally but forty-five acres, could have, in so short period, grown into one hundred acres of good arable land, he replied that his grandfather had been exceedingly industrious, and was very good at *hedging by candlelight*! Lord de Dunstanville and Lewis Charles Dubuzerg, two of the chief bound-owners, and Mr Borlase, the steward of the stannaries, might be able to throw some, if not quite disinterested light on these dark operations.

Enormous fines have been taken for renewals of leases on putting in new lives. Between 1809 and 1813, no less a sum than £129,000 was received for fines alone, exclusive of all other sources of revenue. That valuable piece of ground on which the approaches to Waterloo Bridge were built, called the Prince's Meadow, paid a fine of £53,000. A part of Plymouth Harbour, called Sutton Pool, was let to the corporation, on a fine of £12,000; and, after 1841, a rent of £1000. The remaining fines, £62,000, received during five years, were obtained, not for renewals of long leases of ninety-nine years, but on lives which may drop in two or three years. As it is mining property, the value of which may be greatly improved by the application of capital and improved machinery, the fines may be raised from £62,000 to £90,000 or £100,000. There is an estate in the neighbourhood of London, and on which we happen to be writing—the Kennington estate—for which a fine of £100,000 was asked, but re-

fused to be paid, within the last ten years. It was assessed by the valuation of the surveyor at that sum. But, though £100,000 was objected to, the party may be willing to pay £80,000 or £90,000; and which, in the course of a few months, (if they have not already done so,) her Majesty's Ministers may advise to be taken.

Here, then, is a round sum of near £200,000 upon the point of flowing into the Queen's Privy Purse, in addition to the £60,000 a-year set apart for that purpose. Surely the amount of these funds ought to have been investigated before the settlement of the Civil List. A life-annuity, exceeding that granted to the luxurious George IV., ought not to have been voted without first ascertaining the other sources of royal income. This, however, has been done. Without inquiry into the duchy revenues—without waiting for the report of the committee on pensions—the Civil List Act was hurried through Parliament before Christmas, with an indecent precipitancy and ignorance of its bearings never exceeded in the rampant times of Toryism; and the country saddled with the payment of £385,000 a-year during the sovereign's life—perhaps for the next fifty or sixty years to come.

Not only an easement of the Civil List might have been effected, but an important one in the internal administration of the empire, by bringing the duchies—the “two jewels of the crown,” as they used to be called—under Parliamentary control. In these, as well as in the counties palatine, there is kept up a parade of useless offices and courts sufficient for the government of a kingdom. There are courts of chancery, ecclesiastical courts, privy-councillors, registrars, auditors, cursitors, prothonotaries, and all the other mimicry of regal government. Monarchy is degraded by being clothed with petty jurisdictions: in some parts of her dominions, the Queen is trustee and receiver for the Prince of Wales, *en possee*; in others, she is Marquis of the Isle of Ely, (in late editions of the Peerage this part of the royal nomenclature has been dropped;) farther north, she is Duke of Lancaster, Count Palatine, or dwindles into the humble Earl of Chester. Some of the courts kept up are the most ancient, and, in virtue of their antiquity, the most rotten in the kingdom. The Stannary Court of Cornwall is an instance. It exists by immemorial custom, and was instituted for deciding disputes between miners, without the delay and expense of a journey to Westminster. A jury tries, and the Lord Warden, or his steward, or his deputy, presides. But the whole constitution is vile. The steward and the vice-warden are interested in the decision of the most important questions that come before them; and “justice,” as Mr Wells observes, “and the interests of the Crown and the People, require that the court should be altogether remodelled, or entirely abolished.” There is a right of appeal, from the decisions of the court, to the Lord Warden, who is the Marquis of Hertford, and who, for many years, has resided in Italy or in France, save a hurried trip to England, for the

purpose of giving his annual *fête champêtre*, in Regent's Park, to the London fashionables; so that there is no possibility of bringing an appeal before him. The only appeal which has been lately made has been now nearly fourteen years without a decision.

Chancellor, receivers-general, and all the chief offices, are sinecures in which most of the revenues of both duchies are absorbed. A brother of Lord Dorset was, and we believe still is, assayer-master for tin in Cornwall, who never even visited the principality—the sinecure of his infancy, manhood, and maturity. The letting of the lands opens boundless scope for jobbing and favouritism. The officers of the Cornwall duchy are said to possess no map, ancient or modern, of the estates of the duchy. Hence that constant *hedging by candle-light* before alluded to, and which, ere long, must swallow up the entire property. Many very productive mines are already, to use the phrase of the county, “out of duchy,” while those which produce little are allowed to remain in it. The most valuable leases are not unusually obtained by the officers, or their relatives and connexions. The copper mines, which are the most valuable, were let on lease for thirty-one years, at a rent of £40, on the payment of a fine of £12,000. The lease was granted to the father-in-law of the Surveyor-General, and some officers of the duchy, as is supposed, upon a *report of the Surveyor-General*. The magnitude of this job may be estimated from the opinion which prevails in the county, among those who have the best means of judging, that, from one mine alone, the lessees received, as their profit, and this without any expense or trouble on their part, £20,000 a-year for seven years; and this, probably, did not constitute, at the time, a third of their gains. In our own locality, the manor of Kennington, we had an instance, within the last two years, of the influence constantly at work in the management of this sort of property. A gentleman, whose lease was nearly run out, sought a renewal; and, as tenant in possession, and according to usage, he had an undoubted claim to pre-emption. But our minister coveted Naboth's vineyard. He sought a mansion and grounds more eligible than his own. At first he tried to prevail upon the tenant to surrender his priority; but not succeeding, Lord Bexley, the church-building commissioner, was set to work at Somerset House; and the consequence was, that, when Mr Proctor applied for a renewal, he found, to his astonishment, that the lease had been granted over his head to his own orthodox pastor, and reverend Master of Arts.

Lord Althorp told the country that the Government had ceased to depend on patronage. How has this principle been worked out? What a field for reform is the Lancaster and Cornwall *snuggeries*! Absurdities of judicial administration and government—nests of sinecures—jobbing, foul and rapacious—why have they not all been swept away, and the pledge honestly redeemed, that was given on the accession of Wil-

liam IV.? What are they retained for, but this alleged repudiated patronage—patronage the most dangerous—baits for M.P.'s, in profitable leases, and offices of large emolument and no labour. This is the worst sign of the times. Ministers seek to strengthen themselves, not by the equity of their measures, but by the sophisms, evasions, and even pecuniary pabulum of their Tory predecessors.

The Parliamentary doings before Christmas have made the Royal Family, not the most expensive in Europe—for that it has always been—but that ever existed in England. Here are the items of charge. It will be seen that, whatever may be the advantages of the young Queen's reign, economy will not be of the number :—

EXPENDITURE OF ROYALTY.

Queen Victoria's Civil List,	£386,200*
Revenues of the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, payable into the privy purse,	44,000†
Duchess of Kent,	30,000‡
Adelaide, Queen-Dowager,	100,000§
Princess Augusta,	13,000
Princess Elizabeth, (Hesse Homburg.)	13,000
Princess Mary, (Duchess of Gloucester,)	13,000¶
Princess Sophia,	13,000
Princess Sophia of Gloucester,	7,000
Duke of Cumberland, (King of Hanover,)	21,000**
Duke of Sussex,	21,000
Duke of Cambridge,	21,000
Prince George of Cumberland,	6,000††
Prince George of Cambridge,	6,000‡‡
Leopold, King of Belgium,	16,000§§
Court Pension List,	150,000
Horse Guards,	85,257
Foot Guards,	192,103
Total,	£1,138,060¶¶¶

* Inclusive of the £1,200 granted for pensions, but exclusive of the £10,000 transferred to the consolidated fund, to be applied, "as heretofore, to the home secret service."

† Valued at £100,000 or £104,000 per annum.

‡ The additional grant of £8,000 passed the Commons, but not the Lords, before the Christmas recess.

§ With Bushy Park and Marlborough House for residences.

|| A pension of £1,000 on the 4½ per cent. West India duty.

¶ Also a pension of £1,000 on the 4½ per cent. West India duty.

** Declared by the Whigs to be irrevocable. See debate on Mr Hume's motion.

†† Granted to his Majesty of Hanover, for the "maintenance and education" of his son. Withdrawn, we believe, since the passing of the Poor-Law Act.

‡‡ Granted to the Duke for the support and education of his child.

§§ The rest of the £50,000 per annum repaid into the Treasury.

||| Referred to a Committee of Inquiry of the House of Commons, and to be continued or not according to report thereupon.

¶¶ Exclusive of a pension payable to the servants of George III.'s household.

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This is the "tottle of the whole" at present: our maiden Queen and family cost the nation £1,138,060 per annum. What may be impending in the distance, no man can tell. A trifle of a quarter of a million, or so, will most likely be called for by and by, for the coronation pageant. Next, probably, a marriage settlement of £100,000 per annum for another Prince George of Denmark. These swallowed, a little Royal Highness may be forthcoming. However, we shall stop; we are not of the class who meet troubles halfway. One observation may be made on these royal mutations—namely, that every change in the personal conditions of these great people, whether it be a marriage, a christening, or a burial, entails a blessing on the People, for which they ought to be truly thankful. In the first case, there is a grant for an *outfit*; in the second, a grant for maintenance and education; in the third and last, the expenses of interment to discharge, and a provision to be made for the family and servants of the deceased. Sovereigns are happily relieved from the cares and obligations of their lieges: they live rent-free, tax-free, and rate-free; and, if they travel, they pay no turnpikes.

Amidst these trials, is one consolation—the COURT PENSION LIST has been referred to a Committee of Inquiry. This is a popular triumph, but a triumph accompanied with serious drawbacks: *first*, that very dexterous master of arts, the Hon. Thomas Spring Rice, who acquitted himself so nimbly of his task before the holidays, is, as a matter of Parliamentary usage, the chairman of the committee; *secondly*, the gentlemen on the committee are mostly those who did their business so supinely, not to say collusively, on the Civil List committee; *thirdly*, Mr Harvey, whose question it peculiarly was, and who ought to have directed the inquiry, has been altogether excluded from an investigation which his eloquent and persevering appeals originated, on the ground that he had published in a newspaper, pending its sittings, the proceedings of the committee, last session, on the Poor-Law Act. This publication of evidence is the very thing the public is looking for; and it does seem strange that Whig ministers should be the first to object to any measure on the score of publicity. But this paper has already extended to considerable length, and, as there is still a hope that, by hook or crook, the crippled proceedings of the impending committee, mutilated of its right hand by the shameful trickery which has excluded Mr Harvey, will be made known, we defer farther observations on court pensions until we have the substance of the Report. If it turn out, as intended, a mere piece of jugglery, we shall not be surprised, as, to say truth, we expect no better.

THE EARL OF LEITRIM'S PATENT.—In a note to the editor, the Earl of Leitrim denies our statement regarding the sinecure which, at page 704 of our December number, he is said to have

enjoyed. We regret the mistake, as we should have been happy, were it only for the rarity of such occurrences, to have announced that his Lordship, on coming to the title, had handsomely renounced his life-interest in the patent held by his father and elder brother. His Lordship never was *searcher*, *packer*, and *gauger-in-chief* in Dublin. In 1828, the new Earl of Leinster set an example to noble patentees and sinecurists, which we should rejoice to see Parliament compel the Schombergs, Ellenboroughs, Graf-

tons, &c. &c. &c. to follow; if they, and many more, will not voluntarily "*go and do likewise*." After all, what are the few thousands a-year, disbursed among the few superannuated dowagers and spinsters of quality whom their noble and chivalrous relations throw upon the public alms, compared with the enormous hereditary pensions granted to our immortal Schombergs, Marlboroughs, and Wellingtons, who are sure, unlike other people, to have a line of descendants to which there is no end?

ADVICE TO CANADA.

BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

If Britain's just and peaceful reign
Be turn'd to cries of woe and pain,
Cries of her offspring tyrant-gored,
And Britain answer with a sword—
On! Canadians, on!

If Britain, then, the proud and free,
Who vaunts her far-famed liberty,
Stretch forth no parent hand to save,
But make her free-born child a slave—
On! Canadians, on!

If that child's rights be trampled down
By minions of a glittering crown;
If foul corruption walk abroad,
And rear her filthy head unawed—
On! Canadians, on!

If, Canada, thy gallant sons,
Who calmly look on British guns,
View the warm blood that fills their veins,
Converted into Britain's stains—
Canada! then, on!

If blood of which thou'rt justly proud
Still, still for vengeance cry aloud;
If genius, wit, and worth be lost,
And Britain answer for the cost—
Canada! then, on!

If courtly speech in specious guise,
And smooth, affected sympathies,
Be tendered with assurance rare,
For strict redress—for granted prayer—
Canada! then, on!

Think! liberty's thy right by birth;
Thy spacious tract of fertile earth
Was given entire at first to thee,
The wild, the lonely, and the free—
Think, Canada! the Free!

Thy giant forests heave above;
Beneath, their roaring tenants rove;
Canadian pine, by force upturned,
May laugh the British oak to scorn,
And Canada be free.

But, should a noble mind, well fraught
With precepts liberty hath taught,
Hold out redress—then, list! oh, list!
No longer, Canada, persist!
Pause, Canadians, pause!

If he a snow-white banner rears,
On which a fair young face appears,
Canadians, then, keep watch and ward;
Canadians, swear that flag to guard—
Swear, Canadians, swear!

LOVE RULES ALONE.

In boyhood's bright, untroubled days,
When body, mind, and heart were free,
And doubt ne'er came to dim the gaze
Into the soul's futurity,
I dream'd of Love, but knew him not;
I pictur'd to myself the boy,
For whom through many a scene I sought,
Led in the search by Hope and Joy.

As wild enthusiasts waste the hours
In seeking for the fabled Stone,
Possess'd, they say, of wondrous pow'rs,
Which soon they trust to call their own—
So sought I what I deem'd could give
Of Heaven's bliss a foretaste strong;
And make it ecstasy to live,
For aye, the things of earth among!

I search'd, and long the search was vain;
But I was doom'd at length to find
What I had sigh'd for oft—and then
A change was wrought within my mind:
I met *thee*, and the arrow sped—
I felt it quiver in my heart—
'Twas aim'd by Love, who, aiming, said,
"I come—let Peace and Joy depart!"

But, kindling, Joy refus'd to go—
Though Peace the tyrant's words obeyed;
Till Hope deserted, when the glow
Of Joy decreas'd, till Joy was dead!
Hope, Peace, and Joy have vanish'd now—
O'er this chang'd heart Love rules alone,
And, as beneath his yoke I bow,
I weep, and wish that he were gone!
Kilkenny, 1838,

ABEL O'HARA'S (OF THE O'HARA FAMILY) OWN TRIP TO DONNYBROOK;
IN A LETTER TO MR BARNES O'HARA, GRAY'S INN, LONDON.

MY DEAR BARNES,—'Tis some time since you issued against me your dictatorial fiat to go to Donnybrook Fair, and send you a careful sketch of the true "humours" of that classic ground. Your absence from Ireland, you said, made you long for a faithful copy—even though a matter-of-fact one—of the manners of a Dublin multitude upon a day of licensed festivity; and you added that the allusions to old Donnybrook in Anglo-Irish slang songs, gave you little or no idea of what such a scene ought to be. Besides, you wanted my painstaking report to contrast it with your own fresh observations of Greenwich Fair, whither you had been; that so you might keep up your notions of the differences of character existing between the people of England and Ireland, or rather of London and Dublin, on similar occasions.

Well, little hoping to satisfy your fastidious expectations, I went to Donnybrook last summer. But, first, I am in a Dublin street. "The whole an' sole humours o' Donnybrook fair"—Paddy Flaherty in his glory—"all goin' for one penny o' money!" I saw displayed to my view, a half sheet of coarse paper, on which were a series of flaming portraits, representing "Paddy" as was described—that is, first, in the act of making love; second, in the act of drinking alcohol; third, in the act of frolicking through a dance; fourth, in the act of fighting. Beneath each faithful portrait, appeared a metrical descendant on the merits of the hero in his different situations; and I observed that, in every change of character, he was attended by two inseparable companions—namely, his shillelah and his sweet-heart. While declaring his sentiments to the fair one, too much after the ardent fashion of poor Burns' songs, (for which the bard has lately been so severely criticised,) Pat's weapon was clutched in his disengaged hand, while he pressed her to "kiss the cup;" in the next picture, it was tucked under his arm; in the next, while he danced with her, it was flourished over his head; and, lastly, the oaken sapling was stoutly fulfilling its proper destiny in defence of its equally faithful mate, against some wight who had said that "black was the white of her eye."

This, then, was one of the days of Donnybrook Fair. I stood in about the centre of Grafton Street, and presently perceived that I was already on the way to it. Crowds of people, all in a hurry, tended in one direction. Carriages were more frequent; and "cars"—those peculiarly Irish vehicles—whirled past me in quick succession. I gained the entrance to Stephen's Green; and here the indications of the day became fully manifest.

A body of mounted police were stationed at this point, endeavouring to preserve order and to prevent accidents, by expostulation, by threat, and per force, throughout a scene which tasked their exertions to the utmost. In fact, although

I was still in Dublin, and some miles distant from Donnybrook, here Donnybrook Fair began, or its "humours," at least; and from Stephen's Green, along the road to the real ground of festivity, I am, therefore, bound to conduct you.

Hundreds of cars rolled backward and forward; some taking up, some setting down loads, and the drivers of all shouting out their claims for payment, or their solicitations for "fares," with an energy of lungs that mastered the rattle and clang of their vehicles, and the trampling of their horses.

The car-driver, his beast, and his machine, must be unique to all who have not visited Ireland. Dust of his own creation is the atmosphere in which he lives and exists. It seems to strengthen his lungs and clear his voice; and through the cloud of atoms which almost hides him from the view of others, his invigorated eye full keenly darts upon an expected customer. Standing up in his seat—his loose, outside garment in tatters, his battered hat covered with the dust of months, perhaps of years, and his face also encrusted with a mask of the same material—he glares fitfully around upon all comers. His whip is flourished over his head, and his parched and puddled lips are in endless motion to shape the words of vociferous yet sycophantic entreaty with which he hopes to fill his car. Human energy never excelled the variety of his gesticulations or the ardour of his address; and, amid a crowd of equally zealous competitors, the utmost he can do must never be called too much, considering his responsibility;—for his business does not consist merely in guiding his beast through the perils of a thronged road; he has to provide "full fare," upon a busy day like this, previous to starting—that is, to load his rickety machine with six human beings, three at a side, fat or lean, as they happen to come and clamber up—'tis nothing to him, nor, he avers, to his horse, however they may distress each other. Nay, the horse himself—the poor, jaded, shaggy, soiled, puffing horse—keeps his master's promise, while he exhibits, in many respects, his master's characteristics. At every moment of rest, indeed, he pokes down his head, and seems drooping into nonentity; but the instant his services are required, he starts into strength and energy, as if suddenly endowed with a wild recklessness, and with a power of motion little expected from his recent appearance. Even the vehicle he is attached to does wonders not to be hoped for at a glance. As clumsy and imperfect in construction, and as seemingly fragile in material, as it is shabby in general expression, yet it bears a burthen, and endures a ceaseless whirl, that would shake piecemeal the most tastefully-built and highly-ornamented phaeton.

"Whoo! whoo!" shouted a driver, upon whom I had fixed my eye, as I entered Stephen's Green,

"room for three!—room for three!—an' jest startin', by the whip in my hand!"

A respectable person got up at the empty side of his car; he moved forward a few paces, stopped suddenly, and—"Room for two! room for two!" he bawled, jumping from the seat to the shaft, and there standing upright, perfect master of his position.

Another "fare" seemed likely to be secured: he increased his vociferation, bent forward towards the invited object, and pointed his whip to the spaces he wished to have filled. I ascended.

"On with you, now!" urged his passengers.

"Ha! then, it's I that will! Now for running a-head! Paudheen, my jewel!" addressing his horse, "to the road wid you!"

And he cracked, cracked his whip, and shook his old reins, as if he would have flown. But his sixth seat was still vacant; and all this false promise ended in his allowing Paudheen to plunge a few yards forward, and then making him stand still again, while he looked before him and behind him, and over each shoulder, calling out—"Jest room for one!" and took not the least notice of the expostulations of the newly-disappointed "fares" he had already made sure of. A person caught his fiery glance some distance behind him. In a twinkling, he wheeled his horse's head from the Donnybrook road.

"Hollo! where are you going?"

He answered not; but whirled us onward—or rather backward—with a rapidity that prevented escape, steering his course amid scores of other cars, which rivalled his own in zeal and exertion. He reached the individual of whom he was in chase. The man had just taken his seat in another vehicle, fully freighted by his being added to the former number; and Jem's fuming passengers saw themselves distanced by a public conveyance, which, long ago, they had left behind them quite empty. They again raised their voices against his conduct.

"Well, then! now for id, in arnest!" he answered, at last turning his car with a magical celerity, and causing it to describe a circle incredibly and fearfully small. And again our horse's head was pointed in the proper direction, as if really bent upon his journey. To a renewed halt, however, he did come, and "Room for one! just one! Straight a-head! Step up, ladies! jump up, sir! On for id in no time!" he continued.

We became nearly as vociferous as he was himself, in our angry reprehensions; but to little purpose. Again, ay, and again, he banded us about, and to and fro, through the dangerous scene of contention, involving us amid the whirling mazes of his rivals, where wheel jarred against wheel, and shaft against shaft, with seemingly a total indifference to our limbs and lives, and yet with a skill and an ease which always escaped, by a hair's breadth space, from crash and injury. "Room jest for the one!" still he shouted, as a competitor at his side cried out, "Room for two!" Jem eyed the solitary passenger who was doomed to wait for two new comers, before he could hope to start, upon the rival car. The footboard of

his own vehicle, at the side which required but a sixth person to complete his load, touched that of the other—"Here, sir!" he said, stooping down to whisper—"here's only one awantin'! Step over to me, an' you're on your road!" His chariot was filled; and, with mad shouts of earnest and real intent, he dashed forward, grinning over his shoulder, at the negligent man who had been cheated of his passenger, but who, nevertheless, took the matter in good part, as a tolerated prank, either of the craft or of the day.

Two hundred cars, at the least, plied their trade, which in a single instance I have endeavoured to exemplify, along one side of Stephen's Green; two hundred horses puffed, and trotted, and plunged, in every direction; the wheels of as many vehicles rattled; and the drivers of as many bawled, coaxed, gesticulated, and cracked their whips. And, with a fleet of about forty of that number, all fully freighted, I was now hurried on towards Donnybrook, with a velocity which more than once caused me to stoop forward, and ascertain if we were still really drawn by the same poor beast whose drooping neck and closing eye had appealed to my tenderest mercies and sympathies, when I first was guilty of the sin of adding my slight weight to the burden he now made so little of.

Once on the road, I found myself engaged in a scene of fresh excitement, and, to me, of great novelty. Among the drivers of the forty cars which left the Green together—carrying their two hundred and forty men, women, and children, boys and lads, of various ranks in society—there was a strife for precedence, arising out of the thirst of gain. The sooner any one of them could reach his destined point, the sooner he could return; and proportioned to the number of his visits to Donnybrook, during the day, would be, of course, his profits. And, stimulated by this reflection, every whip cracked, every charioteer shouted to his suddenly-inspired steed; and many passengers shouted, too, as they distanced their rivals, egotistically regarding the fleetness of their poor hack, as an honourable achievement in themselves. We overtook other vehicles which had started before us, or others, before which we had started, overtook us; full as many came against us, returning to town, as accompanied us, or preceded us, or followed us on our course; hackney coaches, private cars, gigs, and buggies, bearing the more wealthy of the city folk, and private carriages, in numbers, also filled the road—the elegance and finish of some of the latter, the beauty of their horses and their trappings, and the gaudy liveries of the coachmen and footmen, strangely contrasting with the dinginess and rudeness of our hired conveyances, with the wretched plight of our over-wrought steeds, and with the tattered costume of their be-dusted conductors. Equestrians of every grade further swelled the throng, from the flaming dandy and his prancing charger, down to the sober-faced cob of the citizen and the broken-kneed hack of the attorney's clerk; and the

footpaths at either hand swarmed with trotting or ambling pedestrians, who could not or would not expend threepence for a ride to the fair.

The peculiar Irish tumult of this moving crowd baffles description. In the breasts and upon the faces of every creature that composed it, was an admission that humour was the business of the day, and that provocations for its indulgence were to be seized in whatever form they might present themselves; and this feeling set the spirits of every whirling or trotting votary agog, until, amid the general rush, and roll, and clatter, laugh encountered laugh, as car whirled by car; some clever remark or repartee, or else some practical joke, supplying cause for the sounds of hilarity, and the merriment still swelling, as we drove along, out of the very consciousness of all that they were engaged in a most fantastic tumult.

The vicinity of Dublin, through which the rout at first made way, had been watered, so that I could see what was passing about me unblinded by dust. But I had yet to encounter a new characteristic of the hurly-burly which had me in its vortex. At the termination of the provident distance to which the watering-cart was limited by city law, arose a cloud of pulverized stones and thrice-dried puddle, so dense that no eyes, save those of Jem and his gifted brethren, could penetrate its mystery; and cars and carriages, horses and men, as they plunged into its womb, were instantly lost to view. For my own part, I could not now see two yards of the way I was going, nor of the way I had come. Before me, and behind me, indeed, the extraordinary uproar, strangely intermixed with laughter, was still to be heard, like some of the invisible notes and screamings in Weber's celebrated opera; but, until the freighted cars drove by me from the fair, or until some of those in my rear came alongside the vehicle in which I had staked my life, each suddenly appearing within the length of my stick, I could not tell what was happening, or going to happen. And as our charioteers abated nothing of their speed, it seemed impossible but that cars, carriages, and horsemen, must have encountered at every step; but I found my apprehensions on this head groundless. Whether we were still steered by eye or ear—and I confess I know not which, in this crisis—the wheels and footboards of cars only rubbed against each other, grating or jarring quite harmlessly; or, if the sudden vision of a large vehicle, bursting out of the cloud of dust, appeared just ready to bear us down, and add us to that same cloud, it was avoided, or it avoided us, in a manner as miraculous as it seemed providential—and still we approached Donnybrook. I forgot to say that, before I left Stephen's Green, I had passed from one side of my car to the other. My present right hand neighbour, in consequence of this movement, was a man rather advanced in life, and, as I judged by his appearance, a comfortable mechanic. There was no modern stiffness in his neckcloth, and it puffed out, immediately below his chin, into a goodly

rosette. His new hat was defended from the dust by a handkerchief, and a woman's shawl saved his decent black coat from injury. He wore the now exploded smallclothes, of strong kersymere, confined below his knees with buckles, and his legs were furnished with white cotton hose; altogether he belonged, in his class, to the old school.

The owner of the shawl which was spread over his shoulders, sat at his right elbow; a burly-shaped orderly dame, attired in the same style—making allowance for sex—as was her husband. At the opposite side of the vehicle, their backs to our backs, were a daughter and a son of the old couple; and in its centre—a little space, technically called “the well,” and on most occasions used for stowing away light baggage in, like the hold of a ship—two other sons, of about eight and ten, stood up.

At his starting, it was visibly my companion's impression that it was almost impossible he could complete his journey without broken limbs, and he appeared continually on the alert to save himself and family from the dangers by which they were encompassed; and yet this state of apprehension was checkered by an enjoyment of the enthusiasm and bustle of the surrounding scene, and by an anticipation of the more vivid pleasures awaiting him at Donnybrook itself. Meantime, in common with us all, he held his hand pressed close to his mouth, to prevent the ingress of the dust, and, when he spoke, only partially raised it to allow vent to his words.

“I'm tould, Margaret,” he said, addressing his wife, “that ould Donnybrook was never in greater glory than the year that's in id—and,” glancing round him, “this looks like id, surely”—and, again pressing its defence against his mouth, he nodded to every side. I could not catch Margaret's answer, as she spoke into his ear through her handkerchief.

“We'll shew the childer the whole ins an' outs of id, plaise God, Margaret.” And he quickly closed the opening again. Margaret assented by nodding her head.

“Many a frolicksome spree,* Margaret, did I see out in my young days—Good Lord! we're destroyed! up wid your legs, Margaret, or they'll rune us!”

This sudden break in his discourse was occasioned by the appearance of a crowded car, coming in the direction opposite to our course, which, as it seemed to him, must inevitably carry away his lower extremities; and there was example as well as precept in his exhortation to his wife; for, with exceeding agility, grasping the part of the vehicle against which his back rested, he flung himself backward on his loins, so as to present the soles of his shoes to the zenith. The object of his fears whisked harmlessly by; but, at the instant of its opposition to our car, advantage was taken of his tempting position, and he received a smart blow from a ratan, the surprise and pain of which quickly

* Dublin slang for “lark.”

restored him to his sitting posture ; while shouts of laughter and clapping of hands continued to peal from the momentarily-seen opponents, long after they were out of sight.

"You are a parcel of rascals," shouted the insulted senior. "Pthru ! pthru ! I'm choked !" he sputtered, again covering his mouth ; and Margaret sputtered just as furiously, declaring that "her throat was full of id, for a dust."

"But it's all fair on the road to Donnybrook," resumed my neighbour, suddenly addressing me—his hand before his mouth, however: "I don't know, but I think I'd glory myself in getting a slap at a passer-by. Keep out, there ! keep out, there !"—jumping up in his seat, and pulling his wife's knees towards him, as a second car came so close that we all saved our toes, at least, with some difficulty. "I declare, now, a woman, ay, or a man either, isn't sure o' their legs a moment—see here again !" A fresh necessity for avoidance occurred ; and he called out to his daughter, at the opposite side—"Peggy, take a good care o' yourself, child, or you'll get broken bones !"

"I'm doing so, father," she answered ; but, in the same breath, screamed out in her shrillest key.

"Oh, what's the matter ?" asked the terrified father.

"Take care of your own self, or you're runed for ever !" exclaimed the wife, dragging her husband to her, while he was yet engaged, half-stretched across the car, in making inquiries concerning the cause of alarm at its opposite side.

And thus passed his time during the short journey to Donnybrook, now jumping up in his seat, and securing his wife from danger ; now crying out, "Take care o' yourself, Peggy ;" and anon jerking round to ascertain the nature of the peril from which Margaret would save himself. But he was a merry old fellow ; and, as soon as habit made his nerves familiar with the accidents which had at first so much shaken them, he began to take great delight in the unusual alertness acquired by twisting and springing out of harm's way, and he would perform his jump up with an affected drollery, and, as he turned his wife's knees along with him, cry out, "Waare toes, Peggy !" at which the whole family laughed merrily, as well as at the similar capers practised by people in the car flying past them, who dreaded as much the tearing away of their own members, by our footboard, as we could dread a like injury from theirs,

"Blood alive ! hand me that, sir !" he said of a sudden, snatching my walking stick from me ; and, quite as suddenly, as a new car-load drove past us, to Dublin, he applied it, with no light hand, to an individual of the unknown party, who happened to be exactly in the same position in which he had been when he received the blow from the ratan. And his shout was triumphant, and "Ha, ha ! take that, my shaver, whoever you are ! Ha ! ha ! Now, I b'lieve, Margaret, I'm out of of the other lad's debt !" And he and

she laughed till the tears came into their eyes, and their throats filled with dust.

We reached the point outside the village of Donnybrook, where we were to descend from our car. A second squadron of horse police were here stationed, having more duty to perform than their comrades in Stephen's Green ; for, along with keeping every one and every thing in great order, they were bound to prevent the advance, beyond a certain line, of all vehicles in the service of the public : so, while private carriages, gigs, and so forth, poured onward, with their favoured freights, we, of the numbered and registered cars of Dublin city, were compelled to dismount, and thenceforward become pedestrians.

Amid a wild crowd of passengers who arrived with us, or just before us, or just after us, at the temporary barrier, Margaret, her husband, their children, and myself, stood wedged together. The good woman, so soon as we got down, set about dusting the long-cherished coat of her spouse, while he smoothed the fur of his new hat with the handkerchief that had covered it ; and then he elevated his head, and stood still before her, that she might insert her finger into the large knot of his cravat, and sufficiently crimp it into fresh order. This done, she, in turn, submitted her person to the inspection of her husband, and from his skill in what followed, I judged it was not the first occasion upon which he had played maid and mirror, at once, to his Margaret ; for he pulled her bonnet straight, rolled one or two of her half-grey curls over his finger, and secured several pins in different parts of her attire, with a dexterity which nothing but long practice could have conferred. His daughter, Peggy, and her grown brother, interchanged similar good offices ; the two little boys who had been drawn up out of the "well" of the car, were whiaked all over by them and by their parents, in an instant. I came in for unasked attentions of the same kind ; and at length all was ready : we saluted each other, and they started forward, determined to be merry, and I remained a short time where I was, to look around me.

Stephen's Green was the abode of peace and quietness, compared to the din at the barrier. Car after car arrived each half minute, all heavily laden. Others started back to town ; and the cries of the drivers, collecting their money, or advertising for new passengers, and the roaring of the police, while their horses clattered among the *mote*s of vehicles and people, and the chatter, chatter of everybody—while laughter arose above the whole riot, and distant strains of music now began to be heard—it was, English reader, a scene which you must witness in order to comprehend. The partial description already attempted begins to overpower you, I fear, with notions of rude pushing and scrambling, and scolding, and preparations for an Irish row, if not actual fighting ; but you mistake. True, there was no plodding forward to the forms of festivity, with faces of decent composure, and

glances of caution ; and 'tis admitted that every creature was in a hurry to gain the "thick of the fun," and give full vent to long indulged anticipations : 'tis also conceded, that, at the first observation of your ears and eyes, you might well fancy yourself—inexperienced as you are—involved in an uproar which threatened your limbs, if not your life ; and yet, after a little more remark and patience, you would recognise nothing in all this but the downright joyousness of your brother Paddy's character. The high tones around you, and swelling in the air above you, would prove to be those of happy excitement, rather than of wrath and battle ; and, if the frequent laugh did not of itself convince you, the expression on the host of faces, and the good-humoured and not ill-mannered forbearance from selfish annoyance of his neighbour, often shown by the worst-clad candidate for the humours of Donnybrook, must soon have done so. Ten to one but you would feel your own heart enjoying the rant, after sufficient initiation. Nay, had old Care himself crept shivering among us, his step must have grown brisk ; his dim eye must have caught a spark of the universal happiness ; his bilious cheek must have flushed ; he must have forgotten—forsworn his identity.

Still, during my short pause at the barrier, I noticed some instances of passing affliction. Decent families, however select they might wish to be, did not often succeed in securing, in Stephen's Green, fit companions for the road. For example, a party consisted of four persons—husband, wife, and two grown daughters. Three occupied one side of a car. The fourth sat alone when she first mounted at its opposite side. Before starting, a mustached dandy, attracted, perhaps, by her handsome features, bounded up at her right hand, and—horrid to relate!—a hideous sweep secured the place at her left ; and, with a grin, most probably, at his ill-assorted load, off drove the charioteer. Along the road, Mustache was inclined to make too free, by half ; the offended girl, clad all in maiden white, had no resource but to move as far as possible away from him : the party landed at the barrier ; and deeply did I share in her evident sorrow and mortification, when, after descending to join her father, mother, and sister, she found nearly a fac-simile of her sooty companion impressed upon that side of her muslin which was next to her heart.

"Hould the child, Mickie !" said a woman to her husband at my elbow ; and Mickie, stretching out his arms, received a baby of a few months old, and began to dandle it so expertly that I concluded he had been somewhat used to nursing. The mother must have staid at home with the infant had she left it at home ; but, rather than that she should lose the pleasures of the fair, Mickie and she agreed to bear the little creature, alternately, through every peril.—"What am I about, at all, in this place !" she continued, stopping herself in the act of unpinning the bosom of her gown ; "an' what'll the

poor child do for id, at all !" And there was evident upon her brow a conscientious regret that, fair or no fair, she had not remained in her quiet house to attend to the mother's duties.

"We may just as well turn our backs upon Donnybrook, Nelly," said a young mechanic, also addressing his wedded partner, a pretty girl.

"What ails you, Tom?" she inquired, in alarm, as Tom's blank face told a fearful tale. But, without answering her, he darted forward with great speed, after a car just starting back to town, and, along with which, and with a score of other vehicles and a crowd of other people, Tom quickly disappeared in an all-engulfing fog of dust, as if he had been whirled into chaos.

"I wondher what's the matther wid him. Oh, what ails him at all, I wondher !" wailed the young woman.

He reappeared, like a vision, from the cloud, and came up to her, still wearing a woful face.

"Every farthin' is gone, Nelly—the little purse and all," said Tom, in the slow words of disappointment. "I thought to overtake the car we came on ; but I missed id among the crowd." Her look became as blank as his own.

"Whisht ! stop !" he resumed, snatching off his hat, and, while his eyes danced, and while he jumped up in rapture, Tom shook the purse out on the road—"I have id ! I have id afther all ! Oh, then, aint I a fool o' the deevle to say I lost id ! Come along, Nelly !"

He flung his arm round her, and, before he hurried her off, his young wife, with tears in her eyes and smiles on her lips, modestly put up her pretty mouth to offer him a kiss of congratulation, which, not conscious of being observed, or not caring whether he was or no, the ecstatic Tom did not refuse ; and then they hurried away, arm in arm, to the real bustle and joy of the fair.

"'Twere a pity, Tom, had you lost your little purse," said I.

Almost immediately, I followed the happy pair. The little village of Donnybrook—still not the centre of attraction—lay before me, its streets crammed with people, and apparently holding out no promise of even standing-room to the fresh crowd along with whom I now made way. We entered it, however. Every house in the hamlet, no matter what had been its previous character, was transformed into a house of banqueting. Every door of every house was flung wide open, front and rear, to receive all comers. Every window was thrown up, and the sound of bagpipes or of fiddle screamed through each ; and not only all the houses, but the meanest cabins (there is a local distinction) and sheds pretended to be taverns, and mounted their signboards, flags, and other insignia of invitation to the thirsty or the patriotic. From the roof of one floated a bagner of white, having thereon, in green letters—(in 1798 he would have been hanged for either the sentiment or the colours)—

"James Meony, and Ireland for ever."

Another flag purported that an unswept, untidy house, of which the lower part was heaped with

porter barrels, whisky jars, and bottles of various sizes, in glorious confusion, was

"The Ranelagh Tavern."

From a sooty hovel waved a board, announcing—

"Geoffrey Murphy, Peace and Plenty."

But I must pause at a particular placard. On a sheet of paper, affixed to a wall, was a device intended to represent a shamrock; three oval spots of dark green, surmounting a stalk, the lower extremity of which was twisted by the artist's pencil into such flourishes as Nature never equalled in all her vagaries; and underneath was printed—

"John O'Neil, and his shamrock so green."

I passed into the thatched hotel. It was clean—the clay-floor well swept, the walls newly painted. Upon temporary shelves, running all round the banquetting apartment, were jugs, mugs, tumblers, and glasses, in profusion; and, under the shelves, double rows of forms, before which stood small deal tables, at proper intervals; and, at many of these tables, sat separate parties—some eating, some drinking, and some eating and drinking together. A fiddler, scraping away incessantly, sat in the corner near the fire-place. His music served two purposes—amusing his company at once, and allowing them to converse freely under cover of its superior noise.

Crossing through this apartment, and also through another of the same kind, I entered the back yard. It was a small square enclosure, fenced round with bushes, and doubly barricaded by a fortification composed of all the usual articles of furniture of the house, which, upon this day, would have proved more than useless within doors. Two old oak tables, pointing their stout legs towards the adjoining premises, forbade the ingress of intruders; three dressers, dismantled of their culinary apparatus, served to continue the works; and two cradles also took their places in the formidable line of intrenchment. Within the square thus formed, rough planks, or large stones, served for seats; a table stood in each corner; and in the centre of the arena was the "dancing-board." I may mention that this is always contrived to spring under the foot, the ground beneath being hollowed for the purpose.

"Going the rounds of the Fair" kept the expected company from this ball-room at the early hour of my visit to it; and, in the absence of better exercise for its elasticity, the "dancing-board" now quivered under the hands of a serving-wench, who was scouring upon it knives and forks for the use of the guests within doors. And I judged that the cradles had not been mere ornamental appendages to the housekeeping of "John O'Neil, and his shamrock so green;" nay, the appearance of two "carriages for young Christians" (as the scouring-girl called them) led me to conjecture that his "shamrock so green" must have been a sufficiently prolific specimen of the national root. But there were now no offspring to be seen about the house; and I began to doubt my own talent for divination, when

the knife-brightener informed me that I had been right at first; that, in truth, John and his shamrock (I *would* so interpret his signboard) were the proud father and mother of a goodly flock of future Irishmen and Irishwomen; but that "the childher were sent among their cousins, out o' harum's way, to let mashter and misthress have time to look after the customers durin' fair-time."

I have been particular in my sketch of this straw-covered *auberge*, as it will give a correct general notion of the economy of all the other houses of its stamp in the village;—*all*, I say; for even the smith's comfortless dwelling, including its forge, had been fitted up for the reception of guests: in the narrow space between his vice-bench and his furnace, forms and cap-sized tubs were placed; a piper sat enthroned on the anvil; and above the horse-shoe nailed over his door, which used to signify his previous calling, was an inscription, saying—

"James Sweeney sells good liquor."

But come. The real objects of the day are still waiting for us.

I cannot take upon me to state the extent of the village of Donnybrook; my attention was otherwise directed than to its topography. I wended through it—flowed through it, a part, a drop of the human current which incessantly filled, and yet incessantly was passing beyond it. Its main (if not only) street curved abruptly, so that an onward view was at first shut out. But the tumult of human voices, and of many other sounds, swelled louder as I advanced—peals of music, or of what was intended to be music, overmastering every other clamour. I gained the termination of the street. Loud expressions of admiration and delight escaped the hundreds who had gained the same point of view along with me; nor was my own tributary exclamation wanted, as Donnybrook Fair, in all its glory, burst upon us: and I tried to stand still a moment, in order duly to contemplate the first *coup-d'œil* of the celebrated scene I had hazarded limb and life to witness.

But I have used a bad word—contemplate. Such a calm operation of the mind was, in my position, and with my still Irish, though not heyday feelings, difficult. The variety of objects, and the simultaneous attraction of eye and, of course, mind, to different points of vivid interest, made it almost impossible to arrange in order the materials of the living picture; but I must do my best, Barnes, for half-English you, and your whole-English readers.

"The Fair" might have covered, as I judged, a space of about six Irish acres. The area of the ground it filled may be described as a four-sided figure of an irregular kind, its boundaries, to my right and left, running from the village, gradually narrowed, in the distance, almost to the apex of a triangle; so that, at one glance, I took in, *en masse*, the whole theatre of action. At a considerable distance to one side, the travelling-houses and bulks of the shows—some of the former on a scale of considerable magnitude—were

ranged, to the amount of fifty or sixty, in line ; many brilliant in effect, and others only glaring to be sure, or else sharing that character with certain features of the fantastic and the *outré*. Taking them up at their termination, booths for entertainment and dancing, with their flags, sign-boards, and other ornaments or insignia, ran on in far perspective.

Fronting the shows, and at some distance from them, were gay jaunting-cars, gigs, and similar vehicles, filled generally with well-dressed females, standing up, on tiptoe, even in their vantage position, to scrutinize and delight in the sights all around them. The highroad from Dublin to Bray was a continuation of the village street I had cleared ; it divided the ground occupied by the carnival into two unequal portions, and ran parallel to the shows ; and it was crowded with still more brilliant equipages, bearing still more brilliant people—open carriages, new or newly painted, emblazoned with arms and crests, drawn by handsome horses, in fine harness, and attended by gaudily-liveried servants, and, in them, young, beautiful, and fashionable women, fitly squired, talking, smiling, laughing, and also standing up ; and, temporarily forgetful of the true aristocratic apathy towards all that is vulgarly exciting, also seeming to enjoy, in common with the pretty girls in the jaunting-car, the wonders and fun of Donnybrook. To the right of this public road, some distance from my present point of sight, was the entrance to an encampment—a town of pleasure-booths—innumerable flags, banners, and curious devices waving above them, before them, and around them ; and the view in this direction was pleasingly terminated by some rude attempts at castellated structures, whose imperfection, however, was not out of character with the objects to which they were remotely linked, particularly as from them, too, holiday banners were streaming. And, looking on straight before me, to the extreme point of the space filled by the Fair, a bridge was visible, over which vehicles and pedestrians came and went almost as numerously as they had done and were doing at the ingress from the village at my back.

And all this is but the outline of the picture. How can words fill it up ? How can I give you a notion, Barnes, of the crowds, and of the action, movement, and manners of the crowds that passed along and across, and from side to side, and from corner to corner of the arena of festivity ? My eye could find no foot of ground unoccupied by a human being—and all in motion. From the mouths of the booths at my right to the carriages on the public road ; and from them to the line of jaunting-cars at my left ; and from them to the line of wonderful shows ; and before the other booths continuing that line ; and on to the bridge ; and here, there, and everywhere, throngs pressed on throngs, some flowing one way, some another, yet all preserving a kind of ordained decorum in their separate channels, a kind of order amid seeming disorder. It was in vain, indeed, that I looked for a Donnybrook row ;

good humour, and the true politeness of mutual and common forbearance and accommodation, appeared to reduce into happy rules all the impatient, headlong curiosity, all the exuberant animal spirits, of the vast multitude and of the festive occasion. Oh, they were truly a joyous host !—well dressed, if not showily dressed, too ; at all events, the small minority of rags and tatters were extinguished by the great majority of fine clothes. And what a buzz of hilarity !—a buzz, do I say ?—what a peal of hilarity rung out from them, chiming in with the bands of music far and near, as they hurried backward and forward from and to points of attraction of different kinds—up and down the entrance to the shows, and in and out of the booths, and so forth, and so forth—all bustling, all happy ! Truly, dear Barnes, such a scene of human enjoyment, on a scale of such magnitude, made my heart laugh.

As if wanting a moment's alight contrast to the almost rapturous hurly-burly before me, my eye wandered aside, and I got something like one—still it was not disagreeable. In a direction, leading away from the fair, ran a by-road, the commencement of an approach to a gentleman's country seat. It was silent, lonesome, deserted ; no foot turned that way ; and imagination could deem it the path to some dreary, banned dwelling, cut off, by common assent, from human neighbourhood—from human mirth at least. Dark-leaved old trees overshadowed it ; and a solitary rook cawed on the topmost branch of one of them. I elbowed my way through the crowds around me, and walked, I scarce know why, to the end of this sad avenue.

Even here, however, I discovered some adjuncts of the great scene of merry-making, though they continued to keep up, in a certain way, a contrast to its broad features. Before the entrance to the by-road, heaps of potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables were arranged for sale ; the unfrequented spot being selected as favourable to such quiet traffic. Sitting on her heels, beside one of those heaps, was an old woman, wearing a ragged cotton gown and a huge old black silk bonnet. Placed on the very verge of holiday festivity, she seemed the only living creature careless of its attractions. She did not turn her faded eye towards the joyous varieties within its view, nor did her ear appear to catch the neighbouring sounds of mirth and music. As if in contempt of the vain self-enjoyment of her fellow-creatures, she was holding kindly communion with one whom she might have thought more worthy of her attentions and her sympathy—for her market donkey poked his head over her lap, drooping his long ears, and leisurely wagging his tale ; and, while she stroked his grizzled pate with one hand, he was rubbing with his lip the other, which rested on her knee.

"You seem to be old friends," I said, after I had for some time regarded the pair, unperceived, I believe.

I was at her back. She turned her head slowly round, and, at first, looked up at me with a creas-

expression, as if fearful, I think, that some silly "Dublin jakeen" from the fair was mocking her; but it is to be hoped that the character of my features and manner admonished the good dame; for her glance changed in its severity, and she answered—

"We *are* very ould friends—the ouldest either has in the world, *now*, sir."

I began, in my usual foolish way, to speculate on the probable past fortunes of the solitary being; and I know not what scenes of bereavement of husband, children, friends, and prospects arose before my imagination; and I was about to ask some questions to assist my conclusions, when I saw that the old woman was weeping bitterly, though silently. This changed my philosophy; and, while I treated the donkey to a square of gingerbread, which a bolsterous young girl had forced me to purchase in the streets of the village, I confined myself to an inquiry concerning the success of her vegetable business during the fair. "It was considerable," she said, as she strove, under the shade of her pent-house of an old bonnet, to dry her tears without observation; "the Dublin people ate as well as drank a great deal, when they rolled out to see the humours of Donnybrook; a body would think they left home a purpose to get dhry an' hungry;" and she had abundance of call for cabbage, parsnips, and carrots to go along with the beef and mutton in the dinner pots, under the "tents." "God bless you, sir, for the mouthful of a thrate to my poor baste!" she added; "An' he's as thankful to you as I am, if he could only tell you so."

A louder swell of all the mingled sounds of mirth from the Fair, reminded me that I was becoming forgetful of the real day's business before me; and, interchanging farewells with the old ascetic and her only friend, I resumed my proper ground.

And now, Barnes, you must expect nothing more or less than my regular "rounds of the Fair," in my own way. I won't bate you a step; nor—under the rose be it said—do I care one farthing upon this occasion, for your half-foreign objections to my method. I know you will declaim against my penning down anything that is not locally peculiar; you have the shows and the tumbling everywhere, you will say; at Greenwich, and forty other places, as well as at Donnybrook. I don't care. I haven't them everywhere; nor, as you well know, have I ever had much of them, even in Ireland: so, you must let me enjoy them on this paper, as I enjoyed them in reality, along with all the other varieties of our great national carnival; for enjoy them I did, and am not afraid or ashamed to say so.

And with them do I begin my "rounds." Taking the lead of the long line of show-booths, in position, as well as in architectural attraction, was "the Theatre"—*par excellence*—a flaring structure; its front composed of lofty, gilt pillars, and otherwise ornamented with painting and drapery. The pillars rested on an extensive platform, raised considerably from the ground

upon which the whole *corps dramatique*, perhaps thirty in number, decked in all the tinsel finery of the wardrobe, figured through the mazes of a very extraordinary dance, the band of music to which they moved seeming, to my ears, to shout, and bray, and roar, and scream forth the air that pretended to govern their motions. The frowning heroes, and the stately heroines of tragedy; the swaggering blades, and the giggling beldames of comedy; kings, queens, (query, wrong spelling here?) nobles, princesses, murderers, lackeys, "supernumeraries," male and female, gaudily bedizened; and Harlequin, too, with his Columbine, his Pantaloon, and his face-streaked Clown—passed each other in the changes of the figure; and loud laughed the gazing crowd, gentle and simple, young and old, at the unrivalled contortions of feature and limb incessantly kept by one of the last-mentioned personages.

Next in importance were "The Olympic Circus," and "The Theatre of Arts;" both of showy front, and both placarded with words importing their characters, of which the letters were sufficiently gigantic to be plainly deciphered at the distance of two or three hundred yards. And many others of inferior note were still attractive, by their paintings, flags, drapery, and divers ornaments, all along the extensive line; and musical instruments of one kind or another were made to do their loudest, if not their best, on the platforms of all—each band emitting a savage resemblance of some tune, different from that attempted by its neighbour, so that, from the whole effect of the minstrelsy, the bewildered ear in vain endeavoured to "untwist"

"The hidden chords of harmony."

And with all this, circles of brass balls curveted in the air; and daggers, truly "air-drawn," glittered in the holiday sunshine; and polished basins twirled on rods; and boys and men were throwing somersets; and dancing girls displaying their attitudes; and buffoons writhing their persons, and turning their human faces into every expression but a "divine" one; and bears, sulkily making bows of invitation to the crowd; and monkeys, chattering and grinning mischief at them; and, above all, the proprietors of the different establishments, with bland and seductive address—while they occasionally affected to flog their merry-andrews, to elicit their jokes, or really flogged their poor bears or monkeys, to keep them in order—pointing to their painted or living wonders, and solemnly promising that all seen outside was but a faint indication of what awaited the curious inside the booth.

I elbowed my way to the "Theatre," and—"Entered it, Abel?" Yes, Barnes, I did. Up the gangway scrambled I, paid for a box ticket on the platform, and was ushered down a flight of steps, to take my place in the most honourable part of the house—which, in this establishment, was, however, the lowest; for, when I assumed my rightful position, I found that my feet rested on the sod. A canvass edifice of considerable extent—capable of containing, perhaps, between

three and four hundred people—rose, however, above me; and when I turned round to look at my fellow-audience, I saw them gradually mounting to the very roof of the structure, and so closely packed that the place resounded with wailing expostulations from crushed women and children, and with angry expostulations from the male portion of the assembly. A short distance from the seat I occupied, was the stage, elevated some feet from the ground, and attainable by means of a step-ladder; and the extent of the dramatic boards might be about four feet, every way. And, as yet, the mysteries of the coming performance were hidden by the proper green curtain; though, indeed, the actors made no secret of their persons, but passed and repassed, men and women, in full costume, up and down the steps, from the platform without, and up and down the step-ladder by which the stage was gained, and thence behind the green curtain. Below the stage sat the orchestra; and to their right and left, were tables covered with whisky, bottles and glasses, porter pots, ginger beer, and biscuits, and presided over by two robust, red-armed, red-nosed women, who had little time to devote to anything but their customers; and of these, the *corps-dramatique* might be called the most constant. Many a time was the curtain pushed aside, and many a time did an actor or actress issue from it, to gain strength for their approaching efforts, by the agency of a dram or a draught of porter. A crowned king or queen did not think it beneath his or her dignity to hold fast, with one hand, the paper diadem on his or her brow, that, with the other, might be satisfactorily drained the invigorating potation. A sage-looking augur unceremoniously tossed off before the audience his glass of "raw;" and a fair young princess seemed to think it quite in character to imbibe, also *en plein vue*, her pint of "heavy wet." But there was one rogue in motley—a right doughty soul. He made his appearance almost every other moment, grinning his request at the half-silly Hebe of the deal-table, whom I could hear growl forth her doubts of payment; he always received his dram, however, by dint of his conciliating buffoonery; and, ever and anon, as this thirsty fool swallowed it, he would delight the audience, as well as his landlady, with distortions of his painted face, expressive of the internal satisfaction conferred by the cordial.

I grew egotistically apprehensive that I might be perhaps the only well-dressed person in "the boxes;" but a glance around undeceived me. Dandies were near me, puffing their cigars; some fashionable men, and women too, good-humouredly smiling at the strangeness of their position. I remember one young lady, in particular, a beautiful, gentle, and graceful creature, protected by her mamma, a certain low-sized beau, and two strapping livery servants; the glance of her eye still twinkles in the retina of mine. Nor, indeed, were the higher, though less aristocratic parts of the house, filled with disreputable-looking people; good clothes,

and tolerably good manners, characterised the whole audience; and among even the remote goddesses, were many pretty girls, who did not shame, in a poetical sense, their present invidious appellation.

While looking round me, I felt a slight, though sly twitch at my elbow. It was given by a half-fuddled mechanic; who, as he smoothed down his close-cropped head with both hands, held it low that he might chuckle to himself stealthily.

"I ax your pardon," he said, glancing up at me—"I ax your pardon, undher an' over, an' every way: but I can't help laughin' at the joke, if the mouth o' me was to split across for id."

"And what is the joke, my lad?"

"Can you see three times once, wid them eyes o' yours, the same thing that I'd see but worst wid the eyes that's in my own face?"

I admitted my inability for the supposed feat.

"Your eyes seem good," I added.

"Ho, ho, ho!—that's the joke of id!—you paid, out o' your hand, for your sate, here, in the boxes, a shillin', and a sixpence over that again—didn't you, sir?"

I agreed to the fact.

"Ho, ho! that's the joke of id!—I laid down my little sixpence—divil a rap more—and down comes I, an' here I am, at your side; an' no one said to me, 'Come back, Tom Maher, and pay another shillin'—that's the joke of id!'"

I cannot take upon me to be certain as to the title of the play; but the green curtain rose; the performers strutted about, on the little space of stage, in a 'mimic pomp of character, with as much self-possession and as much self-importance, at least, as ever I had seen in any theatre. I am rather inclined to think that it had been vaguely proposed by them to represent the tragedy of "The Distressed Mother;" but they made quick work of it; it was gone through in two acts of about a quarter of an hour each. They made the most of their time, however; it was truly a tragic tragedy: for, before the fall of the curtain, not more than two of their whole band were in the dramatic land of the living. Some other peculiarities I must notice. The heroine of the piece, who wore on her head a turban of red glazed calico, went through her distressful situations in smiles that no mishap could darken; something behind the scenes had, I conjectured, excited her risibility; and twice did she pause in the remonstrance of wo, to laugh out her laugh heartily; and her good-humour became infectious—a frowning persecutor at her side roared out laughing, too. And this merry minion of tragedy afterwards reappeared, without alteration of dress, tossing brass balls—much to the comfort of a little girl at my elbow, whose blood had been curdled at the indiscriminate slaughter of the leading piece; but who, in consequence of this resuscitation, could now credit her father's previous assertions, to the effect of—

"My dear, don't be afraid—they're all alive

and merry—sure, they didn't kill one another in earnest, my pet."

And her apprehensions were further alleviated by a second entrance of the hero of the dark drama, who, after slipping a smock-frock over his regal finery, tripped forward to sing "Betty Martin."

Nor was the tragical performance without its admirers. The higher grade of the audience—so considered with reference to their position in the house—had been rapturous in their plaudits, not sparing, however, an admixture of humorous comments. Upon a particular occasion, their applause—whether real or ironical, I could not well decide—rose to shouts. A prince in extreme agony swore, "Byyon sun!" with more propriety than ever Kean had sworn the same oath behind the lamps of Drury Lane or Covent Garden; for, at the moment, a ray of real sunlight broke through a hole in the canvass roof of the theatre, and struck upon his scowling brow, garishly displaying the hideous daubing of his cheeks, and shewing how unevenly had been described the cork-ashes mustaches of his upper lip; and thereupon swelled the sympathetic cheers I have spoken of.

Harlequin and Columbine terminated the entertainment for the time, still to the great satisfaction of the good-humoured audience, who soon after cleared the theatre—rushing up the ladder to the platform without, like demented creatures, and then—many of them—tumbling head over heels down its gangway, amid the laughter of the dense crowd in front of it.

Don't be afraid that I am going to make you spend as much time with me at the other shows, as you have done in my company in the canvass temple of "the regular drama;" still I must inform you that I left none of them unseen. In "The Theatre of Arts," I witnessed the wonders effected by the dancing puppets, particularly the rolling of their eyes, which, alternately, without change of movement, expressed anger or ecstasy, and the rattling of their timber jaws as they recited their parts; and I was contented to laugh with hundreds at the prescriptive humours of Scaramouch. With real admiration, however, I visited the "Olympic Theatre"—the manly skill of such an exhibition, even when it is not first-rate, always excites and gratifies me. The rope-dancing I cannot, however, enjoy, and did not upon this occasion; but, as to the jugglers, you know I would almost walk barefooted to see *them*, at any time, anywhere; so you may be sure I did not neglect them at Donnybrook; and I beheld the man born without hands write a letter, and shave himself, and drink his tea with his feet; and even "Treble Horn-pipes," Dancing Bears, the Monkey Joçko, and so forth, all had their separate attractions for me. With

respect to the "Two Leopards," the man on the platform before their residence convinced me I ought not to pass that exhibition.

"Ye do be spendin'," quoth he, with a philosophical severity, "ye do be spendin' your money at make-games an' kitch-pennies—all o' them pridduced by the art o' man; bud here's two live leopards, nathral-born curiosities from the hands of their Maker; spots all over, from snout to tail, an' no two spots alike. Step in to see them, if any o' ye have sense or gumption." I stepped in accordingly.

I have noticed for you a row of booths, continuing that of the shows, in which those who had visited the latter might conveniently "see out" the contents of their holiday purses. Besides the enticing scream of fiddle or bagpipes issuing from each of these, very seductive sign-boards over them or pushed out from them appealed to the passenger—to say nothing of the goodly display of provisions, solid and fluid, which tempted him, a little inside their gaping, wide-open mouths. And metrical effusions, or graphic illustrations, or the joint efforts of pen and pencil, enriched those sign-boards—all characterised by the humour proverbially and prescriptively appertaining to the place and the occasion.

Upon one appeared the representation of a sturdy fellow, in a sky-blue coat and yellow small clothes; his hat placed rakishly over his right ear, and a shillelah flourished in his hand; and his motto was, "Phaugh a Vollagh!"—that is, "Clear the Way!" and beneath this favourite exhibition of Irish "glory" (by the way, the name given to themselves by the famous eighty-eighth regiment used to be the "Phaugh-a-vollagh Boys") was the following blank-verse distich—

"Give Pat but fair play, his sweetheart, and whisky,
He'll die for old Ireland, his king, and his friend."

Another portrayed a good-humoured fellow, with a measure of liquor held at arm's length; and his action was thus descanted on in rhyme:—

"TO THE THIRSTY."

'Tis true that plants, and fruits, and flowers
Are spiled for want of moistening showers;
And man unmoistened—what is he
But a parched up, sapless, leafless tree?
Then stop, ye thirsty! pass not by,
Nor moisture want while here am I,

LARRY WHELAN."

And, after I had perused these lines, a glance through the opening of Laurence's tent assured me that he had sat for the portrait on his sign; and, moreover, that he was even then occupied in imitation of it—administering to "The Thirsty." Many other and similar masterpieces of the fine arts equally amused me in this quarter of the Fair.

(To be concluded in our next.)

POST-OFFICE REFORM.

It had long been suspected, by persons who had paid attention to the state of the public revenue, that there was something wrong in the administration of the Post-Office, on account of its revenue continuing stationary, while the wealth, population, and business of the country were in a state of rapid progression. Public attention, however, was not turned towards the subject, until the speeches of Mr Wallace of Kelly, in Parliament, and till the pamphlet of Mr Rowland Hill, maintaining the practicability of a reduction of all the different rates of postage to the uniform rate of one penny, whatever might be the distance the letter was carried, was published. This pamphlet naturally excited much attention throughout the country; and, on 23d November last, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the present rates of postage, with the view to such a reduction as may be made without injury to the revenue; and to examine Mr Hill's plan. Mr Wallace was appointed chairman of this Committee; and he appears to have discharged his duty with no ordinary ability and assiduity, having presided at every meeting of the Committee, twenty-four in number, held up to 2d April last, during which time forty-five witnesses were examined. The Committee has not yet concluded its labours, but has merely reported the evidence already taken.

Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance attending the investigation, is the overwhelming evidence it has afforded of the impotence of government—though armed with a most extensive and most rigorous code of laws, abounding in the severest penalties, and with a corps of officials to put the code in operation—to maintain a system hostile to the interests and feelings of the people. We find men of all classes, and of the most respectable character—merchants, medical men, booksellers, and men of science—acting in perfect defiance of the law, in full knowledge of the penalties detection would entail on them, and openly avowing their acts when examined by this Committee. And not only are individuals in the daily habit of infringing the Post-Office laws, but also associations of all sorts—mercantile, scientific, and religious. The British Association, as well as the Society for Spreading the Gospel, are to be found among the contrabandists, boldly acting in face of the clearest regulations of Post-Office law. Although the penalty for the illegal transmission of letters is £5 each, one moiety of which goes to the informer, prosecutions are extremely rare, though thousands of letters are, every day of the year, and in every district of the kingdom, liable to prosecution. Even the London common informers are unable or unwilling to sue for the penalties incurred by a breach of the Post-Office laws. This surely is not a safe state of things. How can it be expected that ill-informed working men can be convinced of

the impropriety of entering into illegal combinations, with the view—however mistaken—of thereby raising wages, when they see the great body of the middle and upper classes in league against the Post-Office, for what must appear to them the comparatively paltry object of saving the postage of letters?

It appears, from Mr Hill's evidence, that, during the last twenty years, the Post-Office revenue has been stationary. In 1815, with a population of nineteen millions, it was a million and a half, (£1,557,291;) in 1835, with twenty-five millions of people, it was no more, (£1,540,300.) Had the revenue kept pace with the population, it would have exceeded two millions. But, as the wealth of the country, during that long period of peace, must—whatever may be alleged to the contrary—have proceeded in a greater ratio than the population, the Post-Office revenue should have increased at a much higher rate than that which we have assumed. For example, between 1815 and 1835, the stagecoach duty has increased from less than a quarter of a million (£217,671) to half a million, (£498,497,) or 128 per cent. on the revenue of 1815. Had the net revenue derived from the Post-Office increased at the same rate, instead of being a million and a half, it should be three millions and a half: so that the present defective system of management occasions an annual loss of two millions to the revenue. The cases seem strictly analogous; the demand for the conveyance of letters must have increased to the same extent as the demand for the conveyance of letters and parcels. What confirms this view is, that, in France and America, where postages are lower than in this country, a very great rise has taken place. Between 1815 and 1835, the gross produce of the revenue of the Post-Office of the United States of America has trebled: in the two years, 1835 to 1837, it increased thirty-eight per cent. In France, in the fourteen years—1821–1835—the gross produce rose from twenty-four millions to thirty-four millions of francs, or 54 per cent. It appears, from the evidence of Mr L. Fenwick de Porquet, and other witnesses, that the French Post-Office gives the greatest facilities for the conveyance of circulars, periodicals, and proof-sheets. 5000 circulars may be dispatched from Paris over all France, for a payment of two centimes. The French look to profit, not from the circulars, but from the postage of the numerous inquiries these circulars occasion. That our Post-Office revenue should be stationary, while that of our neighbours is rapidly increasing, is no more than was to be expected, when it is known that our tax on postage is much more than 1000 per cent. on the necessary cost of conveyance.

It has always appeared to us, that a tax on the conveyance of letters was the most indefensible of any kind of taxation. The window-duty—the tax upon light—appears, at first sight, equally

preposterous; but it is, in truth, a tax upon property, or at least on income. The poorer classes are altogether exempt from the window-tax; and he who has a fine house and many windows, may be presumed to have a good income, and so to be a just object of taxation. At all events, if he find the tax oppressive, he has the means of avoiding it, by removing to a house suited to his means. It is, in truth, a recommendation of a tax, that its tendency is to repress extravagance and punish folly. But a postage, in as far as it exceeds the cost of conveyance, is a tax on the intercourse between man and man—it prevents the communication of thought—of new discoveries in the arts and sciences—it restricts the cultivation of the moral feelings, by rendering the most intimate friends and the nearest relations, strangers to each other after the separation of a few years, however limited may be the distance which divides them. It counteracts, in a great degree, education, by rendering writing useless to a large part of the community; and it retards, perhaps more than any single circumstance, the progressive advancement of the human race.* In the present tax-ground condition of this country, and under the necessity imposed on every one not to lose a moment of his time or a shilling of his money, visits of mere friendship are not to be thought of, except by the wealthiest persons, and by them only at distant intervals, and for the most limited periods. In these circumstances, a tax on written communications is nothing better than a tax on speech or on social intercourse.

It is, in truth, only in very recent times, that the Post-Office has been converted into an engine of taxation. The first regular Post-Office, on a model resembling the present establishment, was erected by Oliver Cromwell and his Parliament in 1657; and the preamble of the ordinance says nothing about raising money for the use of the State, but that the establishing of one General Post-Office, besides the benefit to commerce, and the convenience of conveying public dispatches, "will be the best means to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs against the Commonwealth." The policy of having the correspondence of the kingdom under the inspection of the Government, is still continued; for, by a warrant from one of the

principal Secretaries of State, letters may be detained and opened—a practice which was carried to a shameful extent in 1794 and 1795. The last report of the Commissioners of Post-Office Inquiry, commences thus:—"The safe and speedy conveyance of letters for the benefit of trade and commerce, was the primary consideration of the Government in the first establishment of a General Post-Office; the revenue, which it was expected would arise from the exclusive privilege conferred on the Postmaster-General, was held to be of minor importance. This principle is recognised in the preamble to the different postage acts, which were passed from the time of the Commonwealth, down to the time of Queen Anne, when the English and Scottish offices were united under one Postmaster-General." We regret, therefore, to find, that the Committee are ordered to report as to such reduction of postage "as may be made without injury to the revenue." We would rather that the Post-Office revenue were entirely annihilated, and some of the repealed taxes, such as those on beer or leather, oppressive on the poor as these taxes were, again imposed.

But, even with the reduction to an uniform rate of one penny, there appears to be no reason to fear any considerable diminution of the revenue. A great many of the witnesses examined, stated their willingness to enter into a contract with the Post-Office, to pay the same amount of postage as they do at present, so much do they count upon increasing their correspondence. Some of these witnesses stated, that, though they paid at present from £1000 to £2000 a-year of postage, their correspondence was much hampered by the present high rates.

Mr Hill's plan is shortly as follows:—Instead of complexity, delay, and expense, in the present arrangements of the Post-Office, arising chiefly from the great variety of charges for postage, he proposes to adopt one uniform rate, whatever may be the distance—one penny per half ounce, and the like charge for each half ounce additional. To relieve the Post-Office from all collection of money, and the complicated checks and accounts thereby occasioned, he proposes that the postage should be paid in advance, either by using for letters paper stamped in a similar manner to newspapers, keeping the stamp outside, or by stamped envelopes. The ease, simplicity, and dispatch, which such a plan would accomplish, is obvious. In delivering the letters, the postman would not need to ring the bell, wait for the postage, and give the change, but throw the letter into a box every one would have for receiving them. It appears at first unfair, that a letter conveyed a short distance should pay as much as one carried from one extremity of the kingdom to the other; but it must be kept in view what are the elements of the charge for postage. They consist, 1st, of the charge of providing receiving houses; 2d, For sorting and arranging the letters; 3d, For dispatching the bags; 4th, For the transit or carriage of the

* The manager of the extensive business of Messrs Leaf, Coles, & Leaf, states, that they have 140 young persons in their employment, mostly from Yorkshire, and that there are not, on the average, more than two in a day who receive post letters. He then says, in concluding his evidence—"I would particularly impress upon the Committee the unhappiness of the poor. I am sure the present postage amounts to tyranny in their cases. There are thousands and tens of thousands living separate from their children, who have no means of communicating with them, in consequence of the high rate of postage. Every feeling of philanthropy, as well as commerce, requires there should be a reduction of postage. I have seen much of the evils resulting from that in the young people of our establishment. I fear that the want of communication with their parents in that mode has led in some instances, to vice and profligacy, which might have been otherwise prevented."

letters; 5th, Providing houses for their reception; 6th, Again sorting for delivery; 7th, The actual delivery; 8th, A tax for revenue. Thus, out of the eight elements, only one is affected by the distance, and the least intellectual and simplest of the whole—that in which horses or steam, not men, are the chief agents. Mr Hill has estimated the expense of carrying a single letter from London to Edinburgh at the thirty-sixth part of a penny; and his calculation has been gone over and found correct by many of the witnesses examined. The Postmaster-General, on the other hand, maintains that the expense is $\frac{3}{4}$ d. for each letter—a very small sum, considering that the postage charged is 1s. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. In the petition by the booksellers of London, it is stated that they could send 1000 letters, by steam-boats, to Edinburgh or Dundee, from London, for 1s. per 1000; this is eighty-three for a penny; and that the conveyance by railroads is equally cheap. Mr Dickinson, the paper-maker, states, that the conveyance from London to Edinburgh, by the steam-boats, is 2s. 6d. per cwt. This is about the weight of 6000 letters, taking them at 18 lbs. to the 1000. This calculation shews that the carriage of one letter is only 1-200th part of a penny; and it makes no difference whether the letter is to be carried to Leith, Dundee, Glasgow, or Aberdeen. From either of these places to London, the charge would only be one-half of what is above set down; or 400 would be carried for a penny. But, to take the highest authority—the Postmaster-General himself. The data from which he estimates the transit or conveyance of a letter from London to Edinburgh, at $\frac{3}{4}$ d., were obtained in the following manner:—He had the mail from London to Edinburgh examined one evening, and he found that the weight, upon that occasion, was 4 cwt., 2 qrs., 23 lb., 13 oz., made up as follows:—

	Cwt.	qrs.	lb.	oz.	
The sacks and bags weigh	1	0	9	8	
2296 newspapers . . .	2	2	3	8	
2 stamp parcels . . .	0	1	12	0	viz. 492 15
484 franks . . .	0	1	19	15	
1555 chargeable letters .	0	1	6	14	34 14
	4	2	23	13	

The total expense of one trip of that mail is £5; and he then assumes that the chargeable letters should pay the whole expense—that is, that the 558 ounces of chargeable letters, should pay the carriage of 7887 ounces of newspapers, franks, stamped paper and bags. But it is obvious that the newspapers in reality pay for their own carriage, by the penny stamp-duty; and, were all postages reduced to one penny, franks might be abolished. It will be observed that the franks, though only about one-fourth of the chargeable letters in number, are thirteen pounds heavier in weight. The two stamp parcels weigh *more than the whole chargeable letters*; but neither ought they to be charged against the latter, because the Stamp-Office pays £500 a-year to the Post-Office, for the conveyance of stamps. We have seen that a mail, weighing 8445 ounces, is

carried 400 miles for £5; and the simple question is, what ought 558 ounces of chargeable letters, be carried for? And the answer is, 6s. 7d. The number of letters carried 400 miles for this sum is set down at 1888; but, if we look to Mr Dickinson's calculation, we will find that there must have been among them many double or treble letters, so that we may, without fear of exaggeration, assume that the Edinburgh mail, on the above occasion, carried a weight of chargeable letters equal to 2000 single letters; and thus that the transit of each letter, according to the Postmaster-General's own shewing, cost only one twenty-fifth part of a penny. It is thus perfectly clear that the expense of the actual conveyance of letters, taking short distances with long, cannot possibly exceed Mr Hill's estimate.*

Mr Hill farther calculates that, if the present correspondence is increased between five and six-fold, there will be no great deficiency in the revenue. To this the Post-Office authorities answer, that it is perfectly impossible that the mails can carry such an additional quantity of letters. It will be remembered that precisely the same objection was made—and, certainly, with much greater plausibility—when the reduction of the duty on newspapers was under contemplation. The number conveyed by the mails is at present one-half greater than formerly, yet the same mails continue to carry them. Now, the above statement regarding the Edinburgh mail, is valuable, also, in this point of view:—though the number of newspapers and of letters (counting each single sheet as a letter) did not far differ, the newspapers were eight times heavier than the letters—a matter which will give no surprise, when it is considered that nearly all the newspapers are wet, have envelopes, and are now of a great size. Six times the weight of letters coming from London to Edinburgh, would weigh under 210 lbs., very little more than the weight of one ordinary passenger; and, considering that the mail ought to be relieved from carrying stamp paper, and that franks might be abolished, it is in vain to pretend that there is any impracticability in Mr Hill's plan.

The extent to which the carriage of letters, by post, would increase under a penny postage, is incalculable. The house of Morrison sends and receives upwards of 30,000 letters a-year; very few of which go by post. Warren the blacking manufacturer, issues 400 circulars per week, not more than one of which goes by post. He states that at present he sends out and receives 130 letters a-week; but shews, by a

* This shews the injustice of charging a letter, with a bill or proceeding-at-law inclosed, at double a single letter. It should only be double the transit charge—that is, at the highest estimate, $\frac{3}{4}$ d. additional; for, with the exception of weight, a double letter differs in no respect, and gives no more trouble to the Post-Office than a single letter. If letters were folded in such a manner as to shew a desire to conceal their contents, the Post-Office ought to be allowed to charge the full double rate, otherwise letters might be sent inclosed in each other.

detailed statement, that a penny post would increase the number to 4,412.

The amount of the present illegal conveyance of letters, is perfectly extraordinary. Barings, Brothers, & Co.—perhaps the greatest mercantile house in Europe—are in the habit of sending 200 letters each week, in boxes, from London to Liverpool, to evade the inland postage. Many of the coffee-houses in London collect letters for the inland as well as foreign mails, for which 3d. each is paid, instead of the Post-Office charge, amounting, in many cases, to 3s. 2d. or 3s. 6d. The Post-Office authorities are perfectly aware of this practice, yet cannot stop it. It is quite usual for merchants and brokers openly to put up a bag for collecting letters in their counting-houses, when they have a ship sailing for a foreign port; and these letters are delivered as punctually and expeditiously as those sent by the Post-Office. A merchant engaged in the American trade, residing in one of the large English manufacturing towns, stated that his house had kept an account of their letters in the year 1836. Of 7929, only 2068 were transmitted by post, and upwards of 5,000 sent to places within twenty miles, by the carriers, the charge for calling for and delivering each letter never exceeding one penny. The letters are collected at the merchants' and brokers' counting-houses, on three evenings of the week, by old women and girls, who are paid by the carrier 2d. per 100 for their trouble. Many men get their entire living by this business; and some of the witnesses stated they were personally acquainted with as many as thirteen such carriers in one town. It is easy to see how it may be made a very profitable living. Suppose a man travels only 120 miles a-week—thrice to a town twenty miles distant, and thrice back—and that he carries 300 letters each trip. The weight is only six pounds. Then we have conveyed—

Letters 1800 at 1d.,	£7 10 0
Collecting, 2d. per 100, 3s.—six trips on	
a stage coach, at 2s. 6d., 15s.,	0 18 0

Net profit on week's work,	£6 12 0
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Another wholesale merchant states, that his house sends, in the manner we have described, from 100 to 150 letters a-week, and that many other houses, to his knowledge, send many more; and he thinks that, in a district with which he is acquainted, comprising a population of 300,000, fifteen, twenty letters, or more, are sent by the carrier for one that is sent through the Post-Office. This business has been carried on, openly and without fear, for upwards of thirty years; and there does not appear ever to have been a conviction obtained, or even an information given, against any of these carriers. Booksellers' parcels, parcels by stagecoaches, sending letters in bales among goods, and numerous other methods, are fallen on to avoid postage. There were two witnesses examined as to the illegal conveyance of letters in Scotland. Mr John Reid, now resident in London, but who says that he was formerly engaged in one of the most extensive

publishing and bookselling trades in Glasgow, states, that they were in the practice of issuing daily, throughout the year, from twenty to twenty-five letters, including circulars. Hardly one of these went through the Post-Office. Once, out of 20,000 times of infringing the Post-Office laws, he was prosecuted by the Post-Office; but, on a representation to the House of Commons, the prosecution was abandoned. He used to receive about two or three letters per day by post, including the penny post, and rarely less than a dozen which had never passed through the Post-Office at all. Letters are conveyed from Glasgow to London, and delivered earlier than by the mail, for 2d. each. Every carrier that comes into Glasgow, brings an immense number of letters, sometimes three or four large pocket-books as full as they will hold, containing 200 or 300 letters, and they are delivered for a penny each. From what Mr Reid knows, he thinks the number of letters, carried by the Post-Office, would be increased fifteen fold, were the rate reduced to one penny. The whole intercourse between the workmen resident throughout the country, and the master manufacturers, is carried on without the intervention of the Post-Office. One of the persons who had formerly been engaged in the carrying of letters in the west of Scotland, was examined. He says that he keeps within bounds when he states that he, and other carriers on the station, used to deliver 500 letters daily. He averages the number he carried throughout the year at fifty a-day for six days of the week, or 15,000 in the year, and his remuneration was equal to 6s. or 7s. a-day. It appears, from the evidence of Dr Lardner and Mr R. Taylor, that the correspondence of literary and scientific men with their publishers or the editors of periodical publications, almost entirely evades the Post-Office. It is carried on, in a great measure, by means of franks, booksellers' parcels, &c., and the foreign correspondence through the embassies. It is stated that, were the conductors of most of the scientific journals to pay the postage on the correspondence in which they are necessarily engaged, their journals must be stopped. All the witnesses agree, that, if the postage was reduced to one uniform rate of a penny, all, or almost all, the modes of evading postages now resorted to, by all classes, to an incredible extent, would be discontinued. On the other hand, the Post-Office authorities, though they resist Mr Hill's plan by every argument they can devise, unanimously admit that the present rate of postage is too high. The Solicitor candidly states, that they have no means of checking the illicit conveyance of letters; and it is plain, from his evidence, as well as from that of the other officers, that they had no notion it was carried to anything like the extent which has been proved. It is obvious that the publication of the evidence collected by the Committee, will tend greatly to increase the illicit conveyance of letters; for it both points out the means, shows the profit to the carriers, the

cheapness and certainty with which letters can be conveyed, and, in as far as the senders are concerned, the almost absolute freedom from risk of punishment. It is explained by many of the witnesses, that the cause of petitions for reduction of postage not having been sent from many towns, is that it is generally believed the reduction granted by the Government would not be sufficiently great, and that therefore they would still be obliged to resort to the present illicit modes of conveyance.

One of the most curious parts of the evidence, is that of Captain Bentham of the Fifty-Second regiment, regarding the correspondence of soldiers. It is provided by statute, that each single letter sent by, or addressed to, a soldier, shall be charged only 1d., provided the former is franked by the commanding officer of the regiment or detachment; and that, in either case, the penny is paid before the letter is posted. This privilege the soldiers value very highly; it is a great gratification to them to be able to correspond with their relations and friends; and it benefits them in numerous ways. Many of them, ignorant of writing when they join their regiments, seek eagerly to acquire it for the purpose of correspondence, and for that purpose zealously attend the regimental schools. Those soldiers who write the most letters, are the steadiest and best-behaved men, and, in every respect, the most valuable members of the regiment. In a regiment 750 strong, the commanding officer will frank more than sixteen letters daily; and Captain Bentham gives it as his opinion, that, were the ordinary rates of postage charged, not more than one would be written for twenty or thirty at present. All this correspondence is merely friendly; for what other sort can common soldiers have? Common sailors, in the merchant service, on the other hand, never write letters at all, not having the privilege of sending them through the Post-Office for a penny. Mr Pearson, a witness, who has 200 sailors in his employment, says—"I know they never think of writing to their friends. I know very well they would be very glad to do it, but they cannot afford it. The expense of a single letter to the North,

is very nearly equal to the wages of a full seaman, and exceeds the wages of an apprentice."

It is remarkable that the only correspondence between friends passing through the Post-Office, should be between common soldiers and their relations, or each other; for all the witnesses agree that any friendly intercourse which passes through the Post-Office between any other class, is quite inconsiderable. Captain Bentham states, that, although two-thirds of the soldiers in a regiment are able to sign the regimental books, not more than one-fourth are able to write their own letters. One fourth of 750 is 187; so that each soldier who can write a letter, must dispatch one each nine or ten days, or say forty in the year. The common soldiers are certainly much worse educated than the general body of the people;—but assume that the adults in the United Kingdom amount to six millions and a-half; that one-half are able to write letters, and that they write as frequently as common soldiers—no very exaggerated supposition; and we have one hundred and thirty millions of letters that never would be written under the present system, yielding a gross return to the Post-Office, even at one penny a-piece, of considerably above half a million sterling, from a source—letters on friendship—which now yield nothing.

We need not point out how much a frequent intercourse, by written correspondence, would not only cultivate the moral feelings and advance the interests, but also improve the education of the lower classes. At present, we have no doubt that, in most of our country schools, the art of writing is sufficiently taught; but no practical use of it is attained, and the very rudiments of it are ultimately lost, from the impossibility of the exercise of the acquirement. How can ploughmen, labourers, or even artisans and mechanics, keep up a correspondence through the Post-Office? The postage of a single letter is very often equal to a day's wages. All, therefore, who wish to extend education, morality, and religion, and repress ignorance, vice, superstition, and bigotry of all shades, ought to join in one strenuous effort to obtain the reduction of postage to the uniform rate of one penny.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Poems, for the most part occasional. By John Kenyon, formerly of St Peter's College, Cambridge.

THERE must be a witchery, a hidden charm, in seeing one's verses in print, which ordinary prosaic mortals cannot pretend to understand. Here is a gentleman of refined feelings and cultivated taste, sending into the world a volume of graceful and classic poetry, possessing all appliances and means to please, external and intrinsic, yet sensitively aware of the many hazards of so perilous a step, and ingeniously inventing wit against himself for yielding to the soft seduction. The more remarkable fact seems, that, having resisted the allurements of publication in hot, impetuous youth, he has fallen into the snare at middle age; and now comes forward somewhat like an old and vowed bachelor bashfully producing a

young and blooming bride. There is nothing, in such cases, to be ashamed of. The Muse, like the lady, will, in her charms, carry her admirer's apology. There is, in these chilling days of ours, something peculiarly gallant and magnanimous in the declaration set forth in the author's very modest preface, that, however frail his would-be memorials may prove, they will, at least, win for him the minor praise of having "aspired to the love of letters." It is, indeed, refreshing to meet with any man of elegant talents and accomplishments loving poetry for its own sake, and willing to prove his devotion even at the peril of anticipated neglect. Of that, we apprehend, there is, in this case, no likelihood; "an audience, though few," will be found for these polished and classic effusions, though they display few of the qualities which begot either an instantaneous, a wide, or a fervid and headlong popularity. Mr Kenyon is, in brief, rather of

the school of Pope or Cowper than that of Byron. The first poem in the collection is entitled "Moonlight." It is very beautifully written, in blank verse; but we stop not for it. The most important production is entitled "Pretence," a satire—terse, and pointed, and highly finished; the thong not the least biting to the sinner's back for being delicately wrapped over with silken threads. A passage, contrasting the gross, open corruption of Walpole's period, leads to the more hypocritical, but equally profligate, age in which "Pretence" flourishes in the Senate, the Church, and the seats of learning, and to the career and fate of the least grovelling ambition which distinguishes our public men:—

"E'en loftiest natures, with ambition curst—
Hard penalty!—to lead, must follow first;
And when the rest, at length, the van concede,
Keep the old track, and only just precede;
On useful Knavery hold the bridle slack,
And, when seems useful, rein frank Honour back;
With falsehood, nay, with treachery, oft must mate;
And greatness lose in striving to be great.
Hence, if, at last, the struggling will thou bend,
And stoop to herd awhile for worthiest end,
Add thy proud venture to their vulgar wares,
Nor soon to let thy motives mix with theirs;
Yet, in disgust, thou oft shalt quit the band,
To take, like Abdiel, solitary stand;
Or, held impracticable and high-flown,
Left, if not leaving, find thyself alone.

In freedom reared, for treachery deemed too young,
A nation's hopes on high-born Cassius hung.
When stormy senates raised the stern debate,
Of power he seemed to save a sinking state;
And many a bold, confiding heart, I wile,
Had pledged its dearest, holiest hopes to his.
Gods!—how we felt, when, strong in honour's might,
For England's fame he rose, for England's right;
Hurled his proud threats, impeachment, and disgrace;
Flashed—flamed—then perorated—smug in place!
Greatness is goodness, else not worth a pin;
More talent's greatness stirs no chord within,
But, like keen razor plied the surface o'er,
Acts simply on the surface, and no more."

Did this gentleman require to be as very apprehensive of the indifference of the age to poetry? His fears are scarcely complimentary to the discernment and taste of "an enlightened public."

Our first specimen is taken from the Senate, for reasons of our own; the next, which more fairly exhibits the author's powers, shall be from the City. The Church and the Schools we leave to the general reader.

"Forth then we fare, and, no wide tract surveyed,
Pause where the Lombards plied their ancient trade;
Where still, 'mid tawny ledgers, loves to hold
His daily watch the Sacred Thirst of Gold,
And sniffs, by noon-lit lamp, in dusky lane,
The rich, rank odours steamed around from gain.
Yet these but breathe the City's morning air,
No vesper-star must see Sir Balaam there;
For Pride, long since, hath whispered in each ear,
That gold, at such a rate, were bought too dear.
Soon some vast tract reluctant Ceres yields,
The lake is wound, and parked a hundred fields,
And mannan huge, at Wealth's supreme command,
Like snowy mountain, glistens o'er the land;
And, clump-en circled, and plantation-bound,
Proud as its lord, seems all the country round;
While each excess luxurious city loves
Parades its pride, or riots through the groves.
There Taste, run mad, on high, like Muzesin, set,
Shouts o'er the roof from many a minaret,
Or shows, right happy, to the gaping clown
The Moorish front, and pillars upside down.
Antiques within—'tis so the broker calls—
And varnished Raphaels, vouched originals;
There books, unread, bedizened all and new,
Plant in the gold their writers never knew;
Puzzling the host, there sparkle hard-named wines,
Do Reyniers scarce might count the varying vines;
And there, while flatterers swirl in thirsty strife,
Capricious smiles or frowns the haughty wife.

"Are these, grave Whittington, respected Shade!
Are these thine ancient, simple sons of trade?"

"B.—I grant its luxury; yet the race who moil
May rightly claim remission from their toil;
And if excess unduly there be found,
'Tis but degree; and who shall fix the bound?"

"A.—And so shall Satire graduate each offence,
Nor treat *Pretension* as she treats *Pretence*;
Shall merely smile to mark the smaller spot,
But justly frown indignant on the blot.
She smiles when Balaam quits his old resort,
And city friends, to leave his card at court;
And smiles to see the new-bought blazonry
Far flaming from his chariot, flashing by.
She frowns on knavish show, that yet awhile
Tricks out some tottering credit, to beguile;
Then bursts, at once, in ruin wide and deep,
Whence orphans pine and widowed mothers weep.
She frowns on seals to broken contracts set,
And the long file that glooms the last Gazette,
Which honest Gripus reads with clenching fist,
Then sends his own pure name to swell the list.
She frowns on hollow scheme, on puffed-up share,
And that late gulf, fraud-scooped, in Gresham Square—
(The ravaging South Sea sowed not more profound,
A gulf not greedier o'ft Rome's forum ground)—
Round which, in gamewast strife, all England stood,
City and Court—and all for England's good!
Nor closed we saw it, till those jaws between
Pride, Conscience, Honour, all were tumbled in;
All! for the chance some lucky hit affords
To strut a Croesus, and to herd with lords!"

We select the following lines, in a different and higher style:—the retired scholar in his library—in his place of refuge—surrounded by his oldest, dearest, and most unfailing friends:—

"Lo!—here around, the minds of every age,
Pilgrim and bard, theologist and sage!"

But we cannot follow the golden catalogue, and so pass abruptly to this piece of description, which we are persuaded many elegant minds will not only admire, but sympathize with:—

"How oft, at evening, when the mind, o'erwrought,
Finds, in dim reverie, repose from thought,
Just at that hour when soft unboding day
Slants on the glimmering shelves its latest ray,
And pensive breeze, from dewy jessamin,
Through open casement, scarcely felt, steals in—
Along those darkling files I ponder slow,
And muse, how vast the debt to books we owe!"

"Yes!—friends they are!—and friends through life to last!"

Hopes for the future!—memories for the past!
With them, no fear of leisure unemployed;
Let come the leisure, they shall fill the void:
With them, no dread of joys that fade from view;
They stand beside us, and our youth renew—
Telling fond tales of that exalted time,
When love was bliss, and power was in its prime.
Come, then, delicious converse still to hold,
And still to teach, ye long-loved volumes old!

"Yet here commix, at will, the old and new,
Grave first editions and the last Review.
All sizes, as all ages, crowd the wall;
Sermons from Oxford, pamphlets from Whitehall;
Huge quarto tomes, that curve the groaning shelves,
Sedato octavos, petit-maitre twelves;
Here thick black hides some ancient sage enfold;
Here last year's wittings fade in green and gold."

"Yon folios, jerkined, clasped, in stout array,
Were all renowned polemics in their day;
Right fierce were they to argue or to rail,
Nor boded once yon spider's dusky veil.
But thou, polemic though thou wert, o'er thee,
Thou mild as learned, mired Jeremy!
If ever that dark spinner chance to stray,
With pious hand I brush the film away."

"More near, and often stirred with reverent hand,
No cobwebbed race, immortal poets stand.
Their leaves, by Time's own autumn tinted o'er,
Come turn we now, and fondly taste their lore;
With curious eye etc. pausing to survey
Where the shy worm hath worked his ancient way;
And, undisturbed then by fresh Review,
A hermit student went his volume through."

"Due honour to the stout-built Man-of-Prose;
Reasoner on facts; who seems to feel, but knows not!"

Yet belittling, who love not less the true,
To lead, well-weighing bards ! my house with you ;
And sick, long since, of facts that falsify,
And reasonings that logically lie,
With you live o'er my wisely-credulous youth,
And in your fictions find life's only truth.

" And sweet 'twill be, or hope would so believe,
When close round life its fading tints of eve,
To turn again our early volumes o'er,
And love them then, because we loved before ;
And only bless the waning hour that brings
A will to lean once more on simple things.
If this be weakness, welcome life's decline !
If this be second childhood, be it mine !

Digression o'er, turn once again to see
These witnesses of many a century.
Yes ! ages—present, past—are mingling here ;
Yet, welcome elders ! still to me most dear.
As when along some gallery's pictured line
Frewa statesmen old, and modern beauties shine ;
Though Reynolds there bestow his breathing skill,
Hard-featured Holbein holds the fancy still.

" Now, doubly sweet such refuge found with books !
To stray with mild Pileator up the brooks ;
With Cowley mused beneath the greenwood tree,
Or taste old Fuller's wise simplicity.
Or if his worthies, though removed their span,
Smack yet too strongly of the living man,
Then backward turn to question Homer o'er,
Or dream of storied ages rolled before ;
Faint-glimmering now, like far-off beacon light
O'er misty ocean scarcely read aright."

After enumerating more of his old favourites, the poet
quits with reluctance the "genii bowers" of the wild and
wondrous Thalaba, to return to the dull matter-of-fact
world of his unhappy contemporaries :—

" To us the mere material world is all ;
Our pride, our tax, our pleasure, and our thrall.
Science, whom scarce the circling spheres may fold,
Chained to a desk we hire to scheme for gold ;
Drag from his height Imagination down,
To please, for daily bread, the modish town ;
And daintiest Art, the dreaming child of Grace,
Wake from her dream, to paint some idiot face.
Virtue herself, born guest of Heaven's high roof,
Gift of the Godhead—gift at once, and proof—
E'en Her, blind bigots of our planet birth,
E'en Her, we fain would fether down to earth ;
Just mark where Bat-Expedience flits at height,
And meanly, there, would bound her eagle-flight.
From such a world—all touch, all ear, all eye—
What marvel, then, if proud Abstraction fly ;
Amid Hercynian shades pursue his theme,
And leave the land of Locke to gold and steam ?"

There is much more which we should like to bring
forward ; the writers and poets of the age of " Preten-
sion" and " Pretence," the contrast of the happy olden
time, free alike from authors and critics—the unscribbling
age, and the revival of letters in Italy ; but we must re-
main content with this apostrophe to the inventor of the
perilous art of printing,—that power of which it is ques-
tioned whether it be

" Upstart from hell to tempt, or dropt in love from Heaven."
The press-men have at least no doubts on the subject.
Thus finally closes that part of the poem of " Pretence,"
entitled " The Library :—

" Come back, long-tolling Faust ! come back and see
The produce of thy Good-and-Evil tree ;
Count o'er its mingled fruits of joy and pain,
Then say if thou wouldst plant it o'er again !
Thou too, wise Caliph Omar ! who art said
All Alexandria's ovens to have fed,
Visit our shelves once more. Where'er we look,
Pamphlet on pamphlet, book buds out on book ;
Turn whereso'er we will, new volumes sprout—
Some of fair promise, most lack clearing out.
Come then, thou critic Caliph—come again !
Nor decimate ; but take the same in ten."

In a lighter vein, there are many copies of elegant and
classic verses ; some sweetly-tender, or pathetic ; others
sparkling and fanciful. Among them the choice is so
ample, but the quality, upon the whole, so equal, that
our specimens must be determined rather by brevity
than more legitimate causes of preference. This parlour-

twilight "Reverie" reflects, we think favourably, one of
the moods of a recluse scholar of soft and amiable feel-
ings, and is, probably, a faithful transcript of real
emotions :—

" Oh ! blest it is, by blazing hearth,
With many a well-loved friend beside,
With harp, and wine, and graceful mirth,
To mock December's stormy pride !

" And blest it is, by studious light,
The gusty wind unheard the while,
To cheat the fast-receding night
With poet's song or sage's toil.

" But I not less the hour may prize,
' When glowing embers through the room,'
And fitful flame that flaps and dies,
' Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

" For then I sit and dream again
The visions of departed years ;
A winding road of joy and pain,
A varied view of smiles and tears.

" I think on days of youthful trust ;
On Love and Friendship's changeable will ;
On some—estranged, and some—in dust ;
And one or two that love me still.

" Then, if the bitter with the sweet
Too deeply mixed, bid Memory groan,
Yet Fancy lends her dear deceit
To mould a future of my own.

" I eul from forth her boundless scope
Whate'er of beautiful or rare
Had ever fed my youthful hope,
And build me fairy domes in air.

" While floating up, bright forms ideal,
Mistress or friend, around me stream,
Half sense-supplied, and half unreal,
Like music mingling with a dream.

" Yet, firm as faith of young romance,
These weave their spell within my breast ;
Till, buried in delicious trance,
' Twixt truth and falsehood I am blest.

" And hence it is the hour I prize,
' When glowing embers through the room,'
And fitful flame that flaps and dies,
' Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

Many of the poems are of the same pensive and tender
cast ; and they are all, whether grave or gay, versified
with equal elegance ; so that, though the material may
be of inferior worth, the delicate workmanship enhances
the value, or gives a value of its own. We have been
hesitating between some beautiful descriptive lines to
" Izaak Walton," and the " Moorland Girl ;" but, leaving
both, take, for the sake of the subject alone, this inscrip-
tion for a vase which enclosed a lock of Washington's
hair. The vase belonged to Thomas Poole, Esq., the
friend of the author of this volume, and also the friend of
Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, and De Quincey
—the cement of a very remarkable society.

" In elder Greece, where fostering liberty
Nursed kindling Genius to adventure high,
Some master-hand achieved this urn of grace,
Within whose storied orb we fondly place
One precious ringlet from the sacred head
Of him, to more than Grecian virtue bred,
Who for his straggling country freedom won—
Heroic, self-controlling Washington !
Stranger ! doth charm of art thy soul inspire ?
Yet, more—doth freedom's flame thy bosom fire ?
Then own that votary's hand did ne'er consign
A dearer relic to a worthier shrine."

Two of the most elegant poems in the volume ap-
peared, we think, in " Finden's Tableaux" for 1838.
One of them, " Champagne Roég," has already been
printed in this Magazine, among the extracts from that
splendid annual. To the other, the " Shrine of the Vir-
gin," many of our readers may have power to refer. These
will, therefore, form sufficient specimens of a volume
which, we are certain, cannot be received with coldness or
neglect while any vestige of poetical feeling or classic
taste lingers among us.

The Palmer's Last Lesson; and other Short Poems. By Calder Campbell, author of "Lays from the East," &c. &c.

The specimens of this gentleman's poetry, which have from time to time appeared in this Magazine, and in other periodical works, must have made his name and his modest muse familiar to all our poetical readers, and dear to many of them. All his effusions are distinguished by elegance and sweetness, and a tenderness almost feminine; while some of them discover considerable boldness and play of fancy. Of the numerous short pieces, we shall select one, which we conceive a fair example of the prevailing and finest mood of Major Campbell's poetry.

CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

"I dream all day, I sit and dream
Of home which I no more may see—
The Highland hill, the Lowland stream,
The Saxon downs, the Scottish lea.
I raise my air-built fabric high,
And picture (exile-wandering o'er)
A cottage and tranquillity,
Upon an English shore!

"I love the hills and heaths that first
Arose upon my early sight;
But *they* are gone or changed who *sure'd*
My early visions of delight!
I would not end where I began
The care-worn tissue of my years,
Nor pine a discontented man
Midst scenes so steeped in tears!

"Let me then seek on English ground
Some smiling, yet sequestered spot,
Where, 'mid the glee of nature round,
My early care may be forgot,
Or but remembered as a trial
That pained yet purified the spirit—
And dearer for the long denial
The quiet I inherit!

"And in my cot shall find a home
Thy legacy, my sister dead!
Thine orphan girls to me shall come
And toll no more for bitter bread.
By some sweet hamlet shall we bide,
Blest with our music, books, and flowers;
And let there be a stream to glide
Near that quiet hut of ours!

"Yet, let me see, in fancy's dream,
The joys that time may never bring:
The summer's sunshine on the stream;
The flower-engendering showers of spring;
The dewy eyes; the laughing morn;
The meads drest in their blossoming store;
When slimy snails pull in their horns,
To find the rain is o'er.

"The book enjoyed beneath the shade
Of arching boughs—Keats, Wordsworth, Scott—
The music of the wood-archade,
Where human minstrelsy is not;
Or winter, with its blazing fire
And cheerful parlour—while, without,
The distant church's humbler spire,
With frost is freaked about."

This languishing strain, inspired by home-sickness, is in a deeper vein of pathos.

A PLAINT IN INDIA.

"I pine for Home!—
Amongst the mountains, or beside the sea,
Where health-forsaken pilgrims love to roam,
To seek if there it be!

"Not in this land
Of tiresome sunshine and exhausting heat,
Can the sick heart its waning powers expand
To expectations sweet.

"Too long, too long
Hath desolation lain at my heart's core,
Chanting that wailing dirge—like the last song
Of sailors near the shore.

"They ne'er shall reach!—
My ship is full of rents—almost a wreck;
And, if it gains the spirit-wasted beach,
There—even there—'twill break!

"My mother's hand!—
Oh, that her tremulous fingers could but press
The natural medicine of their magic blood
In one—but one caress!

"But one caress
Upon these throbbing temples; once to say,
'My child, I do forgive thee, and I bless!'"

In the bold and imaginative mood, not frequent with this gentle bard, there is a wild poem, entitled "The Chimera," with which we have been struck; but it is too long for our columns, and will not bear mutilation. Our readers must search for themselves. We are not here critics, but indicators, flying before, to point to the hunters where the honey may be found.

Beauties of the Court of Charles II.

Part II. of *Charles the Second's Beauties*, with Mrs Jameson's Memoirs, presents to us Lady Denham, a brilliant character, who, having attracted the amorous attentions of the Duke of York, was believed to have been poisoned by her husband. At all events, her illness was sudden, violent, and critically timed. She died in her twenty-first year, just as her husband, a worn-out libertine, was tortured by the malicious congratulations of the courtiers, upon his wife being appointed lady of the bed-chamber to the Duchess of York, in spite of the opposition of that Princess. Sir John Denham became insane immediately after the death of his wife, and did not long survive her. The portrait, now first engraved from the original painting, is that of a magnificent beauty. Lady Denham shewed becoming pride in her high destinies. She declared, that she would not "be a mistress, to go up and down the privy stairs, but would be owned publicly;" and the Duke of York, in complaisance with her taste, visited her in state, attended by all the gentlemen of his household.——*La Belle Hamilton*, the Countess de Grammont upon completion—not on her husband's part—is a much greater favourite with Mrs Jameson than we think she deserves to be, from all that is known of her, either true or fabulous. In advanced life she became devout, according to the custom of the age, and had at last the satisfaction of converting her witty *roué* husband; who, at the age of eighty-six died, "*très-dévoit*." Death has not since been so baffled by any Frenchman of like type, till Talleyrand gave defiance to the grim spectre.——And here we have Nell Gwynn—"pretty, witty, merry, open-hearted Nelly." One would fancy her with sparkling eyes, pouting lips, and a *petit nez retroussé*. No such thing. The eyes are soft and sleepy: an emblem of sweetness if not of innocence; and she is carrying a lamb, and adorning it with flowers. Mrs Jameson is, everything considered, wonderfully charitable in her judgment of "Poor Nelly." On looking back to the female origin of the King Charles breed of the English high nobility, we really think the family of St Alban's have some reason to be vain of their ancestors. The tavern and the green-room were much less depraving to her sweet and ingenuous womanly nature, than the court proved to her high-born fellow courtesans. The manner in which Nell's descendants became enabled, is amusing and characteristic. Though the best humoured, and by far the most disinterested of the ladies of the royal harem, she felt piqued at the children of the rapacious and imperious Cleveland, and these of the Duchess of Portsmouth, being belorded and be-duked, while her offspring, which had at least as certainly sprung from the royal loins, remained with the only title which, by law, belonged to them. She took a very clever way of making her ideas of this slight known to her royal lover. One day when the King was with her, and while her eldest boy, afterwards Duke of St Alban's, was playing in the room, she called, in a petulant tone—"Come here, you little bastard!" The King was affronted and hurt, and reproved Mistress Nelly, who meekly replied, "that indeed she was sorry, but had no better name to give him, poor boy!" In a few days afterwards, the nameless young gentleman was

created Baron of Heddington, and Earl of Barford; and afterwards Duke of St Albans, Grand Falconer of England, &c. &c. He married the daughter of the Earl of Oxford, the greatest heiress in wealth and descent in the three kingdoms. So much better is it to be born the bastard of one of the worst of Kings, than the legitimate son of the most virtuous philosopher that ever breathed! The portraits in the Third Part of this elegant book, are those of the Countess of Rochester; a Mrs Lawson, a placid, comely personage, about whose history there is some obscurity; the Countess of Chesterfield; and the Countess of Dorset.

Three Years' Practical Experience of a Settler in New South Wales.

This experience is detailed in a series of letters to the author's relations in Edinburgh. The amount of it is—*young men in vigorous health, possessed of some capital, (say from £500 to £1,500,) who are indefatigable in exertion, and contented and cheerful in the midst of the privations of the bush, may, in the course of a few years, lay the foundation of prosperity in New South Wales; but as agriculturists and sheep-farmers only. Little hope is held out in any other line of enterprise. The colony is overstocked with merchants, lawyers, and professional men. The writer's representations appear strictly truthful; but still, there is about all emigrant letters, a touch of "The Fox" who had lost his tail. The pamphlet is, however, well worth the attention of persons revolving the mighty change, in addition to their other reading upon the state of the colony. The author partakes of the common jealousy which all the colonists seem to entertain of Van Diemen's Land. It is "a poor, miserable, expensive place, no more to be compared to New South Wales than Scotland is to England, as far as the natural fertility of the soil goes." He indicates one advantage possessed by Van Diemen's Land. It does not seem, even yet, that the range of temperature in New South Wales is accurately ascertained. In Goulburn plains, where it is much cooler than about Sydney, we hear of the thermometer, at 146 in the sun, and 95 in the shade!—yet, the climate is said to be agreeable, even in the heats; and in the interior there are no mosquitoes. In respect of climate, Van Diemen's Land has, we suspect, a very decided superiority.*

Life in the bush, to a young and hardy settler, of vigorous out-door habits, must possess a certain charm. A few weeks of it would be delightful to any one; but when it is continued all the year round, it requires the principle of duty, the animation of hope, and the stimulus of interest, to make it at all endurable to educated men. As the pamphlet is not likely to reach our English and Irish readers, we shall select a few specimens of its rude, but lively and vigorous contents. But first, this piece of advice and statistics, given by a friendly settler, for the guidance of the writer:—

"The same opinion I would give to another, and the same I would take myself, were I in his situation. In the first place, I must acquaint you that £300 is but a drop in the bucket to commence settling with, even if he understood how to make the best of it; however, I think if he could not employ himself profitably in Sydney, it would do him a service to see the country; but, before he turns settler he must know how to work. By the by, I will explain how he may invest his capital profitably while he is seasoning his fingers. He must not be above soiling them—he must think it no degradation to load a dung cart, and drive a team of bullocks; in fact, he must be a perfect farmer, and he should and must learn, if he wishes to prosper in this country, to be industrious; he must plough his own ground, sow and reap, and afterwards not be above grinding it. When he can do all this, and be content that God has given him bodily strength sufficient for it, then he will become a rich man. In seven years' time, with his capital judiciously managed, he will be worth £1500 per annum. But in the first outset he must be frugal as well as industrious. He must do without grog—such a thing must never be known to be in his possession. He must be always content to live on corn, beef, and bread—his industry will give him vegetables; and, if he can indulge himself some months in the year with tea, he is a fortunate fellow. He will think this hard quarters; but he will find many better ways of laying out his cash than in living

in luxury. He will have time enough to do so when his fortune is made. He must also be of a good disposition, to govern his men well; yet he must be determined, and he must live himself as they live—only at arm's length, and in their proper places of course. Now for my advice. Let him purchase 300 good sound ewes, and give them out to some honest man on the usual conditions—viz., thirds of increase and wool. In three years' time, he may begin for himself—he will by that time, if ever, be acquainted with the customs of the country, and probably the management of his own establishment. Now, let us see how our calculation will stand:—

INCREASE.			
1834 . . .	300 Ewes.		
1835 . . .	270 Lambs—thirds, 90		
1836 . . .	270 do. —	90	
1837 . . .	350 do. —	117	
		1190	297
Deduct . . .	297		

WOOL ACCOUNT.

1835, Nov. 297 fleeces at 3 lb. per fleece.			
891 lb. wool, at 1s.		£44	11 0
270 Lambs, 1½ lb. 405 at 1s.		20	5 0
1836, 560 full fleeces, 3 lb. 1680.		84	0 0
270 Lambs, 1½ lb. 405.		20	5 0
1837, 820 full fleeces, 3 lb. 2460.		123	0 0
350 Lambs, 1½ lb. 525.		26	5 0
		£318	6 0
Deduct 1-3d for their keep,		106	2 0
		£212	4 0
Ditto wool bags,		20	0 0
		Balance,	£192 4 0

"You see, in three years from November 1834, which we will say is the time he will purchase, he will have 893 sheep, and £192:4s. returned to him for his £300. This is a moderate calculation, and is most likely to be exceeded; but you will not be able to trace it, as I have cut off for deaths, casualties, odd numbers, &c. &c."

The author of the letters first entered into the employment of a rich settler, as a superintendent, at a salary of £40 a-year, and provisions. He afterwards acted nearly upon the advice given above. While still a superintendent, he bought sheep and cows on his own account, and hired a man to take care of them upon some vacant Government ground. *Squatters*, or more properly *rangers* over unsold pasture-ground, appear quite common in the interior, leading their flocks and herds, in patriarchal fashion, into the wilds, wherever they choose, and can find pasture. Of his first stock, the emigrant says—

I engaged a squatter of the name of William Regan to take care of them and victual them; he gets wheat at 5s. per bushel, and beef, as required, at 14d. per lb. This Regan milks about sixty cows every morning. I'll get six rams from this estate, and also six cows with calf. I'll put them all there, and, besides the yearly income from them, I expect in two years to have 1200 sheep, and above twenty cattle. I'll then can go and set up for myself, when I please and where I please, for there is no necessity for buying land at all, till I want some place I can call my own. I can get a comfortable wooden house put up anywhere for £6 or £8. You can see from this, how easy it is in this country to make money. With my prospects here, I would not go to live in Sydney for £300 a-year; because, if I got an office in a public situation, there I would stick, with little hopes of advancement, as so many new comers with high recommendations step forward, and the last is always most thought of, and popped into any place that is vacant; besides, the expense of a Sydney life is very great. Now, my income should be a constantly increasing one; so you see the reasons of my choice. I cannot err in my calculations, for it is nothing but what all others who have got on here have gone through.

This letter was written in February 1835, and the result, as shewn by other letters, more than two years later in date, justifies his calculations. By that time he was settled in Gatton Park, a farm which he rented in Goulburn Plains, at a very moderate rate, we presume; but the sum is left blank. He describes himself, in July 1837, in this sort:—

I have a house of four rooms, a detached kitchen and stores; it is a large house for a family in this country; but, as for that, I could build as many rooms as I please in a month, quite complete from the day I first put the axe to the tree, without any expense but £1 for two windows, and 30s. for sawn timber for flooring boards.

I can sell as much poultry, butter, eggs, ham, &c., as I can raise, and all at Goulburn, where, twelve months ago, there was hardly a house. I send to Goulburn, twelve miles away, once a week, on Saturdays, 20 to 30 lbs. butter, and get 1s. 6d. and 1s. 8d. a-lb. for it. I will now tell you how a farm goes on here. I have six convict servants, one free shepherd, three with the sheep, two ploughmen, two bullock-drivers, one boy who looks after the cattle, and helps to milk, and one milkman, dairyman, overseer house-servant, and who sells the butter every week, a very honest faithful fellow he is, but, being a prisoner, I cannot use the authority I give him, for much. I send my wheat to Mr Kinghorn's mill to grind, at 1s. per bushel. I give the men 6 lbs. flour, and 8 lbs. beef per week, and as much skimmed milk as they fairly can use; and 1 lb. sugar and 2 oz. tea when at harder work, as splitting timber in the bush, &c. When I want meat, I kill a bullock or a sheep, &c., for I have hardly enough to keep me of beef; I salt it down into a cask, take the fat, sometimes 40 lbs., out of it, and melt it into a cask, and, having moulds, I make my candles as I want them. If I require a rope I take the hide to make one; but the head, tripe, heart, liver, &c., are eaten offal in most places, only I grudge to see the dogs eat so much. I have sixteen acres of wheat just coming up, and two acres of barley, twenty acres of oat hay, which has grown a crop in that same field every year, without ploughing or sowing for the last five years, at least half an acre of peas, and two acres getting ready to put in potatoes and turnips next September.

I have had to pay 10s. a-bushel for wheat for my establishment for this year; the money for the butter will just keep me in it. Next year I shall sell 300 bushels at 7s. or 8s., and have always a good stock; also about six or eight tons hay at £8, potatoes, barley, &c. If my harvest turn out anything good, as I trust in God it will, I shall owe no man anything, and have a little on hand to purchase what comes across me, and receive you all comfortably. As I am rather short of beef, I have fattened three pigs merely on the milk, that weighed 170 lbs. each, and next year I shall have a dozen to come in, and plenty waste wheat, barley, potatoes, &c., so that I expect never afterwards to buy beef as I have to do this year at 20s. per 100 lbs.; that is, I killed the beast, got the hide, offal, fat, &c., and paid for the remainder at that rate. I have some of my own; but they are not of good age till next year, so I thought it best to keep them till then. I intend to put in fifteen acres more wheat next season, as I have the ground all clear; if you require more, why then I must make it fifteen more the year after, for I can put in 200 if I like; when I want string, I go to the bush, about half a mile, and get as much as would last for 100 years, free, gratis, for nothing; as for grates, they are unknown in this wood-consuming country, so that actually what is there to buy for a family? 1 chest (64 lbs.) of tea, £5; 10s. 1s. 8½d. per lb.; 4 cwt. sugar, £5; 10s., 3d. per lb.; a little mustard, pepper, &c. Now, where is the expense. I would like to know?—only clothing, and that is not so dear as I thought it would be. If we cannot live, and live well with as much beef, flour, eggs, poultry, butter, cheese, vegetables, milk, fruit, &c., as we can possibly use, I do not know how we are to live at all. Land can be got as well now as ever, only one must go farther away for it; but civilization goes on in the bush so rapidly, that, before one could get himself turned over in his farm, he might find a town alongside of him.

There was only one house at Goulburn eighteen months ago, and now I am sure there are 300 inhabitants, and brick-houses rising like mushrooms.

To his mother, the settler continues the same details.

There is a church building at Goulburn, to which we could go every Sunday in a gig; for keeping ponies costs nothing here, and I have one which goes thither in a light cart with fresh butter every Saturday. Gigs are used in every family in the country; and, as brood mares are a very profitable stock to keep, it is only working one of them at any rate. What is there to buy here for use, except tea and sugar?—and these cost 1s. 8d. and 8d. per lb. I get land almost for nothing—men from government for nothing—no taxes—none of the thousand things that take away money continually at home. I have plenty of

cattle and sheep to keep the farm in abundance; and as for wheat, I could grow 1000 bolls a-year, if there were people to eat it or to buy it. As for clothes, I have not spent £10 on them since I came to the colony: they are very little dearer than at home—nay, if you like, I can give you the wool, and you can make your own blankets and coarse woollens, as some farmers do.

The ceiling is generally made of bark laid on the tie beams, and whitewashed, or often no ceiling at all but the roof, where the fitches of bacon and ham hang to delight the eye. The common bedsteads are what are called stretchers, like camp-stools, but six and a half feet long. But, being ambitious, I cut down a sapling as thick as my arm, and made a four-legged bed, for posted I cannot call it, as posts it has none. Few houses have passages, only one sitting room, opening right out, with the bedrooms opening off it, though sometimes they have a back door, with a sort of passage, the kitchen almost always detached from the house; and as for the population, for the first two months after I came here, I had neither lock upon the door, nor bolt on window shutter, for I had no windows then, and with not a free man but myself in the place, yet I never missed a thing except a little tobacco, I put a chair at the back of the door when I went to bed, to keep the dogs from pushing it open during the night. Shew me the house in Edinburgh that you could do the like.

September, 1837.—I have just got my barn finished, and am busy planting potatoes, and other garden stuffs, to have plenty for you. I have just had about twenty new cows calved, and am making butter and cheese in lots; one of my swine has just had nine pigs, and I expect a brood of ducks out in three days more, so you see everything is making ready for you. Several people from Spencer's Gulf Colony, (South-west Coast,) have come here to buy cattle, and some of them are to stop here altogether. I see by the papers, the lamentable state of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; if we had some twenty or thirty thousand of them, we could get on as fast again. A committee has been sitting here for some time, and upon the evidence given, it is stated, that 10,000 labourers are needed to fill up the present wants. Wages £20 to £30, and everything found them; mechanics, £50 to £60, and everything found. Several of the extensive settlers have sent home on their own account for farm servants and mechanics, principally from Scotland.

Keep yourselves as separate as possible at first on board when you come, for there are often some quarrelsome people among the passengers.

You will need some warm clothing for the voyage; for, except right under the line, the weather never feels very hot, and sometimes very cold. On this side of the line, you will feel it very cold, as our winter begins in May, and the transition from a vertical sun is a good deal felt; otherwise, it is as pleasant a life on board as one can desire.

In a new colony, the price of labour varies so rapidly that we would not advise any one to trust implicitly to these specified rates. Both the colonial newspapers and the settlers naturally like to present the brightest side of the picture. It has no really dark spot, save the convict population; and for that a remedy seems approaching, in the abandonment of the system of transportation. We believe that some of the relatives of the writer of those letters, have either joined him at Gatton Park, or are on their way. If some one, properly qualified, would write the previous history of the families of many of the better class of emigrants—if such things durst be done—it ought to be at least as instructive to the people of the old country, as the letters of settlers are likely to prove useful to emigrants to the new colony.

Strangers' Guide through the United States and Canada.

This is rather a sweeping title; but the *Guide* certainly contains a good deal of useful information about the city and State of New York, the leading routes into and through Canada and the New England States. It also contains the routes, by the lakes, to the west; tables of distances, with maps; and brief notices of a few of the principal Atlantic cities; with lists of the canals and railroads in the whole States, and the distances and stages upon them.

Humour and Pathos; or, Essays, Sketches, and Tales, &c. &c. By G. R. Baxter.

These are clever, sprightly, brief effusions, of the kind which, at present, captivate "the town," or a prominent section of that great nondescript. The *humour* is more apparent than the *pathos*. Some of the papers have, we are told in the preface, already appeared in *The Original*, *The Metropolitan Journal*, and *Tait's Magazine*. Modesty and truth compel us to state that our share in the imputed honour, has been very small indeed, amounting to a very few pages of the whole.

The Travels of Minna and Godfrey in Holland.

This is the first volume of what may, in all likelihood, form a series; and, if the others keep up to the same pitch, an admirable one. The children travel with their father and aunt; and in their progress through the Dutch towns, every variety of popular information is given about the customs, manners, and condition of the people, in an easy and familiar manner. The work is chiefly intended for the juveniles; but it really forms for the papas and all sorts of elder people, pleasanter and more instructive reading than we find in many formal books of travel. This book has one charming feature—spirited, small, lithograph engravings, illustrative of the styles of the great Dutch and Flemish painters. We can conscientiously recommend this volume to those who select for young people.

A Series of Practical Discourses. By the Rev.

James Maclean, Minister of Urquhart.

These discourses are ushered into the world by a very modest and brief preface. "They pretend to no peculiar excellence, either of manner or style;" but the author, who composed them with an anxious view to the improvement of his particular flock, hopes that they may prove more extensively useful, and thus he publishes them. The sermons have the merit of brevity and plainness, and avoid those long-winded doctrinal discussions which tend not to the edification of a simple flock.

A Letter to Sir Francis Burdett, Chairman of the Committee of the Hampden Club, &c. &c.

By R. R. Pearce, of York.

This letter is a clever production, though we cannot help thinking the writer's time ill-bestowed in pouring more water upon a drowned rat. We did not imagine there was one sensible man in the three kingdoms who would now take the trouble to bestow even a twopence worth of advice and admonition upon the venerable chairman of the Hampden Club—"England's pride, and Westminster's glory!" It must be rather in warning to waverers, and to open the eyes of purblind Tories of Yorkshire to the true character of their newly, than from any hope of making an impression upon the vainest and most conceited as well as the most barefaced of political renegades. Mr Pearce has rapidly traced the public career of Burdett; and cuttingly contrasted the violent demagogue of former periods—the martyr of the Tower—the fierce denouncer of those "bloody Neroses," the Manchester and Cheshire yeomanry—who, forty-two years since, went into Parliament for a Yorkshire town as a *Radical Reformer*, and now returns the fêted idol of the rabid Tories of Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool; but all the while, as he affirms, the one and the same Burdett—the same vain, fickle, jealous, political coxcomb, and loose-principled individual, though passing through so many Proteus shapes—the self-same Burdett, who has, through life, mistaken notoriety for fame, and to whom, consequently, notoriety, no matter how obtained, is as the breath of life, and who will, in all probability, go to the grave under the delusion that he is almost as great a man as some of the alty Tories would make him believe.

A Treatise on Music. By G. F. Graham, Esq. 4to. A. & C. Black, Edinburgh.

This is the Article on Music in the new edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, reprinted from that work, with large additions, in the shape of an Introduction and an Appendix. The article is the most valuable we have met with, on the subject of music, in any similar work.

It embodies the acquisitions of a life which has been in a great measure devoted to the study of musical science. Of the additions we cannot speak, having only received the treatise as we were going to press; but, from a cursory glance at their contents, they seem worthy of the principal work. In a future number, we hope to be able to bestow that extended notice on Mr Graham's book which its uncommon merit entitles it to receive.

A BATCH OF NEW NOVELS.

Apologies for novel-reading are no longer offered or sought. All the world reads the new novels, and a great portion of it with insatiable, devouring appetite. It, indeed, evinces no slight degree of self-control to close the fascinating, drab-coloured 12mo, at the proper hour at night, and not open it again till after breakfast and family prayers are over next morning. Those who eschew the theatre and the opera, the race-course and the hounds in full cry, are but the more likely to yield to the blandishments, the soft seduction, of the novel. Romances, at least since the days of Gray, are nowhere more diligently perused, though sometimes *under the rose*, than in the seats of learning. An English parsonage is the very place to meet with and enjoy a novel; nor do Dissenters altogether escape the prevailing epidemic. Novels have been heard of among the Baptists; they are making way among the Quakers. Mr Wilberforce was, in his day, a considerable novel reader. Robert Hall read novels; and they constituted, to the very worst of them, the daily bread of Crabbe. There wont to be shame, doubt, or an awkward bashfulness among the grave and the pious, suspected of this mode of amusement; and among the learned and philosophic, ineffable scorn of a frivolous and enervating pursuit. But strong is frail human nature, and will prevail: so, while "man is dear to man," and while human beings hope and fear, and plan and scheme, and build castles in the air, the whole race, each after his or her kind, will own the enchantment of these *tableaux vivans*, of many-coloured life. The power of the drama will fail before that of the novel; nor is the reason of this difficult or obscure.

Our present purpose, however, is, very briefly, to direct attention to a few of the more attractive of the recent novels. And, first, in right of ladyhood, were it no more, Mrs Hall's *LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF IRISH LIFE*. We consider the tales which bear this charmed title, the finest of Mrs Hall's productions, and every way superior to her historical romances. Here she knows her ground, and thus occupies it with ease and mastery. The bulk of the tales have already appeared in annuals and magazines; but they well deserve to be collected. The personages of the tales are generally of the lower class of Irish peasants or small farmers, beggars, servant girls, and the boys and maidens of the cabins. The stories are generally *utilitarian* in design; but they are not for that the less amusing; and the mere object of the authoress, even if it had not been so cleverly worked out, is entitled to hearty praise. It is to make the character of the Irish more extensively known and better understood; to excite a generous sympathy for their sufferings, a kind indulgence towards their faults, and a just appreciation of their virtues. The first volume of three is filled with an original tale—"The Groves of Blarney." It is not, however, equal in delineation of national character to the less pretending stories. Two English sisters, one grave, strongly-principled, and somewhat austere; and the other gay, saucy, and coquetish—are well depicted, especially the latter. So are their respective *bachelors*, both genuine Irishmen, though of very opposite characters.

Our next novel, *THE COURTIER'S DAUGHTER*, by Lady Stepany, we consider, a rather unfortunate cross, between the modern fashionable novel, and the linsey-wolsey commodity that wont to be so largely manufactured by the Minerva loom. It will, however, suit the green appetite of youth, always more keen than discriminating, perfectly

well. Lady Stepmey seems to have but vague ideas of social morals, and even of poetic justice. Her lax and intriguing *gouvernante*, with her false, coquettish, and ambitious daughter, may pass among the quality; but they fall so immeasurably below the moral standard of reflecting persons of lower ranks, that they either merit final reprobation, or, at all events, corrective punishment.

NOURMAHAL, by Mr Quin, the author of "A Steam Voyage down the Danube," is an oriental, and partly an historical romance; gorgeous and brilliant, and admitting in its details of swelling descriptions, and all the pomp and pageantry of eastern life. Combined with those, and far more captivating, are charming pictures of the primitive simplicity of the pastoral state among the eastern tribes, mingled with the stir and vicissitude of predatory warfare. The author, who has some personal knowledge of Asiatic manners, has carefully investigated popular sources of information; and altogether he has produced, if not a vigorous, yet a brilliant romance, which will at once charm and instruct.

HOMEWARD BOUND is not, by many degrees, equal to the best of Cooper's achievements in nautical fiction, or in Yankee manners-painting. But it is a very readable work, notwithstanding it betokens that the author has nearly worked out his original vein.

LEILA is essentially a picture-book tale. Its author, Mr Bulwer, has become, if not the defeat—for the ladies beat him at the pretty fabrics—yet the most fashionable artist in the Bath-bound and gilt-paper toyshop of literature. "Leila" is a melo-dramatic tale, full of theatrical shifts and turns, signifying either Nothing, or his next brother, Shade. Even this rapid bolstering is better than those tales of the *Fee-fa-fum* school, to which Mr Bulwer has of late betaken himself—the Brummagen Melmoths and Manfreds.

OUTWARD BOUND. It is not a little provoking that while the author of "Rattlin the Reeler" displays in this novel more vigour and maturity of intellect, a wider range of thought, fancy, and imagery, he should have wilfully marred the effect of his obvious improvement, by the most dangerous and reprehensible error which a fictionist can commit. He has chosen to rest the main interest of his romance, or, at least, that interest which elings the most pertinaciously to the imagination of the reader, upon the secret struggles of an incestuous passion. The theme is far more revolting and not much more appropriate than would be the minute details of some loathsome, leprous disease, with which the hero might chance to be afflicted. The author has been seduced by the example of certain of the modern French novels; and, though he has not fallen into the grossness and depravity of that detestable school, he has sometimes contrived to be fully more disgusting. This is the more unfortunate, as the fault, which pervades but a small portion of the work, poisons the whole to the reader.

COUNT CAGLIOSTRA, OR THE CHARLATAN, is perhaps the most remarkable of the recent batch of novels for originality and vigour. It is a tale of France, in the years immediately preceding the Revolution; and the elements

which led to that terrific moral explosion, are first seen quietly gathering, then gradually bursting into fierce contention, until the scene closes with that grand type of the annihilation of the ancient tyrannies—the demolition of the Bastille. "The Charlatan" is, however, only a sketch, a dashing outline; the material of two volumes having been, not spun out by the author, but, to speak technically, spaced out to three by the printer; thus making a very bad circulating-library-reader's pennyworth.

MEDICAL BOOKS.

An important work, which many have heard of and few have seen, has been reprinted by Dr Combe of Edinburgh, from the American edition, with notes, a preface, and concluding remarks. The work is Dr Beaumont's EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE GASTRIC JUICE, AND THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGESTION, made in the course of his long attendance on Alexis St Martin, a young French Canadian, whose stomach was accidentally perforated by a musket-shot. The outlines of this singular case are known to all the medical men of Europe; but their knowledge of the details is still, we imagine, very imperfect. Dr Beaumont's observations were continued for eleven years. Even to non-professional readers, the detail of his processes and their results, is highly interesting; to professional men, they must form an anxious study. Dr Combe, in his work on the "Physiology of Digestion," proposed that means should be taken by some of our scientific societies, to induce St Martin to come over to this country, that the subject might be more fully investigated, under the inspection of a committee of their members. He says, truly, that an opportunity of this kind may never occur again, and that it would be cause of regret and reproach, if it were allowed to pass away without being improved. Dr Combe, however, passes the highest eulogiums on the zeal, integrity, and freedom from theoretical prejudice with which the American physician prosecuted his singular experiments.

Elements of Physiology. By Dr Thomas Johnstone Aitkin.

This work, like many of the best scientific treatises which have been lately published, is of an essentially popular character. As its subject is the physical constitution of man, the nature of his senses, and his various functions, it is written so as to be understood by all men. It contains little speculative disquisition, and numerous facts, an immense accumulation of information, well arranged and clearly expressed, but not, as it appears to us, much original knowledge; to display which is, however, not the object of the writer, who claims to be a popular expositor of results, not a discoverer in science. The moral of the treatise is, that, were mankind a little better informed than they generally are, of the constitution of their own bodies, they would be more careful to avoid the causes which derange animal functions, destroy their health, and shorten their lives; and few would become the dupes and victims of quacks.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings since the meeting of Parliament after the Easter recess, have excited little attention. On the 15th of May there was a trial of strength on the Irish Tithe Bill, when the Ministry was victorious, by a majority of 317 to 298. The appropriation clause, about which so much has been said for some years, has been omitted in the present bill; but whether the measure will be allowed by the Lords to become law, is very doubtful, although the Duke of Wellington expressed a wish, on 29th June last, to see bills for a reform of the Irish corporations, for a poor-law for Ireland, and for the settlement of the Irish Tithe Question, carried through. The Scotch bills, after numerous postponements, are moving slowly on; and the Court of Session Bill has passed the Commons. The Prisons Bill ought to be looked to with some care, for the principles of the assess-

ment is quite erroneous. In the bill of last year, the assessment was imposed according to the population—the only true criterion; but this year population is combined with the amount of crime—an alteration which has the effect of increasing the assessment of the county of Edinburgh by fifty per cent. Large towns give shelter not only to their own criminals, but to those of the surrounding counties, which appear to be free of crime than they would be, were there no large towns for their criminals to harbour in.—Mr Baines has rather unexpectedly made some progress with a bill for augmenting the poorer livings of the Church of England, at the expense of the dignified clergy; but, of course, the bill will not be allowed to pass, for this is not a shape in which the piety of Members of Parliament delights to show itself. Notwithstanding the immense wealth of the English Church, it appears, from the Report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, that there are 1912 livings under £100

a-year, 1692 between £100 and £150, and 1362 between £150 and £300. By the old law, the Crown was entitled to the first fruits and tenths of each benefice. By an act of Queen Anne, these were devoted to the augmentation of the smaller livings; but the intention of the legislature has been shamefully evaded by the higher clergy, who, instead of paying according to the present value of their benefices, adhere to an old valuation made several hundred years ago, and which was notoriously inadequate at the time. The annual value of the revenue liable to tenths and first fruits, is three millions. The tenths are £300,000; and the first fruits may be taken at £200,000; together, half a million; but instead of this sum being paid by the higher to the inferior clergy, the actual receipts from both sources are only £13,500 a-year. Mr Talfourd's Copyright Bill has got into committee by a majority of 119 to 52. The subject has led to much discussion, as to the nature of property; and, what is remarkable, land—which in reality belongs to the community—has been assumed as private property, the title to which is of the most perfect nature. An attempt was made by Mr Hume to stop the King of Hanover's pension, as Duke of Cumberland; but the Ministry, backed by the Tories, defeated the motion by 97 to 62—no fewer than 74 of the majority being Tories. Were the Duke to succeed to the throne of Britain, we doubt not he would become as popular as all our Kings and Queens have generally been; and we see by this vote, that it was merely for factious purposes that the Whigs abused the Duke of Cumberland during the elections.

ENGLAND.

THE CORN-LAWS.—Lord John Russell states that the chief object of the Reform Bill was to make the landowners dominant in Parliament; and the object has unquestionably been accomplished. No interest but their own ever appears to be thought worthy of consideration. Colonel Seale's bill for allowing foreign grain in the Queen's warehouses to be ground, has been rejected by 220 to 160. This, we think, is a matter not to be regretted, as the bill was a paltry measure; and its rejection shews distinctly there is no chance of any alleviation of the starvation laws until the people seriously take up the question, and concentrate their energies on this single subject. The Marquis of Chandos says the agriculturists want to be let alone. We are glad they have at last discovered that Parliament cannot do more than give them the monopoly of the home market; but they have been very long in making the discovery. But to be let alone is precisely what those who are not of the landed interest wish. They wish that the landowners should not prevent them consuming foreign food, if they prefer it to British. The price of wheat is now sixty shillings a-quarter, having risen rapidly for some time past; and the prospect of the coming crop is not by any means flattering. The accounts from the manufacturing districts are generally gloomy; and it appears that the Americans will not be able to take any large quantity of our manufactures for a year or two yet. A period of distress for the working classes may therefore be anticipated, in which the pressure of the Corn-Laws will be felt with unusual severity. One of the severest effects of these laws has not hitherto been prominently brought forward; we allude to an insufficient quantity of food predisposing to disease and increasing mortality. Mr Milne, in his able treatise on annuities, furnishes numerous tables, applicable both to this country and other states of Europe shewing that a high price of grain tends directly to an increase of mortality. The result of the information to be derived from these tables we give in his own words (p. 390.) "It will be observed that any material reduction of the price of wheat is almost always accompanied by an increase both of the marriages and conceptions, and by a decrease in the number of burials. Also that any material rise in the price of wheat is generally attended by a corresponding decrease in the marriages and conceptions, and by an increase in the burials." The following is part of his "Table No. 1, exhibiting the progress of the population of England and Wales, and the price of wheat from the year 1789 to 1810."

Year.	Marriages.	Burials.	Price of Wheat per Quarter.
1798	79,477	187,531	60s. 3d.
1799	77,557	189,586	67s. 6d.
1800	69,851	208,063	113s. 7d.
1801	67,228	204,434	118s. 3d.
1802	90,396	199,889	67s. 5d.
1803	94,379	203,728	56s. 6d.
1804	86,738	181,177	60s. 1d.
1805	79,586	181,240	87s. 10d.
1806	80,754	183,452	79s.
1807	83,923	195,867	73s. 8d.
1808	82,248	200,763	79s.
1809	83,369	191,471	95s. 7d.
1810	84,470	208,184	106s. 2d.

The immense increase of mortality in the two dear years, 1800 and 1801, over the previous years, will be observed; and also that the population was so weakened by the high price of food in those two years, that the deaths did not return to the standard of 1798-9 till 1804—all the weak individuals being killed by the diseases induced by an insufficient quantity of food. A rise of nearly fifty per cent. in the price of wheat had no very perceptible effect on the mortality that year, but shewed itself in the usual manner during the next two years; and matters having returned to their natural level, a rise of about ten per cent. in the price in 1810, was followed by a corresponding increase in the number of deaths. We believe that this shews the atrocity of the Corn-Laws in a new light. *We hope the fair sex will attend to their effect upon marriages.*

INEQUALITY OF TAXATION; AUCTION DUTIES.—We have often pointed out the unjust manner in which the taxation of this country is imposed, and shewn that the principle on which the Legislature appears to act, is to tax the poor and allow the rich to escape. An additional illustration of this principle is to be found in the "Law of Auctions," on which a practical Treatise has just been published,* which ought to be in the hands of every one conducting sales by auction. It seems not very comprehensible why lands or goods sold by auction should pay a duty, while those sold privately pay none; and the only explanation that can be given of this anomaly is, that it is the lands and goods of the poor or distressed which are disposed of in this way, with whom our rich legislators cannot be supposed to have any sympathy. In troops of wolves, wild dogs, or other beasts of prey, if any of them is wounded or disabled by disease or accident, all the rest fall upon him and quickly put an end to his troubles; and the man of fallen fortunes generally experiences the same sort of treatment in modern society. However respectable his character may have been held during his prosperity, it almost uniformly, however unjustly, suffers in public estimation when adversity approaches; and the legislature commonly steps in to give him a push in his downward career, by taking part of those means which are already inadequate for the demands upon them. But it is amusing to examine the manner in which the "Landed Interest" have looked to themselves in this branch of taxation. In general, to entitle one to act as an auctioneer, he must have a general license, which costs £5 a-year; and, if he sell any articles for the trading in which an Excise or Stamp-Office license is specially required, he must take out such license, in addition to his license as auctioneer. There are no fewer than nine sorts of these special licenses; and, to enable an auctioneer to sell all sorts of articles, he would require to take out ten licenses annually, at an expense of £40: 7s. But, whenever the interest of the landowners comes into play, any one may act as auctioneer without any license whatever. Among the exemptions from the license duty, we find—"Sales by auction of any goods distrained for rent, or for non-payment of tithes; any auction held on account of any lord or lady of any manor, for granting rights to lands, or for letting any estate; the sale of woods; produce of mines or quarries; sale of cattle, live or dead stock, corn, or the unmanufactured produce of land—provided such sale be on the land producing the

*A. Maxwell, 32, Bell Yard, Lincoln's Inn.

articles sold, and by the owner of such land, or his steward, or agent." In this manner "the landed interest" has rid itself entirely of the tax imposed on the other classes of the community, in the shape of auctioneers' licenses. Then, as to the auction duty itself—it amounts, on sales of ordinary goods, to 1s. a pound; but, when any landed estate, plate, or jewels—that is property of an aristocratic nature—come to be sold, the duty falls to 7d. per pound; and sheep's wool, the produce of the united kingdom, only pays 2d. when sold the first time, for it is with that sale alone the landed interest have any concern. But farther, all sales of woods, minerals, agricultural produce, sales under distress for rent, and, in short, all articles which can be sold by any one without an auctioneer's license, as mentioned above, we find, are equally exempt from auction duty. It would hardly be supposed, that any set of men could have gone to work in so barefaced a manner, to exempt themselves from taxation at the expense of the unrepresented classes. Under such a system of taxation as that existing in this country, it is in vain to talk of any interest but the landed being represented in Parliament as at present constituted. The tax thus levied is far from inconsiderable. The sum raised by auction duties annually, within the United Kingdom, is about £250,000; and, by licenses of all sorts, (from which the "landed interest" are, of course, entirely exempted,) considerably above a million; so that we have here a beautiful instance of the principle on which our taxation is founded.

The "Law of Auctions" has appended to it copious appendices of forms in use in practice, and of statutes and reported cases relative to auctions; and contains, in short, all the information necessary to the correct management of the business of an auctioneer, and the avoidance of the heavy penalties any infringement of the excise regulations imposes.

NEWSPAPER TAXES.—The increase in the number of stamps sold, comparing the half year ending 15th September 1836, with that ending 15th March 1838, is from 35,576,000 to 53,284,000; that is, 50 per cent. on the former number. In the London press, the increase has been 50 per cent.; in the English provincial, 84 per cent.; and in Scotland, 67 per cent.: in Ireland, it has only been 2 per cent. Fifteen newspapers have been started in London, where there are now 86; 29 in the English provinces, where there are now 223; 12 in Scotland, where there are now 66; and there are 12 fewer in Ireland, where the total number is now 62. The reduction has caused a loss to the revenue of £200,000 per annum.

PUBLIC REVENUE.—The gross receipt for 1837 in Britain was £48,032,000
In Ireland, 4,531,000

£52,563,000

The net income, £46,475,000

The expense of collection in Britain was £6:3—in Ireland, £12:7:4 per cent. Notwithstanding the repeal of taxes, the sums actually drawn from the people and the expenditure of Government are annually increasing. In the year 1835, the expenditure (including the expense of collecting the revenue) was £48,600,000; in 1836, £48,764,000; in 1837, upwards of £50,000,000; and in 1838, £51,318,000. In 1835, the surplus revenue was two millions; now there is a deficiency of £710,000; and the war in Canada will render the deficiency still greater in the current year. At the end of the 23d year of profound peace, our navy, army, and ordnance absorb twelve and three-quarter millions of our revenue—our debt nearly thirty—leaving not four millions for all the other expenses of the State. The revenue is principally raised by duties on five articles only—malt, four millions and a half; sugar, five and a quarter; tobacco, three and a half; tea, three and a half; spirits, nearly five; in all, twenty-three millions; and from duties falling under the management of the commissioners of stamps, nearly nine millions. This shows how effectual would be the plan of the Birmingham Union for obtaining a reform of abuses—viz., the abstaining from the use of articles which had paid the duties of customs and excise—could it be carried into effect. The expendi-

ture exceeding the income last year, a reduction of 10 per cent. on the consumption of the five articles we have enumerated, would either force Parliament to yield to the People's demands, or to impose a property-tax. In either view, a great benefit would be gained by those who have nothing to depend on but their labour, hitherto nearly the exclusive object of taxation in this country; while property, and especially property in land, has almost solely been regarded by the laws as worthy of protection. The cause is obvious—a Parliament of landowners, to the exclusion of every other class; for even the representatives of the English and Irish boroughs are obliged to have £300 a-year in land as a qualification for a seat.

SCOTLAND.

THE CHURCH.—While so much clamour is made for additional endowments, and so many new churches are building, no attention seems to be paid to how the present incumbents perform their duties. It is pretty notorious, that, in many parishes, their duties are grossly neglected; and it would appear to be absolutely necessary that an officer should be appointed to attend to this matter, as the existing church judicatures do not exercise any effectual control. In Edinburgh, and other large towns, a large proportion of the clergy do not reside within their parishes, unless these parishes happen to comprise a fashionable part of the town; and some of them spend the greater part of the year at a distance of six or eight miles from town. But the manner in which the country clergy neglect their duties, could hardly be believed. Dr Cook stated, in the General Assembly, that, in Bracadale, and other parishes in the Isle of Skye, vigorous efforts were required, not merely to revive Christianity, but to Christianize the land; Principal Dewar said, that the Lord's Supper had not been dispensed in the parish for nineteen years; and Mr Carment remarked, "that, if he were not afraid of an action for libel, he could tell of cases much worse than this, both in the Highlands and Lowlands," and no one contradicted him. What security is there that the clergy, who are to receive the additional endowments, will perform their duties more efficiently than the present incumbents?

Dr CHALMERS has been lecturing in London for the purpose of maintaining the establishment of black Prebacy, at the rate of £50 a-lecture—the service of the Church of England being performed before the commencement of each lecture; and this proceeding appears to excite no animadversion from his clerical brethren. What would the heroes of Drumclog and Airmoos have thought of such conduct on the part of a professor of divinity? One of the topics which the doctor has been very eloquent on, is, the independence of the Kirk of Scotland—a Church which, he says, admits of no superior upon earth. But the Kirk is as much under the power of Parliament as any other body of men in the kingdom. At the Reformation, the Queen and Parliament abolished Popery, and established Presbyterianism, which it again abolished for Episcopacy; and the struggle between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism continued, with various success, until the Revolution of 1688. Neither is it in the mere external form of the Kirk that the Parliament has uniformly exercised control, but in the fundamental doctrines of religion themselves. The original Confession of Faith, was not held to have any obligatory force, till "red in the face of Parliament, and ratified by the Three Estates at Edinburgh, on 17th August, the zeir of God 1560 years." After the Revolution, the amended Confession of Faith was, by act 1690, c. 5, "ratified, established, and approved, as containing the sum and substance of the doctrine of the Reformed Churches;" and both confessions were copied at length into the statute book, that they might obtain the force of law. It is, indeed, vain to talk of independence, when it cannot be denied that Parliament might again substitute Episcopacy in the place of Presbyterianism, (a change which, we suspect, some of our clergy would not object to,) and as long as patronages—nearly a third of which are at the disposal of the Minister of the day—are allowed to exist. The Auchterarder case shows clearly the Kirk to be anything but independent.

MANUFACTURES AND AGRICULTURE.

It is a general notion in this part of the country, where we know nothing of large manufacturing establishments, that they tend greatly to the increase of vice and crime. This position might well have been doubted, considering the great provocations to vice and crime are idleness and want, both of which are, in a great measure, removed by the employment afforded to persons of all ages by manufactories. Mr Hill, in his Third Report on the state of Crime in Scotland, mentions that, among the most peaceable and honest places he visited, were Catrine and New Lanark, both seats of extensive cotton manufactories; while among those abounding in crime and disorder, were Biggar, Crieff, and Port-Patrick, all sequestered villages, where poets suppose that nothing but peace and happiness exist. The notion that manufacturing operatives are peculiarly addicted to crime, was indeed proved long ago to be false. By a Parliamentary return of the state of crime in Scotland in 1830, it was shewn that, while the proportion of thieves to the population was one in 1462 in the county of Edinburgh, it was only as one to 2097 in the manufacturing counties of Lanark and Renfrew. If more crime is found in towns than in the country, it is, in a great measure, because all the bad part of the country population resort to them. Mr Hill remarks, "that the same attention to the education, and generally to the happiness of the people of New Lanark, which existed when the mills were under the management of Mr Owen, appears to be paid by the present proprietor. And so successful is the system in preventing crime, that the procurator-fiscal for this ward of the county, who resides within a mile of New Lanark, told me that only two offences had come to his knowledge during the last six years. Catrine, in Ayrshire, is like New Lanark. It is a large country mill, in a picturesque situation, with the land all round belonging to one body of proprietors, who have the means, as they have also the wisdom and benevolence, to adopt such plans as are calculated to promote the real comfort and welfare of the people in their employment." "And," he adds, "notwithstanding what has been said on the subject of factories, I have no hesitation in declaring, that I believe that the work-people at Catrine, New Lanark, and other similar establishments, form some of the healthiest, happiest, and most moral communities in the world." Captain Williams, in his Second Report on the Prisons of England, corroborates Mr Hill's statement. He says—"The daily employment of children appears to be greatly influential in saving them from falling into crime. The annual number of this class of delinquents, in the New Bailey at Manchester, does not increase. In the House of Correction, at busy Preston, they are comparatively few. At Carlisle Jail, since the establishment of cotton manufactories, the chaplain has, from their diminution, found it unnecessary to continue them as a separate class of prisoners."

We believe that, if any one will take the trouble of examining for himself any of the large manufactories in Scotland, such as those at New Lanark, Catrine, or Deanston, near Doune, he will be convinced that the miseries of the factory system have been grossly exaggerated. He will find that the operatives, of all ages, are fully as healthy as those engaged in agricultural labour; he will be unable to discover the cases of distortion, of excessive labour, of suffering of any kind, so often talked of. He will, no doubt, regret to see children of ten years of age obliged to work at all, and that the hours of the adult operatives should be so long; but let him ask the cause of this, and consider who is to blame. Not the manufacturers, but the landowners, who, by their Corn-Laws, render the labour—and the long-continued labour—of every industrious man and child in this country a matter of imperious necessity, for the purpose of sustaining animal existence.

Let him, after examining the manufactories we have mentioned, and visiting the neat houses, gardens, and walks with which their masters have furnished the workmen, go into the counties of East Lothian, Berwick, and Roxburgh, so much boasted of for their advance in agriculture, and see how the ploughmen, the operatives of the

landowners, are lodged. He will find each family in damp, dark, single apartments, unless it has been subdivided with wooden partitions at the occupant's own expense; the walls, in many instances, not plastered; and, in all, the floor consisting of nothing but the bare ground, and often below the level of the adjoining road, from which the rain water may be making its way into the interior of the hovel, which is lighted with one or two windows, consisting of four of the smallest panes of the coarsest glass. The windows are generally built in, so that it is impossible to open them for the purpose of airing the den. There is no such thing as a ceiling; nothing above them but the bare rafters and the thatched or tiled roof. Houses such as we describe are to be seen in all directions within five miles of Edinburgh. Though rents have increased fourfold within the last half century, the present labourers of the soil are lodged as indifferently as their grandfathers. Very little addition has been made to their wages; and any superior comforts they now possess—and they are very few and small, such as a cup of tea on Sunday—they owe entirely to the manufacturers, who have greatly reduced the price of cotton goods, the chief dress of agricultural labourers, male and female, and thus have enabled them to save something in the article of clothing. They have no books, except such as Boston's "Fourfold State," Ambrose's "Looking unto Jesus," "The Creak in the Loaf," and the Bible and Shorter Catechism; they never see a newspaper or periodical, to know what their fellow-men are doing or thinking; they have no society except the families on the farm. This state of seclusion becomes so hateful that they are glad to engage in any labour, however disagreeable, which removes them for a day from the farm; such as setting out at midnight, in the middle of winter, with grain to a distant market, &c. Their attendance at church is, in a great measure, for the purpose of hearing the news; and they generally assemble in the churchyard an hour before the commencement of service. Animal food, or malt liquor, the great body of the Scottish ploughmen never once taste, from one year's end to the other. Neither have they a sufficient quantity of fuel. The consequence is, that agricultural labourers are exhausted at a period of life when artisans are still in their vigour. A ploughman, in general, finishes his career at forty-five. No farmer then is willing to intrust him with a pair of horses. He must leave the farm on which, perhaps, he has been born, and every acre of which he has tilled for twenty successive years; retire to some village, and—after dragging out a miserable existence by breaking stones, or other odd jobs—working now, in his old age, by the piece, while, during the days of his vigour, he was hired by the year—if death does not relieve his woes, he has to become an applicant for parochial charity, and, if successful, he has grudgingly given him an allowance which would not keep a dog in health—1s. or 1s. 6d. a-week—and he, as well as all his connexions, are considered disgraced by the receipt of this miserable dole. The schools for the education of the children are, in many instances, no better than their parents' dens; and, as is well-known, no improvement has taken place in the mode of teaching for a century. The consequence is, that, from the want of books, and the bad modes of teaching, very few agricultural labourers can either read or write with facility. Some of our readers may think this statement of the condition of our agricultural labourers in our best counties—for it is of these counties alone we can speak from personal observation—is exaggerated; but we can assure them that there is not one ploughman out of ten who lives to the age of seventy, who does not follow out the course we have traced. Their treatment is perfectly disgraceful to all concerned. The horses and oxen are better lodged and better attended to, both in health and sickness. The farmer pays the horse's doctor; but the ploughman, if he chooses to have medical advice—and many die every year for the want of it—must pay for it as he best can, out of the produce of his own scanty earnings. Judge now whether agriculture, as practised among us, be more conducive to human happiness than manufactures.

POLITICAL POSTSCRIPT.

MONTH after month, and indeed ever since the commencement of the Session, we have, in relation to the Radical party, like Job's consolers, held reverential silence in presence of their sorrows, and waited with a patience which we call upon Mr O'Connell to laud, watching for any, even the faintest, indication of the Ministry he supports reconsidering the hostility to all important reforms boldly and arrogantly avowed by Lord John Russell in the opening debates, and since studiously confirmed by the sneers, as well as by the grave assertions of the Premier. It is scarcely necessary to say that we have waited in vain. We have not, however, to complain of disappointment. The Whigs have long ceased to delude any save willing dupes. Still we are resolved to wait silently, and as patiently and hopefully as the circumstances admit. Lord Durham's mediation *may* pacify Canada—the Whigs *may* do something for Ireland. We shall soon see. We do not wish to participate either in the utter despondency of some of the truest Reformers, or in the half-sullen, half-contemptuous feeling with which the great body of reflecting men of liberal opinions view a set of statesmen whom they regard as equally deficient in high principle and in capacity. Look to the late immense meetings for the abolition of slavery, and mark the language held in these assemblies by the purest-minded and most temperate Reformers, who were, till of late, the disinterested supporters of the Whig Administration. It is either that of condemnation and distrust, or of contempt and defiance. The political knowledge of the People has not more outgrown that of their rulers, than their moral feelings. Things cannot go on much longer in this way. The anomaly of the feeblest Government and the strongest Opposition ever known, with the great body of the People either coldly indifferent or hating the faction in opposition, while despising and distrusting the ruling one, cannot and ought not to exist much longer. The crash cannot be distant; and the Reformers can wait, if not for Whig improvement, then for Whig extinction. There is no medium. The first year of the new reign will speedily be rounded off by the pageant of the coronation. We shall have new Peers and new Representatives; and more party trials of strength, in and out of the House, will precede the prorogation of Parliament; and then comes the appropriate season for discussion. Then we may inquire what has really been done for Ireland, to compensate for the vital injuries which the party that Mr O'Connell patronises has inflicted upon the cause of freedom in England, Ireland, Scotland, and the Colonies, by their Conservative policy. Before many weeks elapse, the Reformers will be entitled to call upon the Irish Members, and all those professing Radical principles, to justify their support of the Government, by shewing what has been recently achieved for Ireland in particular, and what for the cause of general reform. Some one good measure will surely have been carried, which the Tories would not have granted, though we cannot guess its nature; some great and progressive principle of improvement will have been developed. We shall wait till every Irish question is settled, or cushioned for one more year; making the third in some cases, and the fourth and fifth in others. For us, Mr O'Connell shall this session, make the most possible of the Whigs, and that in his own way. His policy we do not consider the wisest any more than the most direct; but we shall judge it by its fruits; and, meanwhile, lay aside the great interests of the whole empire, Ireland included, as worthless immaterial things, so that the Whigs may be kept in place. Whether we shall first see the Whigs throw off Mr O'Connell and his allies, with as much scorn and heartier good-will than they have lately shewn in the case of the English Radicals, or the Irish reformed municipalities converted into close boroughs, to forward the great object of fortifying the Ministerial position, is not at present worth speculation. By the 1st of August, at the farthest, the problem will be solved. There will no longer be any remaining doubts concerning the motives which lead professing Reformers to support Lord Melbourne's Administration—nor will pretence or pretext be longer available.

The People must know why those calling themselves their friends uphold a party openly opposed to the general improvement of our institutions, and to every measure the most essential to their well-being; a party that gives them heavily-taxed food and a harsh Poor-Law as their best blessings; who consecrate the lash in the hands of the slave-owners; and practise with impunity, in Canada, what, if done at home, would raise the country in rebellion. Meanwhile, we are silent, having warned all professing Radical representatives to be prepared with their answers. Real, substantial measures will, we conceive, be the only effectual reply. The country will not accept of any other. A Government impotent for good, and borrowing strength from their Tory antagonists only to perpetrate mischief, to which it appears equally well-inclined, is the worst of all conceivable governments—intrinsically bad, and opposing insuperable obstacles to the accession of better men.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1838.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF M. DE TALLEYRAND PERIGORD.*

No statesman has lived more in the eye of Europe, for the last fifty years, than M. de Talleyrand. The wicked, the witty, the thoroughly selfish and conscienceless minister, the renegade aristocrat, the apostate priest—in one word, the *Mephistopheles* of modern diplomatists—might he be leathed, contemned, despised, or pitied; but he could not be forgotten. Talleyrand, though accidentally projected upon the new era by the explosion of the Revolution, belonged essentially to the *ancien régime*; and in him were combined the qualities of the most celebrated and of the worst statesmen of France for three centuries. To the duplicity of Richelieu, he united the cunning and rapacity of Mazarine; and the clear-headedness of Fleury, to the licentiousness of Dubois. His coolness and his penetration into the corrupt parts of human nature—his flexibility, pliancy, self-possession, and perfidiousness—wholly belonged to himself. In perfidy he had no rival: but then his predecessors had not been so tempted. It has been remarked, that this political Proteus, who is, at the same time, a perfectly consistent character, was never constant save to one principle—the interests of M. de Talleyrand. He died in possession of all that he had ever valued—immense wealth, the reputation of great talents, and the restorer of his family honours. He was certainly the most remarkable, as well as the most adroit waiter upon Providence that history records, though its pages blazon them of all shades and degrees of baseness. Yet even Talleyrand sometimes owed as much to chance, or what is vulgarly termed good luck, as to his foresight and finesse. As a hero of the Revolution, he necessarily had his share of hair-breadth 'scapes; and it was not until he had identified his security with the interests of his successive masters, that he was altogether safe. Long after there was no doubt left of his want of principle and perfidious character, he retained ascendancy, because he had made himself necessary. Neither the Directory, the First Consul, the Emperor in the plenitude of his power, nor the restored Bourbons, against all of whom he intrigued as soon as the time came when it served himself, could afford to dispense with his

friendship. He had established a supremacy akin to witchcraft, and held more through the terrors than the hopes of those subjugated. How were the cabinets of Europe to be cajoled independently of him, who, singly, was more than a match for Pitt, Grenville, Castlereagh, Metternich, and Pozzo di Borgo? Metternich he pronounced the most promising of his pupils—the one who had done him most honour; and we can believe him. While Napoleon remained master of the Continent, Talleyrand might rather be called the political arbiter of Europe than the French Foreign Minister. He was the genius of Negotiation, as Bonaparte was the genius of War. It has been said that he followed Napoleon and the army as a surgeon goes to the field with duellists; and it cannot be doubted that he often gave good counsel in the circumstances. Moderation after victory, was the uniform policy of France, or what was called moderation. Had his counsels been followed, Napoleon might have died sovereign of France, and Talleyrand been spared a world of trouble, and the disgrace of triple treacheries. Little he cared what dynasty reigned in France, so that it worked well for M. de Talleyrand. There was thus an admirable simplicity in his views, and no complication in his motives of action. But with all his admitted capacity, the aims of Talleyrand's policy were as narrow as his path towards them was tortuous. He never seems to have looked beyond shifts for a few months or years. To consolidate the power of Napoleon, by a family alliance with Austria, to flatter the French People at all prices, and to preserve the balance of Europe according to his ideas of its proper adjustment, were the leading principles of his system—if a tissue of shifts deserve the name. The People, as a new, and by far the most important, element of society, never entered sufficiently into his calculations. He could deal with plenipotentiaries and outwit them, but he could not comprehend those new principles which move society in its depths. He could understand something of the turbulent and revolutionary tendencies of the populace of Paris or Lyons; but he never could comprehend, in its august grandeur and majestic bearings, that simple phrase—"The schoolmaster is abroad." The

* Life of Prince Talleyrand, from the French. 4 vols. 8vo. London: Churton.
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most Conservative statesmen of England outstripped him in the race, for they had started from loftier vantage ground. He forgot that to excite and to please an excitable people, and to govern them well, are very different things; and that the latter system alone can ensure permanent tranquillity, and place the social fabric on a broad and sure basis. His policy never held large discourse; nor is it improbable that the temper of his chief seldom allowed it to come fairly into play. Since the Revolution, the government of France has been chiefly guided, either by the Sovereign, as in the instance of Napoleon and Louis Philippe, or by bigots and favourites, as during the reign of Charles X. But a man so entirely devoted to self, was not likely to hazard anything with an imperious master, for the advancement of a principle. If Napoleon remained as long master of France as suited the purposes of Talleyrand, that was sufficient. If the Emperor sunk, he could swim with the Bourbons. If they were swamped in turn, he could save himself in the Orleans life-boat. This admirable master of shifts, subtleties, finesse, and diplomatic duplicity, besides the ordinary arts of flattery, exercised with no ordinary skill, could dexterously insinuate the advice which he perceived to be agreeable, and the political necessity of attaining an object from which conscience and feeling recoiled. He counselled the divorce with Josephine, as soon as he perceived it was desired by Bonaparte, as dexterously as he had done the assumption of the Consulate for life, and, finally, the imperial crown to which his master's ambition pointed. It has been justly said, that he never did anything without a motive of policy, and seldom committed a gratuitous crime, any more than a spontaneous act of benevolence. He was never a gratuitous traitor, and really displayed a magnanimous impartiality in adjusting the contending claims of the Napoleon and Bourbon dynasties, the scales only turning to the drachma's weight, which might be thrown in, of the personal interests of Talleyrand. He would, doubtless, have remained a Republican to his dying day, had the Convention and the Directory been able to support themselves. Yet is this cold, passionless, and thoroughly selfish man one more, and a very unnecessary proof, that an aristocrat by birth can never be ultimately depended upon as the friend of popular rights. This is a rule without a single exception. The man of caste may, for a season, act, like Egalité, the part of a ferocious Jacobin, or, like Burdett, that of a vain, arrogant, swaggering demagogue; but a steady and enlightened friend of the masses of mankind he never can become. The more deficient he is in moral sensibility, he may, for a time, recede the farther from the Order, upon which he is sure, if life be spared, to fall back, with all the rancour and debasement of the conscious renegade. Talleyrand Perigord, sprung from one of the most ancient of the noble families of France, became a flaming Republican; betrayed the Directory; paved the way to the ambitious career of the First Consul, of the First Consul for Life, and, finally, the Emperor;

and, by his intrigues, almost effected the restoration of the Bourbons; while the dregs of his diplomacy, the lees of his fraud and guile, were expended in aiding the machinations of the younger branch of the house of Bourbon against the liberties of France. There is no traitor to freedom to be compared with the renegade aristocrat who has at one time professed Republican or Radical sentiments. There was but one principle more powerful in the mind of Talleyrand than the instincts of aristocracy: the intense love of self was, in his case, stronger than that feeling of caste, which is as powerful among the old nobility of Europe as among any of the superstitious tribes of India. This held him, in his peculiar circumstances, in the *juste milieu*, trimming dexterously on all sides; where a more generous knave would have marched back to his original banner, glorying in his desertion from the popular standard. Notwithstanding his constitutional philosophy, and his contempt of all the ordinary prejudices of religion and morality which influence men, the ex-bishop had his weak side. It was on the score of family; and his only feeling, not unmingledly selfish, was for the aggrandisement of his own branch of the illustrious house of Perigord. Cautious as he was, he could not always suppress a sneer at the mushroom nobility of the Empire, even when placed as Grand Chamberlain, on great occasions of State, behind the Emperor's chair. It was among his first requests, at the Restoration, to which he had contributed so effectually, that his nephew, Edmond Perigord, should be made first aid-de-camp to the King, and a duke as speedily as possible; while Madame Edmond was recommended, by her "good conduct and piety," to the place of Lady of the Palace. The memorial which embodies these modest, self-denying requests, is highly characteristic. For himself, Talleyrand asked nothing. "*M. de Talleyrand considers it the highest honour to devote his whole life to the King's service. He demands nothing for himself. He thinks that his assistance is necessary to conduct the foreign affairs of the country, and requests that department.*"

Too cold for hatred, too passionless for revenge, though he could be malicious, he left it to fools to return either evil for evil, or gratitude for good, and saved himself a world of trouble by looking with a steady eye solely to his own advantage. This one predominating object could not be at all times opposed to the welfare of his country; and when self was not compromised, Talleyrand was not the enemy of France—while his interests bound him to fidelity to her successive governments as long as they were likely to exist, and, consequently, made him faithful, whether to Napoleon or the Bourbons, until altered circumstances made treachery to them fidelity to himself. No man has been more the butt of the press and the tongue, than the ex-bishop; and no one ever regarded calumnious attacks, whosoever originating, with more philosophic indifference. He was as imperturbable in temper as deficient in moral sensibility;

and contempt of mankind inspired him with supreme indifference to the opinions of those he despised. To be moved and angry when loaded with imputations of the foulest kind, would have too much disturbed his epicurean repose, his love of ease and enjoyment;—and in his pleasures he was always a philosopher. A more hideous and revolting personification of cold-blooded selfishness, duplicity, and perfidy, cannot well be conceived; yet there were some redeeming traits in a character gracefully relieved by the charm of wit and subtilty of understanding; and, loathed as he is, pursued to the grave with the hootings and imprecations of nearly a whole nation, there is danger of not morally disapproving him enough. "In God's name, madam," said M. de Mortrand, one day to a respectable lady who reproached him with too strong an attachment to Talleyrand, "who can help liking him—he is so vicious!" He was of kin to that description of ladies of whom Pope says—

"And ne'er so sure our passion to create
As when they touch the brink of all we hate."

If friendly admirers are to be gained by pre-eminence in vice, Talleyrand ought to have had troops of friends.

No painter could ever seize the changeable, inexplicable features of Napoleon's flexible Grand Chamberlain, in which no form of expression was fixed or habitual, save the light sneer that constantly hovered on the lip; and it is quite as true that no writer has yet succeeded in portraying his duplex character. Exaggeration was not required in painting his vices of head, and heart, and flesh; and the egregious misrepresentations that have been sent abroad have actually lightened the obloquy which his memory deserves. A man to whom every form of duplicity was native, might almost be suspected of inventing some of the monstrous atrocities imputed to him, in order to divert attention from his real misdeeds, or to lessen them by comparison. It is of advantage to a man guilty of theft to be accused of a murder of which he is innocent.

A very short space may suffice to say all of this remarkable person which is likely to be of interest to our readers. He was, at best, an emblem of the old fraudulent diplomacy of Europe, which, we trust, may not long outlive him, though we see few symptoms of its decay. Talleyrand is dead—and his countrymen say that his last act was an attempt to cheat the Devil; but his genius is not extinct in France. He has dropped his mantle where it will fit to a hair.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Perigord was born in Paris early in 1754. He was born with deformed feet, and, in consequence, deprived, by parental tyranny, of his rights of birth, and destined to the church. His character unfolded very early. In boyhood, at a seminary called the College of Louis le Grand, he is described as displaying great acuteness of perception, a lazy or inactive disposition, and entire indifference to what was said or thought of him. The scandalous chronicle to which he furnished so many pages, represents him, even

in boyhood, as utterly depraved, and stained with the blackest vices. While he was pursuing his theological studies in the theatres, and in still worse haunts, his father died, leaving scarcely any provision for his younger children; and Talleyrand was received into the family of his uncle, Count Perigord, to be educated along with his cousins. The future diplomatist began his career by mystifying his tutor and his cousins; filching their money, it is said, to gratify his vicious appetites; borrowing small sums from the servants; and even selling his tutor's books. Before he was sixteen, it is related (in the scandalous chronicle) that he had seduced three young girls, sisters. One of the girls died; another became mad; the third, whom the future bishop had secreted in an obscure lodging in the suburbs of Paris, was discovered with difficulty, and sent to a convent. Fanciful persons see in these three unfortunate young creatures, emblems of the Republic, the Empire, and the Bourbons, which successively received the vows of the man who victimized the one after the other. A family council sat upon the conduct of the delinquent, and a *lettre de cachet* was procured, which, for one year, consigned him to solitude and reflection. He had the art to persuade the chaplain of Vincennes of his sincere repentance and complete conversion; and Charles Maurice, who went into the state prison an utter profligate, came forth, in a year, a flaming saint, and, in two more, was the smart, lively Abbé Perigord. The first step in the ladder of the young priest's ambition, was the boudoir of Madame Du Barry, the mistress of Louis XV. Through her favour, who dispensed alike law preferments, military rank, and church livings, the witty Abbé of nineteen obtained two rich benefices or abbacies. He owed his success to his wit. In the course of the ordinary licentious conversation of the favourite's retreat, the gallants present began to relate in turn their *banquet fortunes*. The Abbé *Boiteux* alone remained silent, a smile of peculiar meaning mantling his visage. The Countess Du Barry pressed him to tell why he boasted of nothing. "Alas, madam!" he said, gravely, "I was giving way to a very sad reflection." "What is it?" "Alas, Madam! Paris is a place where it is much easier to obtain ladies' favours than church benefices." The saying of the smart, well-born, little Abbé tickled Louis XV., and the revenue of two abbacies rewarded the future underminer of the church. Among his early intrigues, we hear of a young lady, the wife of a judge, her step-daughter, and her sister-in-law, to whom he made love at the same time. His diplomacy failed here. The wife was separated from her husband, the sister-in-law was compelled to take the veil, and the daughter was married in haste to the father's secretary, while the young ecclesiastic retired for a few months to Autun. He was followed by the discarded wife, who found her place already occupied by a pretty Marquise. His innate talent for negotiation was first exercised in reconciling these rivals for his affections. They finally agreed at

well that, when the fickle Abbé engaged in a love intrigue with the pretty hostess of the village inn, neglecting their patrician charms, they conspired against the new vulgar connexion, and ran off to Paris; and, in all the salons, denounced the scandal and shame attending such low intrigues. Other adventures with women, equally shameful and more malicious, led to his exile for two years to Autun; while his valet, who had been the instrument of his revenge, was sent for life to the Bicêtre, and only released by the Revolution. In exile, Talleyrand was converted a second time. This, however, did not in the least interfere, after his return to Paris, with those heartless and profligate connexions of gallantry, which characterised the French aristocracy before the Revolution, when depravity of morals in the higher circles had reached the last stage. Something resembling attachment marked his long connexion with a young lady of fifteen, married upon the principle which, in France, regulated such alliances, to a husband above fifty, whom she had never seen till the day of her wedding. The Abbé Perigord performed the marriage ceremony, and seduced the bride; and the husband, after some years of dissatisfaction, sagely reflecting that, if the Countess were deprived of her first lover, she must infallibly take a second, acquiesced like a well-bred, sensible French gentleman. Politics alternated with love in subsequent years; and, at twenty-six, the able and clever Abbé was appointed agent for the clergy—a place of honour and great importance, and of considerable emolument. Among his associates were Mirabeau, who thus early saw through his hollow, ambitious, and intriguing character. The Revolution approached; and, in the National Assembly, the Abbé Perigord adopted the popular side, joined the violent party led by the Duke of Orleans, and became an organizer and a member of the Revolutionary clubs. The little, flirting, rakish Abbé, buzzing about the drawing-rooms, had gradually grown into a man of thirty-four, as remarkable for sound judgment, acute perception, and self-possession, or *sang froid*, as for fascinating manners, brilliant powers of conversation, and the most insinuating flattery. He became Bishop of Autun; and, as “spiritual persons” were eligible as members of the States-General, he was appointed the democratic deputy of his diocese to the Assembly. His influence was immediately felt in affairs. The church, with its power and property, was the first offering he was ready to lay upon the altar of the country. No one was better qualified to unfold its insatiable rapacity and manifold abuses. When the federal compact was to be solemnly ratified on the *Champs de Mars*, at that national fête where the king swore fidelity to the new constitution, the imposing farce was opened by the Bishop of Autun celebrating high mass, and consecrating the tricoloured national banner, now first assumed as the *Oriflamme* of France, and afterwards the tricoloured banners of all the departments. Already had he gulped several of that long cata-

logue of oaths to all manner of persons, laws, and constitutions, which he at last swallowed as easily as his favourite beverage, Madeira. He was the only ecclesiastic of the rank of a bishop who apostatized and took the oaths which overturned the church with the monarchy. He was suspended from his functions by the Pope, and a threat of excommunication was held out. “You know the news,” he wrote to a friend. “Come and console me, come and sup with me. Everybody is going to refuse me fire and water; we shall, therefore, have nothing this evening but iced meats, and drink nothing but wine.” As the Revolution proceeded, the part of Talleyrand became more difficult and delicate. Its progress had far outgone his ideas and his control. The Republican party were in the ascendant; and Talleyrand, not feeling himself quite safe, came to London on a private mission, or rather as agent for the Duke of Orleans, and to reconnoitre. The recent death of Mirabeau had devolved new honours and responsibilities upon the other aristocratic democrat and the apostate priest. He was ill received at the court of St James, and strongly suspected by the Convention, where he was at last impeached. Under the provisions of the alien act, he was compelled to quit his refuge in Great Britain; and he went to the United States of America, where he remained until his friends in Paris, and especially the ladies, smoothed the way for his return. Madame de Staël was among the most active in these good offices. A formal decree of the Convention authorized his return. His arrival made a sensation, and he speedily insinuated himself into the good graces of all the Members of the Directory, save the stern, honest Republican, Carnot, who said of him—“That man brings all the vices of the old régime, without being able to acquire a single virtue of the new one. He possesses no fixed principles, but changes them as he does his linen—adopting them according to the fashion of the day. He was a philosopher when philosophy was in vogue; a Republican; now, because it is necessary to be so in order to become anything; to-morrow he would proclaim and uphold tyranny, if he could thereby serve his interest. *I will not have him at any price*, and, as long as I am at the helm of the State, he shall be nothing.” Carnot kept his word, so far as depended on himself. In the meanwhile, the ex-bishop was not idle; and, a vacancy in the government occurring, he was proposed as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and carried, in defiance of the opinion of the indignant Carnot. His official situation brought him into frequent contact with General Bonaparte. He read the man; and the fall of the Directory paved the way for his farther elevation. He became the second man in France, with almost the power of saying who should be the first. When Louis XVIII., at the Restoration, complimented him on his talents and influence, while modestly disclaiming the compliment, Talleyrand replied—“Yes, there is some inexplicable thing about me which prevents any government from prospering that attempts

to do without me." This was at once a hint and a threat. It is said that he never in his life committed any imprudence, save marrying Madame Grandt; but even that step was a part of his policy; for the First Consul having resolved that his court should be a model of propriety and decorum, left him no option. After all, Madame Talleyrand, with Madame Tallien and other ladies, was forbidden the Consular Court. The intimate friend of Madame Beauharnois was not worthy a reception from Madame Bonaparte. Her reputation was doubtful, and she had also taken bribes from some Genoese merchants, who hoped to obtain commercial advantages through her husband's influence. The pride of Talleyrand was moved by this exclusion, though he took constant pleasure himself in ridiculing and quizzing his wife, a very beautiful, but a very silly woman. When once asked what attraction he found in the conversation of so silly a woman as Madame Grandt, he replied—"What would you have me say? It is a recreation for me." It was a relief from the overpowering brilliance of De Stael, and the other superlatively clever ladies. One day, in sailing about on the Seine in a small boat with these ladies, Madame de Stael asked him which of the two he would save, if she and Madame Grandt fell into the river. Sincere for once, and ever flattering, he replied—"Ah, Madame, you can swim." Madame Grandt was one day to preside at a dinner which Talleyrand, whose luxurious table gained the approbation of Careme himself, was to give to Denon, after the return of that sultan from Egypt. He previously told the lady that the expected guest was a very amiable man and an author, and that authors being fond of hearing their works quoted, he would send her the adventures of M. Denon. He sent her those of Robinson Crusoe. After the guests were seated at table, the lady began—"Ah, sir, I cannot express to you the pleasure I have had in reading your adventures."—"Madam, you are too good."—"Not at all, I assure you. Dear me, how horribly dull it must have been for you, all alone on a desert island! I was exceedingly interested in it; but what a droll figure you must have cut in your sugar-loaf cap!"—"Really, madam, I do not understand."—"Ah, yes; I felt for all your troubles after your shipwreck. How happy you must have been the day you found Friday!"

These were the sort of mystifying monkey-tricks which formed the delight of the Grand Chamberlain, upon whose lips a gentle sneer sat habitually. Talleyrand was, through life, addicted to gaming, and is thought to have spent more hours at whist than any man of his time. The stories of his gaming, as of his intrigues, are probably exaggerated; but he certainly gambled largely in the funds, and in different countries, and incurred the displeasure of Napoleon by the proceedings to which he owed a considerable part of his fortune. One day, a banker, with whom he was well acquainted, waited upon him to ascertain the truth of a rumour of the death of George III., which was expected to

affect the funds. The banker, of course, anxiously apologized to the minister for the intrusion, and for the extraordinary nature of his request. "How?" exclaimed Talleyrand, with the imperturbable gravity peculiar to him. "There is no harm—no indiscretion whatever. I shall be delighted if the information I have to give is of any use to you." The banker was profuse of acknowledgments. "Well, now, I must tell you," continued Talleyrand, with an air of mysterious confidence. "Some say the King of England is dead, others that he is not dead; for my own part, I believe neither the one nor the other. I tell you this in confidence; but, for heaven's sake, do not commit me." When the First Consul one day inquired how he was so rich, he replied, by a dexterous compliment—"I bought stock the day before the 18th Brumaire, and sold it again next day." This was the date of Napoleon's first usurpation. Some of his compliments were still more delicately turned. Some one asked him the address of the Princess of Vaudemont. "Rue St Lazare," he replied. "But I have really forgotten the number. You have only to ask the first poor person you meet; they all know her house." His house was as well known to all under the Consulate, who affected refined manners, and society more polished than that of the rude era of citizenship. It became the boast of the rising young men of Napoleon's armies to have been at the balls of Talleyrand Perigord. Duroc and Eugene Beauharnois were among his constant evening guests; and he always seems to have enjoyed the society of intelligent young persons. In the return of the Court to the manners of the *ancien régime*, he led the way; and of the men of talents whom the Revolution had brought into notice, but who had not been able to cast off their early plebeian slough, his observation was—"It is easy to perceive that they have not long trod on carpets."

Talleyrand was often heard to say, "that more game might be shot from behind a tree, than on the chance of a rapid chase across a field." On this principle, he squared his conduct. In writing to Madame de Genlis from America, he says—"I bestow but little thought on my enemies. I occupy myself in re-establishing my fortune." This was the only duty from which he never swerved; and he employed the aptest means. He never gave himself the trouble to cherish or express resentment. A cousin of Talleyrand's—a Marquis of the old regime, and a genuine type of the royalist noble, who was quite *own brother* to the cavalier of Cromwell's time, or the Scotch Jacobite gentleman of the reigns of the first Georges—received a pension of a hundred louis a-year from his degenerate relative. The Marquis was a libertine, a gamester, and a *bon vivant*; but he would suffer nothing to be said in his presence against the king or the church. Every day, at his *café*, after the Restoration, he enlarged upon the course which the king ought to take in driving away all *secoundrels*. But he was most admirable when speaking of his cousin and his pension. "Yes,"

he would say, "I do receive it, and, in allowing it to me, Talleyrand does nothing but his duty; but to go to see the scoundrel! By heavens! I will never go. . . . He is a Jacobin, and a married priest; he has deserved to be hanged twenty times over." Talleyrand could afford to laugh at this bluster; and the pension was never the less punctually paid. His respectable mother had been deeply grieved by his apostasy; but, after his marriage, she would never even see him, and refused the pension he allowed her. That portion of society which assumed to be religious, could forgive his succession of mistresses, whether married women or single; but a married priest was beyond the pale. He laughed at his mother as at his cousin; but probably respected her scruples; and her pension also was punctually but secretly conveyed to her through the medium of a relative. His admirable good sense preserved him from the petty foibles of little minds. It was not worth his while to be angered with the pious old lady, or with the vapouring cousin, whose piety was on a par with that of Goldsmith's supporter of "our holy religion" against Papists and those who wore wooden shoes.

After the 18th Brumaire, when Talleyrand had made his fortune by the sudden rise of the funds, he suited his manner to the change of times. He wore padded boots, to conceal his cloven hoofs; took lessons in riding, and cut a good figure on horseback at the military spectacles. Another trait of his adroit flattery of Napoleon, is equal to the alleged cause of the rise of his fortune. The General returned one night from Egypt, to a small house in some street, the name of which we forget, which his wife had purchased from Talma, and awoke next morning in the *Rue de la Victoire*; the street having been re-christened in the night, it is said, by the good offices of the ex-bishop. It has been told, among the thousand and one fictions with which John Bull was baited during the war, that Talleyrand had a private bureau, in which all the clerks were foundlings, having no worldly connexions, who lived together, were liberally paid, but strictly watched; provided with mistresses, and everything judged necessary to their comfort; but not allowed to marry without the consent of their chief, who chose them wives among orphans and foundlings. It was among their principal duties to imitate the handwriting of sovereigns and ministers, for which purpose facsimiles were kept in the office, with a collection of the seals used at the different courts. From this manufactory in the *Rue du Bac*, expresses from all parts of Europe were said to be issued, directed to the Tuileries or St Cloud. Much of this is no doubt absurd exaggeration; but despatches, if not framed, were sometimes opened; and one day the Spanish ambassador complained to Talleyrand, that one of his had been unsealed. "Sir," returned the minister, who had listened with an air of profound gravity, "I will wager I can guess how the thing has happened. I am convinced that your despatch has

been opened by some one who wished to know about what was inside." This was very satisfactory. M. Seguin, a very wealthy neighbour, near one of those country houses where the minister went to live for the season, was ambitious of entertaining him at dinner, that he might exhibit his enchanting gardens and luxurious residence. An officious gossiping physician was employed in the negotiation; and, after many delays, the invitation was at last accepted, on condition that there were to be only twelve guests, whom Talleyrand was to select. He gave his list to the doctor, who looked quite chafallen. "What is the matter, doctor?—Oh, I see how it is—perhaps it is because I have not asked you to dinner at Seguin's. No, I thought we saw each other often enough here; and consequently"—Upon another occasion, having gained a wager of a feed of oysters for twelve persons from the Duke de Laval, he caused careful inquiries to be made of the greatest oyster-enters in Paris, where this dainty is very high-priced. To his great satisfaction he found one who finished his fifty-fourth dozen. Such were the pastimes of the Minister.

Early in the Consulate, he obtained from the Pope a withdrawal of the excommunication under which he had lain for years, upon the easy penance of distributing alms for the relief of the poor of Autun. This was accompanied with liberty to assume the secular dress, and engage in secular affairs. It was then he married, as the deconies of the Consular Court required that he should either leave off publicly living with Madame Grandt, or marry her. Upon one occasion, Bonaparte nominated a person whom Talleyrand considered incompetent, on a mission to Berlin, and sent him to the Foreign Office for instructions. Talleyrand began one of his long mystifying speeches, signifying nothing. "You cannot set out too soon; you are aware of the importance of your mission. The affair must be kept a profound secret. I am delighted that the First Consul has made choice of you. As soon as you arrive at Berlin you will communicate with me. Go up to M. Campy, who will give you a key to the ciphers—you must use these in your correspondence with me. I have nothing more in particular to say to you—you know your ground. I am certain you will perfectly fulfil the First Consul's intentions."—"But what am I to say to Chancellor Hardenberg when I see him?"—"What are you to say to him? Well, but there is no difficulty in that—you will tell him—have you a good memory?"—"Yes, tolerably good."—"Oh, very well, that is enough. You will tell him. Do not then forget what I have told you. There is no reason why you should repeat it to him word for word." As the envoy charged with these lucid instructions moved off, Talleyrand called him back. "At the court of Berlin, do you see, you must keep up your dignity. Yes, yes, you understand me—you must hold up your head." This was the man who said—speech had been given to men to enable them to conceal their thoughts.

His hereditary vanity made him treat his new dignities, gained under the Empire, with affected, or probably real indifference. "Go to Madame de Talleyrand, and address your compliments to her. Women are always delighted at becoming Princesses." He had just been created Prince, or, his Most Serene Highness, Prince of Benevento. He prized more the ancient titles of his birthright than those he enjoyed in common with Napoleon's Generals. He had a clever way of dealing with the numerous authors who sent him their works. They were thanked on the instant, the formula being, that M. de Talleyrand anticipated as much pleasure in the perusal as he had done in receiving the book. Thus he escaped, he said, telling a lie of politeness, for he never meant to read the books.

The part which Talleyrand really acted in several important affairs, still remains doubtful. He has been charged with advising the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, and the invasion of Spain; while, on the other hand, he is stated to have said to Napoleon, at a public council, "that Spain was like a farm, which it was better to let out than cultivate it yourself." A close alliance with England became his favourite policy; which is enough to make the friends of liberty in France and Great Britain look with suspicion upon what he lived to accomplish under Louis Philippe. He wished to re-establish the kingdom of Poland, and at one time under the elder branch of the Bourbons. His opposition to the war in Spain was a probable cause of his disgrace; but one more important was the jealousy of Napoleon, who could not endure that any one should share his glory, and found that the merit of his treaties was imputed by Europe to his subtle Foreign Minister. The disasters of the Spanish war reacted favourably on the prospects of its opposer. When his office of Grand Chamberlain was taken from him, to be conferred upon another, he quietly observed—"What will be the consequence? That in future the coachmen will often take the way to the Faubourg St Germain than to the Faubourg St Honoré." When the fatal bulletin announcing the dreadful disasters of the Russian campaign was received in Paris, all the dignitaries of the empire attended the Empress Maria Louisa at the Tuileries, where the consternation was extreme. "The whole army was said to be annihilated—men, horses, and baggage. The Duke of Bassano arrived during the conference, and was announced to the Empress. "Only see how they exaggerate," said Talleyrand. "Here is Maret returned, and they said all the baggage was lost." Of the same individual he said, one day, to the Emperor—"I know of but one person in the world more stupid than M. Maret." "Eh!—and who is that, my Lord?"—"It is the Duke of Bassano."

The hopes of the Bourbon faction were at once raised to a high pitch by this disastrous intelligence from Russia; and Talleyrand, it is said, immediately began to correspond with his uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims, who had always lived

with Louis XVIII. in England. When Talleyrand's letter—informing his uncle of his devoted attachment, and cautiously insinuating that his services might be obtained on certain conditions—was read, the King exclaimed, "God be praised!—Bonaparte must be near his fall; for I am convinced that, when the Directory was near its dissolution, your nephew wrote to the conqueror of Italy in exactly the same terms. If you answer him, say that I accept as an omen his amiable intentions."

When Louis Philippe swindled himself into the throne of France, the Russian Emperor could not resolve how to receive the envoy of the new potentate, who waited in uncertainty until the English newspapers announced that Talleyrand had gone to London as the ambassador of France. "Oh, then, there is good hope of the stability of the new government," said the Emperor; and Louis Philippe was recognised by Russia as King of France.

Napoleon had begun to alight his counsels while his fidelity was unimpeached, and he afterwards suffered for it; for Talleyrand knew the temper of France, and of the times, better than the falling Emperor. In St Helena, Bonaparte complained indeed, that Talleyrand was never either eloquent or persuasive with him, but continually harped on the same string. Besides, he was so dexterously evasive and discursive, that, after conversations of hours, he would take leave without communicating the information required from him. This is not likely. Napoleon was not a man to be so fooled; nor is it probable that Talleyrand would have deserted him had he listened to the only advice that would have saved him. The ex-bishop went over to the other side only when he saw no safety on that of the Emperor. He never committed a gratuitous treachery. When his perfidy became suspected, Napoleon loaded him with reproaches; and his arrest was only prevented by the entreaties and good offices of the Duke of Rovigo and Cambacérès. He sustained the passionate attacks of his banished old chief with wonderful fortitude. The defeat at Leipsic again encouraged the hopes of the Royalists. When his pale, ominous visage appeared at the first levee after the return of the Emperor, the latter exclaimed—"What come ye here for?—to exhibit your ingratitude? I have covered you with honours, that people might not see you were the most despicable wretch in my empire. You affect to be of the opposition. You think, if I fail, you will be at the head of the Regency! If I were dangerously ill, I solemnly declare to you that you should die before me." With all the grace and gentleness of a courtier receiving new favours, the Prince of Benevento replied—"Sir, I did not need this warning to address my most ardent prayers for the prolonging of your Majesty's days." It was Talleyrand of whom Lannes, Duke of Montebello, said, that, if he received a kick behind, those who looked him in the face could not discover it from any movement of his countenance. Office was afterwards offered him,

but, on conditions, which he could not accept; and he had probably another game in view. One of the coarsest things he ever said was, when conducting the Duchess of Montebello, the lady in waiting of the Empress, to her carriage, when she came to inquire if he, as a member of the Council of Regency, was not to accompany Maria Louisa and her son to Blois exactly as the Allies entered Paris. The retreat of the Empress to Blois had been planned by himself, aware that the presence of the Empress and the King of Rome in the capital would prove a strong obstacle to the return of the Bourbons; but in Paris he wished to be, as anxiously as to have the Empress off. When the Duchess went to find him, he cried "Good heavens, I have settled nothing! Certainly it is my duty to join her Majesty. I will do so. But the roads are so much crowded to-day, and we shall be delayed for horses. Of one thing, my dear Duchess, you may be certain, the Emperor and Empress are the victims to the most odious machinations." With this he placed the lady in her carriage, and returned to see that everything was ready in the apartment which he had ordered to be prepared, in his own residence, for the Emperor Alexander. When he afterwards made a feint of following the Empress, his passports were demanded at a barrier of the now blockaded city. "It is the Prince Vice-Grand-Elector," cried his servants. "Oh, he may pass," said the officers on duty. "No," cried the intriguer, "I have no passport. The higher rank a man holds, the more respect ought he to shew to the law;" and he turned his horses' heads, and speedily rejoined the other traitors—Berthier, Bourienne, and the rest—assembled at his house, and became the principal person in the conferences immediately held with the chiefs and ministers of the Allies. What followed is well known. As President of the Provisional Government, he became, for a time, the actual sovereign of France. The Count d'Artois arrived, and the ex-bishop, who had so long before celebrated high mass at the grand national fête in the Champ de Mars, assured him,

in name of the provisional government, that "Our happiness would be complete if your Royal Highness would graciously receive, with the divine goodness which characterises your family, the homage of our religious affection." He had his reward. The Bourbon princes could not give him their confidence, but they gave him an ample pension, which Louis Philippe continued.

Great Britain, after the Three Days, had the honour of receiving him as ambassador from the new government of the Tuileries. Of her many millions, revolutionized France had not one honest man to send to England. He continued to the last the confidential adviser of Louis Philippe. The pupil is worthy of the master. The King visited him several times on his deathbed, and almost his last breath was expended in expressing gratitude for the honour. It crowned the felicity of his life! To consummate his destiny, he died in the odour of hypocrisy, having gone through the farces of penitence and reconciliation to the Catholic Church, with what sincerity we leave the reader to judge. He is said to have left voluminous memoirs of himself and his times, which are not to be published for thirty years. If they exist at all, every one is aware how this prohibition is likely to be treated. Hollow in everything, it is believed that his great wealth is deceptive, and the large estates he had purchased, deeply mortgaged; for his luxury and profusion were equal to the rapacity which he was long, before his death, deprived of the means of gratifying. It must be allowed that he was, what Napoleon in anger called him, "the most despicable wretch in France;" but doubted whether, after all, if playing his part on the same grand stage, his countryman Vidocq might not have displayed greater talent and accomplishment.

To those who wish to know more of the history of this prince of intriguers, we would, in the meantime, recommend the translated memoirs published in London. They are written with good means of information, and in a calm and impartial spirit.

THE HONEST HATER.

A BERANGERISM.

I LOVE an honest hater—he
Has no cream-visage smooth and seeming;
He cannot curb his eye to glee,
While there the light of wrath is gleaming;
No feigning smile or low salutation,
He brooks to bate his fervent "damn."

All creaminess of soul and look,
All envy's charitable sighs,
The crouch in slander's filthy nook,
The warming hypocrite's disguise—
Will curl his lip with scorn and sneer,
That smite a soulless thing with fear.

He flings his gauntlet to the foe
With bitter word and burning eye—
No bam—his heart is in the blow,
And in his heart sincerity.

But, for the foeman fallen in strife,
He'd risk his honour and his life.

Faith to the honest hater please
To give, and he will treasure 't up,
He'll greet you with a hearty squeeze,
And pledge you in a hearty cup:
In love and war, at word and blow,
Stanch to his faith, his friend, and foe.

But shun Iscariot—all may know
The fawning dastard's stealthy pace,
The Judas stamp is on his brow,
The lurking dagger in his face;
Strange meanings in Iscariot's eye,
His fulsome flattering lip belie.

ABEL O'HARA'S (OF THE O'HARA FAMILY) OWN TRIP TO DONNYBROOK.

IN A LETTER TO MR BARNES O'HARA, GRAY'S INN, LONDON.

Continued from our last Number.

But, urging my way with the progressing throng, or rather urged on by it, I crossed what should be called the Fair Green, if all appearance of verdure had not been trodden away from its surface, and, through a narrow passage, at the end of it farthest from the village, gained difficult ingress into the principal encampment of pleasure booths; for here was a long street of them—perhaps two hundred, at either hand, headed at their extremity verging on the country, by two of surpassing magnitude and display, draped with scarlet, prodigal in flags, and unrivalled in sign-boards. To one side of the entrances to all was, generally speaking, a kind of trellis-work, pointing out and wisely defining “the bar;” and behind this stood or sat a landlord or a landlady, surrounded by drinking glasses and tumblers, porter pots and pints, bottles and decanters, ranges of barrels, skewered fowls of all kinds, ready for broach or boiler, beef and mutton that might tempt Dr Kitchener, hams, sides of bacon, cheeses, and so forth; and before you, as you glanced down the booth, tables were laid out, always ready for customers, if not always occupied by them. And “Walk in and rest yourselves, ladies and gentlemen,” cried a landlord to the passers by, drowning, in the loudness of his voice, the music at the remote end of his hotel, though it, too, was relied upon as an attraction; or, “Dhry or hungry, you needn’t want here,” said another; or, “The hot weather wants the dhrop,” syllogized a third; or, “Wash the dust o’ Donnybrook out o’ your throattles, gentsels,” elegantly exhorted a fourth; while the perambulators were similarly played upon from the batteries of coaxing Bonifaces at the other side of the crowded street. And, the truth to say, scarce any person, man, woman, or child, passed by the ranges of these refectories without entering and consuming something, little or much, meat or drink, in one or other of them. Some seemed seduced by a showy establishment; some espied a friend or two already seated within, and joined them, with a hearty recognition on both sides; others chose the tent fullest of company, or most uproarious in fun and frolic; but the sound of the music and the echo of the dancing-board was quite sufficient for the greater number; and, as I before noted down among the galaxy of attractions, “the signs” at the other side of the Green, let me add a few here, which either pleased me or puzzled me, as I studiously observed them. A sailor was pointing, off one, to the booth beneath him, and asserting—“Within the ark, safe for ever.” Upon another was the very unwarrantable *double entendre* of “Let no man pay twice, at his peril.” Next appeared a board, with the simple inscription—“The Widow Byrne, from High Street;” and, taking a glance at the widow, who was of

course busy within her bar, I was astrey to ascertain whether her recommendation of herself lay in her unprotected state, announced on the board, or, in our anticipations that those who had previously been in the habit of visiting her establishment in High Street, might follow up their practices at Donnybrook; at all events, she was truly a winsome dame, with little of the sickly grief of widowhood in her black eye or plump and rosy cheek. “Observe!” mutely exclaimed a sign opposite to hers; and below this challenging word was announced—

“This is Pat Murphy’s spa inn;
I am come here from Peter’s Hill—
Gentle and simple, now walk in.”

Near at hand appeared a kind of joint-stock concern, not of the first class either—two very mediocre purses, I reckoned, shaken together; and the hopes of the proprietors seemed to rest upon the patronage of such of the passers by as might have a veneration for old times and real Irish descent—for they made themselves known as “Patt Higgins and Jerry Lynch, of the real old stock.”

The next sign-board I shall notice, I could not directly understand, as regarded its present position, unless that its designer deemed it clever and *recherché* in its subject, and, on these grounds alone, attractive. It represented, first, a kind of stage, of five steps or gradations. On the upper step, was a crowned king, with outstretched sceptre, and, above his head, the motto—“I rule all;” and he occupied the middle of the picture. A grade below him, and to his right, was a bold soldier, whirling his sword round his head, and his assertion was—“I fight all.” Beneath him, again, in gown and lappets, appeared a parson, saying—“I pray for all.” On the step below his Majesty, along with the soldier, but to the left, stood an honest-looking farmer, who averred—“I pay all;” and under his feet, Death, in his full grisly terrors, grinning forth—“I take all!” I stepped back from this piece of art, to note its effects on the passing crowd, and became assured that its author had, in imagining it, studied human nature; for many spectators agreed that so much intelligence and taste, on the outside of the establishment it adorned, must denote a corresponding superiority of some kind or other, within; and, accordingly, the booth was full of company.

But the poetical predominated at Donnybrook. Among the rest—

“James Farall is supplied
With good old spirits, Erin’s pride;
All so porter, ale, and beer,
With cordials swat, the ladies’ cheer.
If you should doubt, when passing by,
You’re welcome to step in and try.”

Again—

“May the thistle flourish, and be ever in cheer,
Round the sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.”

The popular Lord Lieutenant exhibited as the guardian deity of more than one tent. In one instance, he was mounted on a curvetting steed, having said for him, or saying for himself—"See the conquering hero comes!" In another, he stood in a dazzling uniform, with a drawn sword, the following distich eking out his appearance—

"Arragh, Paddy! come
New, my sweet boy,
And drink a health
To our noble viceroy
MULLOWRY."

So that, but for the style of the figure above them, these musical lines might seem to refer to the bustling fellow inside the booth—Mr Mullowry.

Next door to him, Daniel O'Connell and (it was averred) Lord Stanley were shaking hands together—a benevolent, though somewhat Utopian anticipation of the artist, in his wishes for general unanimity, and good to Ireland. I cannot say how his Lordship generally dresses, having never yet had the honour of seeing him; but, with Dan's person I am pretty well acquainted; and certainly nothing could be less in character than the present paraphrase of the style of his toilet. To prevent jealousy on any account, however, both gentlemen were habited exactly alike—namely, in grass-green frock coats, which could never have fitted them so well without stays, and flowing white trousers; and, on the heads of each, was a profusion of light-brown hair. Still, as I have said, they shook hands joyously together, and had printed beneath their feet—"O'Connell, Stanley, and Erin-go-bragh!" I must find room for one or two other illustrated sign-boards. Two rustics leaned on their spades, and each had "a speech" coming out of his mouth. "Paddy," questioned one, "what is the meaning of M.P.?" "Don't you know, you fool," answered the other, "that it means 'Man of the People?'" But how this explanation was supposed to be of virtue to sell beer and spirits, I cannot venture to say. And some establishments were of but questionable character, if the bold assertions, or bold insinuations at least, over their entrances, might be credited. For instance, one dubbed itself the joint property of "Bryan Murphy and Tom the Devil." And, to enable readers in general duly to estimate Bryan's announcement of a partnership with, certainly, one of the imps of darkness, I will here give an idea of an Irish "Tom the Devil." I know, indeed, of no black deity of the heathen mythology exactly similar to him. Perhaps Bacchus most nearly resembled him. He is the instigator to all mad and untoward pranks; the director of all Hibernian "Tom-and-Jerry" adventures; endowing his votaries with a blind recklessness to consequences, no matter what wild vagary is to be gone through. His laugh is to be heard in the midst of rows and *scrimmages*; he glories in the crash of lamps, and in the pummelling of watchmen; in short, he is the prince of all humorous mischief, and is supposed never to be so busy as during the carnival of Dennybrook.

Great numbers having accepted the invitation to "drink a health to our noble Viceroy," I also stopped in to Mr Mullowry's booth.

Towards the entrance, I found all the company respectable; and, though they quaffed a little, like everybody else, contributing but scantily—except by their enjoyment of the scene—to the loud talking, loud laughing, loud singing, fiddling, and dancing going on at the other end of the tent. I advanced about midway down, and with some difficulty obtained a seat—the place was so crowded.

Around me was a mixed throng of male and female, and of every age, from eighty years to two months, all seemingly of a decent class in life. Generally, they conversed in parties; but now and then some piece of humour, a song, or an odd prank, incorporated them all in the common communion of mirth. In one far corner, I discerned a more doubtful kind of persons; deep toppers they appeared to be, having their noisy enjoyments peculiar to themselves; and there was a party of tall mustached horse soldiers, pledging the Lord Lieutenant's health, as I judged, pursuant to the request on the sign-board; and among them, many Irish were to be discovered, by their accent, and by the exuberance of their glee; though, indeed, their English companions seemed also inclined to get rid of their own national gravity.

Immediately near to me, I glanced at a group of seemingly young mechanics, who appeared bent upon exploring the bottom of their purses, but of whom a detailed description would lead me too far; but still, another Englishman attached to them, agreeably challenged my curiosity: a little thick-set fellow he was, clothed with all the comfortable snugness which characterises a certain class of his countrymen—one portion of his attire being a waistcoat of scarlet cloth; and this little Johnny's nationality had, indeed, completely flown; his eye sparkled; he was saying and doing odd things, and bandying his joke as briskly and as unguardedly as ever a Paddy around him; and a general feeling of good-will seemed to be awakened towards him, in gratitude, as it were, for his having learned to doff what his companions regarded as the surly gruffness of his climate. Almost at my elbow was the fiddler, and opposite to me was the dancing-board, and upon it, at this moment, two young lads, and their partners, engaged in the reel of four, were displaying their very best steps for the approval of all lookers-on. Barnes, do you remember the day you took me to an English country fair, to solace me with the amusements thereof? Upon that occasion, I saw ten men in smock frocks, and great hob-nail buskins, having only two of the fair sex amongst them, lazily lifting up their limbs, as if employed in breaking clods in a ploughed field, and going through the dull routine of some prescribed figure, with visages as sober and as solemn as if they had been at task-work, rather than at amusement; but here, Barnes, in Mr Mullowry's tent, at Dennybrook, it was evident that the surprising

agility of the dancers was only a mode of expressing the joyousness of their hearts. Shortly after taking my seat, I recognized, close in my neighbourhood, my merry old companion on the ear from Stephen's Green. To his soul's content was he enjoying himself. He had an arm round Margaret's burly waist; a tumbler of punch was in his disengaged hand, one instant resting on his knee, and the next carried to his lips—(Margaret, too, sipped from a smaller tumbler;) one of his little boys stood between his legs, blowing a halfpenny trumpet; another leaned on his mother's lap, munching sugar-stick; and the elder boy and his sister sat below the good dame, he also holding his tiny measure, and pressing his coy companion to partake of it. Back and forward went the old fellow's head, timing the music, and loud was his plaudit when any of the performers on the dancing-board cut a caper extraordinary. The set engaged in the pastime had been a long time at work before I came in; with looks praying for pity upon their fatigue, the girls now courtseyed to their partners; their partners bowed to them, and the dance ceased for a moment.

"Come, Margaret, you're in for id now, by my conscience!" cried my old friend.

"Ah, then, Luke, are you taking lave of your senses?" demurred the modest matron.

"Taking lave of my senses?—nonsense, woman; don't think to get off that way; you know very well 'twas your dancing that wen me for you." And rather unceremoniously he clutched his wife by the shoulders; the little fellow stopped blowing his trumpet, but, instead of it, squeaked out in terror.

"Hould your tongue, you monkey!" cried his father, "and sit down there, and no noise wid you!" And, whisking off Margaret's shawl, that she might go lightly to work, he led her, with the ef and vigour of five-and-twenty, to the dancing board. Loud applauses rewarded his display of spirit, and he smiled in high excitement. At command, the fiddler supplied his merriest tune, and the old wondered at, and the young envied, the excellence of his performance. Nor did Margaret belie her husband's assertion, that it was by her dancing she had won him; and they smiled and smirked to each other, as if the days of courtship were returned. But, at length, Margaret prayed a truce, and her old bean conducted her back to her seat in great triumph.

"Take a dhrop afther that, my darlin," he said to her; "and you'll be the better of id till the humours of Donnybrook comes round again. —I'll take a dance wid you, Miss, if you please"—he now addressed his daughter.

"Ah, father!" gaped and drawled the girl.

"And, ah, daughter!" he replied—"Come on, and let me see that you're your father and mother's child."

He led her forward, and the plaudits were redoubled as they advanced.

"Hould that, neighbour," he continued, giving his hat to a looker on; and, as he stood uncov-
ered, such, I thought, might have been the

hoary head, and yet merry face, of the poet's friend, as he addressed him—

"My blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my Jo."

Luke had now to contend with youth; but he seemed to gain fresh vigour for the task; and it was a long contest; but the daughter at length courtseyed for cessation; and, as he gave his final caper,

"Every soul cried out, Well done!

As loud as he could bawl!"—

and there was a general rapping against the tables, to which the sympathising glasses also danced merrily; and, with a crest of conscious merit, did my friend receive the honours paid to his masculine prowess.

The sensation produced by this piece of merriment had not subsided, when my attention was arrested by a new character. A young fellow, rather well dressed, entered the booth, singing out, with a compass of voice that drew all eyes towards him—

"Ho, ho! Paudheen O'Raferty!

Ho, ho! Paudheen O'Raferty!"

He stopped short at the entrance.

"How goes all here?" he cried. "Ha! by the piper, tell me, aint I glad to see you all at Donnybrook?" He was addressing those just at the opening.

"Why, then," answering his own question, "it's I that am; an', do ye hear? make much o' yourselves—and you have my lave and blessin, and that 'll do you no harm—nor much good either, I b'lieve; but, no matter—such as it is, it's at your service. How are you, misthress?"—turning to the landlady, who was hustling at her bar—"Misthress—what's your name, ma'am?"—and he popped out his head to look at the name on the sign-post—"oh, ay; Misthress Mallowry, how are you, every inch of you, as you stand? Whisper, ma'am"—and he gave her a ringing Petruchio salute. She looked ruffled, yet took the matter in good part. Mr Mallowry stopped his hand, as he brewed some punch, pouring it from one jug into another. The incident viably touched him sorely, and he seemed doubtful whether he should resent such an intrusion on his lawful privileges.

"Is it a greedy-gut you are, man?" questioned the other. "What's the reason he went to get a handsome wife, Mrs Mallowry"—(she held down her head to smile at the flattery)—"if he wanted to have her cherry-red lips all to himself?—isn't that true, ma'am? Here, man alive—I'll give you lave to kias her yourself, now, and so you'll have my kias and hers together. Make much of yourselves, ladies and gentlemen"—he readdressed the company at large; "make much of yourselves, as I told you afore"—and, again singing out—

"Ho! ho!—Paudheen O'Raferty,

Ho! ho!—Paudheen O'Raferty!"

he gave his hat a touch with the back of his hand, placing it rakishly to one side of his head, and then moved, in an affected amble, towards the bottom of the booth; and—"Hollo!"—he now cried—"is there any spree down here?"—

"Is it making a thral at courting you are, Ned, my deary?"

He addressed a young man, about his own age and appearance, who was employed whispering into the ear of a remarkably pretty girl; and she appeared to relish his confidence, for she smiled, stipped her cordial, and smiled again. The address to her admirer drew all eyes upon her, and she grew much confused.

"And a mighty bad hand at a courting-match you are, Ned Driscoll—isn't he, my darlin? Wouldn't you rather have myself sitting beside you? Stand up, Ned, and let me spake to my sweetheart." And he seized Ned by the arm, to force him from his place.

In her flurry, half-ashamed and half-pleased as she was at the ardour of her new admirer, the little dress-maker unintentionally emptied nearly the whole contents of her glass upon her old one's knees.

"Go mind your own affairs," said Ned Driscoll, sulkily, as he brushed the hot fluid from his white Russia-duck trowsers.

"My own affairs!—Isn't this my own affair? Aint I in love with you, over the crown of my hat, my darlin?"—turning again to the fair cause of contention. "Ay am I, this whole month back, and more than that, if I'd say it."

I could not hear the lady's answer.

"Yes, indeed," he continued; "by this lily-white hand—and whiter than the lily it is, sure enough—by this lily-white hand, you know well I am! Now, tell the thruth: didn't you promise, in the Park, last Sunday, that you'd meet me here, in Dennybrook, to-day, in Mallowry's tent?—and that you'd be down near the end of it, sitting on a furm, at the right-hand side of the fiddler, just as you are this blessed moment?"

"I never saw you before in my life," truly asserted the girl.

"Oh, murder! D'ye hear that, neighbours? Well, ye girls has the most treacherous memories!—and the handsomer ye are the worse ye are for calling things to mind, as I find to be your case, my duck. But come out of that, Ned Driscoll, I tell you, and I'll engage I'll make her remember the whole of it, in one moment of time."

"Go off, and play your thricks somewhere else, Tom Hannagan; or, if you won't, I'm the fellow that will make you," replied Ned Driscoll, giving the interloper a push backward.

"Ha!—is that what you're fer, my Dennybrook lad? Make me! Up here with you, and you'll get your face as nicely curried with a bunch of knuckles, as if Dan Danally was doing it for you."

While delivering this threat, Tom Hannagan doffed coat, waistcoat, hat, and cravat, and stood as fine a young fellow as the pretty cause of quarrel need have wished to contemplate. Up bounced his antagonist, and he too was ready for action in a twinkling. A rush took place on all sides, and a tumult of loud voices rose around the rivals—some endeavouring to reconcile them; others vociferating, with *Compromis*, "My

voice is still for war;" others, still, officiously engaged themselves in forming a ring for the combat; and great were the general symptoms of commotion. Those who could not get near the centre of interest mounted on forms and tables; many of the females present, alarmed to the utmost, darted under the canvas partitions of their place of entertainment into neighbouring booths; while a number of persons, hitherto sitting quietly in those booths, but who now caught the sounds of the coming row, as vultures are said to scent an approaching battle, unceremoniously invaded Mr Mallowry's tent through the sally-ports by which the women had abandoned it. Mr Mallowry himself, his wife, and his waiters hastened down to the scene of alarm; she and her servants snatching, in every direction, at the drinking vessels, to bear them out of the reach of the threatened destruction—a *tactique* which caused loud demur among many guests, in the fear of losing their liquor. The musician, shuddering in consternation for the fate of his fiddle, hurriedly endeavoured to encase the precious instrument; while Mr Mallowry made way towards, and seized by the arms, the man who, a few moments previously, had kissed his wife before his face, and who now was certainly the promoter of the confusion that involved the best interests of his establishment. But Tom Hannagan quickly shook off his grasp, and took his ground, now faced by his opponent, on the decorated dancing-board. Every eye fixed on the pair, and each had his adherents; but betting ran ten to one on Tom Hannagan.

"Come, by the Saint of Clindinning!" he roared, squaring, and springing about; and smiting his thighs, and striking the palms of his hands together. "Here goes!—clear the way here! Are you ready, Ned Driscoll?"

A quick, but, as it seemed, a cogent, though mysterious, whisper passed between them.

"I am!—to be sure I am!" answered Ned. "What are you waitin' for?"

"Here's your man, then! But stop a bit.—Dick the fiddler! strike up the 'Humours o' Dennybrook,' man!—Throw me your hand, here, Ned. They thought we were goin to fight for their diversion, but we'll shew 'em the differ! Come, Dick the fiddler, scrape away!" And, as the Orpheus obeyed this command, the pitted rivals joined hands, and, with very absurd faces, began to prance and caper round each other.

A general shout of laughter attested the heart-felt satisfaction produced by this successful "Dennybrook trick;" and, as all hurried back to their places, each wished and strove to be the first seated, in order to escape the imputation of having been made a fool of. Order was soon restored; glasses, tumblers, jugs, pints, and quarts, were brought back, and replenished; and, while the two fellows, bareheaded, and stripped to their shirts, continued to dance away, roars of laughter still applauded their waggery.

At last—"Stop again, Ned!" said Tom Hannagan, himself suddenly standing still.—"Now that

"I think of id, 't isn't nathral; men catures were never mowlded out for dancin' together. I must have a dance in the course o' nature."

"Fall to, my boy, with a heart and a half," assented Ned; and, as he took his seat beside his sweetheart, he remarked to those around him—"Never did I know Tom Hannagan bit out in a spree at Donnybrook or anywhere else."

Tom went peering round among the fair ones, and, as his merry eyes made their scrutiny, many a smiling invitation did they meet. "Ha, Miss Biddy!" he cried, at length, "I was lookin' for you. Will you be pleased to take a dance with me, Miss Biddy Murphy?"

Highly flattered by his choice, Miss Biddy bounced up with as much blandness as nature had enabled her to display, and stood quite prepared, smiling and curtsying.

Miss Biddy Murphy was not a very girlish maiden. Her face, moreover, was pitted with the smallpox; she had two great knitting brows, above whitish, jackdaw eyes; a large, lumpy nose; and a mouth which all her efforts could not assuage into a natural expression of good humour, though she now did her best in such a view for the sake of the gay and comely Tom Hannagan. For a moment, as Tom stood beside her on the dancing-board, she smoothed down the drapery round her stout, equally-shaped person; during which ceremony, he would, unseen by her, though well observed by the rest of the company, glance at her over his shoulder, throw up his eyes, and curve his mouth, to express the unpleasant effect produced by his critical survey.

"Hide your punch from her, Ned," he whispered to his comrade in the late *ruse*, "or she'll make vinegar of it, with her grin;" then aloud to her—"And what will you please to dance, Miss Biddy?"

Her head went bashfully to one side, as she answered, in a hideous simper—

"Anything pleasing to you, sir."

"Strike up the 'Ace of Hearts,' my boy! Won't that do between us, Miss Biddy?"

The performance commenced. Tom twisted his agile limbs into steps innumerable, and flourished through it, at a rate that drew admiration at every hand. He would sound a tatarara against the spring-board, in such perfect time to the rapid music that the most nimble-elbowed drummer could not have rolled it better—and this was the science of the thing; and he would then caper, and curvet, and swing his person, and smile graciously on his partner, till she hung her head for bashfulness—and this was the humour of his performance. Although Miss Biddy's knees were none of the most elastic, she made some efforts to follow the example given by her airy companion; but, in truth, she had never been formed to exhibit as a *danceuse*; for she stumped against the board out of all time; and twice had she been down, but that Tom restored her to her balance; and thrice did she extend her fat hands, in token that she wished the exercise at an end. Here, however, her cruel

mate would not understand her; round, he whisked, to face her again, renewing his steps and capers with incredible vigour and velocity. Again and again she held forth her hands, but in vain; Tom danced away like a possessed creature; and for a full half hour did this scene continue, until Miss Biddy could scarcely raise her limbs, and perspiration streamed down her distorted visage: she was paying dearly for the enviable preference she had received and accepted. Finally, the fiddler came to the rescue. Adown his brow, also, the moisture poured in little torrents; he had been obliged long ago to give his shoulder to the bow, in order to assist his elbow; his fiddle-strings began to scream most discordantly, as the drop, drop fell upon them; and—

"Ah, fire and fury!" he now cried out—"fair play is bonny play, boys and girls—have ye a design on my life? Hands round, hands round, I say!" "Hands round" meant the finale of the dance. "Anything that mortal fiddler can do, I'll do it for ye; but there isn't that man from this to Dingleydooch could hould out, this way. Oh! hands round, hands round, and don't murder me!"

He shook his head, as would a restive horse, and, having great heavy lips to a very wide mouth, they shook also with the motion; and then again shook his purry jaws; and, as he continued to exclaim against the labour he endured, a curious quavering sound, none of the most harmonious, sympathetically escaped his fiddle. Nor did Tom Hannagan prove inexorable to his touching appeal. "Hands round" was gone through, and the Donnybrook wag led his half-alain Miss Biddy to a seat; declaring himself not at all satisfied with the fiddler for having parted them so soon.

"And sure you'll have a red dandy now, Miss Biddy?" he asked; Miss Biddy consented, and he went, dancing and singing to the bar at the entrance of the tent, where I could see Mrs Mullowry smiling upon him, notwithstanding all the alarm he had caused her.

"What does he call a red dandy?" I inquired of a person at my side.

"And you don't know yet what a red dandy is, sir?" And my neighbour eyed my person from top to toe, somewhat disparagingly. I persisted in my ignorance.

"I'll tell you then. You know them dandies that goes along Dame Street?" I assented. "Well, there isn't more than half a man about e'er a one of them; and so, them mimicking tumblers that houlds only the half a nathral tumbler, we call them dandies, too; and the red dandy punch is made from raspberry whisky. And maybe you know what you wanted to know now, sir!"

"I do, thank you."

"And I could tell you how the little tumblers is like dandies, overagain."

"De so, then, if you please."

"See—if you look about you—the women purtends to like a dandy; but that's only before

people's faces, you know, because it don't look to have much harm in it; but I tell you what it is: they take a whole tumbler when nobody is looking, just as they'd rather have an honest fellow that wouldn't be a dandy, after all—I mane any of them that has any sense about her."

Expressing acknowledgments for this continued information, I left Tom Hannagan singing a song at the top of his lungs, and issued from Mr Mullooly's tent, to pursue my "rounds of the Fair." I have before spoken of certain buildings, indifferently imitative—upon a small scale, I now add—of castellated structures. Those at present lay to my right hand, bounding the Fair ground in that direction. They seemed fixtures for the annual festivities of Donnybrook, having "The Harp of Ireland," "Erin's Green Immortal Shamrock," and similar appropriate devices, emblazoned in the mason-work of their walls. But I concluded that, almost through the year round, excepting at the return of the time of merrymaking, they remained unused and untenanted; for, though they boasted sashed window frames, those frames enclosed no glass; and their roofs were out of repair, and their floors, inside, damaged. To-day, however, bedizened with their showy flags and streamers, these tenements failed not to attract crowds of temporary occupants; through their open windows and doors came music, the sound of beating feet, singing, laughing, and all the other indications of universal carousal and hilarity.

The public road to Bray, running onward from the village, was somewhat raised above the adjacent ground; and, concealed by its boundary wall, at the left hand side, I discovered a colony of booths, widely differing from those already noticed. They were, in truth, of a homely description, calculated to meet the circumstances of persons who "needs must" fare indifferently; measuring but a few paces in length, being scarce high enough to permit a man to stand erect on their sod floors, and having their frame-work contrived with bended wattles, over which was strained a patchwork of sooty canvass. The articles of invitation exhibited at their entrances consisted generally of a few bottles, a few mugs and broken glasses, and one beer barrel, together with a dark-coloured piece of beef or of bacon—both viands seldom seen together—some loaves, and a hillock of potatoes. Before each, a hole was scooped in the earth; and this was the fire-place, and here ceaselessly boiled the pot of all work; and from the congregated smoke emitted by all these pots, arose a hot fog which enveloped the whole encampment.

The women presiding over such humble caravansaries, were, begimmed from head to foot, and negligently attired; and, dimly seen now and then, through their own peculiar atmosphere, as they stooped over their caldrons, or brewed punch at the openings of their tents, looked like witches engaged in an incantation; while the ill-defined forms behind them, or in the recesses of the booths—the guests, namely, who awaited or enjoyed their services—might well enough

represent the unamiable spirits conjured up by the spells of an enchantress. For, indeed, these smoke-disguised tarsms, notwithstanding their uninviting general appearance, and their scanty promise of eating and drinking, were, in common with the most fashionable tenements in the Fair, chokeful of eaters and drinkers; nay, (and it was matter of wonder to me whence came such a great number of pipers and fiddlers,) the merry notes of jigs and reels laughed out from every one of them; and you might catch, through the dull medium which, as has been said, veiled their mysteries, figures of men and women capering away as heartily as the richest patron of the carnival of Donnybrook; or as if they inhaled, not the thick vapour of Whitehaven coals or of Irish peat, but the perfumed atmosphere of a ball-room.

Nor did all vendors of the excitements to good humour on the fair-ground, offer, to their expected customers, the temptation of even such lowly roofs as I have here described. At different points, pots boiled on, with nothing but a contiguous table and form, a ham, and a jar of whisky, to compose the list of comforts attainable to a visiter. And, midway between the termination of the row of shows, and the thronged passage to the principal booths, a settlement of these sky-covered refectories was established. As just mentioned, a deal table and forms, very little space left around them, marked the boundaries of each proprietor, and upon one, now and then, might, indeed, be found wherewithal to satisfy hunger and thirst together, though by far the greater number exhibited edibles alone, or drinkables alone. And here again was an awful canopy of smoke, overhead and all around; and the fires flickered out of the earth, at every side, like the furnaces of Wolverhampton; and hampers, emptied of their contents, and capaisned, with straw, beer barrels, cabbages, carrots, parsnips, turnips, and heaps of potatoes, littered the trampled sod. I must add that the potatoes and other vegetables were out of all proportion to the economical supplies of animal food submitted to the expectant eye. The eaters, engaged at the different tables, seemed, however, to assent patiently to such an arrangement; if the cut of bad beef or ham—given and taken merely as a "relish," or as "kitchen," with the mass of less expensive food—was thin and scanty, why, their own purses were light, and their palates not of an epicurean order; and so, with contented and joyous faces, they dispatched their poor dinners, enjoying "the humours of Donnybrook" as keenly as the best-served of its visitors.

Before all these stalls of refreshment, women screamed, and men bellowed forth to the passers by, praises of the excellence of the entertainment awaiting them; and, if oratory had no effect upon the ear, there were ingenious signals of promise to cajole the eye. An inverted quart bottle was typical of the seductive fact, that the liquor it had contained was found to have been so surpassing as to cause it to be drained in a twinkling; and a large potato, inserted into the

belly of its upturned bottom, proclaimed that plentiful eating might at will accompany or precede a scrouse. One very large bottle, the commander-in-chief of all I beheld, had a hole bored through its cork at the top, and into this hole was inserted a long osier wand, slit at its upright end; and the slit held a label, asserting the contents of the flagon to be, "Best royal whisky, ed. a-maggin." The proclamation of,

"Whisky in store,
And porter galore.
Sold by
Bridget Casey,"

was the temptation to another table. It is needless to say that the humble frequenters of those establishments should needs regale themselves under the garish eyes of all spectators, as well as under that of the open day; and yet I could detect a few clumsily-curtained tables, at which persons of some respectability of appearance might avoid public observation, while they fared cheaply. I changed my ground of study. Have you in England, Barnes, at fairs and other merry-makings, all the kinds of "merry-go-rounds" I enjoyed at Donnybrook?—not merely those which whirl horizontally, composed of a succession of little wooden horses, *vis-à-vis*, mounted by boys—nay, even by men of mature age—girls, and women—but such as afford seats to the ambitious, in buckets, and giddily turn round with the motion of a water-wheel; or to which fun-lovers, of each sex and of all ages, are attached in sacks, tied securely round their necks, so that, when the machine is in full play, you can catch a sight of nothing human but a blind circle of laughing or of contorted faces? The expressions of the countenances I strove to contemplate among these happy or would-be-happy people, were, indeed, various; in those of thoughtless females, who found themselves hoisted up and hurled downward again with a velocity not to have been anticipated, terror was visible, and undisguisedly so; then, on the features of many of the men and boys, appeared the struggle between deadly fear, too, and the ambition to appear brave; others wore the squeamishness of sickness, caused by the motion; while eager enjoyment of the sport was evinced by a few to whom nature had been prodigal in the gifts of strong nerves and stout stomachs. "In human life," asked I of myself, "among its crowded competitors for exhibition, in every way—in rank, in place, in talent, in money-making, nay, even in the ball-room—are there no 'merry-go-rounds,' with as various results as I here observe produced upon the adventurous who mount them—ay, and merry-go-rounds just as ridiculous as these are—bobby-horses, buckets, sacks and all?" And my comparison was further assisted by the sounds which escaped the vain-glorious performers before me: a petition for stepping the machine being emitted by some, a command to send it on by others; and again, among the rest, the subdued squall of consternation, the groan of conscious failure, or the

heart, though heartless shout of successful self-enjoyment.

"Which do you call the real merry-go-round?" inquired one bystander of another.

"The one that mounts 'em up and rouls 'em down again—that's the real merry-go-round," he was answered.

"Don't b'lieve him," interrupted a voice which I thought I should recollect to be Tom Hannagan's, "he's as wrong as e'er a fellow at the Fair; the one beyond there," pointing to the machine which revolved vertically, "is the merry-go-over, as you'll see by looking—and the other is the merry-go-round, all the world over; and, more betoken, I'll bet a shilling with either o' you that you don't tell me which of them chaps forment us is the first on the wheel." He alluded to the persons mounted on the wooden horses.

"No, nor yourself, neither, that pretends to know all about it," replied the man he had interrupted.

"Don't I, in troth? It's the very fellow, then—now, look at him well, and see if it isn't—the very fellow that's before the second fellow."

Before a reply could be given to this piece of Donnybrook smartness, the merry-go-round in question stopped short; and the travellers descended from it, staggering for some time before their heads became steady.

"Welcome back, boys and girls!" cried Tom. "You're riding this half hour without gaining an inch of ground. Come, Miss, Biddy, we'll have our journey round the Fair, too."

I found he was accompanied by his late ill-assorted partner in the dance. They mounted the whirling thing, and took their seats *vis-à-vis*. At the first round, Miss Biddy's maiden timidity became invaded; she was terrified from her propriety; she threw herself forward, in fact, into the protecting arms of her beau; and Tom leaned backward, merely that she might have the full benefit of his sustaining person; and he would stretch his arms wide open, and clasp them gently and protectingly round the fearful fair one, and repeat the action, as, wagging his head from side to side, he exclaimed—

"Poor soul! poor creature! The marcies pity id, poor creature!" And the sun, shedding the full glare of his scorching rays upon Tom's upturned visage, could scarce look upon a face of more unique humour. Turning my back to these sports, I glanced in succession upon the different contrivances of the numerous gamblers dispersed throughout the fair. Thimble-shufflers, knock-board spinners, dice-players, wheel-of-fortune and royal-lottery men—each and all aroused my spirit of remark, though not, indeed, of adventure. None of them, male or female, failed, of course, in eloquence, upon the subject of their own honesty, and of the absolute fairness of the chances they offered to all comers; and 'twas impossible not to admire the deep knowledge of human nature displayed by them, as individuals of different characters and dispositions staked their money. From the very timid they

would patiently and contentedly draw only small sums; the cautious, yet enterprising, they allowed to win trifling prizes from time to time, until the stake became awfully augmented, and was lost by the adventurer "at one fell swoop;" and they would appeal to the courage and spirit of others, who, they cunningly and truly surmised, would prefer laying down their last halfpenny, rather than evince a mean cowardice before the lookers on; while the most daring were skilfully led into that maniac state of desperation which prompts the gambler in a more fashionable establishment to venture his last acre upon the turn of a card or a die. Why should a man be white-beaned into a St James' Street Club, in order to enable himself to become a student of human nature? I looked at one among the humble groups near me, who had been brought up to this pitch of daring. Having alternately lost and won during some minutes, he boldly accepted the sudden challenge of thimble-shuffler, to stake the whole contents of his pocket—and I watched the blanched cheek, the staring eye, and the eager quivering of his hand, as he stretched to raise the thimble, under which, to his own perfect satisfaction, his lynx-eye had certainly seen deposited the little red ball of sealing wax; and then I noted the shiver of disappointment, miserably attempted to be disguised by a poor effort at bravado: and his forced smile gave a ghastly expression to his countenance, which oozed at every pore with the cold moisture—and, strange to say, every looker on but the person most interested, could point to the true thimble, really covering the magic pellet. Before leaving these gambling gentlemen, I had the satisfaction of witnessing, in more than one instance, the overthrow, by an enraged loser, of the whole paraphernalia of cheatry.

I had now spent the greater part of the day in my "rounds" and my observations; and yet variety still surrounded me and excited me. The beaming and twinkling, without cessation, of young and bright eyes, formed no inconsiderable portion of my unexhausted stock of provocations to study; for, truly, the pretty girls of Dublin, dress-makers and those of that class, I concluded, did not seem to think that their beauty might be regarded as the least attractive matter in the Fair—nor, as certain little events proved, were they much mistaken in their calculations. Encountering, on their perambulating progress, the sprucely-attired youths of their city, expected compliments met their ears, as tempted glances reciprocated theirs; and then arose the little gleeish laughs, that denote innocent pleasure, and that penetrate even such serious ears as mine, like merry music.

Strings of dandies I encountered; exuberantly mustached, and otherwise professionally badged; and they, of course, braved through the crowds, talking loudly, and ostentatiously displaying the swagger of their tribe; and, in one instance, a chain of them was attended by an equal number of, seemingly, young mechanics, who grotesquely imitated their motions, accents,

and grimaces, for their own amusement, and that of a good many others. And I might notice shoals of lads let loose from the lassitude of business, and predetermined on sport; and sober family groups, fully, though quietly enjoying everything—the delight of the father or the mother increased by the scream of rapture of the little fellow who clasped his or her neck, or who, trotting by his or her side, sounded his penny-trumpet, or blew his tiny horn, or rolled his toy drum, or flourished his shillelah of sugar-stick. And, alas for human nature! ever and anon I thought I detected among the joyous and unsuspecting multitude, characters of a less pleasing description. The fox-like glance of the pickpocket, for instance, made up of equal portions of caution, cunning, and daring, caught my remark, often encountering the cool, prying, business-like eye of the police-officer—and well, I thought, they knew each other; and the vacant stare of the drunkard, half conscious that he was at Donnybrook and in a crowd, but of distinct forms, events, or clear ideas, nothing certain; and the hacknied leer of the—but, no; I will not continue an enumeration of the *taches* which, in common with a holiday hurly-burly of human creatures in every quarter of the globe, intruded on my gay Donnybrook picture; I was and am looking at it for gratification of my pleasurable feelings, not for indulgence of my hypercritical ones;—and, even in such a view, let us like sensible people, continue our survey.

A little fatigued in my limbs, but not in my spirits, I sat down on a form belonging to an establishment of which the very curiously-bonnetted old proprietress sold "Plasing whisky, at 2d. a glass." All the principal features of the Fair were again under my view: the moving masses of people, intersecting each other in oppositely flowing streams; the flaring shows; the visitors of their wonders still hurrying, huddling, and tumbling up and down the gangways leading to them, with, if possible, increased ardour; the line of gigs and cars before them, and that of the aristocratic carriages on the Bray-road; the booths, the merry-go-rounds, the gamblers, everything. I was within a short distance of the tent of Laurence Whelan, whose invitation "To the Thirsty" I have before noticed; and from its mouth came the music, the singing, and the shouts of glee, mingling with the music, the singing, and the shouts of glee, on every hand; and thence, as well as from the entrances of other booths, also issued, occasionally, bands of youngsters, who, going beyond Lawrence's exhortation, and quenched their discretion as well as their throat, and now kicked up their heels, and ran straight a-head, in quest, or rather in the creation of adventures. And a party of some half-dozen of such young scamps, came close to my temporary resting-place. I saw a confused and noisy consultation held among them. It concluded, and its result was rapturously cheered. One of them placed himself in the van of the others. "Affix eyes on your leader!—folly (follow) your leader!"

was the cry. "Folly on, boys! folly on!" he shouted. And straight forward did he dart, doing whatever came first into his head, and, one by one, his liege merry men pursued him, and repeated his actions. Over forms, over tables, over caldrons, over gaming-boards, over men, over women, over everything, inert and breathing, which lay in their undeviating course, did the possessed rout leap, jump, vault, somersault, scramble, tumble, sprawl, or fall prostrate. Yet their failures were astonishingly few; their intrepidity and agility astounding. And their game seemed to be well understood at Donnybrook. Even at a distance, they were seen coming; and the prudent, the peaceable, or the money-making, ran sideways out of the line of their self-fated career.

After some time, however, the extreme labour of the nothing-hunt had its natural effect on the leader. He failed to clear, at a bound, one of the eating and drinking tables; crash it fell under him, with all its glasses, tumblers, porters, bottles, jugs, plates, and dishes. Upon the dinner-pot it came, overturning that utensil, and thereby causing to flow in a common stream, and mix in a common mass, beef, broth, and whisky and beer, meat, potatoes, cabbage, and all the shattered drinking vessels; and, headforemost into the chaos he had made, was precipitated "the leader." A second, a third, a fourth, his whole string of followers, in fact, loyally imitated his example, and, of course, shared his fate; and there the full party lay, huddled and kicking together. The excited crowd rushed towards the scene from all quarters. As the fallen jumpers regained their legs, the men and women whose property they had demolished, screamed out for remuneration. A vociferous, yet good-humoured argument, ensued as to the value of the matters destroyed; the lookers-on took different sides of the question, all laughingly urging it on; but the mischief-doers finally met, by joint contribution, a fair adjustment of the demand made against them; and then, only pausing to appoint a new leader, again started off, seemingly in the height of their glory, and, raising loud shouts, which every one around them echoed, to work out, in another direction, one of the "humours of Donnybrook."

The sensation created in my present neighbourhood by this occurrence, had not subsided, when another uproar, but of a very different character, attracted my attention, and that of all near me. We heard the shrill clamour of female voices, loud in dispute. I looked towards them, to discern the cause thereof, and discovered it to be an individual of the other sex. He was a stout-built fellow, of about forty—his attire of a character hanging half-way between tatters and contrivance; and he might be, as I judged, one of those providentially-watched creatures, who, like the poor sparrow, get up in the morning without exactly knowing where or how to provide for the necessities of the day; and yet, who placidly depend upon the keenness of their wits for taking advantage of any chance which offers for

overreaching the rest of the human race. Both his hands were thrust into the bosom of his vest; he poked forward his chin, resting it upon his wrists; a smile of self-complacency played about his mouth, which was half-hidden by a beard of a fortnight's growth; his eyes seemed drowsily closing, yet the glance sent from beneath the masked battery of their lids, was sharp and penetrating: altogether, he had much the expression of a pet raven at roost, whose feathers are ruffled to keep him warm, and whose knavish propensities are not at rest even during his slumbers, but rather supply subjects for his dreams.

This hero seemed much amused with the contention going on about him. One of the argumentators was a briar, and rather a well-looking female, of that complexion vulgarly called sandy, and which is said to betoken a choleric temperament. Her drapery, being fancifully short, permitted to be seen almost to the knees a pair of well-chiselled and nimble limbs. She held, tightly wrapped up in her mantle, an infant, whose curly, carrotty head alone was visible; and, even in the yet unformed features of the little being, I caught an early character of keenness, and an inherited intellectual activity, of a peculiar kind. The other was a swarthy-looking girl, much younger than her rival, although wanting her comeliness of aspect and figure; yet, with the advantage of youth upon her side, I conjectured that the love of novelty, so prevalent among all classes and conditions of society, had tempted the object of dispute to honour her with some passing gallantries.

"What call have you to Nick, the husband of me, at all?" questioned the woman with the infant.

"I'd be goin' to ax you if it's knowledge you want, ma'am?" was the question put in return, asked out by a pinching tartness of visage and accent.

"Leave us alone, then, Missy, or maybe I'd loosen the eye in your head." And she hastily swung from her cloak her only disengaged arm.

"Only crooken a finger at me, an' I'll send that peeper of yours to the back of your carrotty nob." And she, in her turn, wriggled her neck with the fine fury of a vixen.

"Nick! heuld the child!" cried the insulted matron, turning quite confidentially to the cause of the argument.

But Nick, whose lips, by the previous turn of his mind, seemed to have been preparing for such an expression, gently puffed out his cheeks, laughed pithily, turned away, and walked quietly and in much good humour far from the scene of contest.

"Oh, Nick, you're a thraithre!" screamed after him his outraged better half; "but I'll make you sup sorrow for id all!" she continued, facing her enemy, and darting upon her with all the nimbleness previously promised by her tidy lower extremities.

"An' is this a taste of the sup you'll thraite to, ma'am?" retorted the vixen, dealing her a ring-

ing blow on the jaw, with the awkward downward motion in which a woman's clenched fist will inflict such an injury. This was bravely returned; and spiteful, shopping thumps, or else open-handed, smacking slaps, followed upon either side, in quick succession. But the owner of the cunning-faced infant fought at woful odds, as she could, of course, use but one hand; and her antagonist, not being cautious or precise in her science, the poor urchin came in for a random hit or two, and consequently shouted out with might and main. As the gentle belligerents changed ground here and there, the motley crowd, who had gathered round them at the first onset, wavered also from side to side, much amused and edified; but the infant's cries now awoke general sympathy, and the fair ones were separated.

"Is there no good Christian crathur here, that'll hould the babby for me?" appealed the burdened woman to the spectators.

"By the saint o' Clindinning, an' it would be a sin if there wasn't! Give it here to me, my game-hen o' the roost!" And Tom Hannagan snatched the infant from its mother's arm. "By the hookies! if it's a he, 'twill be a warrior," he farther remarked, as he awkwardly clutched the squalling creature. "Oh! on my sweet conscience, if it was only ould enough to shut the fists this moment, it's a nate black eye 'twould give me. Whisht, Johnny, whisht!—sure I'm on your mother's side, my chap—so don't be grinning at me, so wicked."

With the young one upon one arm, and the other extended to keep away the crowd, and leave a clear stage for the renewed combat, Tom Hannagan seemed in his element. "You must have fair play, Missis Ginger," he promised, tapping his friend on the shoulder.

The fight, however, was not renewed; several of the bystanders, myself amongst the number, interfering to prevent it. Even Tom Hannagan, his perceptions once directed to the point, assisted our good endeavours for the honour of Donnybrook, leading his *protégée* in one direction, while Ned Driscoll did the same charitable office for her antagonist, and peace soon overspread the battle-field. But I could not find it in my heart, Barnes, even after all I have said in praise of the good manners of Donnybrook, to allow you to leave its celebrated ground, in my company, without witnessing one little *scrimmage* at least; nor shall I close the subject, without expressing a wish, for the sake of general morality, even in higher quarters, that, had the ladies further discussed the difference between them, the matron might have had the advantage.

It was now nearly six o'clock in the evening, when, with the intention of returning to Dublin, I endeavoured to force my way along the main street of booths. But this was no easy task. The metropolis had poured out additional crowds, to pay an after-dinner visit to the Fair; and the press became almost inconvenient. I turned into one of the principal booths, to avoid an extraordinary bustle at a particular point. No dancing nor pranks were going on here; it was

rather a place of mere serious occupation. Narrow tables, of sufficient length to hold three at a side, ran, to my right and left, along the extent of the canvass tavern, just leaving a passage in its centre; and these tables were all nicely covered and laid out for dinnering, and full of company of the better class: the parer should be well furnished, indeed, that could afford refectation to its possessor in "The White Hart Hotel."

The cries of "Waiter, waiter, waiter!" resounded from a score of voices at the same moment, as I stepped in; and, while the corps of waiting servitors answered without sensation, "Here, sir! here, sir!" some half a dozen of them galloped backward and forward, to and from the place of cooking, which was gained through a slit in the side of the awning; and, as they bore to the guests the mouth-stopping provender, it would be hard to say whether it or they smoked most profusely. But, with all their efforts, they failed, in many instances, to appear time enough before their invokers with the precious fardel; and, upon these impatient occasions, I saw one or two hungry parties start up from their seats, dive through the aperture before-mentioned, gain the cook's premises, and, with flesh fork to his throat, compel him, half in jest and half in earnest, to surrender up the viands destined for other people; and, as two of these freebooters reappeared, the one carried a sirloin of roast beef, and the other a great ham.

"Hunger breaks through stone walls," cried the ringleader to his cheering friends, "and surely canvass never yet kept him out."

In the speaker I recognised an acquaintance; his eye caught mine at the same moment; I was pressed to join his party; and, feeling my appetite sharp, and judging favourably of the plunder in which I was invited to share, I gave up my previous intention of dining in a sober, commonplace way, in my Dublin hotel, and modestly accepted the proposal.

The great din in this place of feasting—occupied, I had forgotten to say, exclusively by male guests—sufficed, as effectually as stone walls could have done, to limit to each set his own confidential conversation. Awful was the clatter of knives and forks, plates and dishes, the uncerking of bottles went on like continued discharges of distant mucketry, and the loud laughing and talking mingled in one sublime chorus. We did full justice to our beef, and to the gigantic ham, which was now eked out, at the hands of a legitimate waiter, with about a dozen of capons and chickens, boiled and roasted; and we hobnobbed in good "sherris sack," interrupting ourselves, during the two processes, only by a joke or a laugh.

I found myself among an odd enough group. One was a young medical student from Edinburgh, who, had he been state physician under the government of the worthy Sancho Panza, would never have starved such of his patients as loved good cheer; among his present Donnybrook companions, at least, he certainly neither

preached not practised extreme temperance. The second was "a family man," half crazed with the humours of the fair; the third might also be called "a man of charge," but he too had cast care and common sense to the winds, as attributes very unbecoming the region of Donnybrook; and the fourth was a youthful barrister, whom it was difficult to keep, upon all occasions, within legal and peaceable bounds; while the fifth was a tutor and Dr of T. C. D., upon whose visage now appeared no marks of the stern dogmatizing of his tribe, and whose eye, instead of the sagacious thoughtfulness which, I am bound to suppose, had erst characterised it amid the "dust of the schools," twinkled with all the merry diablerie of boyhood. I will say nothing of the sixth guest at our table; but I suppose I was as merry as I could be; though, indeed, I do not set up for the character of a leading spirit upon convivial occasions.

Our wine went briskly round; it was succeeded most necessarily by the native beverage; and, after a reasonable sitting, a ramble was proposed, and we six sallied forth.

We were all in high humour to enjoy the freaks and oddities of the place: so once more beheld me in the throng of the fair! Lavish compliments we paid to the young female perambulatores who passed us by; and we got smiles in return, or else repartees that left nothing due. And jests we passed, both practical and theoretical—that is, in deed as well as in word; and we were paid in kind, cleverly and good humouredly. In fact, through all the whirligig variety of the fair, did we zigzag, until at last, the tutor of college solemnly proclaimed his intention of purchasing a horse. All his companions, except myself, declared that they too should have a horse each; and so, away we set to the horse mart.

Leaving the great hurly-burly behind us, we encountered, in a comparatively retired situation, three elderly and orderly-looking women, seated on a little elevation, their heads bent towards each other, in close and sober chat. I suppose that, having seen all the novelties of the fair-ground, they were now comparing, in conclave, their opinions on the subject; and one held in her hand a suspicious-coloured bottle, from which she occasionally filled a diminutive teacup, and the little vessel then went round, from lip to lip. Suddenly, to my great astonishment, as well as to that of his other companions, the college-tutor sprang forward, and, taking the three gossipers in line, as they sat, cleared their heads at a bound. The good dames ducked their persons, clasped their hands, and squeaked in a panic; and—

"Well done, Dick!" cried the barrister; "but that was not the pace at which you crossed the College squares, before setting out for Donnybrook, this morning."

We reached the mart for horses. It lay contiguous to a muddy pool, formed by the waters of the dirty Dodder brook; altogether giving but a poor idea of the true purpose for which the

Fair of Donnybrook had originally been held. Our horse-purchasers, none of whom, I need tell you, in reality wanted a steed, set the owners of different animals to trot, and canter, and leap them about, here and there; and then arose a prearranged disagreement about the price. In the midst of this scene, one of the married gentlemen of our party, having his ambition roused by the feat of the college-tutor, determined to exhibit his own activity. Some loose stones had been piled up for the purpose of shewing off the horses at a leap.

"Clear the way here!" he cried, squaring his arms, bending his back, and running mincingly to the heap; and, lo! he did, indeed, clear an obstruction of about two feet in height; which, recollecting his preparations, and also now taking into account his pride at the achievement, must have appeared, to his own eyes, six feet, at the very lowest calculation.

"A great leap, by gor!—that's the boy for id! Clear the way again for the gentleman!" cried the humbler-dressed wags in the crowd; and, thus cheered on, our short and stout little friend jumped over the few stones again and again, to the infinite merriment of the *canaille* of Donnybrook, who thus shewed that they could relish the ridiculous in those above them.

The Edinburgh medical student now, also, resolved that he should have his share in the honours of the evening.

"Wilt thou, Cassius,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"

he spouted, addressing himself to the successful hero of the stone barrier.

"Not I, indeed, Cæsar," answered this gentleman, doubtless considering that any addition to his present fame was unnecessary.

"A pound that I do it!" cried the young Galen.

"All accoutred as you are?" stipulated the other.

The challenged man hesitated.

"Blood-alive!—down with the money, sir—take him at his word—he'll never do it!"—urged two of our attendant crowd, while all the rest pressed forward, fearful that the wager would not be accepted.

"Well, then, yes—all accoutred as I am," now assented the medical student.

"Done!" cried the leaper of the stones.

The money was staked in the hands of the college doctor. Two of his companions endeavoured to restrain the zeal of the aspirant for aquatic fame; but, bursting from all control, and sending forth a Donnybrook shout that would have done credit to any Pat in the fair, over head and ears plunged he into the puddly liquid. He could not swim, and he was beyond his depth; so that, after floundering about in it some time, it was with difficulty we drew him safely to land. And now, proud and upright he stood; dripping wet, indeed, but his lofty mettle nothing cooled. The applauding spectators rent the air with their acclamations; he had gained immortal honour

amongst them; they respectfully petitioned to take his worthy hand; they declared him, notwithstanding his accent, a true son of Ireland and of Donnybrook; and, a hundred times over, swore that the thistle was full as brave a plant as the shamrock.

It was in vain that his more immediate friends advised a quick return to Dublin, that he might change his apparel, as well for the sake of appearances, as to prevent danger from taking cold. No! the evening he would see out in the trappings of his glory; and there was a second adjournment, thereupon, to a booth; and, as a very humble *attaché* indeed of this distinguished band, I still accompanied their movements. As we proceeded along, the achievement of our Scotch friend spread from mouth to mouth; and fame, making use of the lungs of the multitude that followed us, proclaimed it aloud—aloud, without speaking hyperbolically, I may truly say.

It was into the tent of Bryan Murphy, before honourably mentioned, that we happened to enter; and under its roof, his partner "Tom the Devil," seemed indeed to rule the evening. Nor had he among the whole concourse assembled in the booth, more promising subjects than my companions: they drank punch, they danced, they played pranks, they jested, they sang songs; the Edinburgh Esculapius giving us "Auld Langsyne," and the LL.D. of Trinity College, adding the "Sprig of Shillelah;" and both were joined, in their separate choruses, by not less than three hundred human voices.

And witching was the hour of the night, Barnes, when your brother, still faithful to his

Donnybrook associates, at length really started for the road homeward to Dublin, and lingering was our look behind us. The Fair seemed more tempting than ever. The lights before the booths and the "standings," and particularly the great flare kept up at the shows, illuminated its whole area, banishing the idea of night altogether. Then, if the thronging company were not now as select as in the morning they had been, to our eyes, along with being quite as numerous, they seemed more attractive. But, alas! we forced our way from them, making our way with difficulty (and for more reasons than one) to the village. And here, too, the street was perfectly illuminated; candles burned in the windows of every house; and dancing, singing, and merriment—seemingly but in their spring—went on under the roof of each.

Arrived at the barrier, where the cars took up their loads for Dublin, I found its state of uproar to exceed even that which I have endeavoured to describe as characterising it in the morning. Our party fully freighted one car, and away we started for home, catching up the shouts which reached us from the Fair, and which were responded all around us; nay, along the road, each machine that accompanied us, or passed us, contained its band of shouters, or singers, or huzzaers—the choristers only heard indeed, not seen; and onward we all whirled, guided solely by the cat-eyes of the drivers through the clouds of choking dust, now rendered, by the additional gloom of night, still more obscure, if possible, than when at an earlier hour I had the hardihood to plunge into their womb. So, *cave*, Donnybrook!

A NORWEGIAN LYRIC.

BY DAVID VEDDER.

In dalliance with my mountain-harp
I spend the live-long day;—
Come, beauteous boys and rosy girls,
List to an old man's lay:
Song to his spirit solace brings—
His riches are the golden strings.
Young Harold, a poor warrior's son,
But honest, brave, and fair,
Loved Thoralille,* the loveliest maid
That breathed Norwegian air;—
He met her daily, vainly strove,
But never dared to tell his love.
One summer eve, with listless step,
He trod the daisied sward;
And, from the pine-fringed slope above,
An angel-voice he heard,
Singing a lay of loveliness,
Which breathed affection and distress.
Attracted by the magic sound,
He upward gazing stood;
Anon he saw a bright-haired maid
Encircled by the wood,
Who, like a bird upon a spray,
Poured forth her mountain-melody.
He listened to her song of love,
The verdant pines among:—
"Oh! dearest, best of Norway's sons,
And theme of many a song,
Couldst thou but know the agony
Of that which fondly throbs for thee?"

* Literally, "Little Thora."

And yet more near, and nearer still,
The anxious Harold crept,
And listened, till his straining eyes
Involuntary wept.
"My thought by night, my joy by day,
Ah! couldst thou hear my plaintive lay!"
Now, turned she to the mountain's base,
Where Harold stood amazed;
And in each other's glistening eyes
With love transcendent gazed:
"And didst thou, Thora, sing of me?"
"I own it, love—I sang of thee!"
She sank into his manly arms—
He pressed her to his breast;—
An age of happiness, of bliss,
Was in that hour compressed:
Their life was one continued spring,
Like dew on flowerets glistening.
Then dance away, sweet innocents,
Ye rosy girls and boys;
And dream of bliss and ecstasy,
And future loves and joys:
I'm Harold! once the young, the brave—
Ye're dancing now on Thora's grave!
In dalliance with my mountain harp,
I sit the live-long day:—
Then, gallant boys and lovely girls
List to my minstrel lay:
Song to my spirit solace brings—
My riches are the golden strings.

MINISTERIAL PATRONAGE IN SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND, before the passing of the Reform Act, had long been remarkable for political servility, and the Macsycophants had furnished on the stage—and justly—objects of ridicule and contempt to the other parts of the Empire. The first elections under the new system led to the general belief that political subserviency was part of the national character of the higher classes alone, who had before 1832 held the whole political power of the kingdom in their hands; but the more recent elections shew that the present county constituencies are hardly more worthy of political confidence than their predecessors. At the first election under the Reform act, only eight of the Scotch counties returned Tory representatives. At the last election, there were eighteen, after deducting Stirlingshire. And of those which are represented by Whigs, the counties of Argyll, Ayr, Banff, Dumbarton, Mid-Lothian, and Roxburgh were carried by the narrowest majorities. The burghs, on the other hand, shew precisely the same proportion at both elections—twenty-two Liberals and one Tory; the burghs which returned a Tory at the first election being the Inverness district, and, at the last, the Kilmarnock district.

The causes of the political servility of Scotsmen, appear to be chiefly two. First, the habit of looking up with a sort of reverence and awe to all who, either by landed possessions, wealth, or office, are placed in a higher rank; and, secondly, the desire of obtaining employments under the Government, arising from the poverty of the country, and the consequent difficulty of providing for sons and dependents. The feudal system, which still remains in greater vigour in Scotland than in any country in the western part of Europe, and the respect that it inculcates for the fortunate descendants of the banditti who originally seized and partitioned the kingdom among them, is a fertile source of servility. In the Scotch counties, the land is everything—the People are nothing. The Lord Lieutenant, always one of the most extensive of the land-owners, is the potentate of the district, the head of the military force; and, with his deputy-lieutenants, the justices of the peace, and other land-owners, the administrator of the whole revenues of the county, and the dispenser, in a great measure, of the law—that is to say, if that sort of thing dealt out in a justice-of-peace court, can be called law. The Sheriff of the county—being appointed to his office, not for knowledge, firmness, impartiality, legal skill, or any one quality necessary in a judge, but for his thick-and-thin support of the faction in power at the time of his appointment, or from his connection with the aristocracy, and being, in every instance, where not approaching his dotage, non-resident—affords no check to the landed interest; while the Sheriff

substitute—very generally a person of inferior rank in society, and almost always under-paid for his labour—has neither power nor inclination to set limits to the dominant influence. The law of patronage, at the same time, enables the land-owner to keep the priesthood in willing subordination; and the schoolmasters cannot avoid being their servants. The shopkeepers and professional men in the small towns depend upon them for the best part of their business; and, as to the farmers—the only other class, except the labourers—it is enough to say that, in all countries and in all ages, the cultivator of another man's land has practically been his slave. It is in vain to suppose that a farmer—whether he be a tenant-at-will or hold under a lease—will, for any length of time, oppose the political opinions of his landlord. It is, in truth, exceedingly doubtful whether a lease has not an opposite effect on the independence of the tenant, from what is generally supposed. A tenant for a year, if he be able to pay that year's rent, may be independent; but who can be sure—more especially considering the fluctuations which have taken place in the value of agricultural produce, during the last quarter of a century—that he will be able to pay nineteen years' rents? During that long period, how many favours may a landlord not confer on his tenant, and how many annoyances may he expose him to? At all events, since the passing of the Reform Act, the Scottish land-owners have shewn their determination not to allow their estates to be cultivated by men who venture to hold political opinions of their own. In East Lothian, for example, a decided preference has been shewn for men of inferior education and habits, to the present race of tenantry; and Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, whether their opinions are or are not in accordance with those of their landlords, are fast making way for men who do not trouble themselves with reading newspapers, or anything but the Bible, or of thinking for themselves; but who will unscrupulously do the bidding of their landlords.

If things, therefore, proceed in their present train for a very few years, the Scottish counties will be as remarkable for political subserviency, as they ever were in former times. We doubt even if the burghs will resist, for any great length of time, the powerful artillery of patronage and corruption constantly in operation against their political independence. The enthusiasm of the people when roused, as in May 1832, can at all times carry everything before it; and we believe that, had the aristocracy held out for a single week longer on that memorable occasion, the people of Scotland would have buckled on their claymores, as willingly as their ancestors ever did when an appeal to the sword was required. This appeared to be the feeling and expectation of the People of England, who do

not forget how ready, during the last two centuries, the Scots have always been to resort to physical force, to attain the objects they had in view. But the enthusiasm of the People, and their abstraction from the ordinary pursuits by which they must earn their daily maintenance, is necessarily occasional and short-lived; while the power and influence of Government—the annual distribution of hundreds of thousands of public money, and the patronage of thousands of offices, suited for every class of society, high and low, educated and uneducated, rich and poor—is perpetual, and constantly operating, not only by giving present enjoyment, but by the expectation of future benefit which these sources of influence and corruption hold out, whereby thousands who never receive, during their whole lives, a single farthing from the Government, are kept, by mere hope, resting on the most dim, vague, and illusory grounds, in a convenient state of subserviency to the ruling powers.

It would be in vain for any single individual, whatever time and labour he might be willing to devote to the task, to expect to be able to give anything like an accurate and complete account of the sources and amount of the Government patronage in Scotland. It could not in truth be done without full access to, and a laborious investigation of documents which have never either been printed or published, and which are in possession of the numerous public officers of the Government alone. But, as a first attempt to lay open the great source of bad government, we shall give a rude sketch—and this is all our limits admit—of the corrupting influences. One of these, and perhaps the worst of them, is the connexion of Church and State, whereby the Clergy, instead of fulfilling their proper office of teaching truth and righteousness, and holding tyranny and corruption up to public detestation, are made the apologists of the ruling powers, and the preachers of submission to every exercise of authority, however wanton. Their stipends being paid in grain, give them a common interest with the landed interest, in the upholding of the murderous system of the Corn Laws; for it is nothing else than downright murder—disease and mortality, as we shewed in a late Number, increasing always with the price of grain, and decreasing as it falls.

We shall now proceed to enumerate some of the various sources of Government patronage.

I. MINISTERIAL CHURCH PATRONAGE.

284	Church Patronages, at £260 each,	£73,840	0	0
13	Three Deans and Ten Chaplains of the Chapel Royal,	800	0	0
	Aid from Exchequer to about 200 ministers, to make up their stipends to £168 : 6 : 8 each,	11,000	0	0
297	Total of Church Patronage,	£85,640	0	0

II. UNIVERSITIES.

32	Professorships, at £500 each,	£16,000	0	0
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III. LAW.

Court of Session.

1	Lord President,	£ 4,300	0	0
12	Lord Justice Clerk, and 11 Ordinary Judges,	24,000	0	0
4	Principal Clerks, at £1040	4,000	0	0
4	Deputes, at £400,	1,600	0	0
4	Extractors, (Salaries)	1,000	0	0
20	Fees levied by Clerks and Officers of Court,	12,042	0	0
10	Judges' Clerks, Collector of Fee Fund, &c.,	7,559	0	0
16	Clerks and Officers of Court, paid from the Revenue of Scotland,	4,826	0	0
10	Retired Allowances and Compensations,	2,232	0	0
3	Commissioners of Jury Court,	5,200	0	0
5	Teind Clerks, Solicitors, &c.,	3,000	0	0
20	Keepers of Records, Signet Clerks, &c.	12,000	0	0

115 Total Expense of Court of Session, £81,759 0 0

Of which the sum of £70,000 is expended in paying judges and officials, for deciding about 1000 litigated cases in a year, or £70 for each! It may be well doubted whether the whole value annually in dispute amounts to this enormous expense.

The authorities from which the above list of the salaries and fees of the judges and officers of the Court of Session is made up, are mostly either acts of Parliament, or returns by the officers themselves, either to Parliament or to the law commissions which have sat in Scotland, with little intermission, since the commencement of this century. We are aware that many of the officials in the above list, as well as in the subsequent lists, are not appointed directly by Government, but indirectly by functionaries named by the Ministry; but we do not think the Government patronage is materially lessened on this account; and it has been the policy of the Ministry—both Whig and Tory—for many years past, to obtain the direct appointment to all offices, however subordinate.

Court of Justiciary.

1	Lord Justice Clerk,	£2,000
5	Judges,	3,000
17	Functionaries of various kinds,	12,000
—	Money expended on crown prosecutions,	13,000
23		£30,000

Court of Exchequer.

25	Functionaries of various kinds,	£15,000
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Commissary Court.

4	Retired allowances and salaries,	3000
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Admiralty Court.

3	Retired Allowances,	2000
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Sheriff Courts.

83	Thirty Sheriffs, and fifty-three Sheriff-substitutes,	31,290
53	Procurators-Fiscal, paid by fees, say at £300 each,	15,900
53	Sheriff Clerks at £500,	26,500
500	Clerks in employment of Procurators Fiscal, and Sheriff Clerks at £50 each,	25,000
150	Sheriff Officers at £50,	7,500
	Sheriffs for trying and apprehending criminals, and making up lists of jurors,	33,500

339 Total expense of Sheriff courts, £139,690

ANNUAL EXPENSE OF LEGAL FUNCTIONARIES IN SCOTLAND.

115	Court of Session,	£81,759
23	Justiciary,	30,000
25	Exchequer,	15,000
4	Commissaries,	3,000
3	Admiralty,	2,000
839	Sheriff Courts,	139,000

1009 Offices. £271,449

To this, at least £12,000 may be added, for the courts of the royal and other burghs, and justice-of-peace courts; so that, exclusive of counsel, agents, solicitors, jails, &c. &c., Scotland pays a quarter of a million per annum, for mere functionaries, for the administration of justice,

EXCISE AND CUSTOMS.*

2000 Functionaries of all sorts, £300,000

POST-OFFICE.

600 Functionaries of all sorts, 40,000

STAMPS AND TAXES.

350 Functionaries of all sorts, 25,000

MISCELLANEOUS.

50 Parliamentary Commissioners, their secretaries and clerks, 10,000

Her Majesty's charities and bounties to such persons as the officers of Exchequer may approve, 300

4 Her Majesty's limner, £276; clock-maker, £16; historiographer, £184, (held by the President of the late Edinburgh Political Union;) Deputy Keeper of Regalia, £300, 776

£11,076

* Some of the leading patriots among the working classes in Edinburgh, in 1832, have been gagged by appointments in the Customs and Excise.

ABSTRACT OF GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE.

207	Clergymen,	£85,640
32	Professors,	16,000
1009	Judges and legal functionaries,	271,449
2000	Excise and custom-house officers,	300,000
600	Persons connected with post-office,	40,000
350	Officers connected with stamps and taxes,	25,000
64	Miscellaneous,	11,076

4342 Individuals. Total annual emoluments, £749,165

To these have to be added a proportion of the army, navy, and ordnance—at least 12,000 men; and an annual expenditure of one million.

The total constituency of Scotland is 85,000, from which number at least 25,000 must be deducted for persons having votes in more than one electoral district, and for voters dead, or denuded of their qualifications, but not struck off the roll, leaving 60,000 to be operated upon by ministerial patronage. Supposing the military and naval force equal to 15 regiments of foot, of 700 men each, this gives about 700 commissioned officers; so that we have constantly operating upon the majority of the voters—say 35,000—5000 offices in the gift of the Ministry, and upwards of a million and a-half of annual salaries, fees, and emoluments of one sort or other. This immense patronage, and means of corruption, account for the little independence to be found in the Scottish constituencies generally, and the evident retrograde movement to the old system of political servility, which has taken place within the last two or three years.

THE WINDING UP OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

"WHAT a glorious place to plunder!" exclaimed the Cossack who first visited London, as he viewed the almost boundless wealth and extent of that metropolis; and, however strange and revolting the expression may appear to us, it was most natural from one of his vocation, and it may be considered even complimentary when uttered by a Cossack. But, though the expression be unusual, the sentiment is participated in by thousands, who reduce it to practice, and make London, in reality, what the Cossack only wished it to become, a place to plunder. The professed thieves, who gain a precarious subsistence by robbery, are, perhaps, the least numerous, as they undoubtedly are the least criminal and dangerous of these systematic plunderers: they at least, act openly, and stake their lives against the chances of the game; the public is forewarned and forearmed against their depredations; and the losses sustained through them are seldom to a ruinous amount. The worst description of plunderers are they who assume the port of honourable men, and insinuate themselves into your confidence, that they may the more easily deceive and entrap their victims; and such

are to be found in all ranks of life, from the noble lord who cheats with dignity at the fashionable club-house, to the costermonger ring-dropper who defrauds the humblest classes of their few shillings or pence. Between these two extremes, are the numerous sets of schemers and jobbers, who plunder wholesale—the commercial cheats, the money-lenders, and not a few of the joint-stock concerns, whose frauds are on so extensive a scale that they would engulf a world of wealth. Some of these schemes of plunder are so partially disguised that any one, possessing common observation and experience, can penetrate through the flimsy veil, and discover the cheat; others are more artfully concealed; and there are some yet more dangerous, which, having been commenced for legitimate purposes, have been afterwards perverted to the worst purposes; and the character, originally established, being made the foundation for some new fraud, gives currency to the schemes of plunder, and serves to spread the ruin wider. In illustration of this, we may refer to the infamous South-Sea bubble, and to Law's Mississippi scheme, both of which were commenced on sound principles, and for objects

which were then deemed laudable and beneficial, but were afterwards perverted to the most nefarious purposes; and the chief actors in these plans of shameless robbery were not unknown adventurers, or needy villains, but men who stood high in rank and in the world's estimation. We have thought it necessary to premise thus much, not to prejudice the reader against the parties of whom we are about to speak, but to remove a prejudice—we mean the credulity which attaches undue weight to appearances and to outward circumstances, and which is so frequently extended to screen the guilty from the consequences of delinquencies clearly proved against them, especially when the delinquents happen to be persons of high rank, or possessing great wealth and influence.

The object of our present inquiry is to ascertain the result, in a pecuniary point of view, of the late arrangement with the East India Company, and to shew which of the two parties, the Company or the Indian Territory, has been benefited by the change which took place in April 1834. In performing this task, we take our facts entirely from the Company's accounts presented to Parliament; so far, then, the accuracy of the various sums cannot be disputed. It remains for us only to separate those items attaching to commerce, from the general mass; and, as we are perfectly aware that these statements will have to undergo a strict examination, not only in this country but also in India, (where those articles on India affairs, which occasionally appear in our pages, are republished and freely canvassed,) we shall explain the grounds of our proceedings as we go on, and be careful to advance nothing which will not pass the ordeal. We leave out of the account all transactions prior to April 1834, and will not stop to inquire whether, at that period, the Indian Territory was indebted to the Company, or the Company indebted to the Territory; right or wrong, it was then agreed, that all the property and effects, held or claimed by the Company, should, from that date, be assigned over to Territory, and that Territory should be liable for all the Company's debts and engagements, besides paying the proprietors' dividends and other demands. Commencing at this time, then, we proceed to inquire which of the two parties, the Company or the Indian Territory, has gained by this arrangement; and, in doing this, we enter upon the following questions:—

First, What is the amount received, or to be received, from the East India Company's effects?

Secondly, What payments have been made therefrom which belong to the commercial branch, and for which Territory was not chargeable prior to April 1834?

Thirdly, What is the net amount realized from the Company's effects, how has it been invested, and what is the annual revenue derived from it?

Fourthly, What additional payments and charges is the Indian Territory now liable for, under the new arrangement?

First, As to the amount received, or to be received, from the East India Company's effects.

During the investigation of the Company's affairs, 1830 to 1832, the commercial capital was stated to be above twenty-two millions sterling; but, deducting debts, and a questionable claim on the Indian Territory, there remained about seventeen millions of available assets. This was the value *on paper*; but it must have been foreseen that much time and expense would be required to turn these assets into cash; and that the amount actually realized, would fall very far short of the estimated value. So it has accordingly turned out; for the whole amount, realized in the period of three years, to April 1837, is under fourteen millions; while the assets unrealized, are valued at about one million more; making, in the whole, received and to be received, about fifteen millions sterling.

Secondly, The payments for the Commercial Branch, in the three years, 1834 to 1837, are as follows:—

Guarantee fund paid into the Bank of England, there to accumulate for the benefit of the proprietors of East India stock,	£2,000,000
Dividends paid to proprietors for three years,	1,890,000
Compensations to commercial servants and others,	450,000
Pensions and annuities to ditto for three years,	460,000
	£4,800,000
Deduct interest realized on balances, &c., &c.,	500,000
	£4,300,000

All these items are so decidedly of a commercial nature, that there cannot be the least room to dispute the propriety of deducting them from the assets, except as to the amount of each—and this is proved by the Company's accounts with regard to the first three items. As to the commercial pensions, it does not clearly appear what is their precise amount; but in 1830 they amounted to, £43,000 per annum,

And the new pensions granted, 1834 to 1837, amount to, 149,000 do.

Which would make the amount at present to be, £192,000 do.
Exclusive of the pensions granted between 1830 and 1834.

There are several other charges incurred, for which Territory was not liable previous to April 1834, and which properly come under this head; for example, the whole expenses of the India House, the colleges, and directors' salaries, are now charged to Territory, instead of a proportion, as was formerly the case; and the China establishment is entirely a new charge on Territory. We estimate these and similar charges at £20,000 to £30,000 a-year, and the commercial pensions at £180,000 to £190,000 a-year.

Thirdly, Deducting the above payments, £4,300,000, from the amount of assets realized to April 1837, the net amount realized is about

£9,700,000; and there remaining about one million more to be realized, the whole will amount to about £10,700,000.

Of this amount, about eight millions have been invested in discharging India debt, which bore interest at from 3 to 6 per cent. per annum, and the remainder is either a cash balance, or it has been employed in some other way for the benefit of Indian Territory. In estimating the annual revenue derived from the investment of the commercial assets, we must not be bound by the rate of interest on any former loan, for the payment of which these assets have been applied; but, considering it as a new agreement between two independent parties, fix that rate of interest which, under the circumstances, it may be presumed the one would be willing to give, and the other to receive, for the loan of funds. The India loans were formerly raised at 10 and 12 per cent., and there is still a small part of the India debt which bears 10 per cent. interest; but, for many years past, the new loans were raised at greatly reduced rates; and, for some years previous to 1834, they were in the course of being reduced to 4 per cent., a considerable part of the 5 per cents. having been converted into 4 per cents. Those who invested their property in the India loans, might either purchase 4 per cent. paper at par, or 5 per cent. at a small premium, or 6 per cent. at a premium of 25 to 30 per cent. The 6 per cent. loan could not be paid off before April 1834; but, as it was generally understood that it would be paid off or reduced immediately after that time, its market price was kept down by the prospect of this event, otherwise the premium would have been much higher. It is very certain that the Indian Government, which had already converted a great part of the 5 per cents. into 4 per cents., would not have continued to pay 6 per cent. when at liberty to pay off that loan; nor is it likely that they would borrow fresh capital at 6 per cent., while they were able to raise loans at 4 per cent.; and, if fresh capital had been taken into the market, it could not be invested at more than 4 per cent. Thus the Indian Government would not have paid more, nor could the East India Company have obtained more than 4 per cent., if they had been left to act freely and independently in the investment of their commercial assets. At this rate, the annual revenue on £10,700,000 would be £428,000; but, as all the assets are not yet realized, the revenue, for the present, cannot be calculated at more than £388,000 per annum.

Fourthly, The additional payments and charges for which the Indian Territory is now rendered liable, in consequence of the commercial debts and engagements being transferred to it, are as follows:—

Dividend to proprietors of			
East India stock,	£630,000	per annum,	
Commercial pensions, &c.,			
about	190,000	do.	
Sundry charges,	20,000	do.	
	<hr/>		
	£840,000		

We thus find that the Indian territory is chargeable with, at the lowest computation, £840,000 per annum, for the East India Company, or the commercial branch, for which it will receive, when all the assets are realized, only £428,000, leaving a deficit of £412,000, to be paid out of the Indian revenues! That such a result as this was by no means contemplated by the British Government, is quite evident from the correspondence which took place between Mr C. Grant and the East India directors, in 1833. It is there expressly declared that the arrangement "*involves no increase of Indian debt, or of charge on the Indian resources*, but simply the substitution of one set of public creditors for another." This declaration is repeated several times in Mr Grant's letter of the 13th February 1833, where it is also stated that the intention of Government was, "to invest the proceeds of the Company's property in the purchase of the existing Indian debt, *to the amount necessary to secure the promised dividend*, and to place the East Indian stock-holders in the room of the creditors so purchased out." Had this been really done, there would be no reason to complain of the arrangement; but, instead of investing in the Indian debt the amount necessary to secure the dividends, there has been invested only eight millions, which produces little more than enough to pay half the dividends; and how are we to reconcile the declaration, that the plan would not impose any new burthen on the Indian resources, with the astounding fact that it has imposed a new burthen of above £400,000 a-year! Mr Grant, the President of the Board of Control, appears to have been so confident that the commercial assets were more than sufficient to secure the proprietors' dividends, that he made no provision to guard the Indian Territory from loss in any case. This was a fatal mistake, as it opened the door to those insatiable demands of the directors and proprietors which have frittered away the boasted commercial property to a comparative trifle, and left the Indian Territory burthened with this intolerable charge. The first proposals of Government were infinitely too favourable for the Company; yet the directors, instead of being satisfied with them, complained grievously of the China monopoly being taken from them, and then demanded a preference over all the other Indian creditors, and a separate guarantee fund, to be invested in England, for the exclusive benefit of the proprietors. Their demands being acceded to, the sum of two millions sterling was at once cut off from the commercial assets; and the directors and proprietors, having well secured themselves, began to consider how much more of the spoil they could divide amongst their friends. They had obtained permission to make suitable provision, *out of their own property*, for the numerous classes of their servants whose interests would be affected by the change of system—that is, by the cessation of their commercial affairs. There is a strange and not very intelligible account of their proceedings given by Mr Melville, in his examination before a Committee of the House of

Commons. He says that the directors fixed the amount of compensation, first, at £304,000; then they increased it to £508,000; then the proprietors declared it should be £1,500,000; and, lastly, that the Board of Control reduced it to £750,000. There is enough here to show how the scramble went on, and how generous the proprietors could be when it cost them nothing; (indeed, many of the proprietors were voting other men's money into their own pockets;) but the largest amount here stated falls very far short of the sum actually expended in compensations to the commercial servants. The Company's accounts prove that the compensations, in three years, have amounted to £316,000 in fixed payments, and that pensions for life have been granted to the extent of £149,000 per annum. Mr Melville says that the recent compensations have been valued at two and a half millions, though he considers that to be an over-estimate. It allows, however, only fifteen years' purchase for the pensions; and, considering that annuitants are generally a long-lived race, it appears by no means excessive. Admitting it to be a correct valuation, we find that the compensation, originally intended by the directors not to exceed £304,000, has, by the clamour of the proprietors, been extended to two and a half millions; more than twelve times as much as the directors themselves at first awarded!—and yet they are far from being satisfied. It was stipulated and agreed to, by the directors, that the compensations were to be made out of the Company's *own property*—that they were to be confined to those servants whose interests were affected by the change of system—and that no fresh burden should be laid on the Indian resources; but, in the face of all these engagements, the most prodigal scale of compensation was adopted, without once considering how far the Company's *own property* was equal to meet this extravagant expenditure. Clerks and warehouse-keepers were pensioned for life at two-thirds or one-half the amount of their former high salaries and emoluments; even the common labourers received pensions for life, from 7s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. per week, as though they had suddenly been disabled from work; and many persons whose interests were not in the slightest degree affected by the change of system, were placed upon the list of pensioners, because, at some former period of their lives, they had happened to have been in the Company's service. The reckless profusion with which these grants were made, encouraged many parties to make claims for compensation which otherwise would never have been thought of: captains of ships, who had retired from the service for ten years and upwards, demanded compensation for the loss of employment; and those whose term of service had expired, demanded to be placed on the same footing with those who were actually employed. Some of these claims are yet depending, and it may, therefore, be useful to explain the merits of those connected with the naval service. The Company owned eight ships, and chartered about thirty-

three more for a certain number of voyages—the commanders and officers of which were all persons in the Company's service. We will first consider the case of the eight Company's ships, and their commanders. It was one of the Company's regulations that no captain should command one of these ships for more than five voyages, after which they were obliged to retire, and make room for the promotion of the junior officers. This was no great hardship, as the average profits of a commander, for a single voyage, were from £10,000 to £15,000; and the command of one of these ships, for five voyages, was looked upon as a certain fortune. The captains thus retiring were, however, still eligible to command the chartered vessels—that is, if the owners of those vessels thought fit to appoint them to the command; but they could claim nothing from the Company—neither employment nor remuneration; and, in point of fact, there is no instance of a captain, after performing his five voyages in the Company's ships, engaging in the chartered service. Under these circumstances, then, what is the loss sustained by the captains of the Company's ships, in consequence of the trade being relinquished? Surely not more than the amount they might probably have gained in the course of completing their five voyages respectively; yet, over and above this amount, a further compensation has been granted to seven of these commanders, by life pensions of £200 per annum each, with remainder to their widows of £100 per annum, and further provision for their children! The only just claim to remuneration by pensions for life is where the engagement is for life, or, at least, where there is a strong probability that the engagement would continue for life; but, in the case of these captains, the engagement was only for a specified time, at the expiration of which they would be compelled to relinquish their commands; and, although they would still be at liberty to enter the inferior branch of the Company's service, that event depended on various contingencies, and it was so unlikely to be resorted to, that there is not an instance of a captain having entered it, after completing his five voyages. It was barely possible that they might return to the Company's service; they were eligible to it, just as they were eligible to be chosen directors—that is, if they could command the requisite support of other parties; and, on this bare possibility, compensation has been awarded to them, as if they had been deprived of employment which was to terminate only with their lives! But this was not all; besides these seven commanders who were in actual service, three others, who had completed their five voyages each, and who then held no employ whatever in the Company's service, applied for compensation; thus, with only eight ships, there were ten commanders claiming compensation for loss of employment; and, although the employment was either temporary, or had altogether ceased, the remuneration was to be for life! Such absurd claims would, in any other place, have been considered

a satire on the extravagance with which other pensions had been granted; but the directors and proprietors decided, that the three unemployed commanders had as good a right to the pensions as the others, (and here they were not far wrong;) the Board of Control, however, refused to sanction them; and this excited such an outcry that the case was brought before Parliament, and a committee was appointed to investigate the claims. It came out, in the evidence, that both Mr C. Grant and the directors had been concussed by the proprietors, and had given way to many of their exorbitant demands; and Lord Ellenborough stated that, when he came into office in 1835, and found what had been done, he disapproved of the concessions, and he regretted it was not in his power to alter the regulations; for he thought them "*contrary to equity, and a most severe burthen on the people of India.*" The committee, however, thought that, as so many other claimants, under similar circumstances, had been allowed pensions, it would be a great hardship on the three commanders to reject them; and they reported accordingly.

We now proceed to consider the case of the chartered ships commanded by officers in the Company's service. The number of these vessels taken up by the Company appears from the lists to be thirty-three; and, of course, there could not have been a greater number of commanders in employ at the time the trade was relinquished. If those only whose interests were to be compensated, the number of commanders could not exceed the number of ships, for only that number would be deprived of employment; but the directors thought proper to extend the compensation to all the commanders who had been in their service within five years, provided they would sign a declaration that they had intended to return to it. This was complied with by sixty commanders, who have all, accordingly, been placed on the pension-list; and thus, with only thirty-three ships, there are sixty commanders receiving pensions for loss of employment! All these commanders are pensioned for life; yet not one of them had a life interest in the employ, and, if called upon to prove specific loss or injury by the change of system, it is probable that not one of the whole number would be able to shew that they had any certainty of employ at all, after the completion of their respective voyages. The supernumerary mates and inferior officers have also received pensions and compensations with the same reckless profusion—the number of first mates being fifty-six, and of second mates, fifty-eight. The pensions to these officers are £128 and £112 each, and they are at full liberty to accept employment in any other way; whereas the pensions to lieutenants in the Royal Navy are only about £90, and this is liable to be withdrawn under certain circumstances. It was originally agreed, between Mr C. Grant and the directors, that each party claiming compensation should be called upon to prove his specific loss by the change of system; and this is the plan

alluded to by Lord Ellenborough as being the only one to which he could have agreed; but this did not suit the views of the proprietors, who, by rejecting that rule plainly shewed that their object was, not indemnity for losses, but a license to plunder. There are other cases, in which persons who had been disabled for service, and were in consequence placed on the Poplar fund, (a compassionate fund,) have been admitted to the pension-list, as if they had lost their employment, or had suffered by the relinquishment of the Company's trade. But it is unnecessary to multiply instances, where all has been conducted on the system of wreckers and pirates. The directors resisted the abolition of the tea monopoly, on the ground that the profits derived from it were applied to the benefit of the Indian revenues, which they affirmed could not be equal to the expenditure without such assistance; yet, when this source of supply has been withdrawn, they do not scruple to add to the burthen on India for their own dividends, and to provide for their commercial servants and dependents. The people of India are already complaining that three millions sterling per annum are sent away from that country, to provide for charges in England, and that the Government there is in consequence so cramped, that improvements are checked at every turn, and the most important public works are neglected: they ask if all the expenses in England are indispensable, and how long India can bear up against the drain which is constantly going on to provide for them. If such be their present views, it may be conceived with what surprise and indignation they will learn that nearly half-a-million a-year more is to be abstracted from India, for which not one shilling value has been given in any shape, and which might therefore, with equal justice, be demanded from Canada or from the West Indies. Why, they will ask, was not the East India Company allowed to take their commercial effects, or all they claimed as such, into their own hands, and divide them amongst themselves and their servants as they pleased? Why should India maintain, besides its own Government, a twofold establishment in England? Why should the patronage of India, valued at half-a-million a-year, be given up to the directors of a joint-stock company in Leadenhall Street? And why should the dividends and pensions be paid out of the revenues of India? It will now be universally felt that the Leadenhall Street establishment weighs like a mill-stone on the neck of India; that it is not only useless but pernicious; that it is paid and supported by India for opposing good measures and for inflicting evil. The directors and proprietors, with the whole patronage of India in their hands, are too strong for the Board of Control; and, though a struggle is kept up for the ascendancy between the two parties, the former are victorious whenever they put forth their whole strength. In this case, India has been shamefully wronged, and the basis of the agreement—that no new burthen should be laid on its revenues—has been totally disregarded.

And who are the parties responsible for these acts? If we look to the East India Company, they will tell us that they act under the orders and by the sanction of the Board of Control ;

and, if we bring home the charge to the latter, the President will say that he decides upon the representations of the directors, and that, therefore, they are the parties responsible.

MONTROSE AND THE COVENANTERS.*

AFTER Dr Chalmers has been lecturing in favour of Church Establishments to the High-Churchmen of London—with the appropriate introduction on each occasion of the Collect of the day—and when Lord Stanley has been giving forth that the Covenanting and the Prelatic Churches must unite to maintain each other's ascendancy, it is quite refreshing to get out of the way of such a mixed and undefinable atmosphere, into the pure air of real old Jacobite Episcopalian hatred of the "hypocritical and blasphemous" Covenanters, which is presented in this work. We have never seen so pure a revival of Laud and Heylyn as the present. The Presbyterian Church *does* occasionally produce a Rip Van Winkle, who, after snoring over his Guthries, and Pedens, and Rutherfords, and Cargills, shakes himself, and comes forth to the light of day, with all their opinions and feelings clinging to him, and wonders that the dapper, well-living, Tory Church of Scotland, as it passes by, stares with such a glance of sinister recognition at his austere eye and prayerful visage. Among the members of the Episcopal persuasion, however, we are not accustomed to meet with such living reminiscences of the 17th century. There is, on that side, more intercourse with the world, a greater adaptation to the habits of society, and more political flexibility. We may probably account for the peculiarity of the production before us, by the circumstance of the author being a Scottish Episcopalian, or, at any rate, endowed with the spirit of that sect. To the majority of the body, we believe, it still appears that the Episcopal Church is, by divine right, the Church of Scotland, though it is rudely thrust from its proper place by a usurping band of that inferior class of establishment which professes what Charles II. considered "not a religion for a gentleman," just as the said Charles, though King of Britain from the moment of his father's death, was kept out of his throne by the interference of one Oliver Cromwell. He who spoils my neighbour, is not so unconscionable a person as he who spoils me; and the same degree of political necessity which has made the Church of England take the usurping Presbyterians by the hand, has hardly been able to prevail on "the Church in Scotland," as one of its bishops termed it in a late history, to follow the charitable example.

We beg to cull, as a nosegay for the Rev. Dr

* Montrose and the Covenanters—their Character and Conduct, illustrated from private letters, and other original documents, hitherto unpublished, embracing the Times of Charles I., from the Rise of the Troubles in Scotland, to the death of Montrose. By Mark Napier, Esq., Advocate. London: James Duncan, 1838.

Chalmers, the Rev. Mr Begg, and all others whom it may concern, some of the flowers of rhetoric with which Mr Napier adorns the memory of "our Protestant ancestors."

Hardly one generous feeling, one Christian impulse, or one legitimate act, belongs to the real history of the Covenant.—(I. 71.)

Scotland was swarming with poor clergymen, who, for the most part, uncouth, unlearned, and unenlightened, and hopeless of becoming bishops, yet felt their passions and their lungs strong enough to afford them a chance, when the waters were troubled, of emulating the popularity of Knox.—(I. 100.)

If lawless designs and cruel deeds, perpetrated under a false, though specious, exterior of religion and patriotism, be sins, the Covenant was indeed very wicked.—(I. 113.)

The Covenant, that bond of faction and banner of rebellion.—(I. 146.)

The arts of insurgency had been so successful throughout the rest of Scotland, as to create a specious, but false appearance in favour of the Covenant. There, however, [in Aberdeen] all that was rational, well-ordered, and estimable, [viz., Episcopacy] was yet actually predominant. Blasphemy did not pass current for piety, nor the darkling and destructive ravings of fanaticism for the outpourings of gifted and enlightened minds.—(I. 173.)

We have not had far to wander for these specimens; and similar general attributes of "blasphemy," "ruffianism," "avarice," &c., will be found through the whole two volumes at similar intervals. These we pass over, that we may treat our High-Church Presbyterian readers, if we have any, with one which they will find truly exquisite; for it contains an allusion, evidently intended to liken "our Protestant ancestors" to no less a person than the mystery of iniquity himself—viz., Daniel O'Connell.

Then how terrible was the scourge of their combined domination as a court of law! Baillie appears not to have been aware of the commentary he suggested, when, from the many cross-lights of his bewildered brain, he threw out this:—"The commission from the General Assembly, which before was of small use, is like almost to become a constant judicatory, and very profitable, but of so high a strain that to some it is terrible already." And no wonder it was terrible; for the most conscientious and honourable opposition to the democratic movement it crushed with the thunders of *excommunication*, a sentence combining, in its unhallowed connexion with the secular power of Argyle, the pretensions of papal impy with the policy of the Irish savage, who significantly chalks a death's head and cross-bones upon the threshold of his enemy.—(II. 256.)

We intend to make some observations on the particular biographical subject of this book; but, before doing so, we shall give a few general remarks, conveying our views of the relative merits of the two parties in that conflict which shook the empire during the seventeenth century, and continues to influence party feeling at the present day.

He who attempts to prove that, during a civil war, one party has adopted a course purely and

philosophically correct, and the other, one equally erroneous, will pursue a vain and foolish task; nor will he be much wiser, who, having fixed on certain abstract propositions, produced by the reflection, and founded on the experience of later times, casts the claims of both parties aside with contempt and aversion, because neither adapts itself to the minute accuracy of his model. Conflicting parties necessarily make an approach to each other in their character. The mercy of a virtuous party teaches the other forbearance, and the unscrupulous acts of sanguinary leaders are reflected by butcheries on the other side. That party which, judging of it by the state of philosophy of the period, displays the better ruling principle in its actions, is to be preferred and advocated; and it is in this view that we adopt the side of the Presbyterians.

There were, it is true, other and baser elements than either fanaticism or zeal in this celebrated contest. The nobles were stirred up by the threatened revocation of the grants of church lands; and there can be no doubt that they were in correspondence with parties in England and on the Continent, and prepared to take advantage of the first excitement. In other respects, however, the commencement of that brave struggle was but the natural revulsion of a high-spirited people against an attempt to chain their conscience. The universal energy of action infused into the people and their pastors, by one step beyond the safe limits of despotism, changed, for a period, the whole characteristic features of history, and shewed us plain blunt men, with simple and unhistorical names, stepping from the rustic glens, where otherwise they would have lived in unbroken obscurity, to take their places in the niches of history beside kings, statesmen, and warriors. There are certain difficulties in calculating the real merits of the religious parties at this period. The Presbyterians did not struggle for pure liberty of conscience, but for an establishment of their own. The proper merits of the parties are, as we have above noticed, ravelled and confused by those historians who will have one side always wrong; and the other doing what is abstractly right; so we content ourselves with the comparative merits of the parties;—and the Presbyterians, struggling against arbitrary power, and, in their own way, for freedom of conscience, appear, undoubtedly, the nobler of the two. In the case of Black, who was charged with seditious preaching, there is no doubt that the opposition of Melville and others tended to draw such matters within the jurisdiction of the church courts; and the argument of Dr M'Crie, that they were to be discussed only, in the first instance, before the church courts, is but a little specimen of clever sophistry. But what was the nature of the tribunal against which this rival was raised? It was the secret council—a court which was illegal, if anything in Scotland was adapted to that exceptive term. In a conflict between the powers of the Crown, exercised by a conclave of savage nobles, servile lawyers, and apostate prelates,

and the jurisdiction of the republican and popular synod, what friend of freedom can fail to take the part of the latter, without nicely inquiring how these bold priests had calculated their principles for the service of more liberal and enlightened times? Peace to the memory of those brave and zealous men! Though their free principles were constrained by the narrow partisanship and vehement animosities of the times, we may easily believe that, could they have looked forward to the present age, their high spirit would never have stooped to countenance the paltry crew of sycophantic hypocrites who now carry on a petty persecution in their names. Those who bearded kings and soldiers, denouncing the Church of Rome, lest it should be imposed on their consciences by the arm of the prerogative—who hurled down Episcopacy from its high seat beside the throne, and laid bare the hypocrisy and vices of kings, at the risk of the dungeon and the gibbet—would have been the last men on earth to sanction the conduct of those who have become the submissive tools of a domineering aristocracy and a haughty hierarchy, for accomplishing the petty task of keeping an oppressed and persecuted sect from the privileges of other citizens. These sturdy dogmatists were not your ensnarers of hares and partridges—they were real lion-hunters. They made up their mind to fight with the mighty Babylon; and they marched to London, and preached and fought it down with an energy and determination that make all latter polemical conflicts look mean and despicable. Yet it was the consequence of the impure nature of the struggle for freedom, that the persecuted became tyrants in their turn, and left to the world its most melancholy record of the poisoning influence of religious exclusivism. When the Episcopal sect persecuted, the Presbyterian sect fought for itself, instead of for liberty; and when it had the better of its adversary, it followed the course natural to victors, and afforded a precedent for a bitter retaliation in the ensuing reign. The extension of any of the privileges they had gained to other sects, was never dreamed of by the Presbyterians in their day of triumph. They fought for their own hand, and they would use for their own advantage what they gained. Of the many intolerant manifestoes issued by them, the following is, we think, the most impressive: it is a protest by the ministers at London in the year 1645:—"We detest and abhor the much endeavoured toleration. Our bowels, our bowels are stirred within us, and we could even drown ourselves in tears, when we call to mind how long and sharp a travail this kingdom hath been in for many years together, to bring forth that blessed fruit of a pure and perfect reformation; and now, at last, after all our pangs, and labours, and expectations, this real and thorough reformation is in danger of being strangled in the birth, by a lawless toleration, that strives to be brought forth before." This is exceedingly expressive, and the humble dejection of the protesters cannot fail to affect all

who read the doleful expressions in which they are conveyed. Should they occur to the mind of any worthy Presbyterian supporter of the M'Ghees and O'Sullivan, as an excuse for what he, perhaps, considers the mitigated assumption of the Church of Scotland at the present day, we beg of him still to recollect that these men were not the humble tools of the aristocracy, far less of the Church of England—that they acted for themselves alone, in the full bigotry of their own hearts, and had about them all that superiority which honest enthusiasm gives in comparison with sordid and hypocritical subserviency. It would be unfair to the memories of those zealous men to omit their reasons for not giving toleration; and, indeed, these deserve some notice, from the use they may be of at the present day. The following is a passage containing some of the most logical of them:—"A toleration would be putting a sword in a madman's hand; a cup of poison into the hand of a child; a letting loose of madmen with fire-brands in their hands, and appointing a city in men's consciences for the devil to fly to; a laying of a stumbling-block before the blind; a proclaiming liberty to the wolves to come into Christ's fold to prey upon the lambs." We never met with any reasons in the *Standard* or the *Scottish Guardian* half so sound.

Those who saw the Presbyterian Church bravely fighting with the prerogative, readily conceived an affection for the simple form of church government and the rational worship which could nourish so much firmness of character and disinterested enthusiasm. It was thus that it rallied round it the People of Scotland; when they saw the fearful Privy Council braved, and a tyrant's throne shaken, they did not ask if by supporting the system they would consolidate a power that might fight against the liberties of their descendants. The church obtained her power by struggling for free opinions. Even when she has changed her side, a portion of the moral influence which she so obtained, remains with her: but it will not long accompany her; and every act by which she furthers the interest of the aristocracy will but bring her nearer to her end.

There was a very remarkable peculiarity in the struggle against arbitrary power in Scotland during the reign of Charles I.—the Scottish aristocracy were on the side of the people. A very simple fact allays the astonishment which this circumstance naturally tends to produce. Among the other foolish councils which the evil genius of Laud infused into the mind of Charles, was a design to raise the temporal power of the clergy, by bringing back to them as much as might conveniently be obtained of those rich spoils of the Church which had fallen into the hands of the aristocracy. The effect produced on these half-tamed spirits cannot easily be imagined. When a revocation was first proposed, it was found that the long swords and daggers of the proprietors of Church lands were ready to settle the final fate of the bill in com-

mittee; and blind old Lord Belhaven caused himself to be seated at the Convention, beside one of the supporters of the measure, with his dagger ready to plunge into him when the proper time should arrive. The bishops met with little respect from the aristocracy in general. "Bishops I care not for," said Montrose, at the period of his execution. "I never intended to advance their interest." Old Kinnoull, the Chancellor, when the King begged that he would let the primate have precedence of him, if but for once, would not yield; and swore that never a stoled priest in Scotland should set his foot before him, so long as his blood was hot. So could pecuniary differences alienate an aristocracy from their natural ally, a gorgeous church establishment. Had the people at large been the only victims, history would have had a different tale to proclaim.

Whether James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was one of those proprietors whose wealth would have been affected by the aggrandisement of the bishops, we have not inquired, and we leave to the next historian who shall take Mr Napier's work to pieces to decide. He makes his first appearance in history returning from France, young, accomplished, and talented, presenting himself at court, and slighted by the King. When Jenny Geddes had thrown her stool, and the menacing aspect of the multitude, and the zeal of the preachers, shewed materials for bold hands to work with, he came forward as the foremost and most unscrupulous supporter of the Covenant, headed the armies of the Church, and carried its banner triumphantly through the country. Young and inexperienced, however, his rank did not support him, where so difficult a task was to be pursued, against the claims of the veteran Leslie, who, from being his military counsellor, became his commander; and he changed his side. Had he left the army in which he still held command, he would have saved a portion of his reputation; but he played a deeper game, and corresponded with the enemy to accomplish the ruin of those in whose project he was embarked. Montrose has farther obtained, from both sides of history, the reputation of being a persecutor and an assassin. The prominent object of the two large volumes before us, is to prove that he was consistent, merciful, high-minded, incapable of an ignoble thought—a task in which, we are sorry to say, the author's success by no means corresponds to his exertions.

Montrose's correspondence with the enemy was the subject of a species of judicial inquiry in the Committee of Estates. The author complains that in many cases the procedure deviated from the strict rules of justice. We have no doubt that it did; but we will look in vain through history for men on one side of a question following principles of abstract justice, while those of the other are steeped in iniquity. The models on which the Covenanters had to proceed, were the Star Chamber, the High Commission, and the Scottish Secret Council. The last

example set before them was the trial of Balmerinoch, who had been condemned to death for retaining a copy of a petition to the King, which had never been presented—an act, by the way, which Mr Napier vindicates, accusing Balmerinoch of ingratitude, in afterwards opposing the Court; because, instead of putting him to death, (which, in the temper of the times, they dared not do,) his persecutors were content with hanging the sentence over his head, and reluctantly pardoning him after a harassing imprisonment. But to return to Montrose, We have perused, with considerable attention, the various documents which Mr Napier has printed, in illustration of this inquiry. The task has not been an agreeable one; for they are endowed with all the dullness, without the precision, of very dry law papers. The result of the whole has very little effect on the question. By Montrose's account, and that of his friends, his object in corresponding with the King, was for his Majesty's interest and the good of the country. All men profess good motives on such occasions; but their word is not always taken on the subject. It is not necessary, however, to judge of Montrose's final views. He was a chief in the Covenanting army; and, to remain an active partizan with men whom he was secretly undermining, is an act which no code of morality can justify, however wicked might be their ultimate objects, and however pure his. One of the charges against him was the preparation of a bond, signed by himself and others, inimical to the interests of the Covenanters. The bond is produced, and is found to contain nothing traitorous to their cause; but, on the contrary, to profess the support of religion, laws, and liberty, &c. It is one of those documents common to the period, the mere object of which is to bind men together generally, for the accomplishment of purposes which it is not safe to commit to writing. If it had not some object beyond the simple meaning of its contents, it was useless, and Montrose and his friends were very idly employed in preparing it. Although, as we have said, it is impossible to discover Montrose's ultimate designs with reference to the country, what they were as to himself is very apparent. It was part of the secret agreement with the King, that the offices of State should not be disposed of till his visit to Scotland; or, as one witness stated, (but whose veracity Mr Napier calls in question,) that they should be given to Montrose and his friends of the bond. The two versions come exactly to the same thing, and illustrate the view of Clarendon—that Montrose joined the Covenant because he believed Argyle would adhere to the Court; but, finding his powerful rival overtopping him on the new field he had chosen, he found it expedient to look for another. The question as to Montrose's good faith, cannot be better put at rest than by a passage from the memoirs of his achievements, published during his lifetime, by his chaplain Wishart, as Mr Napier himself mentions, under Montrose's own auspices.

.. When Montrose returned to the army, as he found he

could not prevent their resolution, he chose rather openly to approve it. He himself commanded in this army 2000 foot and 500 horse; and his most intimate friends and dependents, who had solemnly engaged to him to employ their services for the King's interest, commanded 5000 more; and, if the greatest part of these had not broke their engagements, he had either carried off the whole army with him to the King, or, at least, had easily disappointed the designs of the Covenanters. They pitched their camp at the river Tweed, upon the Borders; and the principal officers having cast lots, it fell to Montrose's share first to cross the river, which he executed immediately on foot, at the head of his own infantry, and with great readiness, the better to conceal his design, and to remove any suspicion of him; for his influence in the army, and his frank, honest disposition, were now so much dreaded by these conscious rebels, that they kept a strict watch over all his motions.*

To excuse Montrose for having ever joined the Covenanters, appears to be the most painful part of the author's duty, and it compels him to have recourse to unhappy expedients. He endeavours to persuade us that the bold and active chief was the dupe of a country clergyman; and, with a singular moral obliquity, tries to shew that he was indifferent to the cause. "Montrose," he says, "being no party to the covert designs of the faction, [this is a gratuitous assumption,] was but a blundering Covenanter, and, being upon this occasion left very much to his own devices in furthering the cause, was not only willing to accept of very equivocal converts, but, totally forgetting the importance of the *magna charta* of his party, now attempted to make Covenanters of *Papists*, by the ingenious device of waiving the Covenant itself; as the play of Hamlet was modified by the itinerant manager."—(I. 236.) The only effect of this passage is to remove the palliating circumstance of religious enthusiasm, and to deepen the blackness of his character.

The course of Montrose's deeds may be illustrated by his three visits to Aberdeen. The first was at the head of a deputation of precious divines, to have a brotherly communing with the perverse doctors of the north, touching the Covenant, and to force them to accept the same, in case of their malignant and schismatic refusal. Montrose's second visit was at the head of the Covenanting forces, who subjected Aberdeen to the miseries of a siege and capture. Mr Napier endeavours to prove that Montrose was less anxious for persecution than his clerical assistants—and the case is not unlikely; while at the head of the Covenanting forces, he does not appear to have been under so bloody a demon as afterwards possessed him. Having effected the subjugation of Aberdeen to the Covenanters, Montrose's third visit was to do business for another firm. He brought before the devoted city a wild mass of half-naked Irish and Highlanders. The citizens—inclined to the royal side, as the author maintains them to have been—were urged, by the horrible fate which the entrance of such a ghastly band must bring, to stand a siege. The town was quickly taken, and given up for several days to a course of rapine and plunder, the usual accompaniments of which seem to have

* Wishart's Life of Montrose, p. 4. 1756.

reached the utmost that has ever been described in those various sacks of cities that blacken the annals of warfare. All this appears to us unreasonable conduct, on the part of Montrose, and not to be vindicated. Let us hear the simple description of the scene by the Cavalier annalist, Spalding.

The Lieutenant [viz. Montrose,] follows the chase into Aberdeen, his men hewing and cutting all manner of men they could overtake within the town, upon the streets, or in their houses, or round about the town, as our men were flying, with broadswords, without mercy or remead. Thir cruel Irishes, seeing a man well clad, would first turr him, to save his cloaths unspoiled, syne kill the man. We lost three pieces of cannon, with much good armour, besides the plundering of our town, houses, merchants' booths, and all which was pitiful to see! The Lord Burleigh, Mr Alexander Jaffray and his sons, Mr Robert Farquar, Walter Cochran, Mr James Baird, advocate in Edinburgh, and diverse other Covenanters, wan away. Montrose follows the chase into the town, leaving the body of his army standing close unbroken while his return, excepting such as fought the field. He had promised them the plundering of the town for their good service, but he stayed not, but returned back from Aberdeen, to the camp this samen Friday at night, leaving the Irishes killing, robbing, and plundering of this town at their pleasure, and nothing was heard but pitiful howling, crying, and weeping, and mourning through all the streets! Thus thir Irishes continued Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. Some women they pressed to deflower, and others they took per force to serve them in the camp. It is lamentable to hear how thir Irishes, who had gotten the spoil of the town, did abuse the samen; the men they killed they would not suffer to be buried, but turred their cloaths off them, syne left the naked bodies lying above the ground. The wife durst not cry nor weep at her husband's slaughter before her eyes, nor the daughter for the father, which if they did and were heard, then they were presently slain also.

Such is one of the atrocities of Montrose.

It appears that the immediate provoking cause in this case, was the slaughter, by some one or other, of the drummer who accompanied a flag of truce—a circumstance which would not have approached to a vindication, had this been but a solitary instance, and not merely an episode in a system of rapine, which would occupy volumes in its detail. But let us hear this author's peculiar remarks on Montrose's cruelties:—

We may believe this account of the slaughter committed by Montrose's excited and desultory soldiery, and the yet more hideous picture afforded by Spalding, of the cruel excesses they perpetrated against individual citizens, men and women, of that devoted town. But, unless it can be shewn that Montrose could have gained his victory, or prosecuted his enterprise, at less expense of human life and suffering, he stands as completely exonerated as any General under whose command blood ever flowed and misery followed. He had done his best to avert the calamity from Aberdeen; and, however the loyalists of that unhappy district may have suffered, it is upon their Covenanting rulers, and not upon his Majesty's Lieutenant, that the responsibility and the stain of those excesses must fall. Besides that the pillage of the town was the only mode afforded him of paying his precarious and unmanageable following, unless he had now determined to abandon the enterprise thus far victoriously prosecuted, some severity was indispensable, in order to sustain the royal authority in his person, which had been so grossly contemned, contrary to every rule of warfare, by the rebels having repeatedly refused to acknowledge the protection of his flag of truce, and by the extreme provocation of the cowardly slaughter of him who carried it upon the occasion in question. Spalding himself, from whom

the picture of the cruelties imputed to the natural dispositions of Montrose is derived, completely exonerates our hero, and casts the stigma where it ought to rest. But his own dying declaration is more than sufficient to outweigh all the crude and unreflecting calumny poured out against him on this subject, both in his own times and the present. On the eve of his execution, his clerical tormentors accused him of having waged war by means of what they termed an army of Irish rebels and cut-throats. To this, Montrose replied—"It was no wonder that the King should take any of his subjects who would help him, when those who should have been his best subjects deserted and opposed him. 'We see,' said he, 'what a company David took to defend him in the time of his strait.' As to his men's spoiling and plundering the country, he answered, they know that soldiers who wanted pay could not be restrained from spoils, nor kept under such strict discipline as other regular forces but he did all that lay in him to keep them back from it; and for bloodshed, if it could have been prevented, he would rather it had all come out of his own veins."—(II. 334, 5.)

If these victories then were glorious, if their object was legitimate, we must not speak of their being sullied by severities, when, from the circumstances of his undertaking, from the military habits of his country and times, and from the peculiar nature of his military resources, it was absolutely impossible to have accomplished them on other terms.—(II. 383.)

This is the same horrible argument which has attached itself to the foulest deeds of the worst ages. It nerved the slaughterer's arm on the eve of St Bartholomew; it hung over the smoke of Smithfield; and presided in the Spanish inquisition. It professes the omniscience of the Almighty in distinguishing good from evil, and then tries to grasp his thunderbolts, to punish according to the presumptuous knowledge. Mr Napier was, doubtless, opposed to the Reform Bill—would he think half the lives of the country a fitting sacrifice to the repeal of that measure? If he be consistent, he must be opposed to Presbyterian Church extension—would he willingly gain his end by the slaughter of all the clergy who support it? Were we not assured that Mr Napier is an amiable and accomplished man, we would deem him, from his own words, to be a most dangerous member of society.

Clarendon, for whom the author shaws the fitting respect of a sound Tory, bluntly accuses Montrose of having made an offer to the King to assassinate Argyle and Hamilton. It is said that he came to the King and made the offer; but a personal interview, though possible, is not probable, as Montrose was at the time in prison. Mr Brodie suggested that the proposal was most probably made through William Murray, of the bed-chamber, one of those slimy things that crawl about a court; and the suppressed passages of Clarendon, lately brought to light, seem to confirm the supposition. Mr Napier has an ingenious and complicated theory for supposing that Clarendon made the accusation without full authority, while part of his work shews that he obtained his information, as to the transactions in Scotland at that time, from the King's own mouth. It is worthy of remark, that Clarendon commenced his "History" in Sicily after he had finally parted with the King, and when he knew all he could derive from that quarter. It

is within the range of possibility, that a voluminous historian's only calumny is one against a political partisan; but the world is slow in believing such things, especially when there is no evidence. This is not the only similar charge brought by Clarendon against Montrose. When Dr Dorislaus, ambassador from the Parliament, was seated at table at the Hague, half-a-dozen ruffians burst into the room and slew him. "They kept not their own counsel so well," says Clarendon, "believing they had done a very heroic act, but that it was generally known they were all Scottishmen, and most of them servants or dependants upon the Marquis of Montrose;" so that the noble historian calmly bestows on the chivalrous chief the reputation of being a leader of cut-throats.

For all that has been said against Montrose, Mr Napier makes fierce retaliation on his opponents. Of some of these—Argyle and Warriston, for instance—we always had a doubtful opinion. Their path, through the history of these wild times, seemed cloudy, tortuous, and unsatisfactory. The author has had the merit of, in a great measure, clearing away these prejudices. After hearing his elaborate attack, we have the satisfaction of knowing, that every article of evidence against them has been collected, adjusted, and commented on with the most laborious and minute ingenuity—and the result is an acquittal. We thought it not unlikely, that some acts of assassination had been committed by the Covenanters, to balance the notorious murders on the other side; but the result of Mr Napier's endeavours to prove two, satisfies us that there was not one. One of his attempts is in the case of the slaughter of Kilpont, by Stewart of Ardvoirlich, the foundation of Scott's "Legend of Montrose." Stewart, having perpetrated the deed, fled to the Covenanters. Mr Napier having given the facts from tradition, and produced a pardon from the Covenanters, which proceeds on a very different narrative, makes the justification of the latter apply to the facts in the former. Ardvoirlich was, we have no doubt, one of the rough-handed men of the age; and, we dare say, the Covenanters made little inquiry as to his character. Had his documents been legitimately deposited in the Napier charter chest, this author would have, in fulfilment of his duty, proved him one of the noble army of martyrs. The other charge of assassination is

founded on the death of a "malignant," on whose head a price was put, who was slain in resisting an attempt to capture him.

In other circumstances, we might have indulged in some display of the follies and vices of the Covenanting side. It is the result, however, of so violent a perversion of all common sense and historical evidence, as Mr Napier's book exhibits, to change the attitude of the impartial speculator into that of the defender of the attacked. We fear our readers will conclude that we think this a very dishonest book: we hasten to undeceive them. The deductions are so monstrously opposed to all the evidence, that no author having that perception of what is the right, which is necessary to the idea of dishonesty, would have ventured upon them. We have no doubt that the whole is the result of a firm and unhesitating faith in Montrose; and, farther, we feel assured that no evidence which history is capable of producing on any subject, would convince the author of the contrary. To explain this psychological curiosity, it must be known that circumstances have made a belief in Montrose's innocence a sacred duty with Mr Napier. In page 8, we hear of Montrose's "brother-in-law, Lord Napier, a nobleman many years his senior, and one of the most pious and irreproachable statesmen of the day;" and so frequently does the word "Napier" occur through the volumes, and so many are the circumstances of all kinds detailed of sundry Napiers, that we perceive the vindication of Montrose is only a small portion of the pious task of honouring our great-great-grandfathers in the land. It was Mr Napier's good fortune, in pursuance of a portion of this duty, to do a service to scientific biography, for which the world cannot be too grateful to him. It is not every Scotch charter chest that can furnish notices of such men as he who invented the logarithms. As for any other Napiers, we suspect no one is anxious for the disinterment of their celebrity, nor for the publication of various lengthy documents—one of which shews a strong and natural desire to protect a lease of certain taxes; and the other, an offer to govern the country with great probity and discrimination, if the King will be pleased to advance the writer to a high office about his person. We leave these volumes, in the confidence that they will prove a savoury prey to our historiographer-royal, when he resumes his favourite subject.

THERE'S MUSIC.

There's music in the breath of flowers,
(Fair gifts of the gladdening spring,)
 Which mock all other things of earth
In their bright apparelling.

There's music in the voice of streams,
Rushing on to the sounding sea,
As they silently glide on their fearless course,
With their faint, low melody.

There's music in the fitful tone
Of the balmy summer breeze,
As it scuds through the lonely, midnight air—
A sigh from the forest trees.

There's music in the tempest's voice,
And the moan of the pathless sea;
For they guide our thoughts from this work-day world
To dreams of eternity.

There's music in all things of earth;
And the silent stars of Heaven
Have a dream-like music of their own,
To the God of Creation given.

Through the boundless realms of viewless space, —
These choral symphonies rise, — natches
From the thousand spheres of the starry work
To the Maker of earth and skies.

THE PASTOR'S DEATHBED.

A SKETCH OF GERMAN LIFE.

FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"Give me," said Herder to his son, in the fevered exhaustion of sickness—"Give me a noble thought to refresh me withal!" But what is it that, for the most part, we are found giving to our sick fellow-mortals, when the shining dew on their life has become grey? Instead of bright pictures from the sky, to shine through the darkness of death, we accumulate a host of unfamiliar and unkindly images around the bed of sickness. When a man is healthy and strong, and able to endure much sorrow, we lay light burdens on his back; but, when he is weak, and sickly, and the nerve of his being is unstrung, we seem to expect that at such a moment he shall be best able to bear all our sorrows and all our lamentations; we behave as if it were the duty of the dying man to elevate us, not our duty rather to support him. In the confined sick-room there stands no soul that has strength sufficient to wake a passing smile upon that nerveless, colourless countenance; but only confessors, and lawyers, and physicians are there, giving instructions about everything; and friends and relations, who can do nothing but lament. There is no individual in this room that stands elevated above his own private cause of grief, upon a position from which he might irrigate the thirsty soul of the sick man with the fresh spring-waters of old reminiscences, and unite these with the flowings of ecstatic anticipation that sometimes open up to the dying the vista of a future life. But the bed of the sick man is made literally a coffin without a lid; or life is made to assume to the departing a false importance, by weeping lies of recovery, or loud voices of lamenting; and the bier is made to shew like a bloody scaffold; and into the ears which remain alive after the eyes are dead, the sharp discords only of life are sent—whereas, life ought rather to breathe itself away, amid the falling echo of ever deeper and ever sweeter tones. And yet there is this one good thing about men—that they rejoice more in one small good office done to the dying, than in twenty kindnesses shewn to the living; perhaps partly for this reason, because only in the latter case have they opportunity to eke out the measure of their defective benevolence; and yet we mortals ought daily to bear in mind, how easily every joy that is given or received may prove to be the last.

In this fashion, our exit out of life would, for the most part, prove even a more painful thing than our entry into it, did not good Mother Nature here, as in other things, smooth the way before us, by bearing her sleeping children in her arms, softly cradled from the one world into the other. For, in the hours that immediately follow death, she is wont to cover the dying vision of mail of indifference towards everything the occa-

they leave behind them upon earth; and when the critical moment approaches, (as the information of those who have been awakened from the semblance of death, and the gestures and tones of many dying persons, sufficiently testify,) she causes a flood of joyous waves to swim round the brain of the mortal, comparable to nothing on earth but those feelings of deep delight in which persons who have been magnetically dead bathe themselves, while convalescing.* But of these ecstasies of the dying we have only a fragmentary and imperfect knowledge; they may be far higher than we have any conception of. There is an important universal history yet to be written—the history of the dying; but upon this earth the rolls of that history will not be unfolded.

In the village of Helm, lived Gottfried Hartmann, with his aged father, a clergyman, whose wane of life he rendered happy, though the old man had lived long enough to survive all the common objects that tie our affections to their earthly existence. Gottfried was his assistant in the office of preaching; this, however, not so much because the hale old man stood in need of such aid, as that he might find a channel to give vent to his own high emotions, and, at the same time, afford the old man that peculiar joy which a wise father feels when he is taught by a wise son.

In Gottfried's breast a spirit was working and striving, that seeks to unfold itself in poetic blossoming. But he was not, like most poetic youths, a tuberous plant, that sends forth a few poetic flowers, and, when these have fallen away, grows only in coarse material fruits beneath the ground; but he was a tree that crowns its various blossoms with various fruits; and the shoots of that tree were now animated by the warmth of those poetical months with which Providence has in these latter times favoured us.

His father was also a born poet—but the time had not been so favourable for him; for, in the middle of the last century, every spirit that had wings was obliged to remain and fix itself upon the pulpit, or upon the schoolmaster's chair, or upon the seat of justice; for the Muses require to be tenderly nourished; and every honest burges could afford to feed his son better upon every meadow and upon every common, than upon the jagged ridge of Parnassus. But a truly poetic soul, when it cannot manifest its existence in those forms to which this world is accustomed to confine the name of poems, goes back upon itself with double energy, and adorns the chamber of the heart with wonderful flowers; the unexpressed feelings shape to themselves

* In Germany, animal magnetism is so essentially a part of philosophic and practical faith, that the best writers continually allude to its phenomena, as illustrations of the greatest mysteries of mind.

another mould, and the actions of that man are pictures. In this wise the poet is of equal duration with the man whose life he fashions. Thus, the delicate insect that has not brought forth its birth in the summer season, lives through the long hard winter, and dies not.

Something of this sort befell old Hartmann, but more beautiful; for the virgin soul of the poet could live in the pulpit, as in a vestal cell; and the twin sisters, Religion and Poetry, were the friends and helpmates of each other. How pure, how lovely is his situation who cares for souls! Everything good lies in friendly neighbourhood around him, while other professions build a hard crust, or weave a dark veil between human hearts and that which human hearts ought to reverence.

Son and father lived day by day, so to speak, deeper and more deep into one another's existence; and, instead of the relation of paternal love and filial duty, (with which a certain distance is often connected,) a friendship of a peculiar kind was developed; for not only with the regeneration of his own poetic youth did the presence of the son refresh him, but with the yet more lovely likeness of his own faith. There was a time known to us all, when an old clergyman who sent his son to study theology in the Universities, could expect him to come back nothing less than the Iconoclast and heaven-stormer of all that his paternal altar had taught him to hold in reverence. The son came home from his studies as an apostle of the heathens, or rather an antichrist, into his father's house.* There were griefs of fathers in those days, deeper doubtless, though more concealed, than even those of the mother: Now it is here and there a little better. Gottfried, though he had gone to the public schools not uninfected by that common wanton spirit of freethinking which is a sort of spiritual wild-oats of the soul, had come back to his home with the faith of his father, and his father's fathers, in his bosom; for the religious feelings of his nature had been kindly fanned by those better teachers who seek to preserve our spiritual vitality from the clearing, crystallizing influence of those who call themselves the *illuminati*—well knowing that human hearts, like plants, should only shew their leaves to the sun, and that he who uncovers the root is a fool.

Thus did the fond old father find again his Christian heart, in the breast of his son, beating with new pulsations; and with this he also found the justification at once of his own faith, and of his own love. If it is one of the greatest of woes to be obliged both to love and to contradict, and to turn away the head when the heart comes near, it is also one of the greatest bless-

* This is a touching allusion to the consequences of the Neological or Deistical doctrines so prevalent in the German Church during the latter half of the last century. From the passage which immediately follows, it appears that the present piece must have been written about the year 1816, for it was about that time that the reaction in favour of revealed religion commenced. The Liberation War mentioned in the sequel, had a great effect in this revival of devotional feeling.

ings to see our own and our father's faith propagated, untroubled, through another generation. Life, then, is as a beautiful starry night, when no well-known light goes down, without another, equally welcome, rising to supply its place.

Gottfried lived in a paradise; and his only business was to work as gardener for his father, and be to him wife, brother, friend, and all that one mortal can be to another.

Every Sunday brought him a new joy, and that was a new sermon to preach before his father. So much did this circumstance exert all his capabilities, and call forth his sleeping poetical powers, that he seemed to preach more for the purpose of moving and elevating his father's soul, than for the edification of the common people; although he was not certainly in the wrong when he imagined that the members of a congregation, like children, are the better of being taught somewhat above their understanding; for we learn to climb only by looking at the heights that we have not yet climbed. Then a tear would glisten in the eye of the old man, or he would join his hands suddenly, as to an unpremeditated prayer. This would make the whole Sunday a Feast of Ascension to Gottfried; and, in the silent, secluded parsonage, many scenes of joy were thus enacted, which no person saw, and many, though they had seen, would not have understood. He who looks upon all sermons necessarily (what, it must be confessed, too many of them are) as a dull, stale thing, will scarcely sympathize with the earnestness with which father and son were wont to speak over both the sermon that was, and the sermon that was to be, as if the criticism of a sermon had been a matter of as much importance as the criticism of a play.* The love and the approbation of such a strong, healthy old man as Hartmann—whose limbs, though standing on the cold height of years, were yet not stiff—must have worked wonderfully on a youth like Gottfried, who, being both bodily and spiritually of a more delicate and alim fabric, shot up with a higher and more excitable flame heavenward.

To this happy pair a third happy person was associated. Justa, an orphan, mistress of her own fortune and her own conduct, had sold her father's (a rich old merchant) magnificent house in the city, and lodged herself in the upper flat of one of the prettiest cottages of the neighbourhood, that she might enjoy the country—not half, as city gentry generally do, but wholly. Justa, indeed, was a person who, whatever she did, did it *wholly*; and some things she did even more than wholly—that is to say, when there was any room for magnanimity and generosity, she was apt to overshoot the mark. The first thing that she did in the village of Helm, after she had seen the mild Gottfried and his gentle poet's eyes, and heard four or five Easter homilies from him, was to surrender up to him her virtue-intoxicated heart, without further cere-

* This is true German. In Scotland, where churches are better attended than theatres, this sarcastic remark could never have been made.

mony; reserving, however, her hand till the bond of their union could be sealed along with the bond of public peace in Europe. Justa was a person who, on all occasions, preferred what was difficult to what was easy. I wish this were the place to make a picture of the May-life that bloomed here under Justa's hands, in the humble parsonage beneath the humble church spire; the mornings when she left her own abode to arrange the course of every happy day in the parsonage; the evenings in the manse garden, that had not only twelve beds in it, but also a number of well-watered meads around it, not to speak of the far hills and the stars; the playing of three hearts into one another, of which none, in such a pure, secluded neighbourhood, could know or feel anything but what was most beautiful, and every one of which possessed goodness and cheerfulness as a daily atmosphere. Every seat in that house was a church seat, everything was spiritual, and the heaven itself was to them only one great cupola of a temple.

Doubtless, in many such humble homes, in many such humble villages, which the great ones of the earth never heard of, there lies concealed a true Eden; for joy is always wont to cover over with modest leaves her most delicate blossoms. Gottfried lived in such a poetic fullness of joy and love—of the reverend and the beautiful—of the past, and the present, and the future—that he felt secretly afraid to express his joy otherwise than by prayer. Only in prayer, thought he, may a man give expression to everything—his happiness and his misery. Truly the father enjoyed a warm old age; not a winter evening, but a summer evening, without darkness and frost, although the sun of his life had long been sinking behind the hill of the grave beneath which he had, some years ago, laid his wife.

There is nothing which in noble minds has such a tendency to raise up the idea of the last hours of life, as those very hours of our existence which are most lovely and most happy. When all the blossoms of joy were blooming together most brightly, and intermingling their fragrances in a union of bliss that happens to mortal man but once, if once, through the long seventy years of his pilgrimage—exactly in the dewy morning of life, and beneath the morning star—Gottfried was compelled to think that the same star must soon shine as the evening star. Then he said to himself—“Everything now stands so clear and so firm before me—the beauty and the blessedness of life—the splendour of the universe—the Creator—the worth and the greatness of the heart—the constellations of eternal truths—the whole starry heaven of ideas that beams on men, and attracts them, and sustains them. But when old age shall overtake me, and I shall lie in the feebleness of dissolution, will not, then, all things appear in a different light?—will not that which is now so full of luxuriant vitality, become cold, and grey, and stiff to my perception? For precisely in that moment when man is nearest to the heavens, towards which he has all his life been looking, Death holds his

inverted telescope before our eyes, and we see nothing but a wide blank. But is this right and true? Do my blooming or my fading energies lay hold of reality more strongly and more truly? Shall I be more in the right then, when I only live, and think, and hope, with half a life; or am I more in the right now, when my whole heart is warm, my whole head clear, and all my faculties fresh? I feel that I am a more just reasoner now when my soul and body are in perfect health. Therefore I will live through this glorious daytime of truth, not carelessly, but with attention; and what I now see of the glory of existence, I will carry with me as a bright reminiscence, to illumine the dark lowering of my latter end.” In the loveliest May-hours of life, when Heaven, and earth, and his heart beat together in a perfect concord of joy, Gottfried gave his fiery feelings fiery words, and a permanent existence, under this title, “*Reminiscences of the best Hours of Life, for the Last.*” With these echoes of blessed hours, it was his intention to refresh his own ears on his death-bed, and to look from the evening red of existence back into the redness of morning.

Thus lived these three mortals, enjoying one another, and one another's happiness, always more and more inly, when, at length, the battle and the victor-cars of the Holy War* began to roll over the earth. At this signal, Gottfried became, all at once, a changed man. He was like a young bird of passage migrating for the first time, and following the train of his fellows in search of some change of climate, which he instinctively seeks after, but does not know. The active powers of his nature, that had hitherto sat as listeners to the poetico-rhetorical, rose up, and he felt as if the flames of enthusiasm—formerly, like the flames from a bed of naphtha, flickering aimless through the empty air—were now seeking some definite object to lay hold of. But he had not courage, at first, to declare his intention to his father; he only anguished and refreshed alternately his spirit, with the idea of going forth with the army of patriots, and doing the duty of a man. To Justa, however, he opened his heart; but from her he obtained no approval; for to leave the old man upon the brink of the grave in solitude, seemed too harsh. But the old man himself, who felt the enthusiasm of the war almost as much as his son, of his own accord gave him permission. “Go, my Gottfried,” says he, “where you have long wished to be, and where Germany expects all her sons to go. For a year I have strength enough to serve the altar, and thus I too am doing something for Fatherland.”

Gottfried flew away in full reliance on the healthy old harvest of his father's life. He became a common soldier, and acted as chaplain too, when occasion served. A new career renews all our activities, and every one marks his entrance into it with a surer step. This Gottfried felt; and, though fate refused him the wound that he would fain have brought with him

* The Liberation War in 1813.

from the wars, as a sort of focus wherein to collect all the warm rays of those days of enthusiasm, yet he too had fought in the great battles of the time, and, like an old republican, he knew the joy of striving nobly with a whole people for a common end.

When at length the loveliest May that ever Germany won with victories, was celebrated with feasts of peace and triumph, the young man did not feel inclined to celebrate these days of joy at a distance from those most dear to him, but he wished to double his joy by their presence. He journeyed to them. Many there were, before and after him, who made this journey through liberated lands out of a happy past into a happy present; but few saw, like Gottfried, such a blue heaven rest upon his native vales, in which also no old star was wanting, but every one shone brightly. Justa had sent him, from time to time, the small news of the parsonage, how she longed for his return, and how his father was working cheerily, and with what unction the old man preached twice every Sunday, and so forth; and how she herself was keeping yet more lovely secrets for his return; one of which secrets, perhaps, was one that he certainly had not forgotten—viz., her promise, that, after the peace, he should have her hand.

From the feast of Whitsuntide onwards, Gottfried had been feasting himself with these prospects, and he saw already before him the holy evening, when he should enter Heim, release the old man unexpectedly from his labours, and prepare days of peaceful festivity for himself.

As he thus painted to himself his meeting with his loved one, and the mountains of his native village stood clearly and more clearly outlined, his "Reminiscences of the Best Hours of Life, for the Last," began again to echo through his soul; and he could not restrain himself, among these reminiscences, from noting down the meeting of dear friends in this life, after long separation.

Behind him journeyed from the east, and followed him in his way, a dark cloud, with water more pregnant than with fire. The thunders of earth in the late campaign, had reconciled his heart to the milder manifestations of heavenly wrath, and he seemed to walk before that cloud, as a well-omened messenger; for the thirsty earth, the drooping flowers, and the sickly yellowness of the corn, had long panted for the warm blessings of the clouds. A pariahioner from Heim, who was plunging in a distant field, gave a sign to Gottfried, joyful that he and the rain were coming together.

The little spire of the church now began, as it were, to grow out of the earth, and he came into the region of the valley, where the parsonage lay, on which the redness of the evening sun was clearly shining. In every window he hoped to see his bride watching the sun's going down in glory, before the outbursting of the storm. As he came nearer, he hoped to find every window open, with Whitsuntide birches peeping out from the room—but he found nothing.

At length he arrived at the parsonage—all was

silent—and opened the familiar door. The room was empty, but he heard a noise in the upper chamber. He ascended, and, when he opened the door, he saw Justa kneeling at the bed of his father, who was sitting half upright, with an emaciated but strong, bony face, in the light of the evening sun, that strongly lit up the paleness of death that was on him. Justa fell upon his neck, and this, with an exclamation of thankfulness to God, was the whole reception. But his father stretched out to him his dry, yellow hand, and said, with exhaustion—"You come just at the proper time"—leaving it undetermined, to Gottfried's understanding, whether he meant in time to preach for him, or in time to see him die.

Justa told Gottfried, in a few words, how the old man, worn out with too sedulous an attention to his pastoral duties, had suddenly sunk into a state of extreme weakness both of mind and body; how he had now ceased to take interest in anything, and yet was continually longing for sympathy, and was altogether as a helpless child, lying with clipped wings, on the ground, and praying some one to help him up. The old man was somewhat deaf, and Justa could tell all this without being heard.

Gottfried soon learned that all this was too true. He had come back with the reflection of the war-fire in his breast, and nothing would have been dearer to him than to have been able to bring the blazing signals of victory before the enthusiastic gaze of his old father; but the heart, once so strong, was now weak; and from the man who lately sympathised with all the warmth of the young warrior, not a question came, not a wish. The old man kept his eye fixed on the descending sun, till the storm had completely overflowed it. He seemed as little moved by the war in heaven, as by the war on earth; and through the thickening ice of death, the light of life shone more and more turbid. The dying man knows no present—past and future alone are before him.

Latterly, darkness covered the sky; not a breath of air moved, and the oppressed earth waited impatiently for the issue. The lightning had shot round the old man, and he looked up from the shock, changed and surprised—"I hear," said he, "the rain again—speak to me, children, for I must soon be gone."

Perhaps the shaking of the air and the thunder had opened the oppressed avenues of sensibility; and yet, more probably, the lightning, passing near him, had turned round his whole being like the poles of a magnet, and brought his body nearer to dissolution and his spirit nearer to perfection. Both the children embraced him—he was too weak to embrace them.

The warm medicinal waters of the clouds, were now bathing the sick earth, from the streaming tree to the smallest grass; the heavens began to shine through the storm, like a tear of joy, and only on the far hills did the thunder continue to war. Suddenly the old man rose, and, with his hand pointing upward, said—"Be-

hold the glory of God ! Ah ! my son, feed my weary soul now, for the last time, with some spiritual consolation. But give me no litany of penances ; I have made my peace with God. Tell me something full of love of the Almighty and his works, as in your Easter sermons."

The tears began to flow in the eyes of the son ; for these words brought the thought into his mind, that the "Reminiscences" which he had written down for his own death-bed, might be read at the death-bed of his father. He explained this to the old man ; and he said—"Do this, my son ;" and the son began, with trembling voice—

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death : that the splendour of the universe once filled thy bosom, and that thou hast known how great a thing it is to *be*. Hast thou not looked forth by night upon the one-half of infinity—the starry heaven ; and by day hast thou not contemplated the other half ? Put out of thy view the nothingness of space, and the earth that blinds thy prospect, and thou art surrounded, as a centre, by worlds above thee, under thee, and around thee—a vault of unmeasured creation—all moving and being moved—glory in glory—grandeur thronging on grandeur—all suns pointing themselves around thee, towards one great universal sun. Turn thee wherethou wilt, thou seest no end, no exit into empty and dark space. Emptiness dwells only between the worlds, not around the world.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death ; how many times there have been that thou hast prayed in ecstasy before God, and hast thought *Him*—the greatest thought of a finite being—the Infinite."

The old man folded his hands and prayed silently.

"Hast thou not acknowledged and felt the Being, whose infinitude consists not only in might, and wisdom, and eternity, but in love also and justice ? Canst thou forget the times when the blue heaven by day, and the blue heaven by night, opened themselves to thee as the blue eyes with which a kind father looked down upon thee ? Hast thou not felt the love of the Infinite One, when it concealed itself within its own reflection—in human hearts that loved ? as the sun casts her shining day, not only on our moon for the benefit of our nights, but on the morning and the evening star, and on the farthest starlets that wander in the neighbourhood of the earth.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death : how, in the spring of thy life, the graves of the dead appeared to thee only as the mountain-peaks of a distant new world ; and how thou then, in the midst of the fulness of life, couldst recognise the value of death. Old age freezes us ; but there is a vital heat within the snow-hill, that warms us into a new existence. As a sailor voyaging through a cold, desert, wintry sea, suddenly comes upon a coast that is blooming in all the warmth and fulness of spring, thus also we land, by a single impulse of our

ship, upon an eternal spring, which makes ample amends for our wintry voyage.

"Rejoice thyself in the dark hour of death, that thy life lives in the great wide life of the universe. This clod of earth, which we call our Earth, is inspired with the breath of Divinity. The world swarms with life, and every leaf of every tree is a land of souls. Every little individual life would freeze into nothing, were it not supported and warmed by waves of circumambient vitality. The sea of time, like our seas of space, is phosphorescent with innumerable living beings ; and death and life are only the fire-valleys and fire-mountains of the eternal billowy ocean of things that are. There is no such thing as a skeleton of the dead ; what we call so is only another body for the living. Without universal vitality, there were nothing but a wide, infinite death. We are mosses and lichens that cleave to the high Alps of Nature, and suck nourishment from the clouds. Man is a butterfly that flutters over Chimborazo, and high above us flutters the condor ; but, small or great, giant or child, we all wander free, through one great garden ; and the ephemeral fly can trace its long lineage through all the storms and battles of centuries, back to Paradise, where its ancestors sported in the sunbeams of the evening sun that shone upon the fows rivers. Never forget the thought that now spreads itself out so clearly before thee—that the *I** of the soul endures through the most distracting griefs and the most glowing ecstasies of mind, while the body breaks down by corporeal suffering and excitement. Souls are like the wandering lights of a dark, starry night, that move about unextinguished by the buffeting of the wind or by the drenching of the rain.

"Canst thou forget, in the dark hour of death, that great men have been in the world, and that thou followest where they have gone before thee ? Lift thyself up to the element of those pure spirits that stood upon their own mountains, and felt the storms of life around them, but never above them. Call back to thy recollection the succession of sages and poets who have animated people after people, and spread a light upon dark places."

"Speak of our Saviour," said the father.

"Think upon Jesus Christ in the dark hour of death ; for he, too, felt the darkness of that hour. Think upon Jesus Christ, that mild Moon of the infinite Sun for human nights. Let life and death be holy to thee ; for Jesus shared them both in his humanity. May He look down upon thee, gentle through dignity ; and, amid the darkness of the last hour, shew to thee his Father !"

A soft thunder rolled over the light, loose

* The *Ich* or *Ego*, a common expression in German authors for what we commonly call the mind, as distinguished from matter. It is a pregnant phrase ; and includes in one single letter the whole philosophy of consciousness, and the whole refutation of materialism. Metaphysical language is part of the current coin of German literature, and we see it with pleasure. Style marks the mind of a nation as of a man.

clouds of the dispiriting tempest, and the evening sun broke through, and filled the clouds with a more beautiful fire.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: how the heart of a man can love. Canst thou forget the love wherewith one heart can compensate the hearts of millions, and one soul can through a whole life nourish itself on another; as the oak of a hundred years keeps hold of the same rock with its roots, and out of its hidden waters sucks up the new energies and the new blossoms of a hundred springs."

"Meanest thou me also?" said the father.

"Thou and my mother also," said the son.

Justa wept; for she felt that her beloved had treasured up the hours of her love for the thoughts of his death-bed rejoicing; and the father said softly, thinking on his wife—"To meet again, to meet again!"

"Then think upon this," continued he, "in thy last hours; how many hours of undying enjoyment thou canst number; how many immortal days, when life was beautiful and great; when thou didst weep blessed tears in spring-time; when thou lifted up thy soul in prayer, and God appeared unto thee; when thou didst find the first and the last hand of love in one;—think upon this, and shut thine eyes in peace."

Suddenly, the collected mass of storm split into two high black mountains, and the deep sun shone forth between them as out of a valley between two steep walls of rock, and looked upon the earth again with a loving, motherly eye,* glittering with joy.

"What lightnings!" said the old man.

"It is the evening sun, my father."

"Yes, I will see her again, and this very day!" continued the dying man; but he meant his dear wife, who had been long asleep.

The son was now so moved that he was no longer able to read to his father the blessedness of meeting again upon earth, which he had this morning felt and written, and to describe how

the first sight of the beloved object loses itself in an undefined futurity, while the sight of the same object, after long absence, binds the blossoms of the future and the fruits of the past into one nosegay. How could Gottfried have undertaken to paint the happiness of an earthly meeting to one who already began to catch the far rays of the heavenly one?

Gottfried asked—"How art thou, father?"

"I think upon that in the last hour—yes, on this and on that; and death, also, is beautiful, and our falling asleep in Christ," murmured the old man to himself, and took hold of Gottfried's hand, but without squeezing it; for it was only the common flake-gathering of the dying. Yet still he imagined that he heard his son speaking; and said, always more transfigured and more entranced—"O thou, my all-good Creator!"

The accessory suns of life were now all extinguished, and only the great Sun itself stood in his soul—God!

Suddenly, he lifted himself up, and stretched out his arms, and said—"There stand the three beautiful rainbows over the evening sun. I must follow the sun, and where it goes, I must go also."

With this, he sank back, and all was over. At this moment, the evening sun set; and, as it set, its glory was reflected in a wide rainbow in the east.

"He has left us," said Gottfried, with a choked voice. "He has gone over to his God, amid great and pure joys—weep not for him, Justa."

But, as he said this, the long-restrained tears burst out from his eyes, and he pressed the hands of the dead man to his hot eyelids. The sky darkened; and a warm rain dropped softly upon the ground. Gottfried and Justa left the chamber of the dead, and wept quietly after the sun of their life, that out of the stormy clouds of life had now withdrawn itself with cheering splendour into the glory of a new day.

* In German, the sun is feminine. An English writer would scarcely speak of the sun's motherly eye.

Note by the Translator.

The Englishman loves the tale of character and incident; to the German, that of thought and feeling is more natural. The action and the bustle of outward life charm the one; the other delights in the mysteries of the inner man, and swims in the ocean of philosophy and religion. There is a wide gulf that only a very catholic taste can pass, between these two modes of existence; hence the great, for most minds, almost unquerable, antipathy between German and English literature. The present fashion of studying German does not make that antipathy less strong. Young people in this country are ready to do anything when it is fashionable, and will follow the Devil any length, so that he be dressed like a gentleman, and move in what is called "good society." Whether this sketch of Richter's that we have here translated, will please the general English taste or not, were hard to say. It is very German both in style and sentiment, not altogether free from bad taste, as, indeed, few German things are; but the man who can read it, without becoming, for the moment, at least, if not a wiser, at least a better man, must already have a heart of stone, callous to every delicate influence of poetry and religion. Richter is well known among our novel readers as a humourist and a wit of the first order; but it is in his calmer and diviner moods that we most relish him; there he seems peculiarly at home; there he is peculiarly what he always gloried to be—a German; there he discovers himself with all the artless openness of a child, and with all the calm unconscious strength of a Titan, to be a great good man—one of the best certainly and greatest, doubtless one of the most extraordinary and curiously organized, that ever walked forth from the bosom of the divine creativeness. We wish our German scholars may be induced to give themselves more and more to the writings of this man; compared with the vulgar productions of literature, they are a real "sermon on the mount;" and, if the present specimen of his genius fails to please those who have an "open sense" for such things, it must certainly be the fault of the translator, not of Jean Paul Richter.

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS.*

He be, i' faith, a monstrous bold man, this same Master Anonymous, author of "Shakspeare and his Friends"—a bold man, and, withal, a fortunate. He hath, moreover, some shrewd notions of the Age about which he writeth, and of its Men; a good judgment of dramatic and scenic effect; a sharp eye for picturesque circumstance; rare humour, and merry conceit; some learning; and, above all, a most famous and absolute courage, that never halts nor blanches. Faults he hath enow; but we think it to be but a sorry office, after having received many hours of right famous good entertainment from a merry work, to sit deliberately down to pull it to pieces, and carp at or rail against its faults. The faults in this book may be neither few nor small; yet is the work, notwithstanding, an excellent work, full of quaint devices, excellent good conceits, and most exquisitest fun.—To leave this bald imitation of our author's method of rendering the dialect of the age of Elizabeth, we may say, in sober earnest, that this romance possesses a certain vein of originality, and altogether very considerable merit. It is, more properly, a succession of dramatic scenes than a well-constructed or connected story. Characters of humour, costume, in the widest sense of the term, and description, form its strength, and are, indeed, its leading object. There are, however, many charming pictures of tenderness and sweet affection; and, if the author have little power to unlock the fountain of tears, he is so very apt at exciting smiles, that he sometimes trespasses too far, and pushes his mirth to a lame or melancholy conclusion. His greatest fault is never knowing when to have done, or how to let well alone. His minor transgressions are, violation of the proprieties of the age, and all manner of anachronisms. His gallants accomplish things in a *jiffy*, and "*go it*," exactly like modern men of the Fancy; and his poets *lay* when they should *lie*, like true Cockneys of the reign of Victoria. Instead of the round, mouth-filling oaths of our jovial ancestors, they "*drat it*." The adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh form a main branch of the storied interest of the volumes; and on his fortunes those of the hero, Master Francis, are grafted. We have said the author is a bold man. Having resolved to resuscitate Shakspeare, he makes no bones of the matter, but at once slap-dash precipitates him upon the stage, in this animated sort:—

It was a room of no extraordinary dimensions, yet was it not stinted to space. The ceiling was of a moderate height, and the sides of the chamber were of oak, the panels of which were adorned with a goodly show of delicate tracery, like unto the folds of linen; and round the chimney-piece was a most liberal display of carving, in fruit and foliage. A large vase of living flowers, that filled the chamber with a ravishing sweetness, stood beside the fire-dogs. One broad casement, composed of many little panes set into pieces of lead, looked out upon the river; and the centre part of it being

open like a door, at divers times might be heard the mellow "ye ho!" of the bargeman working his oar, as he piloted his heavy craft towards the city wharfs; or, mayhap, softened in the distance, the burthen of a popular ballad, sung by a party of merry apprentices going a pleasuring on the water. At one end of the room there rested on the oak floor, a large heavy press of dark walnut-tree wood, ornamented with rude carvings of Adam and Eve, and the tree of knowledge; and, opposite, stood an ancient bookcase, the shelves of which supported a number of famous black-letter volumes, folios and others, cased in parchment or roan bindings. On several narrow, high-backed chairs of carved oak, might be seen different articles of apparel—a hat on one, a cloak on another, and, mayhap, a rapier resting against a third. In one corner were sundry swords and a matchlock, in another, divers pieces of old armour. An empty tankard, and the remains of the morning repast, stood upon a large table in the centre of the chamber; and near the window, before a smaller table covered with papers, and in an antique arm chair, sat its illustrious occupant.

Although his hose were ungartered, and his doublet had been left unbraced, his right noble countenance and worshipful bearing, left not the spectator opportunity to notice the negligence of his attire. His face, which was of a manly age—two years short of thirty—had been most providently fashioned—with a forehead of marvellous capacity—eyes mild, yet lively—a mouth impressed with a very amatory eloquence—and a beard of a perfect gravity. Nor were his limbs of a less favourable mould. In fact, he was a man of multitudinous good graces. I would there were more such. Many such there can never be—for, admirable as he was in person, he was still more estimable in mind; and the union of these excellencies in a like liberal proportion is of such rarity, that peradventure the example will last out the world.

Sometimes he would smile as he wrote, as if tickled with the creations of his own fancy; and once his humour seemed so touched with some palpable conceit, that he cast down the pen, and, throwing himself back in his chair, did laugh right heartily. At other times, when he appeared to have written passages of a graver purport, which gave him more than passable satisfaction, he took the paper in his hand, and did read aloud, with a rich voice and a most felicitous expression; and, of a verity, never was the air so filled with delectable thoughts. At this time there was heard a knocking at the door. "Come in!" exclaimed he; and thereupon entered one apparelled like a young gallant, with hat and feather of a goodly fashion, a delicate satin doublet, an excellent fine ruff, a cloak worn daintily on the shoulder, and a long rapier fastened to his side: trunks prettily cut and embroidered, with silk hose and ruffled boots.

This gallant is Dick Burbage, the player; and there is a lively skirmishing of wit, jest, clinch, and pun, before Master Burbage comes to the point of his visit, which was to solicit a sonnet from his friend, to present, as his own, to a beautiful girl, a mercer's daughter in Eastcheap, with whom he had fallen in love. Master Shakspeare refused point-black. "Nay, but, sweet Will,"

"What! not assist thy old friend and comrade?" asked the other, in the same bantering tone he had used from the first; "how often have I done thee a good turn that way? Dost remember, in merry Stratford, when we were both boys, yet with an intolerant inclination for the honour of manhood, how often I did lead Sir Thomas Lucy's gamekeeper in search of imaginary deer-stealers, whilst thou wert courting his niece in the shrubbery?"

"Ha! ha! thou hast me there, Dick," replied his friend, unable to refrain from laughing at the odd as-

sociations which came crowding to his memory, "thou hast me there of a surety. Ah, Kate! she was a delectable little gipsy, with a most enticing smile, and a smile that would thaw a six weeks' frost. But dost forget thine own tricks, old Memorandum? Hast forgot when thou wert laying siege to Barbara, the sexton's pretty daughter, behind the church, how I, with a sheet I had stolen for the nonce, and a turpin lantern and candle, did stalk through the churchyard, to keep the folks from disturbing thee—to the horror of the whole neighbourhood, and the near frightening to death of three ancient spinsters, two drunken ploughboys, and the parish constable?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the other, with an obstreperous fit of mirth, "'tis as true as life; I'm nothing better than a Turk, if ev'ry word isn't gospel."

While these merry companions joke, banter, and laugh together, enters Master Fletcher, who gives them the rare and welcome intelligence, that the Master of the Revels had announced the Queen's intention to honour the poor players with a visit at the Globe, attended by many honourable persons of the court. They departed to prepare for the reception of her Majesty at their theatre; and, Master Shakspeare having indited a complimentary letter to his patron, the Earl of Southampton, acknowledging a present of exquisite flowers, resumed his studies at one of those "famous plays," which did afterwards bring so much honour to his name. He had not been long so engaged, when a gentle knock was heard at the door, and a youth of seventeen entered—tall, slim, and elegant, and, though clad in homely russet, having a graceful bearing, and a mild, thoughtful countenance, that denoted much higher qualities than his poor apparel betokened. The youth had taken the boldness to send Master Shakspeare a tragedy entitled "Hero and Leander," which he had read, and now criticised. And, as the drama was a subject which he probably understood nearly as well as any subsequent editors or reviewers, we shall like to hear his ideas:—

"The time of mysteries and moralities hath gone by. People now will not listen to dialogues without an object, and plays without a plot. David hath ceased to abuse Goliath in a set speech an hour long, and Joseph lingereth no longer to preach a thrice tedious sermon to Potiphar's wife. If a play have no action, it must needs have but little interest; for, although something may occasionally be done in a narrative form, if the ball be not kept up—that is to say, if the *dramatis personæ* be doing of nothing—even if the sentences be proverbs of wisdom, then shall the play be a bad play. Again, if the characters who form the plot have no individuality or distinct features, in accordance with nature or probability, though they look like Alexanders and argue like Aristotles, shall the play be a bad play. Your tragedy, Master Francis, hath these particular defects."

At this, and more in the same strain, the youth was monstrously cast down; so

Master Shakspeare, observing, for the first time, that the lips of his visitor had lost their accustomed ruddiness, and that he did look most despairing and woe-begone, with that sweet sympathy which maketh the generous so fearful of giving pain to another, instantly began to turn over the leaves of Master Francis's play, and resumed his discourse. "But let me not cause you to imagine that I think naught of your tragedy, Master Francis. Far be it from me to say so. I do consider the blank verse very musical and eloquent, and full of right admirable conceits."

And Master Shakspeare read sundry bewati-

ful passages, and "opined" that they were admirable, and of great promise; and, accordingly, gave the youth much generous good advice, and pressed upon him the rites of hospitality, in a right frank and hearty sort, bringing, at the same time, forth of a recess in the chamber, a flask and two drinking horns. As they discoursed over their wine in a social, friendly sort, Master Francis told his story.

"I must," he said, "be going, or my uncle will be angered with me; and he is a man of a most ungracious humour."

"A murrain on him!" cried Master Shakspeare. "And, if I may make so free as to ask, who is he?"

"He is Gregory Vellum, the scrivener, of St Mary Axe," replied the youth; "and, though report say that he abounds in riches, one would suppose that he hath not sufficient to furnish a beggar's wallet."

"Have you no father living?" asked his host.

"It is uncertain," responded Mr Francis, more seriously.

Francis longed to quit his miserly uncle, and Master Shakspeare promised to befriend him, and afterwards amply redeemed his pledge. Before the new acquaintances parted, Shakspeare drew a cherished secret from the modest youth, and they pledged the wine cup to the beautiful Joanna, the same mercer's daughter of Eastcheap with whom all the gayest gallants of the court and the briskest prentices of the city were alike madly in love. Before Master Francis reached St Mary Axe, a little old man, meanly apparelled, was stumping

About with his stick in a gloomy room, that appeared from its deficiency in all furniture, save a desk with a tall stool, and several papers and parchments tied up and placed on shelves about the fire-place, that it was an office. "Francis! Francis, I say! A murrain on thee for a lazy varlet! thou art sure to give me the alip as soon as my back is turned. Francis!" he shouted again, and then muttered to himself—"a wasteful, idle, good-for-naught, that be always consuming my substance or mis-spending my time; I would I were well rid of him. Francis, I say! Here have I been bawling about the house for the better part of an hour, searching for him—the graceless vagrant. Francis!" Thus he went on, growling and grumbling, and poking into every hole and corner, with a physiognomy most unnaturally crabbed, and a voice feeble and shrewish. At last he sat himself down on the stool, laid aside his stick, and began examining the loose papers on the desk; first putting on a pair of cracked spectacles, to assist his sight. . . .

As he scrutinised the papers, he broke out into such vehement ejaculations as these:—

"This account not finished! Here's a villainous neglect of my interests! Here's a shameful contempt of my authority! Here's flat contradiction and horrible ingratitude! Oh, the abominable and most pestilent knave! while he eats me out of house and home—costs me a world and all in tailoring and other charges—he leaveth my business to take care of itself. But what have we here?" he exclaimed, as he commenced examining a paper that had evidently been concealed amongst the others. "Verres, or I'm a heathen!" cried he, in a tone of consternation. "Nay, if he takes to such evil courses, it must needs come to hanging." Whilst he was intent upon perusing with angry exclamations the contents of the object that had excited his displeasure, he suddenly felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, turning round with no small degree of alarm impressed upon his unamiable features, he observed a young female—by her dress probably of the middle ranks. She wore on the back of her head a small velvet hat, from under which escaped several long dark tresses, that, parted in the front, set off to great advantage a right comely face, of a very rich complexion, which was made infinitely more attractive by a pair of delicate dark hazel eyes, peculiarly seductive in their expres-

sion. Her age might be somewhat beyond twenty; for her form was fully rounded, and moulded into the most excellent proportions, which were admirably apparelled in a neat bodice and a dainty farthingale. In truth, she was a damsel possessed of all the perfections of womanhood.

"You sweet rogue, how you frightened me!" exclaimed the old man; the surprise and alarm he had exhibited in his countenance now giving place to pleasure and admiration, as he gazed upon the smiling beauty before him.

"But what hath so put your temper into vital jeopardy, good Gregory Vellum?" asked she, coaxingly, as she leaned over his shoulder, seemingly the better to observe the writing he held in his hand.

"Marry, matter enough, sweetest," replied he; "that ungodly and most hateful reprobate, my nephew—"

"Oh, the prodigal!" cried the other, as if marvelling greatly; but still stretching out her pretty neck to see what was written on the paper.

"I am glad to find that you regard his atrocious wickedness with a proper detestation," repeated the other. "But that be not the worst of his villainy. Only think of the pestilent varlet robbing me of these fine bits of candle, which, in my search for him a moment since, I found secreted away in his chamber!"

"What wonderful iniquity!" exclaimed she.

"Ay, that is it with a vengeance," replied the old man. "Now, he stealths these pieces of candle—a murrain on him for his abominable dishonesty—and burneth them when I, his too indulgent uncle, am fast asleep; and there he sits, wearing out the night in studying a most unprofitable lot of heathenish books. But take this trumpery and read it, Mistress Joanna, for he writes such an unnatural fine hand that my poor eyes ache with looking at it."

The fair Joanna read and applied the verses; and seemed lost in a maze of conflicting thoughts.

Her brow became dark, and her eye fixed; and so completely had she given herself up to her own reflections, that she heard not the question that had been put to her.

"What say you, sweetheart?" said he, familiarly, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "Doth not your half stand on end to see how he misuseth me? Why, he setteth me a matter of a great week for his dishonor he hath the appetite of two carriers—and then—the scoundrel! to be robbing me in this monstrous manner, when candles are threepence to the pound—and to be scribbling his preposterous atrocities when stationery is at so high a cost! By my troth, he hath no more virtue than an addled egg! But what think you of the verses?"

"Sad stuff, Master Vellum," she replied, having perfectly recovered from her confusion; "but be assured there is no harm in them. I think he ought not to be encouraged in these practices; so I will e'en take the paper with me, and tear it to pieces as I go along."

"Ah, do, good Joanna!"

"You are a woman of admirable discretion; and of a truly excellent fancy. Dost despise these raw youths; and couldst affect a man of more mature years?"

"Ay, marry, and why not?" inquired she, very innocently.

"You are a most excellent wench!" exclaimed he with unaffected delight, as he seemed to feast his eyes upon the graces of her countenance—"one of ten thousand. Think you, you could rest content with an old man—say, one not so old either—who would never be gadding from you like your young gallants, none of whom are ever to be trusted out of sight, but would murther you, and cherish you, and fondle you, and make much of you; and none but you; and make you mistress of all his gold, his house, and himself?"

"Ay, marry, why should I not?" repeated she in the same tone.

"Then you shall have me, sweetheart!" cried the old man in an ecstasy; and coming, by the unsteady movement of his hands, with great difficulty to refrain from

throwing his arms round her neck:—"I have loved you for some months, sweetest! and all the little gifts I have bestowed upon you, were to show you how enamoured I was of your most blessed condition. And I will tell you a secret, my love! my dove! my angel! my paragon of womanhood!" continued he, adverting about, and glancing upon her with his look-justo eyes, as if he were bewitched. "Although I seem so poor—yet am I richer than I seem. Ay, am I. I have store of gold—bright yellow gold! Hush, there's no one listening, is there?" he all at once exclaimed, as, fearing he had said too much, he gave a restless glance around the room.

"Not a soul," replied Joanna, still retaining the same unmoved countenance.

We have been somewhat copious in extracts; but the love subsisting between Joanna and Master Francis we consider the finest and most original and passionate thing in the serious portion of the volumes; and we, therefore, wish to introduce the mercer's daughter in her full proportions, and with all her attributes and true womanly sensibilities—and all her frailties of womanly vanity, quite as true. In this well-drawn scene, Joanna contrives to wheedle the miser out of a certain Venetian gold chain; but, when he talks of naming the wedding day, she replies—

"We will talk of that anon; but the chain."

"I fly, sweetest," cried the old man, shuffling towards the door; but, just as he was about to open it, he came back hastily, with his eyes glistening, and his beaming countenance all of a glow, "we will spend all the yellow gold; we will live a right merry life. I faith you shall have all that heart can desire, you shall, you shall, you shall, my queen of beauty!"

"The chain, worthy Gregory Vellum," repeated his fair companion, as she eluded his eager advances.

"I am gone," said he, again hastening off; but, before he opened the door, he turned round, clasped his skinny hands together, and, turning up the whites of his eyes, exclaimed, "Indeed, I love thee infinitely."

"That for thy love," cried she, spitting on the floor, with every mark of indignation and disgust, as soon as she heard him rapidly ascending the stairs, "that for thy love, thou most abhorred and infamous old dotard; but I will use thee. For the sake of one whose little finger is dearer to me than thy old moth-eaten cat's paw, I will make thee bring out thy long-boarded gold, and squander it right liberally." Then, hearing a noise at the door which opened into the street, she looked to see who it was. The same modest youth entered to whom the reader hath been introduced, at Master Shakespeare's lodging, on the Bank side.

"What, Joanna!" he exclaimed, hastening towards her, with a most smiling countenance, "nay, this is a pleasure I dreamed not of."

"Tis I, Francis," she replied, allowing him to take her hand, which he passionately pressed to his lips; "but thy cheek is flushed, and thine eye unsteady. What ails thee?"

"Nothing, dearest," said he; "I have been detained, and I thought my uncle would be angered with me for stopping; for thou knowest how easy he is of provocation, so I ran all the way home."

"Thou hadst best make haste, and conceal thyself somewhere for the nonce," responded she, "for thy uncle hath just left me, meaning to return straight; and he is out of all temper with thee, for sundry offences which, he saith, thou hast committed. So, go thy ways, and let me see thee again, for I have much to say to thee."

"I will do thy bidding lovingly; yet, it is a most regretful thing to be obliged to leave thee," he said, as, with reluctant steps and slow, he made towards the door. Then, keeping his eyes upon her till the last moment, eloquent with a most impassioned tenderness, he left the room.

"Poor boy!" murmured she, as, with a countenance

full of melancholy interest, she watched his departure; "poor boy! he little knoweth how many distasteful things I do for his dear sake."

At this moment, Gregory Vellum was heard upon the stairs. There was a marked difference betwixt his going and his returning; for, whereas, in the first instance, he had galloped like an ostrich, now he was heard descending, step by step, so slow that it would not be a great stretch of fancy to say, he might have fallen asleep between whiles. Presently he opened the door, and, instead of hastening towards Joanna, with enamoured looks and impatient gestures, as might have been expected from his previous behaviour, he advanced, at a laggard's pace, with his eyes fixed upon a glittering chain of gold, that he kept turning about in his hand, and with a face in which the demon of avarice had evidently got the better of the demon of sensuality.

We cannot give the rest of this scene, but Joanna finally obtains the chain; and the repentant and cheated miser is offered as payment a kiss of her hand:—

"Fool! dolt! idiot! madman!" cried he vehemently, as he beat his head with his clenched fists, "to be tricked, cozened, and imposed upon in this barefaced manner, by a woman. O Gregory Vellum, Gregory Vellum, what a very ass thou art! My chain of Venice gold is lost irretrievably, that I took for a debt of fifty crowns, and for which Master Ingot, the goldsmith, would have given me forty at any time. Oh, fool, that can only cozen boys and folks afar off, thou art cheated past all redemption!" Then he went and sat upon the stool, and leaned his head upon his hand, apparently in a monstrous melancholy humour. "Fifty crowns gone for nothing. Oh," exclaimed he frantically, beating his heels against the stool, and then wringing his hands, "what a poor, wretched, miserable lunatic am I, to think of scouring at my time of day. Such a brilliant chain! Oh, most preposterous idiot! fifty crowns! Oh, thou incomprehensible blockhead!"

While he ran on, lamenting his vanished chain, he was suddenly arrested by a voice—a rich, clear, mellifluous voice—which was heard singing the following words:—

"I gave my Love a posie gay,
Of all the sweetest flowers in May,
And bade her, till their leaves might die,
Upon her breast to let them lie.
" 'I faith,' quoth she,
'Are these for me!
Like thy sweet words, how sweet they be!
But, if thy maid
Thy love should aid,
Oh, bring her gifts that never fade!' "
"I gave my Love a ribbon rare,
To tie around her silken hair,
'Sweetheart,' quoth I, 'long may it grace
So brave, so proud a resting place! "
" 'Ah, me!' she cried,
And looked and sighed,
'In this bright gaud thy looks I've spied;
But see! 'twill fray
And wear away—
Oh! bring me gifts that last for aye.' "

"A pernicious varlet, will he never have done with his coxcomb singing!" cried Gregory Vellum. But the singer continued his song.

Many sketches of charming verse occur in the volumes; and, in the mottoes, the author has exhausted all the rare elder poets. The scene between the miser and his nephew may be imagined. In the office, Francis misses his verses from his desk, ruminates upon the exquisite Joanna, feels jealous of a certain Ralph Goshawk, a stage-struck coxcomb apprentice, and one of the many admirers of the bright-eyed damsel of Eastcheap:—

"If she doth affect that Ralph Goshawk," he exclaimed, in a sort of doubting yet inquiring tone, as if he knew not for certain, yet wanted to know something he feared would not be desirable to learn. Then, having passed some minutes in profound yet anxious reflection, he suddenly started up, saying, "But she is too good to be deceitful," he seemed at once to dismiss all his uncomfortable thoughts, and set himself to writing out some account, with a very cheerful and delighted countenance. At this he continued diligently, but ever and anon exclaiming, "O excellent Joanna!" or, with a like enthusiasm, "Dear, sweet, exquisite creature!" or, with a countenance that did witness for his sincerity, "Oh, I do love thee infinitely!" till there came a sudden turn in his humour, and, with a more thoughtful look, he put down his pen, and, folding his arms, asked himself the question—"But why doth she deny me the caresses she hath so often granted?" After which he again grew uneasy, (judging by the expression of his features,) and it did seem as if his reflections were hurrying him to very unsatisfactory conclusions; for he looked not at all pleased.

"That Ralph Goshawk seemeth villainously familiar with her."

Francis was interrupted by some one opening the door:—

And, looking round, observed a very odd-looking boy in a leathern jerkin and woollen cap, such as were worn by the common people, advancing into the office, desperately intent upon picking a bone. He was somewhat short of stature, with a fair pair of bandy legs, and his face—none of the cleanest—was fat and freckled, having a noticeable huge mouth, then upon the stretch—a pug nose, and eyes squinting abominably. Without saying a word, he marched towards a corner of the room, and sat himself down on the floor, picking his bone—the which employment he varied by giving an occasional bite—which made a mark that placed beyond dispute his mouth's capacity—in a thick hunk of bread he drew from under his jerkin.

This figure proved to be the cock in Hamlet, otherwise Gib, the call-boy of the Globe Theatre, who is very cleverly hit off. He was the bearer of a letter from Master Shakspeare, inviting Francis to come to him at the playhouse. The youth was dispatched by his uncle to dun a merchant; and, scarcely knowing whither he went, he entered Eastcheap. We must give the following scene at some length, as we consider it one of the most delicately drawn in the whole work. In Eastcheap, the musing youth

Was stirred up into a very proper consciousness of where he was—his heart began to beat most disturbedly—the paleness of his cheek made way for a flush of crimson, and his eye had gained a lustrousness that gave unto his gentle countenance a truly eloquent expression.

Passing by shops of divers kinds, and even taking no heed of the barber-chirurgeon's over the way, where his true friend, Harry Daring, was apprenticed, he at last made for one that was a mercer's, where the owner, a somewhat lusty old man, with a lively roguish look, and an excellent jolly face, stood recommending to a customer sundry ells of three-piled velvet that lay before him, whom, seeing engaged, he stopped not to gossip with, but went on, as if it was his wont, to a little room at the back, where, finding no one, he opened a door, and proceeded up a little flight of stairs close upon it, at the top of which there was another door, whereat, with his heart in a greater flutter than ever, he did knock gently with his knuckles; and, hearing a voice, the soft tones of which he recognized with a most infinite delight, he uncovered and entered the room.

The chamber was rather low, and of a no great size, having a wainscot and floor of oak, with rafters very solid, running across the ceiling, and a window stretching out into the street. The furniture was substantial rather than elegant, such as might be seen in the houses of the better sort of citizens; yet was there a considerable

show of taste in many things, which spoke as plain as could any words that a woman's graceful hand had had the ordering of them. There was no one therein but Joanna; who sat, or rather reclined, in an ample chair with arms, supporting her head by her hand. She wore an elegant dress of watchet colour, laced down the front, with a girdle of silver baudekin, at the which was a little pocket on one side. Her silken hair was artfully disposed, falling in a loose lock on her delicate shoulder, and bound at the top in a network caul of gold. Her well-shaped feet were cased in a pair of dainty white stockings and velvet slippers, projecting out of her petticoat, with the heel of one resting upon the instep of the other, to the manifest disclosure of a most exquisite ankle. In this position, the well-defined outline of the ripened beauties of her figure were seen to great advantage, especially as the low, tight boddicoe, then in the fashion, did excellently well display the full bust, and truly admirable neck and shoulder, the delicateness whereof have I not the cunning to describe, therefore will I leave it to the imagination of the courteous reader. She had evidently been a thinking; but whether pleasurable or otherwise, I have no means of knowing, except this be taken as a sign, that when Master Francis first beheld her at that time, there was a severity in the loveliness of her countenance, tempered with a very touching melancholy.

"Joanna!" exclaimed the youth, hastening delightedly to her side, "I am here at thy desire, and truly to mine own most infinite gratification. But what ailst thee?" he inquired suddenly, in a tone of affectionate interest, as he noticed that the pleasureableness expressed in his own features was not reflected in hers. At the question, she looked at him as with a careful scrutiny of his pale and thoughtful brow, but said never a word.

"Have I angered thee?" he asked, in a more subdued voice; and his gaze became as melancholy as her own. "Believe me I meant it not. In truth, I would rather die than anger thee."

"No!" replied she to his question, with impressive tones and eloquent emphasis. "Thou hast not angered me." And then the severity of her look much abating, added, with great stress on the words, "Thou hast never angered me."

"Indeed I hope not," said Master Francis, earnestly. "But who or what hath made thee look so unhappy?"

"Thou hast," she answered.

"I!" exclaimed the youth, with extreme surprise and sorrow. "What a wretch am I to have done it! and yet I know not how it could be; for gratitude for thy never-tiring kindness doth prompt me at all times to do the very reverse. Tell me how it was, and instantly will I seek to undo the unsought for mischief."

Joanna silently took from the little pocket at her girdle a paper that she gave into his hands—the which he instantly opened, designing to read it, as such seemed to him to be her wish; but, to his exceeding astonishment, he discovered it to be the very poem he had written and lost from off the desk in his uncle's office. He stood like one that is detected in wrong-doing, unable to say aught for himself; yet, though he saw that his expostulation had done him mischief, knew he not what offence there could be in it.

"What made thee think I had ceased to love thee?" asked she in a voice by no means angry, after she had watched for a sufficient time his downcast eyes and modest confusion of countenance, as he stood before her.

"It seemed to me that thou dost regard another," replied Master Francis, tremulously.

"Whom?" inquired Joanna, with more earnestness, fixing on him a somewhat anxious and penetrating look.

"Ralph Goshawk," answered he.

She remained silent for some few seconds, but a faint smile might have been observed about the corners of her beautiful mouth.

"In truth, I marvel thou couldst have entertained such a conception," said she at last.

"Dost thou not love him indeed?" asked the youth, most incredulously, as if were,

"Indeed I love him not," she replied.

"And dost regard me as kindly as thou wert used to?" he inquired more urgently, raising his eloquent eyes to her own.

"Most kindly quite as kindly," answered she.

"Dear, dear Joanna!" exclaimed Master Francis, as he knelt on one knee, and taking in his the disengaged hand that lay upon her lap, bowed his head till his lips rested thereon, and in that position remained. The melancholy expression of Joanna's countenance still was altered not; but there was now a tender interest in her dark eyes as she gazed upon her youthful lover. Presently she raised herself in her position, and took his hand in both hers, very affectionately.

"Yet am I much hurt that thou shouldst doubt me," said she. "I thought I had proved beyond question how much I regarded thee above all others—perhaps with more carelessness than did become me. But, knowing the innocency of mine intentions, and trusting in the modesty of thy disposition, I was content. Alack! 'tis a sad world!—we cannot do right when we wish; and when we are satisfied of our conduct, there cometh some malicious tongue to slander our doings. None knew the wickedness that exists—that poisons the air we breathe with a perpetual pestilence, and obliges us to do by craft what we cannot do by honesty. I have to endure many things that make me unhappy—very unhappy—I needed not such verses as thou hast written."

As she concluded the sentence, he raised his head, and saw that she was wiping with her handkerchief a tear that did tremble on her eyelid.

"Indeed, they shall trouble thee no more," cried the youth, as he disengaged his hand, and tore the paper into numberless small fragments; "and very heartily am I vexed that I should have given thee a moment's uneasiness. For what wonderful goodness hast thou exhibited towards me; the like of which surely was never known! Truly I must have behaved most unnaturally to have vexed thee in this manner; and I'll never forgive myself if thou wilt not forgive me." And then, most sorrowful in heart, he hid his face upon her lap.

"I have forgiven thee," said she, affectionately twining her fingers in the light curls of his chestnut hair; "but take no such fancies into thy head again; be content with the assurances thou art continually receiving of how much I regard thee, and think nothing of whatever else may seem of a different tendency. Nothing can be so sure as that, whilst thou art worthy, thou wilt be beloved."

Master Francis was too much enraptured to reply; and in this position they remained for some minutes—she bending over him, with her dark hazel eyes softened into tenderness; and he impressed so deeply with the subduing spirit of the moment, that he would not or cared to move from where he was.

Joanna having at last taken away her hands to enclasp his, he raised his head, and, looking into her face, very fondly, yet with a touch of regret, said—"But why hast thou denied me those sweet caresses thou didst use to grant?"

"Truly, I am not in the mood on all occasions," replied she, in rather a sad tone of voice; "there are remembrances I cannot obliterate when I would, that come upon me at times, and make me regardless of all except the discomfort they bring. It would be but a mockery to caress thee under such circumstances; and, indeed, though I may often seem gay-hearted—forgetting for a time the unpleasantness of the past, in the enjoyments of the present,—yet, when awakened to recollection—which is no difficult matter—there lives not a creature on this earth so truly wretched as am I. Be content, then, with the pleasure I can grant when I may be in the humour; and seek not, when the time is not auspicious, to increase my disquietude by ill-timed importunity."

"I will not," replied he. "But wilt thou do so ever again?" he asked, as if almost afraid to put the question.

"I will," she answered, with apparent unaffectedness.

"Dear Joanna, but wilt thou do so soon?" he inquired, more impressively.

"I will," said she.

"Exquisite Joanna!—but wilt thou do so now?" he asked, with still greater emphasis.

It would be unweaving the sweet mysteries of affection to describe the endearments that blessed the recondensation of those devoted lovers. There throbbeth not a heart in the wide world, that hath been touched by the generous influence of true love, but hath played its part in the same drama, and can, from the fond prompting of the memory, imagine the entrancing scene more vividly than could I describe the acting of it. Methinks, too, that the development of those delicious influences that make humanity angelic should be kept sacred from the vulgar eye; else might the selfish and the prodigal find matter in it for idle speculation, or licentious conjecture. . . .

The affection which existed betwixt Joanna and Master Francis had in it this peculiar feature, that the former had so much the seniority of her lover, it invested her with an evident controlling power over him. She appeared as though uniting in her behaviour the authority of a careful guardian with the fondness of a devoted woman, and sometimes it appeared as if some strange interest bound her to the youth, of so deep a tenderness, as was marvellously like unto that of a parent. In truth, it was a strange thing to behold a creature so exquisitely fashioned, having much the outward appearance of one existing only for, and in the enjoyment of the most passionate worship of the opposite sex, seeming, with a delicacy the purest nature could never have excelled, so virtuously to conduct herself, as proved all the sterling excellence of womanhood was manifest in her actions; whilst the enamoured youth that knelt before her, dumb with excess of modesty, and overpowered with the intensity of his admiration, regarded her with such an enthusiasm in his delighted gaze, tempered with so profound a respect, as plainly shewed he loved with the purity of heart and earnestness of purpose which belong only to that age and disposition that exist in the enjoyment of a perfect innocence.

"Dear heart," exclaimed he, after a long, yet very eloquent silence, "it seemeth to me exceeding strange that, when I sit me down to write of thee, all admirable thoughts, like the bees hastening to the sweet blossoms, come crowding to be penned; but when, with my lips, I would essay to breathe into thine ear ought of what rare pleasure I experience from the continual influence of thy unbounded goodness, such words as I have at command are so little to the purpose, that I am forced to a seeming ungrateful silence; yet am I most gratefully bound to thee. Thou art my guardian angel, and, in earnest truth, most exquisite Joanna, my heart ever yearneth to pour out its spirit in thanksgiving for thy unceasing kindness."

He received no reply, unless it was conveyed in a more evident pressure of the hands she held clasped in her own, or in a softer and more thrilling glance from the clear hazel of her lustrous eyes. He continued—

"My benefactress!—my!"

"Hush!" she exclaimed quickly, interrupting him. "Have I not told thee never to allude to what I have done for thy good?"

He remained silent, as if conscious he had committed an error.

"And now, pray thee, tell me how hast thou sped with thy tragedy?" she inquired.

"It will not do, dear Joanna," he replied.

"Despair not—thou wilt do better anon," she said, in an encouraging tone.

"But methinks I have found a friend," added Master Francis, more cheerfully.

"I am truly glad on't," said she.

"Hast heard of Master Shakspeare?"

This is a long extract; but justice to the author required it. After some comic adventures at the outskirts of the Globe, Master Francis reaches the shabby green-room of those days, where all the players were assembled, already dressed in character to play the Second Part of *Henry the*

Fourth before Queen Elizabeth. The scene is animated, and shews considerable knowledge of the interior of a playhouse. Master Shakspeare discourses to his young friend about the characters around him—authors, actors, and such noble lovers and patrons of the drama as Southampton and Buckhurst. Between the acts, Burbage, who played the Prince of Wales, is asked how he had sped with the borrowed love verses; and he relates his adventures, though Francis is not led to suspect that the mistress of the player is the fair Joanna. When the mimic Prince of Wales was summoned by Stentor-Gib, the humorous call-boy, Master Shakspeare took his young friend to a nook whence he could have a full survey of the house, from the "groundlings" of the pit to the nobility of the lodgings, and the threepenny customers of the "scaffold." Lodgings and scaffold were then the names for the boxes and galleries. At the conclusion of the play, Master Shakspeare was hurried off by Raleigh to receive the compliments of Elizabeth, who, with great commendation of his wit, vouchsafed her gracious protection of the poor players, now grievously vexed by the sanctified city authorities. The Queen even vouchsafed her jewelled hand to kiss, and left the dramatist kneeling as she withdrew to the flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums—a right gallant show. Next day, Master Francis, who had obtained a kind though hurried reception from Sir Walter Raleigh on the introduction of Master Shakspeare, waited upon the accomplished adventurer at Durham House; and, to his infinite contentment, was appointed his private secretary. An assignation between Master Shakspeare and the slipperly Joanna—whom the gallant dramatist had admired at a meeting of archers in Finsbury—need not be strictly followed, though it helps to develop her mingled and highly dramatic character. Coquettish, fickle, vain, and inordinately fond of the admiration of the other sex, and yet a generous, tender woman, and a passionate lover—that mixture of delicacy and levity, purity and folly, named Joanna, contains much genuine nature, and great dramatic interest.

In the meanwhile, Master Francis goes far away from London and Joanna; sailing on the high seas with Raleigh, who proves to his young secretary more a father and an instructor than a master. We have not adverted to Raleigh's share of the story—his love passages, namely, and secret marriage with the beautiful Elizabeth Throckmorton. The terror of the devoted wife lest the discovery of their union should ruin the fortunes of her husband, by bringing upon him the displeasure of the Queen, gives rise to many beautiful and tender domestic scenes, which are well relieved by the lively prattle and saucy archness of Alice, the affectionate cousin and constant consoler of Dame Elizabeth, the confidant of the lovers before their marriage, and ever their watchful friend at Court. Their secret union had been discovered by the crafty Sir Robert Cecil—who dreaded his influence with the Queen—and certain

other enemies of Raleigh; and an intrigue is set on foot at Court to effect his ruin. One agent in this plot is the Lady Howard of Walden, a woman of some beauty but of no principle, whose love Raleigh had slighted. The Queen had been prepared for the terrible explosion against her favourite, by chagrin at the tardiness and ill-success of his expedition; and when Lady Howard made the astounding communication, nothing could exceed her indignation.

There is, however, far too much of it, and we, besides, consider the author much less felicitous in these stormy royal scenes, than in those of calm tenderness, or in those of humour and jovial conviviality. He has, we think, hit Elizabeth better in her unbending moments, when the vanity of the woman, excited by adroit flattery, triumphs over the pride of the Queen, than in her wrath and fury. She appears often on the boards, and never more agreeably than when hearing read by Shakespeare that drama which she had commanded him to write—*Falstaff in love*, namely, or “*The Merry Wives of Windsor*.” When the fat knight was put into the buck-basket, she exclaimed, merrily—“In honest truth, Master Shakespeare that fat knight of yours is like to make our sides ache. Oh, the absolute villain! Oh, the monstrous rogue! I’faith, ’tis an excellent conceit. We are taken with the humour of it mightily. What say you, my Lord?” turning to Essex—“doth it not seem as ridiculous to you as heart could wish?” And when Falstaff is beaten as the fat woman of Brentford—“Better and better,” exclaimed the Queen, in evident delight. “These be merry wives, indeed! I’faith ’tis the difficultest thing possible, to say which serve they out the best—Master Jealous-pate the husband, or that huge piece of roguery, Sir John Falstaff. Is it not so, my Lord?” The Queen had been put into the finest humour possible, by the mirthful conclusion of the play, and had volunteered to attend on the first night of its representation. The courtiers would have divided the laurels of the dramatist with her Majesty, whose “most exquisite wit” had suggested the subject of the play; but this homage she at once took and disclaimed, giving, or affecting to give, the sole credit to Master Shakespeare, of whom she graciously inquired, if she could serve him in aught. “Speak what you would have,” said she; “and, if in modest bounds, it shall be granted.” He was so bold, or foolish in friendship, as to crave the pardon of Raleigh, now a prisoner in the Tower; and the Queen’s brows grew black on the sudden; while she sharply rebuked the bold advocate of the disgraced favourite.

Essex had the magnanimity to come to the rescue of Master Shakespeare, and also to speak in favour of his rival, Raleigh; so Shakespeare was graciously dismissed, while the Queen went the length of acknowledging that her captain of the guard, Raleigh, had many commendable qualities; and the courtiers were in ecstasy at the generosity of her gracious Majesty towards the man who had done her so grievous a wrong as to

marry to please himself, without consulting the Princess, who chose, as one of her royal prerogatives, to engross the admiration of all the handsome young gallants of her court. History is followed with some fidelity in those adventures of Raleigh, which fiction cannot equal. Immediately on his return to England, he had been arrested and imprisoned in the Tower; and his arrival, arrest, and way of life in prison, are detailed in several charming domestic scenes, of which, as a specimen, we shall select the following:—

Sir Walter Raleigh sat at a table, on which were many books and papers, in a small chamber in the Tower; which, certes, was properly furnished enough, though everything therein was of an exceeding antique fashion; and the beautiful Dame Elizabeth, now looking with a very matronly dignity, sat as near as might be opposite to him, working of a baby’s cap, whilst close by her side was a cradle, in which slept a marvellous pretty infant. Now she would take her eyes from her work, and fix them on the slumbering child with such sweet and smiling looks as shewed her heart was delighted with what she gazed on; and anon she would turn them to where sat her husband, leaning of his head on his hand over a large book he seemed to be a studying of so intently that he could regard naught else; and there was then so tender a solicitude in her eyes as was quite moving to see. She seemed as though she would have spoke, and yet refrained from it for fear of disturbing him in his studies. Again she continued at her work, but not without stealing of an occasional glance at the babe or at Sir Walter. Yet was there ever a singular difference in the expression of her look to each. She still regarded her child with a fond and truly delicate smile, whilst upon her husband her gaze fell with an increasing melancholy, which at last became exceeding pathetic. It so happened that Sir Walter Raleigh, turning over a leaf, raised his head, and noticed the moving sadness of her looks.

“What makes thee look so woful, Bess?” inquired he, affectionately.

“Woful!—Surely I look not woful, dear Walter?” she replied, as if with an assumed cheerfulness. “I am content—I lack nothing. Thou art everything I could wish. For what should I look woful then? Indeed thou must have mistaken my countenance hugely, if thou hast gathered from it I be in any way out of heart.”

“In truth, sweetest, thou hadst but now so piteous a look, that I was moved at it,” said he.

“Then was it a false look, dear Walter; and therefore regard it not, I prythee!” exclaimed his beautiful wife, very earnestly. “Let it not move thee at all, for it must have been a villanous deceitful look if it hath given thee a moment’s uneasiness.”

“I have never yet seen aught in thee deceitful, dear Bess,” observed Sir Walter. “Therefore am I now loath to believe that thou couldst have to do with such. Have I said or done any such thing as might have made thee sad?”

“Nay, on my life, thou hast been to me the kindest, best creature fond woman ever loved!” replied Dame Elizabeth, with great eagerness. “I am not sad at all, dear Walter. I’faith! methinks I should be more merry than sad, seeing what bountiful good fortune is mine. Thou art with me. The Queen might have done me such ill office as to have kept us separate; yet hath she graciously allowed me the extreme happiness of being with thee. Then why should I be sad? Looked I less cheerful than ordinary, mayhap it was for fear such deep study as thou dost fall into may do thy health some hurt.”

“Fear not, sweet heart,” said he, with a most endearing smile. “There dwelleth such excellent good philosophy in these books, that the perusing of them maketh me forget I am here cribbed within stone walls a doing of nothing of any advantage to the world; but if it doth now afflict thee to see me so intent upon such labours, I will for the present leave them, and study a more alluring lesson—which is no other than thee, dear Bess.”

“Prythee do not, dear Walter!” exclaimed she, very

kindly. "If these books are such as have taught thee to become so brave of soul, so good, so noble, so kind and generous as thou art—I would on no account have thee leave such excellent studies to regard one who can teach thee no one thing of any usefulness. But I like not to hear thee say that thou art doing of nothing of advantage to the world; for art thou not constantly writing upon such matters as I doubt not must be of great profit to all, and in after times will make thee as exceeding famous as thou well deservest to be?"

"'Twould be a right wonderful comfort could I think so," observed Sir Walter.

"Then such shouldst thou ever think," she replied. "I know that 'tis something too much to expect of thee to shew a cheerful heart at all times, when I reflect to what a doleful strait thy goodness to me hath brought thee to, the thought of which is enough, methinks, to make the most patient nature feel vast discomfort upon occasion; yet well assured am I that, whether thou art within stone walls a powerless prisoner, or aboard of a goodly ship, the leader of a gallant armament, thy noble mind would ever be devising of some greatness wherof all mankind might receive benefit. If thou art melancholy, let me sing to thee, dear Walter, and perchance thou shalt find some pleasure in it."

"Indeed, thy singing is of so sweet a sort that my spirit is enraptured when I hear thee," said he. "Sing, dear Bess! I do feel somewhat weary." 'Tis a little moment that thy virginals be not at hand; for thy voice doth discourse such delicate music as requireth no accompaniment to set it off."

Then placing of her work in her lap, she turned upon him a look full of most exquisite devotedness, and with such tuneful notes as were a marvel to hear, she presently did commence.

In a long and affectionate conversation the devoted wife of Raleigh urges her womanly scheme of mollifying the Queen; and, in truth, no historian has framed half so good an excuse for the meanness of humiliation to which Raleigh descended, in attempting to make his peace with Elizabeth, as this fictionist:—

"I," said Dame Elizabeth, "knowing her to be one with whom some pretty adulation will do anything, so that there be enough of it—would wager mine existence that, if thou wouldst but contrive some pleasant conceit, in which it shall appear that thou art gone distracted because of the impossibility of seeing her, and season it with such pretty tropes as thou knowest she most affects, thou shalt have thy liberty in a presently."

"I like it not, dear Dece," replied her husband—as if he entertained the proposal with some distaste. "I have played the courtier's and the lover's part with her already to such an extreme that it made her all the more enraged against me when she discovered my marriage with thee. She must be exceeding credulous if she would believe anything of the kind of me now. Besides, it is a fashion that, however oft I may have fallen into, I liked never; and, at the present time, am more than ever disinclined to."

Lady Raleigh calls her infant child to the aid of her pleading. She entreated that all the blame of what was past might be laid on her.

The amusements of the prisoners in the Tower, are, we think, right tender, natural, pleasant, and pretty; but we cannot stop for them. The real letters of history are introduced in this place, of which circumstance the author ought, perhaps, to have given intimation to his unlearned readers. No modern romance writer would have hazarded the effusions of extravagant flattery and hyperbolical praise by which Sir Walter recovered the good graces of the virgin Queen, and regained his freedom. There is, indeed, nothing more curious in the romance, nor any-

thing half so exaggerated, as the authentic epistle addressed by Raleigh, the married man, to Cecil, in an affected paroxysm of despairing love for her Majesty. With one passage of it we must preface the scene:—

"My heart was never broken till this day, that I hear the Queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet near at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander—hunting like Diana—walking like Venus; the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph; sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess—sometime singing like an angel—sometime playing like Orpheus. Behold the sorrow of this world! once amiss hath bereaved me of all. O glory! that only shineth in misfortune, what is become of thy assurance? All wounds have scars, but that of fantasy; all affections their relenting, but that of womankind. Who is the judge of friendship, but adversity; or when is grace witnessed, but in offences? There were no divinity, but by reason of compassion; for revenges are brutish and mortal. All those times past, the loves, the sights, the sorrows, the desires—can they not weigh down one frail misfortune? Cannot one drop of gall be hidden in such great heaps of sweetness? I may then conclude *aper et fortuna, valet!* She is gone in whom I trusted; and of me hath not one thought of mercy, nor any respect of that that was. Do with me now, therefore, what you list. I am more weary of life than they are desirous that I should perish; which, if it had been for her, as it is by her, I had been too happily born."

It was a marvellous sight to observe the countenance of the Queen during the perusal of the foregoing. At the first few sentences she seemed moved to a great attention; when it came to the describing of her riding like Alexander, and the like gross flattery, the sudden flushing of her face shewed itself all through her cosmetics; and at her being likened unto a goddess, an angel, and Orpheus, she simpered famously, and shewed her teeth, which were none of the whitest. But when the writer began to make his dolorous moan, the which Sir Robert read with so pitiful an accent as if his heart was a breaking, her Majesty looked concerned, then piteous, then sorrowful, and, at the ending of the letter, she put up her handkerchief to her eyes; but whether there was any likelihood of tears, know I not.

"Odds pittikins! it be wonderful moving," exclaimed the Queen; "he hath suffered more than we thought of: he shall have some comfort straight. But read that passage again, Sir Robert, that beginneth concerning of our riding like Alexander."

Raleigh was forthwith released. That he should be so, forwarded an intrigue of Cecil's, though the Queen's gracious goodness to the false traitor obtained the sole praise of the benevolent deed.

On the night that Raleigh had arrived in the Thames with Master Francis and the expedition, that young gentleman repaired to his miserly uncle's dwelling, for the purpose of soliciting information concerning his birth. The obscurity and evil mystery of his parentage, were peculiarly galling to an aspiring and affectionate youth, fondly conscious that, by nature, he was of no ignoble strain. On the same night murderers and burglars chanced to have burst in upon the miser gloating over his money-bags. They quarrelled about the division of the spoils, and, fighting furiously, nearly killed each other, after a true bull-dog fashion; so that, when Master Francis

entered, he found one mangled corpse on the floor, the other dying ruffian glaring round him in the death struggle, and his uncle still bound.

The youth, in a monstrous marvel at the whole scene, more especially at seeing such a store of precious things lying scattered about, as if of no sort of value, did presently cut with his own dagger the cords that bound his kinsman, thinking, at first, that he was dead as the others—but, in some minutes, after calling to him a bit, the old man opened his eyes very fearfully, and with a great wildness; but, they lighting only upon his nephew, who, very concernedly, was assuring him of his safety, he did grow more composed; and, upon looking about and seeing of his treasures so scattered, he started up with a suddenness that nearly upset Master Francis, and, as if ailing nothing, he began to gather up his riches.

"Oh, these devilish villains!" exclaimed he to the wondering youth. "They did break in upon me—having got entrance I know not how, and, after binding and threatening of me, proceeded to rife me of these valuables, which an honest friend hath left in my custody—for thou knowest they cannot be mine, seeing I be so exceeding poor; and then, falling out upon their division, did straightway go to murdering of each other."

"But, truly, thou seemest in very fine feather," continued Gregory Vellum, somewhat sarcastically, as he turned to notice the handsome apprelling of his youthful relative; "I warrant me thou wilt spend on thy back all that thou earnest. Well, I care not, so that thou comest not back on my hands."

"But I came to beg a favour of you, uncle," said Master Francis.

"Nay, ask of me nothing," hastily replied the old miser, as he left off counting the gold pieces into the old stocking; "I have scarce wherewith to live. I cannot let thee have a great."

This entreated favour of information about his parents, the miser would not give; but he assured the youth that he was illegitimate, and his father "a paltry fellow," and "a notorious villain;" and, very probably, one Holdfast, a famous, hypocritical, puritanic preacher. The unhappy youth went off with a woful heart; and, after a time, bethought him of visiting Joanna:—

Yet, when he came to think of the tone of her letters not coming up to his expectations, in the peculiar mood in which he then was, he straight began to have suspicions that she regarded him less than he would have her; but in a few minutes there came to his recollection numberless kindnesses she had done him, which to him were as positive proofs of the sincerity of her affection. The remembrance of these things did assure him somewhat, and became to him of such great comfort, that, for the time, it clean drove all unpleasant thoughts out of his head.

At this moment there came on a very smart shower of rain, and he, wishing to save his new doublet a wetting, hastened for shelter under a gateway close at hand. Passing beneath here, he spied an open door at one side, for which he made, but presently desisted of his purpose, on hearing voices that of a certainty came from it. He was about to content himself with the shelter of the gateway as far as might be from the door, when he recognised the voice of Joanna, that did at once fix him to the spot.

"Nay, nay, my Lord," said she, "it may please you to affirm this, but I doubt you affect me so much as you say."

"O' my life, adorable Joanna!" answered one, very urgently, whom Master Francis instantly knew, by the manner of speaking, to be my Lord Cobham, whom he had often heard. "I swear to you I do love you exceedingly. In truth, your infinite loveliness is of such a sort that never expect I to find aught so worthy of the steadfast and most perfect devotedness with which I do regard you."

Speech like this, it may be believed, Master Francis liked not at all.

"Methinks you are but trifling with me," observed the other.

"Nay—my heart's treasure! believe me, I never was in such earnest!" replied her companion. "Take this ring—'tis a ruby of great price; yet, should it be inestimable to come up with my estimation of your worthiness, exquisitely beautiful Joanna! Here—let me place it on your most delicate finger."

At this Master Francis began to be much troubled that she, whom he so loved, should accept gifts from one who, to his knowledge, was noted for his gallantries.

"I scarce think it be right of me to take your gift, my Lord," said Joanna. "Yet to refuse it might seem discourteous of me—so I will e'en accept of it."

"And grant of me in return but one precious favour," added the Lord Cobham, in an entreating voice, that did much increase the disturbance of Master Francis. "It be but to press that tempting lip, compared with which the ruby must seem but pale."

The price of the ring is the kiss, which madens the unseen lover. The scene now changes to the shop of Martin Lather, a barber-chirurgion, whose humour is to quote the Latin phrases which he has picked up from the daily conversation of Mister Tickletoby, the school-master, and translate them into a meaning diametrically opposite to the true one. Many of the subordinate characters, are indeed nothing more than the personification of a humour.—Harry Daring, the barber's apprentice, a madcap bent on all sorts of mischievous pranks, wild frolics, and practical jokes, but courageous as a lion's cub, and warmly attached to his old school-fellow, Master Francis, is a more original and meritorious invention. When Francis comes back, richly appressed, and wearing a sword, looking like one of the famous knights they had read of at old Tickletoby's, in the romance of "King Arthur," Harry aspired to be his squire, in virtue of an old agreement, and resolved to shew his indentures a fair pair of heels. In the meanwhile, he has no good accounts to communicate of the proceedings of the fair Joanna, yet he thought it the part of a true friend to tell what he had heard of her. On sundry occasions, a man muffled up had been cautiously let out of the dwelling of the mercer at daybreak; and Harry had ascertained to whom belonged the kirtle of the female figure who kept carefully back while she gave egress to the muffled cavalier:—

"Who's was it?" inquired Master Francis, who had listened with too much anxiety to hear the narration to the end.

"Joanna's," replied the boy.

"And like enough!" added the other with some sort of bitterness.

"But let it not move thee so, I pray thee," cried Harry Daring, noticing in great trouble the painful expression of his friend's countenance.

"And yet she hath done me great kindnesses!" exclaimed the youth, as if to himself.

"Though it look not well, mayhap there shall be no harm in it," observed the other, as if with a view of affording some consolation.

"But I have known that of her that hath harm in it!" exclaimed Master Francis, more disturbed than ever. "That, had it not come of mine own knowledge, would I not have believed—and now it be easy enough to credit almost any treachery. No! I will never allow myself to be bribed into a toleration of such villainous depaite!"

"Well—if she do play her jade's tricks, let her go hang!" said the young chirurgion, indignantly. "I tell thee, Master Francis, if that be it, she be not worth the caring for. Thou art as sweet a young gentleman as eye would wish to look on; therefore shalt thou easily meet with her betters at any time. I say again, let her go hang!"

"She hath done me many great kindnesses—the which I now wish she had never done, or that she had left unthought of that which I now know of her," observed the youth in extreme thoughtfulness; then, starting up suddenly, cried out, "But who was he she let out?"

Harry thought it might be that spouting piece of fustian, Ralph Goshawk.

Master Francis, in an agony of grief, doubt, and suspicion, proceeded to the dwelling of the mercer, to be at once resolved, and he encountered Marjory, the prating, ancient housekeeper, who confirmed his worst suspicions. As he listened to her tales of the unmaidenly behaviour of Joanna, the old woman suddenly exclaimed:—

"That be her foot on the stair; say not a word, I pray you; else shall I be ruined." No sooner, however, had Joanna entered at the door, which she then did—looking more beautiful than ever, dressed as if from a walk, than, with a smile, the old woman hastened up to her.

"Take these things and put them in my chamber," said the mercer's daughter to her, as she took off, and gave into her hands, her hat, muffler, and cloak.

During these few seconds the youth had been in a very agony of conflicting emotions. He seemed making up his mind what to do; and yet there was such a tumult in him, of rage, and jealousy, and indignation, that he looked as if he knew not what he was about.

"I can scarce think that the voyage hath done you good, Francis," observed Joanna, as she approached him, "for, in truth, you look not so well as you used."

"Like enough," replied he, bitterly.

"What ailth you?" she inquired, with much tenderness.

"Sick at heart!—sick at heart!" quickly answered Master Francis; "sick of the villainous deceipts that have been played upon me. Like enough, indeed, to look not so well as I was. I went in the extreme comfort of thinking myself beloved by one I imagined to be possessed of a goodly store of all honourable virtues; I return but to find that I have been the dupe of the very wickedest wanton that ever disgraced God's earth."

"What mean you by this?" asked the mercer's daughter, seemingly in great astonishment.

"What mean I?" exclaimed the youth, indignantly. "Hast done no ill thing? hast given me no provocation to quarrel since I have been away, by the infamousness of thy behaviour?"

"None!" replied she, with exceeding earnestness; "I have done no ill thing; I have done nothing that should give you provocation to quarrel."

"Ha! and indeed!" cried her companion, now still more incensed against her; "dost tell me that, and come straight from the kisses of my Lord Cobham?" At hearing this, the colour mounted into her cheek a little, of which he took speedy notice, and continued:—"I see nature will take no part in so monstrous a lie. Go to! you are a wanton." And, so saying, he turned away from her.

"I pray you, Francis, speak not in this way," said Joanna, in a very serious manner, and with a face somewhat troubled. "That my Lord Cobham hath caressed me, I acknowledge; but that I gave him any such return, is most untrue: and of aught worse than that done by me at any time, know I nothing."

"Dost think I can believe any such thing from you?" asked Master Francis, suddenly. "Dost think I know not more of such conduct?—even if 'twere not enough to condemn you by, as the stealing under a public gateway, with one, so noted; and going into hidden corners to be surprised by him. I tell you he be not the only one."

"Take heed," exclaimed the mercer's daughter, who, as she had listened, had become exceeding pale—her bosom heaved mightily—her brilliant eyes shot quick and uneasy glances, and, altogether, her appearance was that of one marvellously disturbed. "Take heed, Francis, I can bear much from you, but this—this I cannot bear."

"'Tis less than you have deserved," replied he. "And now I have done with you. There!" he cried, as, approaching her closely, he dashed at her feet the chain of gold she had of his uncle. "There lies one of the gifts with which you have sought to bribe me into a toleration of your infamous doings. And here!" he added, as he followed it with a purse that seemed tolerably well filled. "Here is that which will pay for the cost I have been to you in other things. Be assured it hath been honestly come by; and, not like your costly presents and generous supplying of my wants—the liberal wages of a more liberal iniquity."

To this she answered not save by a slight gasping as if for breath; but her brow became darker, and the expression of her eyes unnatural.

"I now take my leave of you," added Master Francis, in a voice somewhat tremulous. "I care not if I ever see you again. You have misjudged me hugely if you thought I was of such a nature as to tolerate, for a single moment, the infamy you have been about. Your judgment and your gifts have been equally misplaced. My heart is not one of so mean a sort as to be satisfied with the affections of a jilt; nor is my disposition so base as to suffer itself to be bribed by a"—

"Villain!" screamed Joanna, as she furiously clutched him by the throat with both her hands, before the offensive word had been spoken. "Dost think I can be maddened in this vile way, and bear it tamely?"

The youth sank in a swoon under her violence; and the frantic maiden, passing from the frenzy of anger to the extreme of tenderness, exclaimed:—

"Oh, what a wretch have I been if I have done thee any hurt. Francis!—dear, dear Francis!—I will forgive all the vile things thou hast said of me if thou wilt not look at me so horribly. Move but a limb—breathe—or let me feel but the beating of thy heart. No—all be as still as a stone. O God! he is dead—he is dead, and I have killed him!" So saying, she clasped him close to her breast with many piteous sobs, and with the saddest, wildest look eye ever beheld.

"Francis!—thou who hath ever been to me the gentlest, fondest, and best of creatures, and that I have loved more as a child of mine own than aught else. Oh, speak but a word, or my heart will break! Indeed, and on my life, and heart, and soul, and all things that be most sacred in this world—thou hast been most shamefully deceived in what thou didst say of me. I have done no such villainess. Alack! alack! He heeds me not!"

Presently his eyelids opened more, and he looked about him with a strange unconscious stare, and kept breathing as with some sort of difficulty. The blackness went from his face, leaving it exceeding pale, and his lips got a little more colour in them.

Seeing these things, Joanna grew so agitated that she was obliged gently to put his head again upon the ground whilst she stood up a bit.

In truth, she seemed in extreme perplexity as to how she should conduct herself. She knew not what to say, and scarce what to do.

Thus these lovers parted; and, when the sorrowful Joanna afterwards sent Francis a supplicatory and an explanatory letter, he returned it unopened. Joanna was now nigh unto death's door, seized with a violent frenzy, calling out so piteously on Master Francis, that Martin Lather, the barber-chirurgion, knew not how to treat so extraordinary a case. Her lover was pained by her condition, and determined in his

mind to forget her as one unworthy of a thought ; but forget her he never did."

Raleigh was now upon the eve of a new voyage of discovery ; and, among those adventurous spirits who attended him in search of that famous El Dorado which occupied so much of the conversation of the court and the city, were Master Francis, and Harry Daring, the bold and mischievous apprentice of old Lather. Before the expedition sailed, the gentlemen adventurers met their friends at Raleigh's fair seat of Sherborne, and enjoyed themselves for a season in hunting, hawking, fishing, and rural sports. Among the goodly company assembled, were Master Shakspeare, and the merry Alice, the fair cousin of Lady Raleigh, attended by a bevy of suitors, whom it was the delight of the lively maiden to tease and ridicule. She often chose the obscure Master Francis, "the paltry secretary," for her partner in the dance ; and appeared greatly taken with him, while he paid her the attentions of a lover, though his sad heart was not interested. His thoughts still wandered back to the false and undone Joanna:—

"Lost, misguided creature!" exclaimed Master Francis, with great earnestness ; "how hath she fallen from that high opinion in which I once held her ! I do assure you, Master Shakspeare, that there was a time when she shewed to me as noble a heart as ever woman possessed. She did me many kindnesses—many great kindnesses, and I could not but love her, she appeared to me of so lovable a nature."

The eve of the departure of the expedition was celebrated by a solemn banquet, at which Master Shakspeare distinguished himself as a famous reveller, and flowery orator.

The voyage of discovery was prosecuted in the Lion's Whelp, with various fortunes. When it had been so far accomplished, Padre Bartolomé, a Jesuit priest, and the villain of the romance, attempted to betray Raleigh and his companions into the hands of the Spanish Governor of Trinidad, Don Antonio de Berrio. The evil schemes of the intriguing priest were, however, frustrated by the acuteness of Raleigh, and the zeal and courage of his shipmates. Harry Daring, in particular, the wild, runaway London apprentice, displayed the intelligence of a sage, and the bravery of a hero, in circumventing the cunning of the treacherous Spanish pilot, who, under direction of the Jesuit, was running the ship into the very jaws of the Spaniards. While these things were acting on board the Lion's Whelp, a very different scene was going forward on shore—one of less bustle and excitement, but of a more profound interest:—

In a handsome chamber of the Governor of Guiana, well lighted, and decked with such costly furniture as might become the dwelling of a sovereign prince, there sat a right beautiful woman, in a dress in the Spanish style, of exceeding rich materials. She was reclining on a silken couch, figured in with gold in a wonderful costly pattern, supporting herself by pillows of the same, and was leaning of her head back upon her hand, whilst her elbow rested on the cushions behind her. Her eyes were somewhat dark and marvellously lustrous, her face very lovely to look upon ; yet the expression on it was of so gloomy and disturbed a nature, mingling great grief with great anger, that there would be few so hazardous as to venture to gaze thereon with any sort of affection, notwith-

standing of its great comeliness. Her form was truly beautiful, shewing she was a woman arrived at the very maturity of her attractions. The outline of her limbs was fully rounded, whilst her spreading shoulders and swelling bosom were of a corresponding character.

Doubtless was she wondrously moved by her own reflections ; for her breast heaved violently, and the glances that shot from her brilliant eyes were not such as betokened a mind at ease. After continuing to look more moodily every moment, and starting every now and then from her position with a half-stifled sob, she rose from her seat, and began pacing of the room with haughty strides. The whilst she was at this a door opened, and there entered a stately-looking man, habited in all the proud apparelling of a Spanish noble. His age might be somewhere about forty. He was well featured, yet had he in his countenance a sort of scornfulness that ever and anon gave his countenance an expression in no way amiable.

"Ah, my adored !" exclaimed the gentleman, as he advanced towards her with an easy carriage, and a face dressed in smiles. "I have hastened to thee from a thousand pressing duties ; but, when love beckons, all else may stay behind. How fares it with thee, senora ? Thy looks scarce welcome me. Is there aught I have neglected providing thee with ?—any one thing thou hast the desire of ? Nay, by the Virgin, thou assest me but unkindly if thou hast any wish ungratified !"

"I lack nothing, Don Antonio," said the senora, faintly, as she moved from him, as if to hide her feelings.

"Oh, my life ! 'tis but uncivil of thee to turn away," observed the Governor, as he went up to her and took her hand, gazing in her face all the time with very passionate admiration. "For art thou not the very light of mine eyes ? Do I not love thee, Dona ?"

"Love !" cried his fair companion, with a sort of sarcastic emphasis.

"Ay, love, Querida," replied De Berrio. "And well art thou worthy of such. Madre de Dios ! I shall think better of heretics for thy sake, and I shall ever hold the worthy Padre's piety in greater estimation, because he hath secured so delectable a sinner for the consoling of so good a Catholic as am I."

"Mention him not !" exclaimed the lady, somewhat fiercely. "I scorn, and loathe, and detest him, from out of the very depths of my heart."

"Give him not such hard words, I prythee," said Don Antonio, seemingly a little surprised at the earnestness with which she had spoke. "As times go, methinks him not so bad. For mine own part, I see nothing in him worse than shall be met with in most of our holy men. What hath he done amiss ?"

"What hath he done amiss ?" echoed the senora, in a voice and with a look that startled her companion. "But no matter."

"Indeed I cannot help but think thou hast taken a great prejudice against him," observed De Berrio. "I have found him well to be depended on, and do trust him most implicitly. Even now he hath gone on an adventure for me that hath great risk in it ; for 'tis no other than the endeavouring to entrap that notorious English pirate, Sir Walter Raleigh and his villainous followers, so that I may give them a complete overthrow."

"Sir Walter Raleigh ! said you."

"The same, Dona," replied the Governor. "He is now upon the coast with divers of his ships, intending to venture himself and the pitiful fools he hath induced to follow him, into the interior of Guiana, hoping for the discovery of El Dorado ; but, if I spoil not his voyage, then I am wonderfully mistaken."

"Are you sure 'tis Sir Walter Raleigh !" asked his fair companion, seemingly in a monstrous agitation.

"Sure !" cried Don Antonio, in some surprise. "What doubt can there be of it ? Did not Padre Bartolomé bring me certain intelligence of everything connected with the expedition ? I faith, no minute is my information, that I have with me a paper containing the names of every officer engaged upon it, and the exact number of the men and ships." And he produced a paper from his vest.

"Let me see it," said the senora, and she instantly snatched the paper from his hand, and began a reading of it."

"I will be bound for 'tis accurate to a letter," replied Don Antonio.

"Doubtless, you mean to take them prisoners if you can?" inquired his fair companion, seemingly as if perfectly unconcerned.

"By the Virgin! I mean to hang up every rascal of them as soon as ever I can get them in my power. But this delicious evening surely was never made to be wasted in idle talk concerning of such sorry rascals. Let us give the moments to love. Turn me those lustrous eyes this way, Dona, and smile on me thy delicatest smiles."

"Smile! I have lost all humour for smiling," replied the Senora.

Need we tell that this lady was the mercer's daughter of Eastcheap? She had been seduced by the infernal arts of the Jesuit, a spy of the Spanish government, who had stolen into her confidence by interesting her pity. Don Santiago, the name he assumed, represented himself an unhappy Spanish refugee, in great danger of his life from Elizabeth's cruel Protestant government. It was he was the muffled gallant, whom Harry Daring had seen stealing at daybreak from the mercer's dwelling, where, for personal safety, he had often been concealed by the confiding Joanna. It is impossible fully to develop the highly dramatic character of the mercer's daughter, without the same amplitude of detail which finds place in the original work. It is enough, that her generous self-devotion, her delicate but secret offices of love, saves her youthful lover, and only beloved, from imminent danger of the governor's deadly vengeance, and the priest's more malignant hate.

It was long after these events—and Joanna had, for once again, seen her lover in the Globe Theatre and at a distance, on the first representation of an admired tragedy, the production of his pen—that the expedition of Raleigh and Essex to Cadiz was undertaken. The animated picture of the English ships' attack on the rich Spanish galleons, the grandeur and interest of the great sea fight, and the bravery of the heroes, are, however, foreign to our purpose, as, whatever may be the degree of their literary merit, they would interfere with the unity of our selected specimens of the romance. We shall, therefore, take up Master Francis on shore, leading a force of fifty brave fellows, and having just carried, by assault, a building which proved to be a nunnery.

Upon his forcible entrance at the head of his men, he noticed the nuns flying before him, screaming and calling on the saints for assistance. Taking care that none such should be hurt, he followed on briskly till he came to the cloisters, and, greatly to his surprise, perceived at some little distance from him a man in the habit of an ecclesiastic, dragging along by the hair of her head a female in the dress of a novice.

"Turn, villain!" cried Master Francis, hurrying towards him with his sword drawn. "Thou art but a coward, to use a woman so. Let go thy hold, or I will cut thee to the chine."

"Ha!" exclaimed the man, turning towards him the well-known face of the Padre Bartolomé, looking more malignant than ever he had known it. "Art thou here, accursed heretic! Then this to thy heart, wanton!" In the same moment, to Master Francis' horror and surprise, he saw the Jesuit snatch a dagger from his vest, and bury it in the breast of his female companion, who sank with

a scream at his feet; and then, with a scoldish laugh, was seeking to make off by a side passage; but the young officer was upon him too quickly.

Master Francis gently raised her from the ground, and, gazing upon her pallid face, beheld there the idealized features of the mercer's daughter of Eastcheap.

"Disturb not yourself, I pray you!" exclaimed Master Francis, earnestly, as he bent with an anxious countenance over the form of Joanna. She now reclined upon a pallet in a narrow cell, furnished only with a small table, on which appeared to be a missal or breviary, a rosary, and a crucifix; and he was sitting on a chair close beside her, holding of one of her hands. Her face looked marvellous pale—that settled pallor that betokeneth approaching dissolution; and her eyes, though still turned towards him with all the affectionate tenderness that had once dwelt in them, looked with wonderful languor and uneasiness, and lacked much of that extreme brilliancy by which they had used to be distinguished.

"The chirurgeon hath told me I have but a few hours to live," replied the mercer's daughter, in a low voice. "And I would fain devote such short time as is allowed me to make my peace with God and my conscience, by a confession which methinks be equally necessary for you to hear as for me to state."

After some preliminary discourse, Joanna continued:—

"I trace all the evil that hath happened to me to the want of a mother's careful control in my bringing up. She died in my early childhood. I was thus left to the entire care, if care it might be called, of my other parent, who soon shewed how unfit he was for any such duty. Being considered a child of some comeliness, I was ever petted by him—the commendation I received of strangers making him proud of my appearance.

"As I grew towards womanhood, and my features and person began to assume something of that appearance they afterwards acquired, the admiration I excited became greater, and my vanity the more intense. I lacked not suitors; no girl could be more followed. I was the favourite of all the apprentices round about; and many an honest citizen's son vowed he loved me dearer than all the world beside. My father had early impressed me with a distaste for becoming a wife, drawing fearful pictures of the misery, drudgery, and insignificance of such women as married; and then, in more glowing colours, painting the consequence and happiness enjoyed by a girl of wit enough to draw plenty of fine gallants round her, all ready to be her slaves, that I thought only of how I might place myself in the enviable situation of the latter.

"The admiration of apprentices and young citizens soon ceased to content me. Many brave gallants and young noblemen coming to my father's shop, and getting sight of me, liked me, or professed to like me, with so monstrous an affection, that they were ever beseeging me with the sweetest of flatteries; and my father finding his advantage in it, afforded them every facility for seeing me when any of them had a mind.

"This continued till I knew you, and then my whole being seemed changed of a sudden; the barren rock seemed struck by some holy hand, and there gushed forth a stream of the purest and sweetest feeling. Before, everything was for myself—now, everything was for you. Although the love of admiration was implanted too deeply in my disposition to be readily eradicated, I made it subservient to the most generous purposes. I learned how you were situated with your miserly kinsman—I noticed your inability to supply that thirst for information which distinguished you. Love not only taught me liberality, but instructed me to use such delicacy in the application of it, as enabled me to supply all your wants after such a fashion as could be least objectionable to one of so modest and retiring a nature as I found you to be. You were then but a mere youth, and I a woman some six or seven years your senior; the

delight I felt in affording you facilities for improving yourself in study, and the gratification that arose in me as I observed the rapid progress of your mental faculties in consequence, I am altogether unable to express; but the affection I felt was of so different a sort from anything I have heard or read, that I cannot fancy such was ever felt before.

"So absolute an effect had your youth and innocence of soul on my maturity and great knowingness, that, when enjoying such sweet endearments with you as I sometimes would allow, I have felt myself a different being—all selfishness, all vanity, all deceit, all cunning, seemed to have left me—I have wept like a child, and loved with all the entireness of a woman's devotion."

Here the mercer's daughter paused for a few seconds, as if her feelings would not allow her utterance.

More explanation follows. Joanna was usually employed by her father to *dun* Lord Cobham and his other gallant customers, with such results as we have seen. These explanations, if somewhat tedious to the reader, account for the impropriety of behaviour; for, beyond unpardonable coquettish levity, she had not gone until her honour was foully betrayed by the villainous priest. She says—

"I knew not the villain he was! I had no thought of the danger I was exposed to. All looked honour and sincerity of heart. All breathed of love and the very deepest respectfulness. Miserable degraded wretch that I became, little knew I with all my cunning, what monstrous craft was arrayed against me; or how soon it might come to pass, that she who had duped so many, should herself be the completest wretchedest dupe that ever breathed! I fell—the victim of such base treachery as I dreamed not the existence of.

"Not by any consent of mine own!" exclaimed Joanna more vehemently, as Mr Francis drew away his hand and averted his face. "I thought not—suspected not the nearness of such dishonour. 'Twas a vile trick—an unmanly stratagem—a very atrocious piece of villany!"

The scene is highly wrought; but we cannot pursue it farther than is needful for the mere understanding of the story. The innocent, boyish Francis was for ever lost to the unhappy Joanna, and she followed the fortunes of her destroyer, the pretended Don Santiago. She continues—

"We had not been out at sea many days, when the behaviour of Don Santiago towards me completely changed. From mild and respectful, he gradually became haughty and uncivil. He rated me for my melancholy as if it was a crime; and continually got into monstrous passions of jealousy, swearing I was ever thinking of you. One day he completely threw off the mask. He acknowledged he was no Don Santiago de Lux—he confessed that the ship was not bound for the Spanish coast, and bade me think not of marriage with him, for he was a jesuit. He was Padre Bartolomé."

"As soon as I knew him for what he was, I hated him with all my heart and soul, and the more earnestly for his throwing out mysterious hints of your speedy death, with such apparent satisfaction as none but so black a villain could have known. Wishing to be quit of such a wretch, I endeavoured to make a friend of Don Antonio de Berrie, in whose guardianship I had been left during a temporary absence of the Padre, and who quickly professed himself my lover. From him I learned the arrival of the expedition, and that you were of the party. On that very evening the city was taken by assault, and I found you were an inmate in the same house with me. The Padre had concealed himself in my apartment, vowing the horriblemest vengeance; and, believing him capable of doing any villany he had a mind, I kept a strict eye on his movements. I was fortunate enough to come upon him as he was about to stab you in your sleep, and quickly forced him to leave the room with his wickedness unperpetrated. Upon finding you once again

before me, and in the great joy I felt at having rescued you from death, there was a sudden rush at my heart of such powerful sweet feelings, that you seemed to me again as we were once to each other; and I was just on the point of clasping you in my arms to pour out the fulness of my heart upon your breast, when I remembered the degraded thing I had become—I shrunk from you in the wretched belief that my touch would be pollution, and with a racking anguish turned away and left the room. Alack! alack! the misery I then felt, language hath no name for."

"I care not for having fallen by his dagger," continued Joanna, her voice getting fainter every moment. "'Twas a mercy rather than a punishment. I doubt much had I lived I should have done any credit to the holy community among whom I had taken refuge; for I found, though I strove ever so, I could not become so religious-minded as seemed necessary. My meditations were all of you—my prayers were all for you. Yet, in the solitary contemplation of my own unhappiness, I had ever one consolation. It was the belief that you were in the enjoyment of that prosperity your many excellencies deserved. Francis, this was indeed a pleasure! I could think of no other pleasant thing. Miserable and degraded as I was—an outcast and an alien—with a mind almost maddened, and a breaking heart—after wearing out the long night on my knees, beseeching every blessing might be showered upon you, Francis!—I felt the sweet conviction steal upon me that you would be—must be—happy; and it brought with it a comfort that left me nought to wish for but the grave."

Francis was in tears. He looked a moment irresolute; and then, as though the influence of old impressions were not to be resisted, suddenly bent down and caught her up in his arms. "Francis!—*dear* Francis!" she exclaimed in a faint voice. "Now I also am happy!"

Master Francis was too much moved to speak. Indeed, his feelings were of that tumultuous character that left him not even the ability to think. He was aware only that the heart of the being he had loved was beating against his breast, and remembered only the many noble things she had done in his behalf. For a few minutes he lost all sense of surrounding objects; and was first awakened to consciousness upon finding that Joanna's heart did not beat against his own. On unclosing of his arms, he saw at a glance he had embraced the dead!

Of Master Bacon, and the revels and justifications at the Mermaid; of Ben Jonson, Master Beaumont, Master Fletcher, Master Donne, Master Cotton, Master Carew, Master Shakspeare, and a long list, which makes the mouth water, of "the most famouset wits" of the time, we can afford to give no account whatever. Dame Cannikin, the landlady, her daughter Kate, and her drawer Barnaby, are each capital in their several ways—so is Barnaby Braddle, the constable, and his group of satellites; but neither can we advert to them, having exhausted our space with the tragic, which, after all, may not be the most popular part of an exceedingly attractive and entertaining work. As bound in honour, we must, however, inform the reader, that Master Francis found a father, after a strange fashion, in a certain swaggering, valiant Colonel Harquebus, who will not acknowledge "a paltry secretary," a poet, a student, a scholar for his son, until he has proved his valour and sonship by nearly running his choleric progenitor through the body; that merry, saucy Mistress Alice, the manscormer, falls desperately in love with Master Francis; and that Master Shakspeare performs the same good offices for the distressed damsel

which he makes another accomplish for his own Beatrice. And all the bravest gallants, and the fairest dames of the court, and all the wits of the "Mermald," assembled at their wedding; and the Queen, whose right royal displeasure Francis had once incurred, by honestly acknowledging himself the devoted humble friend and secretary of the disgraced Sir Walter Raleigh, sent for him in haste, and commanded him to kneel,

Master Francis knelt on one knee at the Queen's feet, in a strange tumult of proud and happy feelings. He felt something touch his shoulder, and her Majesty say, "Rise up, Sir Francis Harquebus!" and then followed some courteous speech from the Queen, and congratulations from the splendid circle around him.

Harry Daring said, he had always prophesied this famous knighthood. Harry immediately went in search of adventures to the Spanish main, and we wait to hear of them according to the author's promise. As the book opens with Master Shakespeare, so it closes with him wisely and merrily, by the Queen summoning him to her presence.

"We charge you, Master Shakespeare, with high treason!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth, when he presented himself according to her bidding, whereupon he began to

be somewhat alarmed, and others nigh unto the presence were exceeding curious to know what he had done to bring upon himself so weighty an accusation.

"Please your majesty, I"—

"The offence hath been proved to us," said the Queen, and then the courtiers looked marvellous serious. "You have drawn away divers of the subjects of this realm from their duty to their lawful sovereign, which is treason of the very greatest magnitude. Is it not so, Master Bacon?" inquired Queen Elizabeth, seeing that excellent fine lawyer in the circle before her.

"Please your Majesty, there can be no doubt of it," replied he, with a smile, for he saw into her Majesty's humour—though few of the others were so quickwitted.

"You have, by sundry sorts of jests, and other pointed weapons," continued the Queen, "very dangerous when not in discreet and lawful hands, excited numberless of our nobles and officers, besides others of lower quality, into violent disturbances against the peace of the realm. We charge you on your allegiance, confess what hath led you into this notorious misbehaving."

But we must now, rather abruptly, bid good-by to this "most famous and monstrous rare and curious romance," in which we do assure the reader that there is no lack of marvellous, witty, and right pleasant entertainment, else had we not introduced it to his courteous regards.

THE FIELD OF THE FAIRY RINGS.

A SCENE NEAR TAUNTON, SOMERSET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

ACROSS the brook that turns our Mill of Trull,
And not twice forty paces from my door,
There is a field I love—a soft, green field
Of English sod: what other sod so soft,
What other grass so green? At evening, oft
Forth do I saunter there, and stoop to cull
Autumnal flowers and fruits, for there are store
Of jetty berries, such as brambles yield:
Or, haply, seated by the stream, I pore
Upon its waters—showing glad though grey,
Through the o'erhanging foliage, as if they
Told me of wanderings in meads remote,
By happy cottage homes, through pastures green
As these, where industry improves the soil
Which nature had already blest, ere brought
To such perfection by judicious toil—
Toil which, thus aided, makes a fertile scene
Of many a sterile spot!

But here, behold,
O'er this sweet field the numerous circles, traced
(As quaint traditions tell) by fairy feet;
When, in the nightwatch, bright assemblies meet
Of green-robed fays, with glistening locks of gold,
Dancing to airy music, wild, yet sweet,
From elfin harps among the green leaves placed!

Two stately trees of oak this field contains,
Apart, yet not far separate, like two friends
Divided by a temporary feud,
And longing for each other—yet withheld
By some ungenial feeling, which restrains
Their meeting. Shall they no more meet, compelled

To live asunder thus?—Yes, each forth sends
Some spreading shoot, by which may be renewed,
In future years, their union!

To the left
(Here as we stand, our backs towards the mill,
Upon the tiny bridge that spans the rill,)
O'er the next field, surrounded by its graves,
Shines the white village church; but more I love
The right-hand path, that leads through leafy lanes
To that romantic bridge,* where loudlier raves
The bustling brook; which many a chasm hath cleft,
Whence springs the hispid comfrey; and, above,
In rich exuberance, spotted ivy trains
A drapery o'er the loftier trees. Here glows
The crimson berry of the guelder-rose,
Whose vine-like leaves have caught a sanguine stain
From the October sun. Down in the grass,
And blushing through green blades, herb Robert fair
Would catch the eyes of pilgrims as they pass,
Who seek for rarer plants. The arum, there,
Now leafless, lifts its ruby sceptre—red
As coral rocks that stud the ocean's bed;
Pale agrimony scents the evening air
With a faint lemon odour; and around
The roseate mallow in profusion springs.
But dews fall heavily to drench the ground,
And I retrace my steps; the trees I pass,
I pass the mystic circles in the grass—
And, as I leave the scene, within my mind
A name (a name that will not last) I find,
And call that field, the FIELD OF THE FAIRY RINGS.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.*

For the first time, the curious, amusing, and, in some respects, really interesting doctrines of this perplexing and inexplicable science, if it deserve the name, have attracted the grave attention of intelligent medical practitioners in London; and, it seems, gained converts among them. Two medical professors in the London University have declared their belief in the phenomena they have witnessed; and one has become an adept in magnetizing. This gentleman, Dr Elliotson, carries his faith much farther than his colleague, Professor Mayo, who boggles at those wondrous faculties said to be developed in some individuals by the magnetic influence, and which are termed either lucidity, prevision, or *clairvoyance*—all three meaning nearly the same thing. The gift of prophecy, something equivalent to second-sight, and the singular power possessed by the patient, of taking internal cognizance of his own diseased organs, and those of others, and of prescribing remedies, and foretelling the issue and termination of disorders, are among those assumed faculties of magnetic patients, to which Professor Mayo demurs; nor is his scepticism surprising. It is to the pretensions of Animal Magnetism, among curative remedies in a numerous class of diseases, and as the soother, and, for the time, the suspender or annihilator of physical pain, that we would chiefly wish to draw attention; and this can only be done by recounting a few of its marvels. It will save many of our readers a world of trouble, if, at the outset of this paper, we recall to their recollection an article on Animal Magnetism, which appeared in a former number of this Magazine,† from the able, and on this subject—at once psychological and physiological—the congenial pen of Mr De Quincey. To that paper we refer, as a succinct history and perspicuous view of the Mesmeric doctrines, which make retrospection in some degree superfluous. In the interval, Animal Magnetism, as a subject of curious speculation, has had a revival in France, and has at last been able to engage the thoughts of scientific Englishmen. But “the mere account of foreign cases was not enough. The sober good sense of British practitioners required, that what was done at Paris or Vienna should be capable of repetition in London.” And surprising things have been repeated in London; though British patients, who may perhaps be incapable of those exalted or ultimate degrees of magnetizing which open the mouth in prophecy, and confer the gift of tongues, have not yet reached a condition of *clairvoyance* worth boasting about. It is undeniable that so much delusion, quackery, imbecile credulity, and absurdity of the most ludicrous kind, have been engrafted on the really extraordinary phenomena of Mesmerism as

may form the apology of the most earnest and simple-minded seeker of truth, for indulging an unwelcome degree of scepticism. Yet the obstinate unbelief of well-attested facts, and of experiments subjected to the rigid scrutiny of crowds of acute and scientific sceptical spectators, does not argue a more philosophic state of mind than that of blind, unquestioning credulity.

But our object is not to discuss the principles of this mysterious science, nor, at present, to advert to the various theories which have been suggested for their explication, but to put on record, in a popular form, a few of the most recent and remarkable facts by which Mesmerism is practically elucidated; to check credulity and quackery, and to stimulate rational curiosity. It certainly does not make against these doctrines that their professors earnestly invite examination, and that they do not restrict the power and exercise of the magnetic influence to an initiated class. Every man and woman, it appears, may magnetize; but the number susceptible of the magnetic influence is much more limited. Every one may make the “passes;” but some mysterious or unexplained condition is necessary in order to imbibe the mysterious fluid. One patient will go into magnetic sleep in a minute or two; another will resist for hours; and the greatest adept in magnetizing will occasionally fail. To be susceptible of the magnetic influence at all, the presence of disease seems requisite, if we rightly comprehend the doctrines; and the debilitated, the nervous, but, above all, those suffering under palsy, or hysterical and epileptic disorders, or liable to convulsions and fainting fits, are the most susceptible of Mesmerism. All the late cases at the North London Hospital, (which, our readers are aware, is connected with the London University,) are of this nature; and the patients are generally either hysterical or epileptic youths and girls, of from twelve to seventeen or eighteen years.

M. Deleuze, a celebrated Mesmerian, and the historian of the whimsical science, asserts that women can magnetize as well as men; and he seems to consider it right that women only should magnetize females, or be placed *en rapport* with patients of the same sex. Dr Elliotson, the most noted of the London medical converts, lately closed his first lecture on Animal Magnetism, by gravely declaring, that he was “one of those who are satisfied that influence may be exerted by one animal, whether human or brute, upon another individual, independently of the individual who is affected being aware of the operation.”* The Mesmerians agree that all vertebrated animals may be magnetized. Horses have been magnetized;† and that the effects do not depend on imagination, has been proved by

* Introduction to the Study of Animal Magnetism.

By Baron Dupotel.

† *Tait's Magazine*, for January 1834.

* Report in *Sun* newspaper, 4th June.

† Was magnetism the secret of the celebrated Irish Whisker?

this circumstance. But have animals no faculties analogous to imagination? The phenomena of Mesmerism are evolved in a variety of ways, modified by the degree which the magnetizer desires to produce, or by the occult capacities of the magnetized. There are six different stages exhibited in magnetic somnambulism. The magnetic sleep, or *coma*, is the preliminary step to artificial somnambulism. This sleep, the entire insensibility of the patient during its continuance, the power of the magnetizer in producing it and regulating its duration, (occasional failures admitted,) are apparently, as the reader will see in the sequel, as fully established as any fact in natural science. It is the psychical phenomena of the somnambulist state which begets pregnant doubts in many more than Professor Mayo. According to M. Dupotet, the following are among the ostensible phenomena exhibited:—

1st, While the organs of the senses are in a state of complete insensibility, unexcitable by any external stimuli, they mentally take cognizance of the conditions and relations of surrounding objects through some other channel than the organs through which such impressions are usually conveyed.

2d, There is in many cases an obvious vicarious transference of the senses from their appropriate organs to other parts of the nervous system, as to the tips of the fingers, epigastrium, and other parts of the body.

3d, The lucidity of their vision penetrates through intervening opaque objects, and even takes cognizance of events passing at a distance.

4th, They possess the faculty of self-intuition—that is to say, a clear insight into the normal or abnormal condition of their own organization—and they perceive and describe with exactness the internal condition also of those with whom they may be *en rapport*.

5th, They appear endowed with a knowledge beyond that which they ordinarily possess, and prescribe for themselves, as well as for those with whom they are *en rapport*, remedies for such complaints as they may be afflicted with; and these are generally found successful.

6th, Their lucid vision often extends beyond the present existence, and they foretell, with circumstantial minuteness, events which will happen in connexion with their own organization; even the day and hour—the very moment—when such predictions will be verified is accurately specified.

Lastly, On recovering from their somnambulism, they remember nothing which occurred during the magnetic state; but when again thrown into somnambulism, the memory between the two magnetic states is continuous.

These may appear extraordinary assertions; but the apparent incredibility of the facts will be very much diminished when it is found that analogous, if not identical, phenomena are often developed in abnormal conditions of the human body.

The methods of magnetising, whether by the “passes,” actual contact, or manipulation, have been greatly simplified since the time when Mesmer exhibited the airs and tricks of a juggler. His magnetic operations were conducted with many of those preliminary flourishes of the astrologer or necromancer, which his followers have been compelled to repudiate. They also admit occasional, and we apprehend that they ought to admit many, failures, even when the cases are in the hands of the greatest adepts, and likewise the frequent appearance of phenomena which they are neither prepared to expect nor able to resolve. To resume, animal magnetism had attracted little serious atten-

tion in this practical business-like country, and had only elicited a few jokes on those palpable and laughable absurdities, from which it has not yet freed itself; when the article above referred to appeared in this magazine. Mr Colquhoun, a member of the Scottish Bar, and a confirmed believer, has since fully expounded the doctrines of Animal Magnetism; but the arrival of the Baron Dupotet in London, and his demonstrations at the North London Hospital, mark the true era of this equivocal science in Great Britain, where, we may venture to prophesy, without any pretensions to *lucidity or clairvoyance*, that the duration, if not the spread of its empire, will depend entirely on its truth and utility.

After the appearance of Deleuze's “*Histoire Critique du Magnétisme Animal*,” several eminent men of science in France thought themselves bound in justice to investigate anew the facts of a science of which La Place, Cuvier, and others, had expressed a favourable opinion. That these philosophers did so, is not improbable; but we have often before now noticed sanguine theorists draw strong conclusions of this sort from very slender premises. Dr Elliottson and Professor Mayo are avowed believers of certain phenomena which they have observed; but that they, and much less La Place, Humboldt, Cuvier, Dugald Stewart, Sprengel, Coleridge, and a host of eminent names, ever placed implicit faith in one-half of the marvellous stories recorded in the annals of Animal Magnetism, and cited by Baron Dupotet, is very questionable. To some of its facts, and those certainly not the most improbable, Cuvier and La Place had assented before M. Dupotet, in 1819, became a medical student in Paris, young, and a stranger to the prejudices of the profession, or of a former age. He says:—

I was yet ignorant that physical facts were to be rejected because they were inexplicable, or because they were contrary to received doctrines. On Animal Magnetism I had already thought and read much; and, never doubting but that truth would eventually be triumphant, I solicited permission to make experiments at the Hotel-Dieu. My request was granted, and the results published in a little brochure, entitled, “*Exposé des Expériences de l'Hotel-Dieu*,” which was translated into German and Italian, and passed through three French editions. It may be sufficient to state here that my success was complete. Among other cases which I treated was that of a girl who had been thirteen months in the hospital, suffering from hæmatemesis, (vomiting of blood from the stomach,) which had resisted the ordinary methods of medical treatment. In the presence of forty physicians I magnetised this patient, who received such decided and manifest benefit from the operation, that in twenty-seven days she left the Hotel-Dieu, perfectly cured. In this case, the vomiting of blood, which had immediately subsided on the first magnetisation, returned on its being suspended; and, on the second operation, again ceased, and did not afterwards recur. It may be added, that the magnetic treatment induced in this patient all the extraordinary phenomena of somnambulism; and every trial which incredulity and ingenuity could suggest was had recourse to with the view of ascertaining whether there could be any possible collusion.

This physician either assisted at or conducted cases in other places, with such results that the public began to reject the report of the commissioners of 1784—Lavolsier, Franklin, and Bailly. A new commission was appointed (after a keen

debate) by the French Royal Academy of Medicine; eleven commissioners were named; and, after a delay of five years, their report, when given in, undeniably afforded a triumph for Mesmerism, rendered much more complete by the attempt of the great body of medical academicians to smother it. Having performed many extraordinary marvels in Paris—we call them so in no offensive sense—which are noticed in his volume, along with numerous other curious cases of magnetic influence, and having borne up against what he considers persecution and prejudice for twenty years, Baron Dupotet, zealous in propagating the faith, arrived in London in the summer of 1837, and vainly attempted to awaken the attention of the English savans to his favourite study. He made demonstrations at the North or London University Hospital, the results of which were detailed in the medical journals and newspapers. But, in familiar parlance, the thing “did not take.” Our physicians, who no doubt have their carriages to keep up, are tacitly charged, in his book, with being more occupied about fees than discoveries; and John Bull is never the most liberal or charitable of men in his judgment of “foreign quacks.” The Professor was on the point of abandoning the field when he found a patron in Earl Stanhope, and encouragement from the liberality and candour of a few practitioners who have made trial of his curative system. No English magnetizee that we have heard of, has yet got beyond the third or fourth stage, though Dr Elliotson’s patients are approaching to the exaltation of the fifth, in which the patient can see his own internal organization, the seat of his own diseases, and that of other persons, placed *en rapport*, or in magnetic connexion with him; and in which he becomes acquainted, by self-intuition, with the proper remedies, which he points out to his physician, who acts accordingly. A girl of twelve years of age, and epileptic, has been repeatedly thrown into three states—stupor, delirium, and somnambulism—by Dr Elliotson. She does not, however, appear half so knowing as many French patients, though she has said that she will have no more fits; and that, on the 14th June, she would be perfectly cured. This remains to be seen, and is besides not a little in the patient’s power. This faculty creates a new era in medicine. An artificial somnambule must henceforth become the physician’s familiar, a part of his apparatus more valuable than his library. A German lady mentioned in the work turned this power to sensible advantage. Having made her own report on her case while in a state of magnetic somnambulism, she afterwards magnetised her physician, and took his *clairvoyant* view of it; thus making assurance double sure.

Sceptics or infidels who doubt or despise Animal Magnetism, are sometimes caught in their own snare. They are like the ignorant utterers of a spell, who raise the devil unawares, or like the man, in one of Pittcairn’s reports of a witch-trial, who, hearing members of a midnight-witch assembly cry, “Horse and hattock!” repeated

the words, and was straightway whisked through the air on a rag-weed charger, like the rest. A gentleman, an *interne* in the Hotel-Dieu, who was

“Totally sceptical regarding the powers ascribed to this mysterious essence, this asserted magnetic fluid, formed, for amusement, the plan, with a brother *interne*, equally incredulous, of submitting this friend to the manoeuvres of the magnetiseurs. The *passes* were continued for about twenty minutes without any remarkable effect; but, at the expiration of that time the young man began to yawn, his eyelids grew heavy, and closed involuntarily; he attempted to shake off the torpor in vain; his respiration next became accelerated, his head fell on his shoulders, and he uttered a sardonic laugh of indescribable expression. “We thought,” continues M. Fillassier, “that he was amusing himself at our expense; but, in a little time, what was my horror when I saw his fingers turn blue, his head fall powerless forward—when I heard his respiration rattling like a dying man’s, and felt his skin as cold as death itself! I cannot find words to describe my sufferings. I knew not what to do. Meanwhile, all these horrid phenomena increased in intensity. I tremble at the recollection of what I saw: there lay my friend, my victim, devoid of the aspect of life, in a state of complete and terrible collapse. With his hand clasped in mine, in a state of agony no tongue could tell of, I laid him on a bed, and waited the result in a state of mind I never can forget. In a quarter of an hour he recovered, and exclaiming that, in the ecstasy, he had experienced sensations of extreme delight, begged me to recommence the *passes*. I did so with less apprehension, and again the somnolency proceeded. The collapse, however, was less profound and terrific, and in some minutes he suddenly awoke with the exclamation, ‘What happiness is this!’”

M. de S. C., a retired officer, having heard a vague report of Animal Magnetism, attempted to make the experiment upon his own daughter, although she complained of no illness. He merely wished to ascertain whether he could make her feel the magnetic sensations. With this view, and without being aware of the extent of mischief he was provoking, he laid his hand on the stomach of his daughter, and obeyed the magnetic injunctions. After a few moments of magnetisation, she experienced spasmodic attacks, which, far from alarming her father, only encouraged him to proceed. In a very short time, however, Mademoiselle de C. was seized with the most violent convulsions; and her father, now, not knowing the proper way to calm them, only increased their intensity. In much distress, he was obliged to leave his daughter in this state, and she spent the following night in incessant convulsions, and remained a whole week in this dangerous state.

Another case of this kind was transmitted to M. de Puysegur by M. Segrettier, landowner at Nantes. The following are the particulars:—“A young lady of distinguished birth, who seemed to enjoy most excellent health, happening to be on a visit to the chateau of her relative, the Marquis de B., was indulging, with the rest of the company, in passing sundry jokes upon magnetism. Her uncle, M. de B., who outstepped, by his sarcastic remarks, everybody present, and was gesticulating with great freedom, began to direct his pretended influence upon his niece, when they both set about magnetising each other as fast as they could. At first the young lady laughed very heartily, but it was soon discovered that this laughter was anything but natural; and the first surprise excited by this phenomenon soon gave way to unspeakable terror, when it was manifest that she was gradually losing her reason and the use of her senses. Indeed, she could no longer see, nor hear, nor speak; her eyes were immovably fixed; her neck outstretched, resembled a weaker magnet violently attracted by a stronger one; she followed her magnetiser everywhere, and yielded to his sole influence. The spectators attempted to separate them, but this only provoked dreadful convulsions. Her magnetiser, on his part, felt extraordinary sensations, which, in addition to the shock he had experienced by the alarming state of his niece, had entirely

showed his features, which became extremely pale and dejected. In the course of a few hours, the crisis of the magnetised young lady gradually ceased, and she complained of acute pains in her stomach. The remainder of the day, and the following night, were passed alternately in convulsions and magnetic sleep; and this state lasted several days."

These awful cases should put tamperers and sceptics on their guard. The case of Paul Villagrando, and that of Pierre Cazot, both detailed in the paper in this Magazine for January 1834, and referred to in M. Dupotet's book, are certainly not so extraordinary as that of a girl named Arron, a natural somnambulist. Natural somnambulists "go the whole hog," as the Americans say, though magnetised patients follow hard on their heels; yet, natural somnambulists have not usually been imagined to possess the *clairvoyance* and prophetic powers of the girl Arron, who looks indeed to be a first-rate humbug. In September 1835, she was visited by a physician from Chartres, whose name is not given.

"On being introduced to her, in company with several other gentlemen, he questioned her, without being able to obtain an answer. Thinking that, if he were alone with her, she might perhaps be induced to speak, he requested the spectators to withdraw. When they were both in private, the following conversation took place:—

"Maria," said he, do you know me?" "Yes, sir."—"Who am I?" "You are a physician."—"Whence do I come?" "From Chartres."—"Where is my house at Chartres?" "In a small street running down a declivity."—"Can you see my house?" "Yes, sir."—"Is there any company in it?" "Yes, sir; four ladies, one old, two middle-aged, and one young lady."—"For what purpose have I come into this part of the country?" "To see a female patient."—"Where is her complaint?" (Here she pointed to the part affected, which we cannot just now recollect.)—"Where did I dine?" "At M.'s."—"Was there a good dinner?" "Yes, sir."—"Could you tell me what dishes we had?" "Certainly. (She names every dish and its particular place on the table.)—"What do I hold in my hand?" "A small wooden box."—"What does it contain?" "Sharp little iron tools."—"Now what have I in my hand?" "Some money."—"How much?" (She names the sum.)—"In what coins?" (She specifies the various coins.)—"Can you tell me my thought at this moment?" "Yes, sir."—"Say it." "I dare not; I must not tell you."—"Well, I will tell you: I think of giving you this money." "So you do, sir; but I could not say so." All these answers were perfectly correct. Other answers no less surprising than the preceding have been reported to us, but we shall confine ourselves to these.

We shall call from Baron Dupotet a few more of the wonders resulting from the artificial or magnetic transference of the senses:—

A cataleptic patient of Petetin distinguished in succession several cards which had been slipped under the bed-clothes, and laid upon her stomach; she told the hour of a watch held in the closed hand of an inquirer; and recognised, in like manner, an ancient medal grasped in the hand of one of the spectators. Another day the same patient recognised a letter placed under the waistcoat of M. Petetin, then a purse which had been slipped there by a sceptic; she also indicated the number of gold and silver coins contained in each end of the purse. After this experiment, she announced that she was about to tell successively what each person present possessed about him most remarkable, which she actually did. She also perceived, through a screen, that Madame Petetin on going out took her husband's cloak, and made him discover the mistake.

The first I address is taken from the *Gazette de Santé*,

and recorded in the *Journal de Paris* of the 24th Brumaire, an. XIV.

"The public journals," says the editor, "are now reaching the prodigies of a female somnambule of Lyons, who, with her eyes shut, can read a sealed letter, tell the thoughts, and give an account of the sensations, &c., of another person. The most singular circumstance is, that this woman is of genteel extraction, and that, on account of her superior education and independent fortune, she is far above the suspicion of simulating those extraordinary scenes; in addition to which, the most eminent personages, the most learned physicians and scientific men of Lyons, appear perfectly convinced of the reality of these prodigies."

M. Deleuze, in his memoir on the Lucidity of Somnambules, gives the following relation:—

"A young patient had read to me, with great fluency, seven or eight lines, notwithstanding her eyes were so covered as to be of no use to her, after which she was obliged to stop, saying she felt much fatigued. Some days after, wishing to convince a few sceptics, whom he could not take with him to the somnambule's residence, he presented to her a box of pasteboard, perfectly shut, and in which were written these words—*amié sans bonheur*. She held the box in her hand for a long time, experienced much fatigue, and said that the first word was *amié*; but that she could not read the others. On being urged to make fresh attempts, she consented, and said, as she returned the box, 'I cannot see it plainly; however, I think that the next two words are *boné, douceur*.' She made a mistake in these two words; but, as we see, these words had a very great resemblance with those that were written."

We hear of another patient who could read the address of a letter in somebody's pocket; but, unfortunately, not the inside. This was a defect in the man, for much more may be accomplished; as in this case cited by Mr Chardet:—

"The somnambule having recovered her senses, (for she had just been seized by syncope,) called for some water; I went to take a decanter from the mantelpiece, but it was empty. I took it, for the purpose of filling it, into the dining-room, where I had observed a filtering tank; I turned the cock, but no water came; and yet the tank was full. I thought that the cock should first be unstopped, and I did it with a piece of wood which I split off; but still the water did not come out. I then supposed that the air-hole of the reservoir was obstructed, and, as it was very narrow, it was necessary again to split the piece of wood in order to introduce it; but I was not more successful than before. At last I resolved upon filling my decanter with unfiltered water. My somnambule was still in the same attitude in which I left her. She had seen me all the time, had followed all my movements, and detailed them to me without omitting a single circumstance, notwithstanding there was between her and me two walls and a parlour—and my actions included a number of minute details which nobody could have imagined.

The Baron Dupotet proceeds heaping wonder on wonder; but not always upon his own authority:—

M. Francour, a distinguished mathematician, read, in 1826, to the Société Philomatique, a memoir, wherein he stated that "He had been at Aix, in company with respectable physicians—namely, with Dr Despine, chief physician of the watering establishment, who informed him that he (Dr Despine) had witnessed, for months together, the singular phenomenon of the transference of the senses, and he thought he would serve the cause of truth by making it known to the Society."

In the first observation of this memoir, we read that the patient had the power of seeing, hearing, and smelling with her fingers. The second is much more curious; it was made on the daughter of a certain gentleman, who enjoys the esteem of the whole town of Grenoble, where he lives in retirement. He did all in his power to conceal the malady of his daughter, which gave him great

pain—and constantly refused to admit visitors inquiring after her.

Among the various states presented by this malady, and minutely described by Dr Despine, he insists, in particular, on somnambulism; and I shall here transcribe, verbatim, the most positive passage on the transposition of the function of sight.

"Not only did our patient hear with the palms of her hands, but we saw her read without the help of her eyes; and with the extremities of her fingers, which she rapidly agitated over the page which she intended to read, and without touching it, as if to multiply the feeling surfaces; she thus read a whole page of a novel by Montholieu.

"At other times we saw her single out of a parcel containing upwards of thirty letters, one which had been pointed out to her; and read on the dial, and through the glass of a watch, the hour indicated by the hands; she also wrote several letters, corrected them by a second reading, marking the mistakes as she went on, and copied one of them, word for word. During all these operations, a thick pasteboard screen intercepted, in the most effectual manner, every visual ray that might have reached the eye.

"The same phenomenon took place at the sole of the feet, and at the epigastrium; and the patient seemed to experience a painful sensation when simply touched."

In the sixth degree of magnetising, the highest yet known, coming events, as we have seen, are clearly foreseen and predicted, and this faculty is limited neither by time nor space.

M. Dupotet has the power of magnetising, at a distance, those unconscious of his presence; and Dr Elliotson asserts his belief in the existence of this remote influence, which has never been tried in the North London Hospital.

Nothing in Animal Magnetism is so perfectly authenticated as the profound, unnatural sleep, the entire insensibility of the patient under it, and the impossibility of recovering him, save by magnetic influence, until a period of varied duration, elapses. All sorts of noises, tortures, and petty painful annoyances, have been tried in vain. The magnetic sleep cannot be broken. The case of the lady in Paris who had her breast-operated upon for cancer, while in a profound magnetic sleep, was mentioned in our article of 1834, and is cited here by the Baron Dupotet; and another case is given by him of a young farmer, in the department of the Gers, who consented to be thrown into a magnetic sleep, while a tumour of a very painful kind was removed from his thigh. He was magnetised by a Comte de Brivazac; remained motionless as a statue while the operation was going on; and, when brought out of the magnetic state, was asked whether he would submit to the operation, which he was astonished to learn was happily over. He had seen nothing, felt nothing, save in passing to stupor, M. de Brivazac laying the palm of his hand upon his forehead. Among M. Dupotet's patients in London was, or is, he says—

A young girl, or rather a child, for she is not twelve years of age, who is so susceptible of the magnetic influence that she almost instantly falls asleep; and the approximation of my fingers towards her causes a short and quick convulsive start, which seems to pervade her whole frame. In another case, a young lady, subjected to fits, experiences, under the magnetic action, convulsive motions of the shoulders and chest, which are, however, unattended with pain. A gentleman, also, who is to me a stranger, has recently attended at my rooms, to be

magnetised for a paralysis of the left side of the face, which was caused by an abscess, which he suffered from five years ago. Under the magnetical action, the muscles of the face, especially those of the paralysed side, over which he has no command, are visibly contracted; the angles of his lips are drawn upwards, and his face assumes almost the character of a mask; and this effect is produced when the magnetic passes are made at a distance of ten or twelve feet from him, even though a screen, during the operation, be interposed between us.

A medical gentleman, who takes interest in Animal Magnetism, addressed a string of queries to the paralytic patient, who is stated to be a highly educated and intelligent gentleman named Wright. These replies strike us as among the most curious things in the book:—

Q. Are you, independent of the paralysis of the face, in sound health? Have you ever been affected with dyspepsia, palpitations of the heart, or any nervous affection? A. At present I am enjoying a very sound state of health. When my face was paralyzed, about five years ago, I had considerable mental anxiety, and great confinement, with a very high pulse, beating often 125 to 130 a minute.—Q. When the Baron Dupotet magnetised you for the first time, were you sensible of any immediate effect during the operation? A. Immediately upon the Baron Dupotet's commencing his manipulations, I felt physically affected by a stream of coldness.—Q. When the Baron Dupotet commences magnetising you, do you feel nervous, or possessed of any vague apprehension that some mysterious or unknown effect is likely to be produced? A. Having seen the effects produced on other patients, I was fully prepared to experience the same results, to which I attached notions of pleasure rather than of apprehension. The real effect was completely different from what I had expected.—Q. When the Baron Dupotet passes his hands to and fro before your face, does the monotonous movement before you induce any feeling of ennui or mental fatigue? A. No. The first marked physical sensation is an irritation of the diseased muscles of the face, and, almost at the same time, a convulsive closing of the eyes. Nearly the same results are experienced when I am magnetised upon the feet.—Q. During the operation, do you appear under an influence, which, independent of all such manipulations, sensibly affects you? A. Yes, entirely so.—Q. When the Baron Dupotet communicates this influence what effect has it on your physical sensations? Do you appear to acquire any new element or principle from without? A. I appear, as I have before said, to receive a coldness, which quickly operates to the expulsion of heat from the interior; being magnetised for some time, and all things being quiet, this heat is accompanied by great perspiration at all the extremities; for instance, the hands and the feet.—Q. During the operation, and while the paralyzed muscles of your face are contracting, are you perfectly conscious of everything which surrounds you? A. I am nearly as conscious as a man ordinarily is with his eyes closed. I cannot speak. Once or twice my consciousness has been much confined to myself and the magnetiser, having forgotten—I do not mean forgotten, but rather being abstracted from—all other objects.—Q. Do the objects and persons about you appear just the same as when you are under the magnetic influence; or do they appear as if seen through some different or new medium? A. I cannot answer this question experimentally. All I have to remark upon it is, that I can, for the most part, see, although dimly, the magnetiser's hand; this sight being rather that of feeling, than what we ordinarily term sight.—Q. During the operation, while under the magnetic influence, are you sensible of any exaltation of your mental faculties, either in respect to your perceptions or apprehensions of pleasure or pain? A. I know of no intellectual exaltation. I am quieted, and the longer the influence is continued, the more calm I become.—Q. When the Baron Dupotet magnetises you at a distance of six, eight, or twelve feet, or through a screen, is the effect which he produces equal in intensity to that which you experience when he is immediately before you? A. Yes. There

seems to be no difference in the effects resulting either from distances or from interposed objects.—Q. When the Baron Dupotet, has established the magnetic influence, are you sensible of any loss of self-command? Do you feel in a manner subdued and passive under his control? A. Partially so. As I have said, I cannot speak, nor, when very powerfully influenced, have I been able to move. This is the physical influence. Intellectually I do not feel the magnetiser more powerful than myself. Morally, or feelingly, I am conscious of a sympathetic *peacefulness* being controlled, but not *forcedly*.—Q. You have heard of *fascination*, in the ordinary sense of the word? Does he rivet your attention so that you cannot escape from the influence? or do you intentionally yield yourself to it? A. The word *fascination* aptly describes the influence which the magnetiser exerts. With me it is not an intellectual fascination, but only physical and moral.—Q. Have you ever tried by a determined effort of will to resist the operation? and if so, what has been the result? A. Yes; and the result has been very painful; great exhaustion being produced, and prostration of the energies. The breathing was painfully affected, and a cold clammy sweat ejected from the extremities, very different from the glowing perspiration that I am ordinarily sensible of. I felt considerable agitation and loss of self-control, without finding any peaceful influence in its stead.—Q. How many times have you submitted to the operation? Do you think the effect of the magnetic influence increases with every successive sitting? A. Sixteen times, I think. The influence perceptibly increases, affecting me now more *radically*, while in the first instance my face was really pained by external contortions. The muscles are now more moved, but less apparently on the surface.—Q. Has the magnetic treatment at all affected your general health? Does it invigorate the system, or induce lassitude? A. I am not sensible of any difference in my general health. I have not slept very well for a few nights, but that might perhaps be attributable to other causes. My friends have remarked a degree of nervous irritation which is not altogether natural to me.—Q. Do you think the paralytic affection of your face better for the magnetic treatment you have undergone? A. Apparently there is but little difference. I seem to think there is a little more vitality in it.—Q. Has the operation of Animal Magnetism ever given rise to any unpleasant or disagreeable sensations? How do you feel after it has terminated? A. I am generally affected with a most comfortable perspiration. I am pleased to be magnetised rather than otherwise.

Independently of the natural influence of imagination in persons of an imaginative cast, placed in novel and singular circumstances, there really does not appear much in this. Probably Mr Wright never in his whole life before reflected so closely upon his own sensations, and the operations of his mind. The agency of the universal fluid has not been remarkable in him.

Second only to the father of the science, Mesmer, and in some respects before him, was his pupil, the Marquis de Puységur, who was the discoverer of the state of magnetic somnambulism. This gentleman's reputation for curing diseases by Animal Magnetism became so great among the peasantry of his own and the neighbouring estates, that, to save himself the trouble of going through the tedious and complicated evolutions of his master, which modern enlightened magnetisers have discarded, he magnetised an elm tree on his property, which, we believe, still retains its celebrity, if not its virtue. Ropes were hung to the branches; to these the peasants clung, and the desired effect was produced! M. Dupotet gives the following account

of the discovery of the phenomena of magnetic somnambulism by Puységur.

It appears that, while magnetising his gardener, he observed him fall into a deep and tranquil sleep; and it then occurred to him that he would address some questions to him, as he might have done to a natural somnambulist. He did so; and the man immediately answered him with much intelligence and clearness, upon which he persevered in the magnetic operation, and soon found that he possessed an extraordinary psychical influence over him; that all further manual movements were unnecessary; and that, without speaking, he could mentally communicate with and control his ideas. "It is from this simple man," says he, "this tall and stout rustic, twenty-three years of age, enfeebled by disease, or rather, by sorrow, and, therefore, the more pre-disposed to be affected by any great natural agent—it is from this man, I repeat, that I derive instruction and knowledge. He is no longer, when in the magnetic state, a peasant, who can hardly utter a single sentence—he is a being to describe whom I cannot find a name. I need not speak, I have only to think before him, when he instantly hears and answers me. Should anybody come into the room, he sees him, if I desire it, and addresses him, and says what I wish him to say; not, indeed, exactly as I dictate to him, but as truth requires. When he wants to add more than I deem it prudent strangers should hear, I stop the flow of his ideas, and of his conversation, in the middle of a word, and give his thoughts quite a different turn." He then adds—"I know of no subject more profound, more lucid, than this peasant in his crisis. I have several patients approaching his state of lucidity, but none equal him." "If you do not come, my dear friend, you will not see my extraordinary man; for his health is almost quite restored. He has, however, told me, when in a crisis, that he should still need to be touched, and pointed out to me the days, Thursday, Saturday, and Monday, for the last time, &c. I continue to make use of the happy power which I owe to M. Mesmer; and every day I bless him, for I am very useful, and produce many salutary effects on all the sick in the neighbourhood. They flock round my tree; there were more than one hundred and thirty of them this morning. There is a continual procession in the country. I pass two hours at my tree every morning. It is the best *baquet* possible; not a leaf of it but communicates health; all feel more or less good effects from it. You will be delighted to see the picture of humanity which this presents. I have only one regret; it is, that I cannot touch all who come. But my man, or rather my intelligence, sets me at ease. He teaches me what conduct I should adopt. According to him, it is not necessary for me to touch every one: a look, a gesture, a wish, is sufficient; and it is one of the most limited peasants of the country that teaches me this. When he is in a crisis, I know nothing more profound, more prudent, and more clear-sighted (*clairvoyant*) than he."

According to the historian of the science, M. Deleuze, the somnambule, as we are glad to learn, is not under the absolute will of the magnetiser, but only in

"Regard to everything that cannot hurt him, and that he does not feel contrary to his ideas of justice and truth.

"He feels the will of his magnetiser.

"He perceives the magnetic fluid.

"He sees, or rather he feels, the interior of his body, and that of others; but he commonly observes only those parts of it which are not in their natural state, and disturbs the harmony of the whole.

"He recovers the recollection of things he had forgot when awake.

"He has prophetic visions and sensations, which may be erroneous in some circumstances, and which are limited in their extent.

"He expresses himself with astonishing facility.

"He is not free from vanity.

"He becomes more perfect of his own accord for a

certain time, if guided wisely. He wanders when he is ill directed.

"When he returns to the natural state, he entirely loses the recollection of all the sensations, and all the ideas which he has had in the state of somnambulism.

"The magnetic somnambule perceives innumerable relations in all objects; he perceives them with an extreme rapidity, and in one minute runs through a train of ideas which to us would require many hours. Time seems to vanish before him; he himself wonders at the variety and rapidity of his perceptions; he is inclined to ascribe them to the inspiration of another intelligence. He now sees this new being within himself; he considers himself, while in somnambulism, as a different being from himself when awake; he speaks of himself in the third person, as of somebody whom he knows, submits to his remarks—to whom he gives advice, and for whom he feels more or less sympathy. He now hears an intelligence, a soul speaking to him, and revealing what he wishes to know."

According to other hints, the charm will not work when anything impure or unholy is in presence; which may, perhaps, account for some of Dupotet's failures in London. It is to us not a little remarkable that *self-intuition* has never yet led to the discovery of any new medical remedy, though the uses of Jesuits' bark, calomel, tartar emetic, opium, and a hundred other medicaments, have been found out by men merely in their humble natural state; and it is shrewdly, though not, perhaps, justly remarked, that the lucid vision of the magnetic prophets never penetrates beyond their actual narrow experiences. The French peasant, "in prescribing, is lavish of small-soup, and ptisanes made of herbs, which have virtue in the eyes of his associates and gossips; the German takes to the popular pharmacopœia of fatherland; and we may venture to predict that Lucy Clarke, or any other English hierophant, will invest calomel, salts, rosemary, and peppermint, with all the virtues necessary to gull visitors." It is fair to state, that, however gullible visitors may be, no one has breathed a syllable of suspicion of wilful delusion, or collusion, as possible in any of the experiments witnessed in London. Lucy Clarke is the patient of Baron Dupotet, to whom she was taken by Mr George Denton, surgeon. She was treated magnetically, for convulsion fits, by her medical attendant; who, finding her so susceptible of the magnetic influence, was induced to place her under the care of the Baron. Mr Denton states:—

For some time I was constantly present while the Baron magnetised Lucy Clarke, and heard her repeatedly state, long before the 20th of October, that that was the day her æton should be removed, but that the Baron should continue to magnetise her until the 30th of November, and that then her fits would be cured. Accordingly, the æton was removed on the day above stated. In the month of November she received a very severe blow on the head, which she said would protract her cure one month.

The girl has had no fits since the day she was first magnetised, and, until this last month, has taken no medicines. The Baron still magnetises her once a week.

This statement is dated 5th May. The feats of Dr Elliotson have become as remarkable in inducing the earlier stages of magnetising as those of M. Dupotet. On the 2d June, in presence of a crowded audience, among whom were several specimens of the hereditary wisdom, with a

sprinkling of Members of the Lower House, and several literary and scientific characters, he put two epileptic girls through the whole magnetic exercise. One of the girls is the same damsel who prophesied her own complete cure on the 14th June. While the professor was speaking, —(we quote from the *Sun* newspaper)—

Mr Wood, who, we understood, first drew Dr Elliotson's attention to the practicability of exercising the Mesmeric influence, moved his hands behind the backs of the girls, and they fell each into a state of profound sleep. They were then pinched, violently shaken, and pulled by the arms, not only by the Professor, but by several of the noblemen and gentlemen around, without manifesting the slightest degree of sensibility. But, by breathing upon their hands, they were instantly awakened, when they exhibited a delirious vivacity and boldness, in remarkable contrast to their gentleness in the natural state. In the elder girl, the contrast was most striking—she sang, whistled, and jested with Dr Elliotson and with Lords Wilton and Stanhope, with the familiarity of a playful and petted child amongst her own family, and she displayed not only great archness, but wit and humour. In the midst of her liveliest sallies, however, Dr Elliotson, suddenly pointed the fore-finger of one hand at her forehead, and on the instant she stood immovable as a statue, and evidently in a state of utter unconsciousness. He then pointed a finger at each upper eye-lid, and, as he raised the fingers (several inches from her face) the lids rose also, to the utmost extent, exposing the whole eye-ball—and so they remained fixed, the body standing motionless. In the same manner, pointing one finger opposite the upper lip, and another opposite the chin, he moved the one finger upwards and the other downwards, with a quick movement, and the mouth opened; and she stood still, in that posture, until he breathed upon her face; when she suddenly started into consciousness, and began to dance, sing, and jest as before.

She was afterwards repeatedly struck motionless, on the instant, in every variety of attitude which, in her delirious playfulness, she might happen to assume; and this was done not only by Dr E. himself, but frequently when he was not aware of it, and whilst she was talking to him—by a single movement of the hand, *behind her back*, by Lord Wilton, Lord Northland, and others, who seemed to enjoy the influence of their newly-discovered Mesmeric powers. When she was seated in the chair, and thrown into sleep, her hands lying in her lap, Dr E. extending his arms, placed a hand opposite each of hers, and then drawing his hands away, he raised them upwards and inwards towards his head. Her hands followed his until she had raised them to the level of her head, when, with a convulsive movement, she fell back in the chair, in a state of *coma*, or torpor, more profound than the previous sleep. We observed that this phenomenon followed every experiment in which she was caused to make any physical exertion. When she was seated and asleep, Mr Wood, being behind her, placed his hands near hers, and as he drew his away, hers followed them—as he raised his, she raised hers. In the same manner, as she sat asleep, her eyes being closed, Lord Wilton placed his left hand opposite to her right, and, as he drew his away, hers followed, as far as her arm would extend, apparently attracted, as a needle would follow a powerful magnet. Whilst she sat asleep, with her body leaning forward, Mr Wood, being still behind her, pointed his hand to the back of her head, but at a distance of three or four feet, and, as he retired further back, her head was raised slowly, and moved backwards, in the direction of his hand, as far as the top rail of the chair would allow, when she made a convulsive effort to rise, and sank into a state of lethargy. In the same manner when feet were pointed opposite to hers, and withdrawn, hers followed them; and this species of attraction was exercised upon her with the same effects by the surrounding spectators, as well as by the medical practitioners. Numerous other experiments were made to elicit similar phenomena, both with this patient and her sister.

Professor Mayo has, in the *Medical Gazette*, given a very lucid and minute account of the magnetic prowess of Dr Elliottson, in producing and alternating, as above described, magnetic sleep and magnetic somnambulism; or, as he terms these two states, the Mesmeric trance, one condition of which is analogous to natural sleep, and the other to natural somnambulism. He was an unbeliever, and avows that with him authority went for nothing. He is now the convert of his own senses. He does not, as we have stated, believe in *clairvoyance*; for of that he has had no evidence, no experience. Having advanced so far in belief in one six months, M. Dupotet conceives that the Professor dogmatizes too hastily, when he repudiates *lucid vision*, *prevision*, or prophecy in fact, and very gravely and deliberately affirms that "There is no fact in the whole history of the experimental sciences better and more clearly authenticated than the occurrence of *clairvoyance*. I have myself," he says, "repeatedly witnessed it; and I have no doubt that, as M. Mayo's experience increases, he will do so likewise. . . . The professors of Animal Magnetism do not pretend that *clairvoyance* is an ordinary phenomenon; on the con-

trary, they aver that it is only occasionally developed in the highest degree of the magnetic state." It is not surprising that the professors are unwilling to give up *clairvoyance*. It is, undoubtedly, the most attractive feature of the new doctrines, and that which will the most rapidly lead to their promulgation. It stimulates and supplies food to the imagination.

The practical advantages hitherto obtained in the curative art, from the Mesmeric influence, do not appear very remarkable. In difficult and painful surgical operations, there is a prospect of Mesmeric *coma* forming a useful ally of the operator, where the patient is nervous, or wants mental fortitude; but the occult power of *clairvoyance* opens up a new world to the psychologist, much more wonderful than that laid open to the physiologist by the experiments lately made at the North London Hospital, and sets wide the door to all manner of delusion and quackery.

To this curious subject, we must now bid a hasty and abrupt farewell, confessing great scepticism, and, on many points, total unbelief, but respectfully waiting for more well-authenticated facts.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Conder's View of all Religions.*

WE have given this work the true title. The view is emphatically Mr Josiah Conder's; and it is probable that the members of different religious denominations may complain that he has either mistaken or mistated their peculiar tenets. The Roman Catholics, the Unitarians, and the Quakers will be the most ready to complain. Mr Conder is himself eminently orthodox; and he conceives that, as the historian or expositor of the opinions of the many sects of Christendom, to conceal his own opinions would have been fruitless hypocrisy. He does not therefore pretend to be a merely neutral, nor, upon so momentous a subject as soundness of belief, even an impartial reporter. He has not, he avows, "attempted to speak of sects as sects, or heresies as heresies;" and whatever the great body of his readers may think of it, he vindicates the course he has chosen on grave and high grounds. Mr Conder makes out a strong case for the necessity of his work, from the many and great deficiencies of those previously written upon the subject. Of Evans' "Sketch of all Religions," he thinks meanly, and not much more favourably of its successors. Considerable pains and research have been bestowed on his work, which will be highly prized by the numerous body in whose religious opinions he participates, and which may be perused with advantage by those desirous of information, or who, accepting knowledge upon his authority, may yet, at their own judgment, either reject or accept the opinion of the writer. The obtrusion of these opinions will be considered either the cardinal virtue or the radical blemish of the book. To give a genuine and authentic history of all religions would require a cyclopaedia, to which able and trustworthy impartial persons of all the denominations should contribute. In the closing sentence of Mr Conder's preface, we can heartily concur—"No one need despair, with the Bible in his hands, of ascertaining for himself, under its various disguises, the genuine lineaments of true Christianity."

Southey's Collected Poems. Vols. VI. and VIII.

The Sixth Volume of Southey's collected Poems has appeared. It contains most of the smaller pieces—the humorous, the grotesque, and the legendary. We have also that popular favourite, the tragic Tale of "Mary the Maid of the Inn;" and, without a word of annotation,

the "Battle of Blenheim," which, with the "March to Moscow," gives, in a narrow compass, nearly the whole philosophy of War and Glory. The eighth volume of the series gives us "The Curse of Kehama," that mythological Indian poem, so singularly and splendidly versified, from which the student will acquire a knowledge of the Hindoo faith, in the same felicitous way that Chatham learned English history from the dramas of Shakespeare.

St John's Masterpieces of English Prose Literature.

A new volume is devoted to the works of Sir Thomas Browne, and contains at least that philosopher's masterpieces—*Religio Medici*, namely, and the discourse on Urn Burial. The admiration of Coleridge and Lamb for this quaint, imaginative, and pregnant writer, has made his name familiar to many who know little more about him. These may now easily, if such be their desire, become more intimately acquainted with the English Montaigne. Mr St John, if less enthusiastic than some of Sir Thomas Browne's admirers appears to us more truly to appreciate his merits. One could wish that the knight of Norwich were alive now, to discuss learnedly of Mesmerism and phrenology.

Becket's Miscellanies.

Among the late reprints, are "Dramatic and Prose Miscellanies," by Andrew Becket, a veteran litterateur of ninety, who was "a pretty fellow in his day." The work is printed in two handsome volumes, and is kindly edited by Dr Beattie, who has prefixed an interesting memoir of a man whose life has been devoted to letters, and who, deprived of sight, and on the verge of ninety years, "still quotes his favourite authors, and converses on literary subjects with great point and vivacity." To be brief, a respectable and very aged gentleman, an accomplished critical scholar, and possessed of literary talents of no mean order, comes before the public as a candidate for fame, and a suitor for some useful portion of that pecuniary reward to which he is doubly entitled, by the claims of genius and of pecuniary distress, occasioned by no errors of his own.

China, its State and Prospects. By W. H. Medhurst of the London Missionary Society.*

Everything respecting that curious and oldest civilized branch of the human family, the three hundred mil-

None of our Chinese fellow creatures, seems to us so interesting that we had proposed to have analysed this missionary journal at some length. As we have not yet laid this design aside, we merely recommend the work in general terms, to those who take the same interest with ourselves in the most remarkable race on the eastern division of the face of the globe. It combines a general view of the social, moral, and religious condition of the Chinese people, with the traveller's personal narrative.

The Man about Town.

For the best of the *Ephemerals*, excerpting "Shakespeare and his Friends," we are indebted to our old and pleasant literary acquaintance, Mr Cornelius Webbe, who mellows and brightens as he goes along, and, in artist phrase, shows more *breadth* than in his earlier productions. His "*Man about Town*," a series of papers hovering between the styles of Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb, yet marked by striking individuality, is just such a work as England alone can produce—a true or lineal successor of the humours of the *Spectators* and *Tatlers*, adapted to a later age. We were wrong to class those sketches with the ephemerals. They ought to last through a long day—an extended copyright. We are delighted with many of the humours of *Mr Hippy*, and *Sampson Simpson*, and take exceedingly to the *Old Watchman*, and *Charley Stump*. But why will Englishmen, Londoners especially, persist in perpetrating Scotch, making our sweet Doric hideous? There is but one Englishman can do it—and that is Hood. Mr Webbe's Scotch is atrocious, beyond benefit of clergy.

The Greenwich Pensioners.

More salt-water books! Had we not almost resolved to protest against our entertaining literature undergoing farther "sea-change," and often into things neither "rich nor rare," we might have relished those tight "yarns" of Lieutenant Hatchway, some of which have an air of strong reality about them, as if genuine bits of life. After all, those "who go down to the sea in ships," do require something to beguile the tedium of their lives, and the publishers are kind in providing for their mental wants. Where, formerly, with grog and tobacco, Dibdin's Songs and "Roderick Random" were the sole floating literary appointments, we may now see a respectable collection of amusing nautical fictions. And a selection of sea tales is certainly as necessary a preparation for a long voyage as any other means of harmless recreation. We are, therefore, pleased, on the whole, with the increase of salt-water books, when they keep to their proper element, though, like the great majority of landmen, we beg to be excused the reading of one half of them. "*Greenwich Pensioners*" is none of the worst.

The Perth and Dundee Steamboat Companion.

Is an unpretending, but a useful and amusing guide through much beautiful scenery, and embodies many interesting local traditions and family legends. The ingenious author has been peculiarly civil to the new-sprung houses included within the range of the banks of the Tay and Earn, and has not neglected the literature connected with the districts which he celebrates.

Fives' Introduction to the French Language.

Second Edition.

We pass over our general rule of not noticing elementary school-books in favour of this little work, which we consider a simple, well-arranged, and useful first-reading book, whether for schools or adult pupils. A dictionary containing the words used in the reading lessons is appended to them. All the lessons are selected from classic French authors, though some of them have been condensed by the compiler.

We notice a new edition of another standard school-book, BUTLER'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE GLOBE, revised and enlarged by J. Rowbotham. There is no book of the kind more accurate and comprehensive, or more deserving the attention of teachers.

A series of school-books, comprehending a Spelling-book, a Vocabulary, and an Instructive Reader, by Ingram Cobbin, A.M., is also worth the attention of

teachers, who wish to combine for their pupils economy and utility.

Dr Brown on the Law of Christ respecting Civil Obedience, especially in the Payment of Tribute. Parts I. and II.

These valuable tracts have a personal and private history. Actuated by religious principle, Dr Brown, one of the leading Dissenting ministers of Edinburgh, refused, along with many of his fellow-citizens, payment of the obnoxious impost called *Annuity Money*—viz., the fund levied for the maintenance of the clergy of the Established Church of the town, from Catholics and Dissenters of all denominations, as well as from Jews, Infidels, and Mahomedans. His furniture was distrained; and this passive resistance was severely assailed and vituperated by Mr Robert Haldane, who himself had for forty years figured as a dissenter from the Church, and the founder of some new sect of, we believe, Baptists. This unlooked-for auxiliary came like a galewind to the clergy. The founder of a new sect of separatists defended the anomalous tribute, while very many persons in the bosom of the Church condemned the principle, and resisted payment. The letters of Mr Haldane were diligently circulated by those whom he had so materially aided in volunteering as the forlorn hope of the defenceless *Annuitants*. It left to themselves, Mr Haldane's effusions could have excited no feeling, save pity, and some astonishment that, in Edinburgh, in the middle of the 19th century, such puerile bigotry still lingered among a few of the survivors of a darker generation. The Church of Rome, in her most imperious mood, could not have required more blind and limitless submission to her secular demands than Mr Haldane declared incumbent upon Dr Brown and every professing Christian in the community, to the demands of the Established ministers of Edinburgh; for the obnoxious *Annuitants* is a local impost, and forms no part of the general constitution of the Scottish Kirk. In defending himself from the extraordinary attack of Mr Haldane, Dr Brown was necessarily led into the discussion of the whole question of the Scriptural doctrine of civil obedience; and the world thus remains an ungrateful debtor to Mr Haldane's indiscreet zeal for an able and luminous exposition of the law of Christ, in opposition to the law of State Churches, whether Catholic or Protestant. Dr Brown has, indeed, done much to shew, "that neither the doctrine nor the law of Christ has any affinity to slavish principle; and that it is equally the dictate of revealed truth, sound reason, and enlightened policy, that, of all things, religion should be the most free." His triumphant argument will remain in pristine vigour long after the unjust impost has been abolished, and the calumnious misrepresentations in which it originated have been forgotten.

Hazlitt's and Haydon's Dissertations on Painting and the Fine Arts.

These masterly essays are reprinted from the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in a neat, cheap volume, which will be precious to artists and the lovers of art. Hazlitt's comprehensive and exquisite Dissertation—whether it be considered as an analysis of the principles of the Fine Arts, or as an illustrative criticism on their masterpieces—is unrivalled in the language. It condenses the spirit of a hundred discourses, while it displays a depth and glow of feeling, and a delicacy of perception and taste, which, notwithstanding some paradoxes and prejudices, no other critic on art has reached. Mr Haydon's Essay is nearly a history of painting from the earliest periods. He is the fervid admirer of Grecian art. His history is continued down to our own day through all the eminent schools and styles. His criticism is more general than that of Hazlitt, who deals only with the principles of art and their results as they are seen in the great works still extant. With some discrepancies of opinion on particular matters, they entirely agree in considering societies and academies, and all sorts of spurious patronage, as wasteful obstructions to the Arts, and innumerable objects to their refinement and progress. Their joint labours in this volume ought to warn the young artist to avoid the trammels of academical, while they will enlighten his understanding, and tend to purge his taste.

Translation of Azara's History of the Quadrupeds of Paraguay, and the River La Plata.
By W. Perceval Hunter, Esq.

Don Felix de Azara, a native of Spain, long resident in South America, is known to British naturalists only by name, or at most through a bad translation of his works published in France, many years ago, and now out of print. He is, however, considered an author of the highest authority and value; and Mr Hunter has done a good deed in rescuing from speedy oblivion a work likely to prove acceptable to naturalists, and entirely new to the rest of the world. The translation is from the original Spanish. One volume only is published, but another is promised. Azara was not a mere closet naturalist. He saw what he describes. He received the works of Buffon with the most favourable prepossession, and found them often vulgar, false, and erroneous. He did not, however, condemn Buffon, but those travellers and naturalists who had led him into error. The translated works, if valuable to the naturalist, are also not a little entertaining to the general reader. His translator has contributed many interesting notes; and, in what he terms additional notes, corrected mistakes, and brought up the work to the level of contemporary discovery. To accomplish this, he has freely and properly drawn upon tourists and travellers, and particularly on Audubon, to whom the translation is dedicated. These additional notes double the value of the work to modern students.

Prison Scenes and Narrative of Escape from France, &c. &c. By Seacombe Ellison.

These are the reminiscences of a *detenu* at Verdun, and the other places of parole, or the prisons, to which the clemency of Napoleon consigned the English either caught in France or upon the high seas. The latter was the situation of Mr Ellison, who was captured in the voyage homeward from the Bay of Honduras to Liverpool, his native place, some thirty-five years ago. He has now reluctantly yielded to the importunities of his friends, in relating his adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes. He was then, he says, a thoughtless, reckless seaman, wholly regardless of everything but the present moment. Now, he has become both wiser and better, in proof of which he refers to his work entitled "*Raniam ovres Baptism*," with which we have not the honour to be acquainted. He entertains, in particular, a most orthodox and English dialect of the French and all their ways; yet another compels him to relate many traits of kindness and real generosity found among those of that most un-English people with whom he came in contact when a stranger and a prisoner. Nor do his prepossessions affect the narrative of his adventures—which we have found exceedingly interesting, as all such narratives must be, when related with equal directness and simplicity. It is framed on Sterne's principle, "Take a single captive;" and, as the real story of a living man, is a happy illustration of the power of that principle.

The adventures of Peter Simple and his companion in a similar escape, are not more exciting than those of Ellison and his friends; and there are a few traits of good-heartedness, of genuine human sympathy, found especially among the honest Germans, which fiction cannot touch. As the author is, we presume, not in the habit of publishing a book every day, he has taken the opportunity of cramming a good many of his opinions and notions into an appendix, almost as large as the book itself. But, as these opinions are often sound and right, and refer to a life of which he has had considerable experience, though not quite germane to the matter of escape, they are perfectly welcome. From this extraneous source we take a picture of Liverpool while Mr Ellison was at his apprenticeship, and consequently not in the early ages. No town in the old world, and scarcely any one in America, has risen so rapidly. Mr Ellison's captain traded to Jamaica, calling at Madeira, the longest voyage then made out of the port, save to Africa. "Liverpool," he says, "was then comparatively in its infancy, and a foreign arrival was not an every-day occurrence. When the signal was made for one on Bidstone-bill, it was deemed all over the town, and the piers were crowded

to see the stranger enter the Mersey; and, immediately her white sails were seen over the rock point, the old church bells struck up an exhilarating peal. As she touched the pier-head, the friends of the crew jumped on board to welcome them back again; and at night, at the hour the master was supposed to have gone to rest, a band of music regularly planted themselves at his door, to give him a serenade, in order to lull him to sleep, after the fatigues of his long voyage. Then the master of a foreigner was reckoned somebody in society, especially the master of a Guineaman, [as the slavers were then called,] who could vie with his employer in extravagance; to which dignity most of the sea-aspirants to riches looked." Mr Ellison does not disapprove of a little wholesome flogging for sailors; while for youthful offenders, and especially very young boys, whether afloat or on land, he considers moderate manual chastisement the best mode of corrective punishment. We can promise the reader an hour of genial interest in perusing this narrative, which is more than we could say for many works of far greater pretension.

Six Years in Biscay. By John Francis Bacon.

Those who take interest in the minute history of the interminable civil war in Spain, will peruse this work with profit, while the comprehensive introduction will probably be enough for the general reader. Some strange allegations are made against Louis Philippe, who is even accused of aiding the *Prétender*—i. e., Don Carlos—both by connivance and intrigue. The French jealousy of English commerce is set forth, and we are opportunely reminded, that, in the projected "commercial treaty" in favour of Great Britain, "the English minister will be particularly soft" if he allows himself to be gulled out of a single penny for the sake of such treaty. "Let the infamous slave-compact of 1817 be always borne in mind." By that treaty, Spain covenanted to abolish the slave-trade on receiving £400,000, another item to be added to the twenty millions. "Spain took the money which we were fools enough to give, and the trade went on as merrily as ever, and for all that the Spaniards did to prevent it." Mr Bacon places great hopes in the death of Don Carlos, whose life he declares not worth two years' purchase.

Memoirs of Sir William Knighton.

This book, if not quite a humbug, for it is authentic, will prove a provoking disappointment. What possible claim had Sir William Knighton on public attention, more than the thousand and one persons who fill the bills of mortality, save for his connexion with George the Fourth, in the King's latter years?—and on this sole subject of interest, the lips of the author of the Memoir are hermetically sealed. Sir William himself might have been prudently silent to his lady, who, according to modern usage, is his biographer. Those about the privacies of courts should have neither eyes, ears, nor tongues. Dr Knighton was a prudent, discreet, safe, getting-on town physician, who, by laudable perseverance, rather than anything like talent, raised himself from obscurity and poverty to wealth and distinction. He appears to have been faithful and assiduous to his royal master, who came to depend on, and confide in him, much as a worn-out peevish lady of quality, deserted by her friends, does on her confidential waiting-maid. He seems to have been worthy of his master's regard; and he did not come into his service until the King had few disgraceful confidences to make. The work is of the most meagre kind in every respect—but shews that Sir William was a good husband and father, and a respectable member of society. Among the letters published to the glory of the memory of the confidential attendant, are some from Sir Walter Scott, which Mr Lockhart may rightly have considered as not in the least ornamental, since none of them appear in Sir Walter's Life. In one of them, Sir Walter volunteers the rather equivocal office of transmitting, under the seal of strict security, information concerning the political or party condition of Scotland; not to the King's ministers, Tory though they were, but to the individual having the royal ear. We hope the King's confidant declined the offer in his master's name.

Union; or, The Divided Church made one. By the Rev. John Harris, author of "Mammon," &c.

The popularity of this writer is creditable to the age. He does not flatter it, he does not seek its approbation by vulgar arts; he neither menaces nor cajoles that great section of the public whom he more directly addresses, and who are supposed to be peculiarly susceptible to certain influences. We have not studied the volume sufficiently to ascertain the basis and limits of the author's principle—who are to be welcomed and who excluded in knitting up in the bonds of love the fractional parts of the disjointed Christian body. But, in dipping into the treatise here and there, we see so much to admire, that we, without delay, recommend what seems like oil poured in season on those heaving waters which never rose more furiously than now. Our readers may gather some notion of the loving and catholic spirit of the work, even from a few scattered sentences—as this on the intolerance of the Protestant Reformers:—"It might have been hoped that the Reformers, who had themselves been scourged by intolerance from the Church of Rome, would have jealously guarded against its intrusion into the new churches. But, alas! the demon possessed them. Love was the first sacrifice immolated on the altar of Truth. Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, and Knox protected their creeds, so far as they had power, with temporal penalties; and even some of those who were driven by intolerance from England to America, commenced a persecution against the Quakers, not less furious than that from which they themselves had fled. . . . Angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth; but in every religious community, the spirit of intolerance exults more in a proselyte from another church, than a convert from the world. By 'the honour of Christ,' it [intolerance] still means the interest of its own party; by 'Christian charity,' the love of that party; and by 'Scriptural union,' the subjugation of Christendom to the cherished peculiarities of that party. . . . We do not ask the objector to sacrifice his opinions, but only his unchristian bigotry. We do not ask the Independent to become an Episcopalian, nor the Episcopalian to become an Independent; we do not ask the Calvinist to change sides with the Arminian, nor the Baptist with the Pædo-Baptist; but only to exchange the visible expressions of that love, which they ought mutually to cherish as heirs together of the grace of life. . . . 'I,' said Baxter, and the sentiment was worthy the inspired pen of the seraphic John, 'I can as willingly be a martyr for love as for any article of the creed.' But in his insatuated zeal for a punctilio or a party, the objector [to union] appears to forget that there is such an article as love in his creed, or such a doctrine as love in the Bible. He defends some little angle or ornament in the temple of Truth, at the expense of one of the pillars. He contends for the letter—or rather, perhaps, for a letter—of the truth in a way which tramples on the spirit which pervades the whole."

It is scarcely necessary to remark that there must still be Protestant sects excluded from this Christian union, while difference upon essential articles of faith takes place of other religious tests. While Dr Chalmers is sounding the trumpet ecclesiastic in the willing ears of Tory legislators, this passage comes so pat that we cannot resist it. "Even the political quiet of the country is disturbed by the broils of Christians; great civil interests are neglected; the organization of a system of National Education is delayed; the movements of the Legislature are thwarted and thrown into confusion; and important questions of humanity and good government are compelled to wait till the intended peace-makers of the world have adjusted their own quarrels, and agreed among themselves." The Legislature will, we fear, wait long enough if it wait for this millennial period; but not less is the merit of the author whose eloquent and Christian appeal would hasten it on.

Side by side with Mr Harris's excellent book, on our table, lies "The Report of the Central Education Society," in which we notice this description of an infant school at Stoke-Newington, which shows something like the germ of

a genuine Christian union. "The children are all happy; loving and confiding in their kind, indulgent teachers; and affectionate, amiable, and sympathizing towards each other. But what afforded most pleasure in contemplating this school, was the fact, that in so small a number here assembled, some of the parents of the children are of the Church of England, some Quakers, some Independents, and some Unitarians. Yet the Christian religion is taught to all the children"—and now comes the miracle—"In a manner approved of by all the parents. There is then a common ground on which children of all denominations may meet, and learn Christianity and brotherly love at the same time." Is there no such common ground for all the parents?

The Christian Church considered in relation to Unity and Sobriety. By the Author of "Hearts of Thought."

The subject of this treatise is precisely similar to that of Mr Harris, noticed above. So is its spirit and tendency; which, on the whole, are praiseworthy, pure, and elevated. Yet, as people of the world, and seeing more with the world's keen eyes than those living apart from secular affairs, we would earnestly warn well-intentioned writers on this subject against anything which may excite suspicion that their exhortations to the Unity of the Church of Christ, "the holy Catholic Church," may not mean the organization of a formidable sectarian confederacy.

The Age of the Earth Considered Geologically and Historically. By William Rhind, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh.

Perhaps it would be as well that men of science waited a little longer for more facts, more discoveries, and broader data, before they began to dogmatize, in any shape, on the subject of geology in its debatable phrases. Mr Rhind decidedly takes the orthodox side of the controversy. There is, indeed, much of this treatise which may rather be considered a pleading or argument, than an exposition of discovery, or a history of the science. This pleading has the merit of earnestness and apparent strong conviction in the author's own mind. Mr Rhind happens to be in good company. Dr Cockburn, the very Reverend Dean of York, has almost (simultaneously) published a short and pithy "Letter to the Learned and Reverend Professor Buckland," in which he takes the same side of the question, supporting it with even more zeal. We merely announce these publications, leaving their contents to the judgment of those who take interest in the controversy.

The Family Library, No. LXI. The Life of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. By J. F. Hollings. Tegg & Son.

This memoir forms an interesting morsel of modern history. It is preceded by a brief but comprehensive view of the early annals of Sweden, which may serve all the purposes of ordinary readers. The author is candid and impartial; and, in tracing the career of a real hero, continually engaged in triumphant wars, he is not over-dazzled by the brilliancy of his achievements, which he describes impartially, retaining his philosophic composure undisturbed. These wars, if not the most stupendous, were certainly the most chivalrous and picturesque of modern times; the principal actors in them have become the personages of romance and poetry, and the arts have contributed to exalt their heroism and aggrandize their memory; yet the chronicler of the deeds of Gustavus and Wallenstein, and of their subordinate captains and chiefs, can, at the close, dispassionately say—

It should never be forgotten, and it is a truth which it may neither be inappropriate nor unnecessary to repeat, after the display of much adapted to excite the imagination and enlist he heart in favour of what is in itself pernicious, false, and hollow—that, imposing as may be fancied the real excellencies of the triumphant warrior, pursuing his course in the light of victory, amidst the acclamations of an applauding world, and armed with the thunder of physical power in defence of the violated

rights and liberties of oppressed nations—there is a character which, when weighed in the balance whence everything calculated to dazzle and mislead the senses will be rigorously rejected, will be pronounced, by the evidence of heavenly truth itself, (if indeed the opposite character of each can admit of a momentary counterpoise,) of infinitely greater value—a character whose conquests are transient—whose victories, if uncelebrated by the voice of time, will assuredly be hailed by the blessings of eternity; and which, if unknown and unappreciated in a state of nature, is among the first fruits of that influence by which nature is adorned, and fitted for a better state of existence—which opposes meekness to persecution, blessing to reviling, and, separating the commissioned agent of evil from the trial of patience in which he is necessarily employed, is circumscribed in the exercise of its charity and beneficence but by the boundaries of human existence.

This is an admirable spirit in which to conclude the history of fierce wars for religion, attended by brilliant victories, and the grandest achievements of heroes. The author hopes "that the world is fast approaching that period in its destinies, when the name of war shall exist but among the reminiscences of things that are past, and when the array of nation against nation, and the desolation occasioned by licensed hatred and violence, shall be regarded as the geologist contemplates the terrible indications of past convulsions, which, during the course of unrecorded cycles, may have shaken to its centre the ponderous mass of the globe he inhabits, but have no longer a place in the list of existing phenomena." All that he hopes for his hero, "The bulwark of the Protestant religion," is that, while the heartless ambition of other great warriors excites indignation, the name of Gustavus Adolphus may awaken the softer feelings of pity.

Maxon has just published a neat, cheap edition of Rogers' "Italy," studded with wood-engraved vignettes and tail-pieces, consisting of classic groups and scenes, and *gruesque* cupids, roughly executed, but sketched with taste and spirit, by eminent artists. The volume makes a nice addition to, we shall not say the library, but what is more important, to the sitting-room collection.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

Mr Smith, of the Inner Temple, has, in a letter to a magistrate of Middlesex, pointed out what he considers means for removing the evils of the silent and separate system of prison discipline, and securing its advantages. He anticipates that, after the evidence given before the transportation committee last session, that mode of punishment must be abandoned. This gives the question much more importance. He is favourable to Bentham's plan of a Panopticon prison, which we believe was only abandoned without fair trial, from some pique conceived by George III. against the inventor. An engraving of this kind of inspecting prison is affixed to the letter—which we recommend to the perusal of those interested in the subject. It is one of vast interest to society at all times; and, if the transportation of criminals cease, one of urgent necessity; and, although Lord John Russell pleads poverty just now, the legislature may, perhaps, discover that a model prison is quite as important to the country as a new palace, or an extravagant Civil List.

An Historical Review of the Poor and Vagrant Laws, Displays considerable research, and brings forward much curious information. The writer is the determined enemy of the new Poor-Law.

Lecture on Education.

Mr T. W. Pigg, of Norwich, has published the substance of a sensible address to the Norwich Mechanics' Institution, on National Education and Lord Brougham's bill, which bill, "with a few minor exceptions," he considers worthy of acceptance. We notice this pamphlet, mainly to be enabled to repeat that the extracts from Mr Wyse's volume, cited in this Magazine, were correctly given; so that, if the author of the address believes Mr Wyse's plan objectionable on the authority of these extracts, he may rely on their authenticity. But let him refer to the original work, and see the good along with the evil of Mr Wyse's scheme. We hope that gentleman

will himself, ere this, have seen reason to modify some of his opinions.

Reports of Lectures, delivered at the Chapel in South Place, Finsbury, by the Rev. W. J. Fox,

Are appearing from time to time in little pamphlets. The peculiar opinions and the abilities of the eloquent author are too well known to make remark necessary. The lectures—or such of them as we have seen—are on topics of vital interest; and they judiciously avoid sectarian tenets. One is on RIGHT and EXPEDIENCY, on which every enlightened Radical, whatsoever be his religious opinions, will find Mr Fox right orthodox. We are strongly tempted to quote the concluding pages of the lecture on *The Three Ideas of Christianity*; but what need borrowing from a sixpenny publication, only to exhibit an unfair, because mutilated view of the author's opinions?

Maternal Instructions on the Rite of Confirmation.

This little work is the production of a lady, who regrets that young persons are not sufficiently instructed in the important fact that the Church of England "acts in all her observances and functions, under the authority of a *divine commission*, derived from Christ himself; and evidenced by a strict adherence to the apostolical model of the Primitive Church." What more would people have?

Young Men; or, an Appeal to Society on their Behalf. By the Rev. Stephen Davis.

The graceless youths for whose benefit this work is meant, will, we fear, be apt to call some of it twaddle. Its aim is to make them more moral, more religious, better churchmen; and, perhaps, more submissive subjects. The appeal for juvenile improvement, is made to all classes: to the legislature, to magistrates, to ministers, to masters, to women. The author would have a *British and Foreign Young Man's Society*, organized like the Anti-Slavery or Bible Societies. He offers many useful hints; and one is compelled to respect his purpose, even while doubting of the full efficiency of some of the means he suggests. Others deserve unqualified approbation. The writer has assumed some appalling facts, and related some anecdotes, on what seems to us very questionable authority.

Hints for the Table,

Is an entertaining little commonplace book, in which, without any attempt at classification, the *keeper* has noted down all sorts of things, not exactly in *apple-pie*, but rather in *sea-pie* order; and then printed it in 167 pages.

The Young Lady's Book of Botany.

A nice and very pretty introduction to a fascinating science, illustrated by neatly-coloured engravings of favourite flowers, which, we doubt not, will be found a great recommendation to this little elementary treatise. The flowers are, indeed, as brilliantly coloured as in many high-priced works.

FINE ARTS.

Engraving of Harvey's Curls.

The talents of the Scottish painters, and the decided genius of a few of the countrymen of Wilkie, who have devoted themselves to art, are now, we believe, very generally acknowledged. Thomson, Fraser, Simsou, Macculloch, and a thick-coming host, whom we do not pretend to name, much less to class, already enjoy a European with a Transatlantic reputation. Among them is Harvey, the most national of the Scottish painters, while his genius is, we think, imbued with the highest moral feeling of any modern artist. It is not, however, his painting to which we draw attention, but to the engraving from it. *The Curls* has been engraved in Edinburgh by one whose name is, we believe, quite unknown to fame; yet this single plate of William Howison's will go far to raise the character of Scottish engravers to a corresponding level with that of Scottish painters. To say that it is the finest production of the graver that

we have ever seen executed in Scotland may not be thought much; so we will at once put names and localities altogether out of the question, and claim notice to *The Curlers* as an admirable and even masterly engraving; and as marking, we fondly hope, a new era in the art in this quarter. There is no good reason why our engravers should not equal our poets and painters, or our engineers, brewers, and agriculturists, who are admitted to be the best in the world. One would require to be either purely Scottish, or a derivative of the land of "Honest men and bonny lasses"—one of the numerous off-shots and out-shots of old Scotland—thoroughly to appreciate the painting of *The Curlers*; but every person of taste, and every competent judge, will at once feel the surpassing beauty of the engraving. It is executed in *line*, boldly and freely; and the rough frozen herbage, and many of the minor details, such as the provision-basket, have absolutely the effect of bas-relief. Our southern friends ought to be informed, that *Curling* is an animating Scottish out-door winter pastime; a magnificent kind of billiards, where the table is a wide sheet of frozen water—a pond, a lake, or a river; and the balls huge stones, in the form of a blunted sphere, fitted with iron handles, by which they are propelled. This national game is well described in "Guy Mannering." Neighbours of every rank engage in it together; the resident laird with the cottar, the minister with the *bedral*. The *rink*, the field of contest,

is, for the time, in point of equality, a sort of free-and-easy—a *maison lodge*; and the best *Curler* is the greatest man. Neighbouring parishes frequently challenge each other to a friendly *bonspiel*, and great is the interest excited, and keen the struggle for victory. We need not tell, that, at the close of a bright winter day, spent in this animating sport, beef and greens, and whisky punch are, by prescription, *Curlers' fare*. The *Kirkcaldy Shepherd* was an ardent *Curler*; and many worthy country clergymen love the sport, and excel in it. The curling season is a sort of decent Presbyterian saturnalia.

The Scotch have introduced curling into Canada, where it is keenly pursued on the lakes. Such is the subject of a painting, in which Mr Harvey has shown more freedom of handling, more of a merely artistical merit, than in some of his higher designs; and which forms the groundwork of, perhaps, the finest engraving which Scotland has yet produced. Our engravers may now almost venture to challenge England and Germany to a *bonspiel*.

Yarrell's British Birds. Part VI.

We place this series under the head of the *fine arts*, so exquisite are the wood-cuts of the birds, and many of the illustrative vignettes and tail-pieces. Two of the latter, the nest of the *Black Redstart* and that of the *Reed Warbler*, simple things though they be, one could never tire of contemplating.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings of Parliament have not been regarded with such entire indifference since the French Revolution of 1830. No one seems to expect any good measure to be passed, and few think it worth while to trouble themselves with what Parliament is doing. The Irish Poor-law Bill will receive many important modifications in its progress through the Lords, which will probably be acceded to by the Commons. Whether the Tithe Bill or Municipal Corporation Bill will pass, is doubtful. Mr Talfourd's Copyright Bill has, at last, been opposed by Lord John Russell, and it is generally expected, will be rejected or withdrawn. Mr Hume's County-Rate Bill has been rejected by 105 to 37. It was generally admitted that a more efficient control over the county expenditure than now exists, was required; but it was maintained that the present evils would be more than counterbalanced by those which the bill would create. Owing to gross mismanagement on the part of the Ministry, Sir Eardley Wilmot carried a resolution, by ninety-six to ninety-three, "that apprenticeship in the British colonies should immediately cease and determine." During the discussion, ministers, thinking their majority safe, and wishing to escape the responsibility and unpopularity of an open resistance to the motion, remained silent; but, when they found they were defeated, Lord John Russell was forced to come forward, and to declare the determination of Government strenuously to oppose any attempt to make the resolution of the House effectual. The Abolitionists immediately dispatched a quick sailing vessel to the West Indies with the news of their victory; and, as an insurrection of the slaves is anticipated, Government have been obliged to send out additional troops. Thus, as usual, the people pay for their rulers' blunders.

THE CORN LAWS.—We return to this subject, because we consider it the most important of any which now engages public attention; for the prosperity of the country depends upon the speedy repeal of these laws. Since the termination of the war in 1815, a great change has taken place in the state of Europe. We are no longer the manufacturers of the world; for every civilized state now produces the greater part of the articles consumed by her population, and Europe is yearly becoming less dependent on Britain. This is evinced by the alteration of the kind of our exports. Formerly,

we exported the finished article—now we export either the raw material, or the material in an early state of preparation, as cotton twist, or woollen yarn, to be wrought up by the cheaply-fed artisans of the Continent. The repeal of the Corn-Laws cannot be delayed for a long period without imminent risk. In this question, the loss of a single day is injurious; for the manufacturing establishments of our rivals on the Continent of Europe and in America, are rapidly gaining strength, as well as increasing in numbers.

Mr Sharman Crawford and others, who have written on the Corn-Laws, anticipate a much greater fall on the price of grain than we think is at all likely, and have thus done harm by alarming the landed interest unnecessarily. We advocate the repeal of these laws, not merely because we think the repeal would give our operatives food at a lower rate, but because it would put our manufacturers on a level with their rivals on the Continent. Were this once accomplished, we have no fear but that our superior capital, industry, and enterprise, our local situation, our abundance of coal and iron, and the other advantages we possess, notwithstanding a grinding taxation, would place our manufactures on a basis which could not be shaken. To compare the price of grain in the shipping ports of the Continent with the price in London, tends to nothing but delusion. In London there is a demand greater than can be supplied; as Dantzig the warehouses are filled with grain, for which there is no demand whatever. Every one must have seen the effect of a glut or over-supply in an ordinary corn market. The article being bulky, and difficult to conceal even were it desired, the buyers, as well as sellers, soon get aware what is the average supply of the market; and if, by any chance, a much larger quantity is brought forward, both parties know that there is more than is likely to be sold, and act accordingly. The seller is eager to sell; but the buyer hangs back, and a sale is at length effected, only by the former submitting to a reduction in price. The mercantile men generally, and particularly Mr Tooke, the author of an excellent treatise on "High and Low Prices," who were examined before one of the committees on agriculture, gave it as their decided opinion, that an over-supply affects prices in a much greater ratio than the excess; for example, that an over-supply of one-tenth would reduce prices much more than ten per cent.

and so on. The effect on the continental prices, produced by the opening of the ports, was strikingly shown in September 1833, when the Ministry, under the apprehension that the oat crop was deficient, permitted some hundred thousand quarters of oats to be imported at a reduced rate of duty. Prices in less than ten days rose in the shipping ports of the Continent, fifty per cent.

But whatever might be the fall of the prices a repeal of the Corn Laws would occasion, it is easy to adjust the rent that should be paid under the new system by the tenantry. In East Lothian, and several of the other most important districts, the matter requires no adjustment. Instead of money, rents are now generally paid in so many quarters of wheat or other grain, convertible at the farm prices. This mode of payment would operate equally well after a repeal of the Corn-Laws as at present. Where, on the other hand, the rent is payable in money, all that would be required would be to ascertain how many quarters of the grain the usual produce of the farm, the money-rent would have purchased at the average prices of the last five or seven years, and to declare the rent to be the ascertained number of quarters in time coming, convertible yearly at the farm prices, like the existing corn rents. In England, the same method would equally apply, substituting the Corn-Law averages for the Scottish farms. But, in truth, we do not think the farmers have much to fear, though no such provision as that we have mentioned forms part of a bill for the utter repeal of the Corn-Laws. As to the landowners, we can hardly doubt that those laws are injurious to them. The value of land ultimately rests on nothing but population; for it will be found, that, where population has increased most rapidly, there the value of land has risen most. Now, it is only in the manufacturing districts that population is going on increasing at any considerable rate. If we compare a manufacturing and an agricultural county, we will find that the ratio of increase is from fifteen to twenty-fold in favour of the former. We therefore confidently assert, that, if by any mismanagement our manufactures retrograde, the rents and value of land will also sink.

ENGLAND.

THE REVENUE.—The great deficiency in the Revenue of last year appears to have alarmed Ministers, and the most active measures have been taken to make the taxes as productive as possible. Surveyors have been sent from London to Scotland, and already many persons have got notice of their presence, by having their window-duties increased; and in almost every newspaper of the kingdom the Government annuities are advertised. From this last source, however, little is likely to be obtained, as many of the insurance offices offer annuities on much more favourable terms. In such circumstances, were the Birmingham scheme, of abstaining from exciseable commodities, carried into effect, even to a small extent, the embarrassment of the Government would be extreme.

CANTERBURY RIOTS.—The deplorable state of ignorance of the English peasantry has been strikingly shown by these riots. Yet the place where, of all England, the clergy are in greatest force, is precisely where one might expect a spirit of fanaticism to be evinced. It is not merely education that is required, but education of the proper kind. A great part of the education of the people, both of England and Scotland, as at present conducted, is calculated to inspire bigotry and fanaticism; and it is only people who have, at one period or other of their lives, gone through the training of self-education, and allowed their reason to operate, free from the trammels of authority and tradition, that are free from these vices. It is perfectly true, as Mr Wynn stated, that the highest education, as at present conducted, is no protection against fanaticism. Without looking into history for the hundreds of examples of the truth of this position which it affords, we may only appeal to the followers of Joanna Southcott in England, or to the Rowites among ourselves. In both cases we see persons the most respectable in society—

holders of the highest accomplishments, professional men, lawyers, and educated men of all classes—falling into the most absurd delusions, and without being considered insane, but conducting their ordinary business like other men, assuming attributes hardly inferior to those claimed by Sir William Courtenay himself.

THE COLONIES.

The recent revolt in Canada has had the good effect of directing public attention to our colonial system, and to the enormous expense it entails upon the people of Britain. Here, for example, is a table which professes to shew the expenditure for the military alone:—

Abstracts of the Commissaries' Accounts of the Payments from the several military chests in the following Colonies, from April 1, 1836, to March 31, 1837.

P. P. No. 381, of 1838.	Total Payments.
Canada,	£219,718
Nova Scotia and New Brunswick,	139,664
Newfoundland,	17,317
Bermuda,	48,734
Bahamas,	32,330
West Indies,	266,972
Jamaica,	423,231
Honduras,	16,910
Gibraltar,	116,958
Malta,	167,671
Ionian Islands,	132,104
Cape of Good Hope,	313,410
Mauritius,	97,410
Sierra Leone,	46,209
Gambia,	10,171
Ceylon,	94,184
New South Wales,	328,318
Van Diemen's Land,	167,607
Western Australia,	17,112
St Helena,	51,893
	£2,727,923
Estimated amount of payments at Western Australia, quarter ending March 31, 1837,	5,704
Total payments,	£2,733,627

But it is easy to shew that the expenditure is much greater than shown in this return; for the following was the distribution of our army on 1st January last:—

Great Britain,	22,878
Ireland,	19,766
India,	18,864
Other Colonies,	34,460
	95,968

Deducting the army in India, which is paid by the East India Company, nearly one half of our army is stationed in our colonies. If we consider the great expense their conveyance to and fro occasions, and the great mortality, we may be sure that the 52,000 men in the United Kingdom are maintained at less expense than the 34,000 in the colonies. Now, the total cost of the army, including the ordnance, is eight millions; so that, instead of less than three, the military protection of the colonies must cost four millions. During the war our navy cost annually about twenty millions, the greater proportion of the ships being employed in defending the colonies; and, since the peace in 1815, the expenditure has varied from nine to about four and a half millions. We may, therefore, add two millions more for this head, and, at least, another million for the maintenance of the civil establishments; so that the people of this country are annually taxed seven millions for the support of our colonies. Were war to break out—and colonies have always been the most fertile source of war—that expenditure would unquestionably be doubled. The average produce of the revenue of late years, after deducting the interest of the debt, has been about fifteen millions, one half of which is expended on our colonies. This is surely a state of matters which cannot long be submitted to.

Against all this expenditure what is to be set off? First, and almost solely, the patronage, which the governorships and other offices afford to the ministry of the day, and the means which the enormous salaries furnish for the replenishment of the purses of broken down members of the aristocracy. Then, we have a monopoly of the colonial trade; but we would have the trade at any rate, as the history of our commercial relations with our emancipated colonies—the United States of America—incontestably proves. But, in fact, the trade is not of such value as to warrant the continuance of the expense we have pointed out. Mr Montgomery Martin, in a petition presented to Parliament last December, estimates “the value of the maritime commerce of all our colonies” at thirty-five millions per annum. This is surely much exaggerated; but, assuming it to be correct, and that the profit upon it is as high as ten per cent., we give seven millions in peace, and twice or thrice seven millions during war, to gain three millions and a half! Although the Whigs professed, in 1832, to govern without patronage, we do not find that they have found it less useful than their predecessors. And, if they will agree to emancipate the colonies, we would be willing to increase the secret service-money—the wages of corruption—from a few thousands to two or three millions a-year. This, we presume, would compensate the loss of the colonial patronage; and the nation would evidently be great gainers by the arrangement. But we know that, on the subject of colonies, the greatest delusions prevail. They are generally considered as estates whence a great revenue is derived. Private individuals may certainly derive considerable revenues from it; but they receive nothing equivalent to the national loss. We see nothing, however, to prevent a colony being emancipated, and the proprietor of lands in it, who chooses to reside in this country, to receive his rents, or the proceeds of his property, as at present. A Frenchman, resident in London, has no difficulty in receiving the rents of his estate in France. What, therefore, would prevent a Jamaica proprietor, resident in Liverpool, receiving the rents or proceeds of his estate in Jamaica, as easily after Jamaica was declared independent as he does now? If the Jamaica Legislature were to attempt to seize and confiscate the property of British subjects, we would have the same remedy as we have in the case of foreign nations—a war to compel justice to be done.

CANADA.—We have received the first number of *M'Kenzie's Gazette*, published at New York on the 15th May. It is filled with accounts of the late rebellion in Upper Canada, from which we collect that nothing but the grossest mismanagement on the part either of M'Kenzie himself, or of Dr Rolph, prevented the capture of Toronto, which would probably have been followed by the independence of both the Canadas. Governor Head was totally unaware of the danger, and the 4000 muskets he had received had not been unpacked from the boxes when the rebels were within three miles of the seat of Government. From the extracts given from the Lower Canada papers of April, we observe that considerable alarm of another rising of the French Canadians prevails, and reviews of volunteers, sham fights, and other military exercises, seem to take place daily. On the 28th April, a civil list was voted, being the first for nearly five years. Nothing seems to be known of Papineau. Of the thirty persons for whose apprehension rewards are offered by Government, there are three Scotchmen, two Englishmen, one Irishman, and four Americans, the remainder being Canadians, or other North Americans.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

A new application of water power has been discovered, by which, as we understand it, the impetus of a fall of water may be conveyed without loss for miles.

Several machines on this principle are in operation in Lancashire, and have given much satisfaction; but the accounts of the principle we have seen are so obscure as to be unintelligible to us. It has often occurred to us that a very important addition might be made to our present means of propelling machinery, by forming artificial rivers descending from the hills to the sea, and so managed as to have the greatest number of falls for mill seats. In most districts of the kingdom, places could be found among the hills of moors which could be dammed up at little expense, so as to form large sheets of water during wet weather. The efflux of the water might be so regulated by sluices as to maintain an equal supply at all times, as at the Compensation Pond in the Pentland Hills. Something of this kind has, we believe, been done at Greenock. On the Water of Leith there are no fewer than seventy mills within ten miles of its embouchure; yet, as much water is wasted during seasons as would drive three times that number, if carefully collected, and a new course cut for the discharge of the superfluous water. There is an admirable space for a reservoir, on a grand scale, near Colston. Some years ago, a survey was made, and it was found that a new course could be made for this stream for less than £50,000, upon which an immense number of mills could be erected; and the project is well worthy of consideration in the present declining state of Edinburgh; for it is apparently only by the introduction of manufactures that its farther depopulation can be stopped. By this means also the city would be freed from the tyranny of the Water Company; for they have obtained the property of nearly the whole springs in the Pentlands. It has been found at Greenock, that the employing of the water to drive machinery does not render it unfit for drinking. At Catrine, in Ayrshire, the reservoir is at the head of Ayr Water, upwards of twenty miles from the works, the water flowing down the natural bed of the stream. Perhaps the most extensive application of water power in Scotland is at Deanston, near Doune, where are four wheels for propelling machinery for the manufacture of cotton-twist and weaving, having an aggregate power of 300 horses; and other four wheels are erecting, which will give an additional power of 400 horses. This work affords employment to 1100 persons, and the only power for propelling the machinery is water. The large water wheels are kept much more easily in order than steam engines, are less expensive at the outset, and save the large sums expended for coal.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts of the appearance of the crops, both in England and Scotland, are contradictory; but, on the whole, we do not see that there is any reason to anticipate either a very late or a deficient harvest. We fairly confess, however, that though the crops turned out deficient, it should be no great source of lamentation; for nothing but a famine price of grain will effectually turn public attention to the Corn-Laws. Meanwhile, markets rise apace; for some weeks past the average price of wheat, calculated on six weeks' returns, has been rising from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 2d. per week, and it was in the week ending 1st June, 63s. 1d. per quarter. In the Scottish markets wheat has been sold as high as 72s. The price at Hamburg for grain of equal quality is 37s. 6d.; little more than one half. From a return lately made to Parliament, it appears that the total quantity of grain, of all kinds, remaining in warehouse on 1st January last, was 925,391 quarters, and 181,448 cwts. of meal and flour. Last year 210,254 quarters of foreign wheat were entered for home consumption at a duty of £395,706; 47,475 quarters of foreign barley, duty £21,573, and 333,932 foreign oats, duty £168,080. There were also entered about 200,000 quarters of foreign peas and beans.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1838.

SPEECHES OF LORD BROUGHAM.*

SINCE the anticipated appearance of a new *Waverley* novel, in the pristine and palmy days of the *Waverley* novels, there has been nothing known in these northern regions to equal the buzz and flutter of expectation, which have harbingered the appearance of the collected speeches of Lord Brougham. Men of letters, journalists, lawyers, but, above all, politicians—those especially whose duty or interest it is to “support the Ministry”—are alike excited. They participate in the same anxiety and impatience which pervade the clubs of the metropolis, which have made a way into the courts of law and the universities; but which, doubtless, excite no curiosity whatever in the official bureaus, or the voluptuous *boudoirs* where it has become the fashion for the minister to perform those courtly and novel duties which were once well understood at Versailles and the Tuileries, and even at Whitehall, but which, since the reign of the Second Charles, have become almost unknown in sober England.

The collected speeches of the most eminent living orator and statesman, who has, for thirty years, exercised no ordinary influence over the growth and direction of public opinion and the prospects of mankind, could not, indeed, fail to excite the liveliest interest. They embody the history of the age, as it has been influenced by one of its highest intellects. In the meanwhile, however, and in the first blush of the business, there is more curiosity about the pithy adjuncts to these splendid effusions of intellectual power, experienced wisdom, and unrivalled oratorical accomplishment, than about their essential substance. Happy and proud is the man who has had a glimpse of a proof-sheet, or heard a passage distorted at second-hand, or even seen the favoured mortal who has viewed these oracles, or divined aright one sentence of their pungent contents. For it is not, we have said, at this early stage, the speeches alone for which the public appetite is whetted:—those powerful and impulsive specimens of the highest kind of modern eloquence remain for the study of leisure—for the delight and the admiration of posterity. The world is

athirst to know what Lord Brougham has to say of his contemporaries, his political opponents, and his late colleagues in office; what of the prospects of the nation under the inauspicious rule of the Whig-Tory Ministry; what of the predicament in which *he* has been placed by their intrigues and circumvention; by their apprehension of his bold fearlessness, so often proved court-ward; and, above all, of his power with the People. To us the most remarkable feature in these historical Introductions, Notes, and Commentaries is, everything considered, their pervading tone of dignified forbearance. The conduct of the Melbourne Ministry to their illustrious colleague has been as palpably low in motive as it was treacherous to the public interest, identified with his capacity for business, and those qualifications for statesmanship which have been happily compared to the proboscis of the elephant, alike apt in turn to rend the mightiest trees of the forest, or to pick up a lady's needle.

Had it been possible for Lord Brougham to have remained insensible to the treatment he has received, he must have been less than man. The same line of conduct regarding him is still persisted in, and now without any attempt at disguise; so that it has become the duty of every Reformer, and of every enemy of slavery under its many disguises, to turn aside the blow aimed at their sacred cause through the side of the most redoubted of their champions. In relation to the Melbourne Government, Lord Brougham himself is placed in the condition of a man of honourable and delicate feelings, who perceives, too acutely, the ignoble character of the individuals to whom, in the unsuspecting confidence of a generous nature, he has given the power to betray him, to be able to stoop to resent their conduct. But the affair, to men of sense, becomes absolutely ludicrous, when the wrong-doers are found the first to cry out. From the open vituperation, and the whispered calumnies industriously circulated by the small adherents and accredited organs of the Ministry, it might be supposed that Lord Brougham had turned traitor to his good, easy, confiding, liberal,

* Speeches of Henry Lord Brougham, upon Questions relating to Public Rights, Duties, and Interests; with Historical Introductions, and a Critical Dissertation upon the Eloquence of the Ancients. In 4 vols. Adam & Charles Black, Edinburgh.

reforming colleagues; and had deserted them and the Reform banner under which he has fought all his life. And this system was begun when, having intrigued to expel him from the Cabinet, they were lying by, waiting the first safe opportunity to declare that his principles were expelled from the councils of the State, along with himself. Yet these men have the insanity to cry out—"Lord Brougham has deserted us!—he opposes our measures!—it is personal pique—it is spleen!" While the climax is wound up by the underlings—"He endangers the Government!—he will let in the Tories!"

This false and barefaced clamour probably makes some small way with the unthinking, from mere pertinacious iteration. The speech delivered by Lord Brougham at Liverpool, three years ago, ought of itself to stifle the designing reports raised by the worst enemies of Reform; those who, with the phrase on their lips while it suited their selfish purposes, have now unblushingly abandoned all their former professions, and even deny that they ever sought to deceive the Reformers. The attempts to fasten upon Lord Brougham that defection and political inconsistency of which they are themselves notoriously guilty, is one of those audacious humbugs which fail to excite indignation, because they overpower the bystanders with the sense of the ludicrous. "But," say the Ministerial adherents, "it must be true that Lord Brougham has deserted his principles; for do not Mr O'Connell and many stanch Radical Members support the Government quite as strenuously since they declared against all reform, as before they had explained their favourite line of policy? It must be true that Lord Brougham has deserted his principles; for there is the great Duke, that friend in extremity, supporting the Ministers as effectually by passiveness, or party tactics, as do the Irish Liberals by many speeches and every vote."

But it is more than time that we were engaged with the work before us, of which we are happy to think that our rough and imperfect sample may give many a foretaste. We do not profess to review Lord Brougham's collected Speeches. That is a task for leisure and reflection; nor are we yet in possession of the complete edition, with which the Edinburgh presses are still in travail; but we cannot allow a month to elapse without using all the means we possess to make known a work not more honourable to its eminent author, than important to every class of his fellow-subjects, as it will be to their children's children.

In the Introduction to a comparatively recent speech delivered in Parliament, in vindication of Lord Grey's Government, Lord Brougham mentions that it was he, who, when Earl Grey abruptly seceded from office in the summer of 1834, in a sort of pet because the nation would not uphold his Irish policy, disconcerted the King's secret purpose of bringing in the Tories, and, in fact, put the Melbourne Ministry in office, by his promptitude and statesmanship.

This he accomplished, by immediately declaring to the King that Lord Grey's colleagues were quite willing to remain; and repeating the same thing that night in the House of Lords. His Majesty was, of course, much chagrined at being thus out-manœuvred; and never forgave the delinquent, who thwarted his royal purpose. The death of Lord Spencer, by taking Lord Althorp from the House of Commons, afforded a hollow pretext for accomplishing in November what Lord Brougham had frustrated in June. In lamenting this step, Lord Brougham speaks with affection, and even respect, of the "excellent monarch" who lived to repent it. Lord Brougham then adverts to the cordial support which those whom he denominates the ultra-Radicals gave to the new Government. His Lordship has not changed his opinion of "the unhappy necessity which existed for the coercion bill for Ireland;" nor have we changed ours in one jot as to that fatal policy which first disunited the Reformers in Parliament. The effect of that damning measure, was to ruin the Grey Administration, and create the anomalous state of things which Lord Brougham deprecates. With all deference, there is about Lord Brougham, and especially on this one subject, a touch of the same infallibility which he ironically ascribes to Lord Melbourne. But, if he condemns the extravagant hopes entertained by the Ultra-Reformers in the first years of the Grey Administration, and their "ignorant impatience" of delay, he does ample justice to the hearty support they gave to the succeeding Government, and their anxiety to redeem what he considers an error. Frankly, to the utmost, and with no small degree of mortification, do we concede to him that, if the Grey Government did little, that of Melbourne has done nothing—or worse than nothing. After enumerating those improvements made by the Grey Government in two sessions, which have so often formed the theme of panegyric to Lord Brougham, he proceeds:—

They, the ultra-liberal party, plainly saw that they had been, by their clamour against the late Ministers, playing into the hands of the Court and the Tories. They were alarmed at what they had done; and joined heartily with the new Opposition—that is, the ousted Ministry—in measures which soon removed the new Government, restoring, with one or two exceptions, the Ministry of November, 1834. When this Ministry was thus re-appointed, those who had, by their impatience and opposition, driven them from the helm, were all at once found to be the most patient, the most reasonable, the most forbearing, the most tractable and considerate of men. The experience of November, 1834, had not been thrown away upon them; and all that they had before urged against the do-little or the do-nothing policy in England, and the coercive policy in Ireland, was now forgotten, or remembered only to draw invidious distinctions between the Government of Lord Grey, nay, the Government of Lord Melbourne himself, and the new Government of 1834.

The Liberals repented the opposition which enabled the King to turn out Lord Melbourne in November 1834; and, according to Lord Brougham, from that date ran into the opposite extreme. They imagined—

That the Lord Melbourne of November was not the

Lord Melbourne of May; and they openly and unblushingly avowed; that they supported him in 1836 because he and his new Cabinet, composed of the former Cabinet, with the addition of Lord Grey's eldest son, were incapable of doing such things towards Ireland as he and that same Cabinet, and Lord Grey himself, with the hearty support of that son, had done in 1835. Assuredly, neither Lord Melbourne nor Lord Howick, nor, indeed, any of the other Ministers, ever gave countenance to so monstrous an absurdity—so gross and audacious a delusion. But their adherents in all places were most diligent and unremitting in the use of this topic; and it saved the new Government for, at least, one year, if not longer. Until the death of William IV., indeed, this formed the staple of the Ministerial defence, upon all occasions; not by themselves, but by their adherents, both in and out of Parliament. The most invidious distinctions were taken between Lord Grey's Government and Lord Melbourne's. "The latter" (said the *Edinburgh Review*) "looks more honest, and is more vigorous." "We have now a Ministry incapable of pursuing the atrocious policy of 1835," said all the Irish supporters of Lord Melbourne, who had been loudest in the outcry against Lord Grey. "At length, we possess the blessing of a Government, for the first time, willing to give Ireland justice, and the only Viceroy who ever gave Catholics their due." Such were the topics on which the Government lived out the rest of the late King's reign; disgusting as the food must have been to the palates of those who felt quite conscious of having been Lord Grey's hearty and zealous coadjutors in every one of the measures now most retiled, and his supporters in all the acts of feebleness which the *Edinburgh Review* discovered, for the first time, when the death of the noble Earl's power tolled. To these topics were added, of course, the most lavish promises on behalf of the Government, that sweeping reforms would at length be carried into all the departments of Church and of State.

Alas! alas! how are those mighty boasters fallen!—those fair hopes blighted! Three years have elapsed, and nothing, absolutely nothing, has been done, except to finish the Municipal Reform begun by Lord Grey. The adverse Court furnished a pretext for two of those three years; but, at length, the young Queen ascended the throne of her ancestors, and threw herself, absolutely, and without any kind of reserve, even as to the humblest attendant upon her Royal Person, into the hands of her Ministers.

This may be quite true, so far as the Irish Liberals are concerned, and a portion of those of Great Britain; but, however it may fare with the representatives, it has no proper application to the Radical party in Britain—to the men of Birmingham and Glasgow, and their coopers in every quarter. They, indeed, forced back the Melbourne Government on the Court—though they could not have calculated upon the exclusion of Lord Brougham—but quite as much, we are convinced, from disgust at the conduct of the King, as from increased confidence in the Ministers. There might be temporary delusion, a short-lived belief, in the gratitude of a set of pretended Reform Ministers, old Whigs, or converted Tories, who owed, at that time, as much to the People as they now do to the smiles of the court, a yielding aristocracy, and the unrestrained exercise of a prodigal patronage. Lord Brougham strains his charity for these Ministers too far, when he asserts that they gave no countenance to the popular belief of their increased liberality. The delusion was fostered, if not directly by themselves, in their little petulant displays of spirit, or

by small threats, and smaller vague promises, yet most sedulously by their organs and adherents. They, poor gentlemen! were sadly trammelled by a hostile court. Their liberal designs were cruelly thwarted by the Lords. Only let the Reformers wait a while in patience for the golden opportunity, and they should see things to astonish them. We acknowledge that, long before that golden opportunity arrived, no Reformer who did not choose to shut his eyes, was deceived as to the true character of the Melbourne Government. The Ministers scarcely needed Lord Durham as the harbinger of their purposes. The contemptuous and insulting declarations of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, might, and, by more sagacious statesmen, would have been spared. It was enough that their deeds spoke for them. Again we repeat, Lord Brougham strains charity too far when he states, that "neither Lord Melbourne, nor Lord Howick, nor, indeed, any of the other Ministers, ever gave countenance to so audacious a delusion." They, at least, long held silence; while their satellites, far and wide, deluded the country, and especially Ireland, with tales of their increased liberality and astonishing vigour. They would not succumb to the Tories; they would do justice to Ireland—Ireland, for the first time, well-governed, after centuries of misrule! &c. &c. &c. While this was resounding on every side, the Government received the implied compliment in silence. If not directly, yet passively, they countenanced the gross deception. And was there anything manly, anything honest—nay, was there not connivance in fraud, in not declaring, during the lifetime of the King, that contempt of Radical support, that hostility to farther reform, and that ready acquiescence in Tory-pled measures, which their chiefs seized the first opportunity to avow, after the remaining delusion had done for them all it could effect at the last general election?

Mr O'Connell and Mr Sheil must answer to what follows. Lord Melbourne has certainly never disavowed, at least when pressed, that he heartily supported the Irish Coercion Bill, and does not repent his conduct. For this degree of candour we give him small credit. As well might he deny that his name is William Lamb, under whose administration it first became the main duty of the Prime Minister of England to conduct the *menu plaisirs*, and manage the *menu peuple* of the Court. This is the passage which we recommend to the Irish Liberals.

But did no one ever assert, in the face of the Ministers, that the pretences on which they were supported were false and hollow? This was unquestionably done more than once. In 1836, Lord Grey drew from Lord Melbourne a distinct avowal, that he had heartily concurred in all that much-venerated Minister's policy towards Ireland. In November 1837, Lord Brougham appealed again to Lord Melbourne on the same point, both when Lord Cloncurry had incautiously said something which seemed to betoken an adoption of the false position that Lord Mulgrave was the first Viceroy who had done equal justice to the different parties in Ireland—and again, upon Lord Roden's motion, stating, in Lord Melbourne's presence, that he whom indiscreet advocates were representing as incapable of proposing such a measure as the Coercion

Bill, had heartily supported it—nay, “was primarily answerable for it, as the measure proceeded from his own office, as Secretary for Irish affairs.”* But still more recently, in the last stage of the Irish Poor Law Bill, June 9, 1838, Lord Melbourne admitted most distinctly, that no praise could be too high for the wise, just, and liberal administrations of Lord Wellesley and Lord Anglesey, (under both of whom he had himself served as Irish Secretary, and over both of whom he had also acted as Home Secretary,) and he only placed Lord Mulgrave's claims to favour upon the ground of his having continued to pursue the same sound and enlightened course with his predecessors. In this view, so fairly taken at length, by way of public disclaimer of the invidious defence now under discussion, and at all times so necessarily repudiated by the whole of the present Ministers, Lord Plunkett, the Irish Chancellor, cordially joined; so that there is an end, and for ever, to the distinction taken between the Grey and the Melbourne Cabinet, between the Wellesley and the Anglesey Viceroyalty and the Mulgrave, upon the grand questions connected with Irish affairs. Justice had also been rendered to Lord Grey in the Commons, by Lord John Russell, a few days before. When the Appropriation Clause was abandoned, upon the practicability of carrying which he and Lord John had differed, the latter admitted that he now found Lord Grey was right, and himself wrong. Men, after this, and indeed, after many other changes and surrenders lately witnessed, are prone to ask, why Lord Grey, and, indeed, Lord Stanley and Sir J. Graham, are no longer members of the Whig Cabinet? The Edinburgh Reviewer may also be now called upon to reconsider his period about “looking” and “being;” and to admit that Lord Grey's government not only *looked*, but *was*, to the very full, as honest as Lord Melbourne's, and no one whit less vigorous, either in appearance or in reality.

In the introduction to the admirable, and, to Reformers, most memorable Liverpool speech, the subject is renewed. The senseless, or rather the cunning clamour about his desertion of the Ministers, raised by their tools, required to be exposed and put down. On this head, Lord Brougham, from his singular position, and from the delicacy incident to an honourable mind, appears too susceptible. He recurs to it repeatedly. No one can be more fully experienced in the influence of misrepresentation and clamour with the unthinking multitude; and he may also feel, that to give full effect to his doctrines, the motives of the preacher should be above suspicion. He accordingly maintains the principle, so self-evident that it is astonishing to see it require enforcement, namely, that, if he had pursued any other course than the one he has taken, that alone, and not the path he has been compelled to pursue, would have betokened dereliction of duty, and the abandonment of the principles which had regulated his entire public life. “The senseless advocates of the Ministry have,” he says, “expressed surprise at his opposing them, even when they took a course infinitely beyond anything that in 1835 [when he delivered the speech referred to] could be imagined:”—

The senseless advocates of the Ministers have betokened much surprise at his gently and strenuously opposing them, when they took a course infinitely beyond anything that in 1835 could be imagined—when, as soon as the accession of the Queen threw the whole Court into their hands, they ostentatiously avowed themselves hostile to all improvement of the Reform Bill, even to the correction of its most manifest defects—when they made war upon the rights and liberties of the whole Canadian

people, suspending their free constitution, and proclaiming a Dictatorship, because a revolt had broken out in the corner of one or two parishes, occasioned by acts of gross legislative violence and injustice—when they framed their new Civil List upon the most exploded and unreasonable principles, and without the least regard to the economy which the people have an unquestionable right to demand—finally, when they refused to comply with the voice of the whole People by emancipating the Slaves, encouraged even a revival of Slave Trading, and exercised their absolute control over the arrangements of the Queen's household, by dismissing Lord Charles Fitzroy from her Majesty's service, as a punishment for conscientiously voting against the continuance of Slavery. It is confidently believed, that no person of ordinary discernment, and the most limited portion of fairness, can read the notice so plainly given in the second Liverpool Speech, of the terms on which alone Lord Brougham could continue a supporter of Government, and say that he could now be found among their friends, without an utter abandonment of all the principles which he professed in 1835, and which were those of his whole public life. It is equally clear, from his supporting the Ministry in 1835—from his giving them no opposition in 1836—from his only opposing their Canada Bill in 1837—and from his beginning the opposition which he has given them during the present session (1838) as soon as they declared against Reform, and Emancipation, and also against economy—that their own conduct alone has caused the separation; and that no falsehood was ever uttered, even in the utmost heats of political discord, with so audacious a disregard of the most notorious facts, nay, of the most recent and best known dates themselves, as that inaccuracy which would connect his opposition with the fact of his not holding office in the present Ministry.

Lord Brougham enumerates the occasions on which he forbore to oppose them, even when they abandoned measures of improvement, which he had brought forward himself, such as the Plurality Bill. But what is more:—

He even abstained from attending in Parliament that Session, (1836,) because he was apprised by the Ministers his doing so would be fatal to the Government. In 1837, he pursued the same friendly course wherever he could, and only gave a reluctant opposition to the unconstitutional Bill for seizing the Canadian money. When, secure in Court favour, by the entire possession of the Queen's whole authority, they proceeded to abandon almost every one important ground on which he had ever agreed with them; then, and not before, his opposition began. If the Ministerial advocates have any proofs to give of political or party obligation—or, above all, any one single personal reason, arising from personal obligations of any sort whatever, why he should—not adhere to them—(for that would be to abandon his own opinions)—but mitigate the expression of his dissent from them—or in any way shew forbearance towards them personally—it will be far better to give those proofs, and facts, and reasons, than to persist in distorting plain well-known facts, and re-echo groundless and unintelligible complaints.

But these matters are personal and comparatively insignificant. Their interest, though intense, is transient; they occupy after times as little as they wholly engrossed attention at the moment; their contemplation leaves no trace but a sigh behind.

“O fallacem hominum spem, fragilemque fortunam, et inanes nostras contentiones!”

Surely this incontrovertible argument, this proud challenge, will for ever stifle the cunningly-devised clamour about Lord Brougham withdrawing his support from the Melbourne Administration. If there be any well-founded complaint against him at all, its expression should come from a very opposite quarter. Why was his opposition so tardy? Why did he keep silence so long? The delicacies of his personal

* *Wilson's* Delisting to the Home Department, which his Lordship then held.

position and old connexions were but too much regarded. His lengthened forbearance with those Ministers, verged upon neglect of the public duties to which his life has been devoted.

But we do not wish to take Lord Brougham's defence against those worse than senseless, those cunning and selfish clamours, out of his own hands. We think he requires no defence; and so we are persuaded do nine-tenths of the nation, including those who, for their own sinister ends, raise the outcry. In the preface to the Speech upon the maltreatment of the American Colonies, Lord Brougham makes some remarks on the grievous complaints of the Premier, of the disapprobation which their late colleague—their circumvented, betrayed, meanly-sacrificed colleague—ventured to express of their Canadian policy. In a fine vein of irony, Lord Brougham remarks:—

He [Lord Melbourne] spoke with his usual ability, but with less than his accustomed success, because it was exceedingly difficult to perceive what right he had to complain of any one for differing with him in opinion; or what there is in the noble Viscount and his colleagues which should exempt them from the lot of all Ministers, to have their conduct discussed; or why Lord Brougham should be precluded from pursuing the course which he has all his life held, and defending his well-known principles, merely by the accident of his having once been Lord Melbourne's colleague, and afterwards Lord Melbourne's supporter, so long as his measures accorded with Lord Brougham's views of national policy and public justice. The noble Viscount omitted to give, in his able and ingenious speech, any reason in support of the proposition, which he did not indeed state, but, from the beginning to the end of his remarks, assumed to be undeniable, that whoever, having once found him and his present colleagues pursuing a sound policy for some years, shall refuse to change not only his own opinions upon that policy, but the whole opinions of his public life, at the bidding of the Cabinet, and to act thenceforth with them in opposition to all his own most cherished principles, must be actuated by some sinister motive, some feeling of a private or personal nature. Or the convenient or self-complacent proposition, thus assumed and acted upon by the noble Viscount, may be stated in other and fewer words. It is this: That no one can be influenced by justifiable motives, who does not agree with and support the present Cabinet through every change of principle, and more especially that portion of the Cabinet whose changes have been the most marked, and have been separated from each other by the shortest intervals of time. But to this assumption was added another, peculiarly adapted to the case of Lord Brougham. It was, that no man can ever honestly differ with Lord Melbourne, after once agreeing with him; nor, having supported him in one line of policy, can honestly refuse to support him in its opposite, unless he has some private feeling of spite or of interest to gratify.

A charge so unexpected naturally called forth from the object of it a peremptory and indignant denial—not indeed more peremptory, but possibly somewhat more indignant, than the very gross and notorious absurdity of the accusation might appear to warrant.

The satellites of the Government are understood to have been greatly edified and comforted by their leader's tone, marked as it was by more than ordinary animation, though with less than the usual provision of argument. It is respectfully asked of those zealous persons that they would have the goodness to offer some explanation of the grounds of his attack, should it be expecting too much to look for some proof of Lord Melbourne's assumptions, in behalf of which he offered no more argument than he did in behalf of the bill itself, or the conduct of Lord Glenelg, or the new morality recently discovered by Sir F. B. Head.

Allowing the full attributes of infallibility to

the Prime Minister, together with those of "profuse royal favour, and much patronage combined with little power," his exalted station is admitted to exempt him from needing, like other responsible ministers, to render any reason for his opinions; but of his adherents, who may not be endowed with the same attributes, it is felicitously demanded:—

By what particular argument they mean to disprove Lord Brougham's right to hold in 1838, the same opinions which he held in 1837, and to pursue now the same line of conduct to which Lord Melbourne and others came over in 1831, most creditably to themselves, and most happily for the State, with a celerity that produced the most fortunate results to the country as well as to themselves? And if it be not taking too great a liberty, or taxing their invention too severely, they are also most humbly entreated to shew, why Lord Brougham has not as good a title to persevere in that course now, merely because the converts of 1831 have, very unfortunately for the state, though without any kind of reproach to themselves, abandoned it, and returned to their old opinions with a celerity as remarkable as that which marked their former conversion? When this shall be shewn, there will be laid a ground for charging Lord Brougham with personal motives in refusing to alter his conduct; and for believing that all mankind consider Lord Melbourne to be an old, consistent, and steady friend of liberal opinions. Lord Brougham, it may be observed, has never complained of any changes in the conduct and principles of others; he may therefore be the more easily forgiven for claiming the right of adhering to his own. Instead of asking if the conversion witnessed in 1831, of the most zealous enemies of Reform into wholesale, almost Radical Reformers, was quite unconnected with the maintenance of the Government they belonged to; and if the re-conversion of November 1837 had its origin in nothing like a notion that the Court had become more friendly, and was better worth a prudent statesman's regard than the People; he rested satisfied with assuring the Ministers that they might, any day or any hour, restore him to his position as their zealous defender against the Tory majority of their adversaries, by simply retracting the declarations against Reform, with which they unhappily ushered in the Session; or, without formally recanting, by merely bringing forward liberal and constitutional measures. They refuse to accept any such offer; they will not comply with that condition. Doubtless they are right—most probably Lord Brougham is wrong; but how he can be charged with falling into his error, great as it may be, through personal feelings, is not so easily perceived. On the same night, Lord Melbourne disclosed a secret, which is understood to have been, until then, locked up within his own breast. He has, it now appears, been for the last three years constantly expecting Lord Brougham to adopt the course into which he has of late been driven by the Government. Then, the observant bystander, who perceives that Lord Brougham never failed to support the Ministers most zealously until they changed their conduct, must be led to infer that this change of theirs was all the while foreseen and predetermined by the noble Viscount—though certainly concealed with some care, and with entire success, from all his followers. But, if it shall be said that the noble Viscount's constant expectation, his daily forebodings, of what he pleasantly called a change in Lord Brougham, without reflecting that it is an alteration in himself, was owing to some impression which he had respecting Lord Brougham's habits and character, it will follow that he must have given frequent indications of this mistrust, of this presentiment, both in public and in private, and must have explicitly ascribed the active support of 1835, the kind and considerate abstinence of 1836, and the partial and reluctant dissents of 1837, to their real, though still not very intelligible cause; and, at all events, that he never can have given Lord Brougham, or any common friends, the most distant ground for believing

that he gave him the least credit for being influenced by the kindness of friendship, or the steadiness of principle, or the magnanimous sacrifice of personal considerations to either friendship or duty. It must, of course, be absolutely impossible that Lord Melbourne should have left his opinions and his expectations doubtful upon this head, or ever expressed any feelings of gratitude, much less any indications of being sensibly touched by Lord Brougham's conduct towards him and his Government, when he was all the while penetrated with the conviction that Lord Brougham was only waiting for an occasion to vent "his long-suppressed and thus exasperated animosity" against his former friends and colleagues. If, indeed, this should not have been the case—if the very opposite should turn out to have been more nearly the fact—it must be confessed that both these Lords have been placed in situations quite unprecedented, though the one of those situations will, perhaps, upon reflection, be felt to be somewhat less enviable than the other. It is only consistent with fairness and candour towards a man who certainly never on any former occasion got into such a position, that it should be observed, how likely it is, after all, that Lord Melbourne's boast of his foresight and perspicacity, should be like his Canadian friend's* discovery of the way to deal with revolt—an afterthought—and that, in the heat of the moment, he patented himself in unfavourable colours, by extolling his sagacity at the expense of far more important qualities.

The logic of this is as powerful as the sarcasm is keen. A pungent note is attached to this preface, explanatory of the late memorable fracas which took place in the House of Lords, when Lord Brougham chanced to stumble upon the phrase "Queen Mother," applied to the Duchess of Kent, and was corrected by Lord Melbourne with more haste than good speed. Lord Melbourne interrupted, "Not Queen-Mother—mother of the Queen." "His noble and learned friend," more nettled than he might have been upon a more important occasion, retorted rather sharply and sarcastically, admitting that, in the phraseology of Courts, Lord Melbourne must be much better versed than himself. This drew forth the *quip modest* from the courtly minister, which again provoked an eloquent and indignant denial of the arts of courtiership from Lord Brougham. The affair is thus alluded to by him.

Lord Brougham made a very harmless observation upon a most notorious circumstance, that of Lord Melbourne living so constantly at Court; which he, of course, does in virtue of his office—though certainly none of his predecessors ever devoted so much of their time to this branch of their public duties. The charge of courtiership thus ridiculously levelled at Lord Brougham, he at once repelled, by stating that Lord Melbourne, who had thoughtlessly made it, must better than most men know, if he gave himself a moment's time for reflection, how utterly groundless it was. Indeed, all the world knew this very well; none so well, however, as Lord Brougham's former colleagues and the present Royal Family. For he it was who, though honoured with the late Duke of Kent's friendship and co-operation upon the great question of Education, (as referred to in the Slavery speech, 20th February 1838,) had nevertheless refused to withhold his opposition to that Prince's Lottery Bill in 1818, and caused his Royal Highness to withdraw it; a step which, as the constant enemy of Lotteries, he felt reluctantly obliged to take, notwithstanding his Royal Highness' urgent application; and to which the Duke ever after ascribed his great pecuniary embarrassments. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues must have also well known, that Lord Brougham's falling into disfavour with King

William IV. was entirely owing to his pressing upon that Monarch the immediate formation of the Government under Lord Melbourne himself, and his sudden declaration in his place, that this Government was ready to continue in office—a step which wholly prevented his Majesty from executing his design of changing his Ministers, as he had hoped to do, if they had expressed any kind of reluctance to go on after Lord Grey's resignation. The same individuals also well knew his Majesty's severe displeasure and disappointment at Lord Brougham's peremptory refusal to take the Government in May 1832, when his Majesty was desirous that it should be reconstructed by him of persons willing to carry the Reform Bill; for it is believed that they both knew of his intercourse with his Majesty, and of the written correspondence on Lord Brougham's positive refusal. All this little indicates *courtier-like habits*.

The Melbourne Administration clearly owe office to that prompt intervention of Lord Brougham, which drew upon him the displeasure of the King. His check-mate to the Court was at once effectual: the Ministry, brought to a stand by the pettish secession of Lord Grey, was restored to office by the energy and promptitude of Lord Brougham. Nothing else could have kept them in place; and verily in their good faith and gratitude he has had his reward. For the sake of the country, we can rejoice that an overruling Providence has brought good out of evil, and restored Lord Brougham to his true place, his highest dignity, that of leader of the People, whose affection and gratitude will make up to him tenfold whatever he may have lost in court favour, and in the hollow friendship of his former colleagues. No meaner or more paltry intrigue ever debased a Cabinet than that by which he was cautiously, and cunningly, and under every hollow pretence, excluded from the Government he had saved. Thus does Europe look upon that pitiful transaction; and thus will posterity judge it.

Thus triumphantly does Lord Brougham in this place conclude the explanation of his public conduct, and his defence against factious or splanetic opposition. It is a subject to which he often returns:—

It is admitted by Lord Melbourne, that his help was never withheld from the Government until they made war upon popular rights last March, and turned their back upon popular opinions last November. Nor is it denied that he has, ever since he ceased to hold office, given up almost his whole time to judicial duties in the House of Lords and the Privy Council, labouring as hard as most of the Judges labour in the discharge of their professional duties. Moreover, if Lord Melbourne had spoken with the least reflection, he would have been aware that the facts of the case, which he wholly overlooked, are irreconcilably opposed to the intimations of his alleged foresight and acuteness. What does he think, for example, of his leaving entirely out of view the somewhat remarkable circumstance, that Lord Brougham's most active and necessary exertions to defend and uphold the Government, (a task somewhat heavier than Lord Melbourne is perhaps aware of,) were made immediately after its formation, when, of course, if at any time, Lord Brougham's differences with his former colleagues must have been the widest, upon the opposition of his listening to personal considerations? Then, again, having left out of his view this fact respecting the beginning of the period, how comes the noble Viscount to have equally passed over another fact which signalized its close—the Ministerial declaration against Reform? No attempt is here made to blame that policy; but at least these become

* Sir F. B. Head.

could justify me in any indifference, in wholly leaving it out of view, as if it could by no possibility be connected with the matter in question.

It is further worthy of notice, that no complaints are ever made of Lord Brougham during the last two or three years, in any quarter deserving notice. A few anonymous writers, acting upon a mistaken sense of duty and not upon an erroneous calculation of what would gratify their patrons—amused themselves with very bitter and somewhat heavy, though harmless investigations against Lord Brougham, while he was daily sustaining these patrons with all zeal in the House of Lords. But the party, especially the cabinet portion of it, were always abundantly loud, and apparently hearty, in expressing their thanks for his public support; their only complaint being that he persisted in withdrawing himself from the intercourse of their private society, a restraint which he must have considered necessary to maintain his independence, also he assuredly never could have subjected himself to what must prove a great loss of enjoyment to him, though it could prove little or none to them. This, however, was the only complaint ever heard, until the change of tone which marked the ministerial declarations at the opening of the new Parliament.

He then refers to his Liverpool speech, that renewed pledge given to Reformers three years ago, which is printed in this collection, and which was widely distributed at the cost of one penny by the Liverpool Reformers at the time. That speech, of all he ever delivered, pledged Lord Brougham the most deeply to the popular cause; and, above all, to strenuous opposition to a Government conducted upon the principles—or with the want of all fixed principles—avowed by the Melbourne Ministry. Of that Ministry he thus prophesies the future course and ultimate fate:—

That there is any great danger of the people suddenly deserting the Government, and opposing them, is little to be apprehended. The people are disappointed, disheartened, and disgruntled—they are becoming distrustful of all public men of the regular Whig party, as they are hostile to all of the adverse faction, although from the latter they never could have less of Constitutional Reform, and probably would have more of important practical improvements; and, at least, their restoration to place would give back to the Liberal side many of its best supporters, who are, at present, trammelled by official connexion, and other ties hard to loosen. But, although the People are thus flat and indifferent—although they may do nothing to destroy the existing Ministry—they will not stir a finger to help it; the first quarrel with the Court will seal its doom; and the Whigs, as a party, will have ceased to rule. The Ministers see none of these things; they hear the voice of the charmer only, whose accents, modulated to the key of the ear he wishes to tickle, pour out only the pleasing fallacy, the harmonious misrepresentation, the silver-toned strain of hope, the cheerful note of confidence—and whose especial object it is to suppress all unpleasant discords from unwelcome facts and unfavourable symptoms.—That the People are friendly while they remain passive and do not oppose; that the select circle of the occupants of place, who rival the serpent, if not in his wisdom yet in his tenacity of life, form the whole Whig party; and that, if it is as all necessary to consult the opinions of any others, it is needless to go further than the outer circle—the eager, ardent, impracticable, restless expectants of promotion, who have no opinions at all except of their own fitness for place, nor any principles at all except that whatever the Ministry does, or indeed can do, must be right, and that the whole duty of political men is comprised in the words—“Support the Ministry.”—Such are the bland sentiments which compose the dearest notes of “kindred sweetness long drawn out,” and which ever vibrate grateful, unrequited, on the Ministerial ear. But that they beguile the reason while they charm the sense—

that they lull their victim to sleep in the midst of peril, and bring on a sad reverse, which they make more hard to bear by precluding all preparation for it—are truths attested by all experience of all public men. In the present case their worst effect remains to be told. The deceiver tempts his dupes to their ruin, by inducing a belief that nothing they can do will forfeit the support of staunch friends; and it is discovered, when too late, that there may happen a catastrophe foretold by Lord Brougham in one of the Civil List debates, when he said—“That the people would one day awake and ring such a peal in the ears of Ministers as would be remembered, not merely to the end of their official existence, but to the last hour of the public life of the youngest functionary among them.”

The Slavery Speeches form a splendid group. They are arranged in sequence, including the speeches in the case of the Demerara Missionary, Smith. They commence with the speech delivered in 1810, shortly after Mr Brougham went into Parliament, which introduced his motion for making the Slave-Trade a capital felony, and conclude with his exposure of the eastern Slave-Trade—that new era in crime, that recommencement of the iniquities and horrors of the Trade—which was delivered in March last, and which is to be considered as one of the most important speeches he ever delivered in Parliament. It is a strangling of the monster in the birth; for never, never, can the people of England lose sight of the eastern Slave-Trade, until they obtain every guarantee, that the enormous wickedness swept from one quarter of the world, after a struggle of a half century, shall not be revived by British subjects, in another, and under the immediate sanction of Great Britain.

Sketches of the more remarkable men among the friends of the Negroes, or rather of the first principles of eternal justice—for it is the same thing—are prefixed to this brilliant group of speeches. From these we select this account of the venerable Thomas Clarkson, which is recommended by its brevity:—

Granville Sharpe was followed in his bright course by Thomas Clarkson, of whom it has been justly said, (nor can higher praise be earned by man,) that to the great and good qualities of *Las Casas*—his benevolence—his unwearied perseverance—his inflexible determination of purpose—piety which would honour a saint—courage which would accomplish a martyr—he added the sound judgment and strict sense of justice which were wanting in the otherwise perfect character of the Spanish philanthropist. While pursuing his studies at Cambridge, he made the Slave Trade the subject of an Essay, which gained one of the University prizes, and this accident having called his special attention to the iniquity of that execrable commerce, he devoted his life to waging an implacable hostility with it. The evidence which he collected and brought before a committee formed to obtain its abolition, drew the attention of Mr Wilberforce, and secured at once the services of that great man as the leader in the cause.

It is an unhappy circumstance that Lord Brougham should be able to state, in his speeches on the Missionary Smith's case, that his late colleagues, Lord Palmerston, Mr William Lamb, now Lord Melbourne, and Mr Charles Grant, now Lord Glenelg, all of them then Members of the Tory government, should have opposed his motion of inquiry—“thus giving to the country, & he apostrophically remarks, “an early pledge of

these principles so hostile to Colonial liberty, on which they have since acted." Lord Brougham's Speeches on Slavery, during the present session, have, if that be possible, exceeded in power and eloquence, depth and ardour of feeling, those of his earlier days; but, as the latter are fresh in every one's recollection, we shall go farther back for a short specimen. This occurs in the speech on the Missionary's case:—

The right honourable gentleman [Mr Canning] seems much disposed to quarrel with the title of martyr, which has been given him. For my own part, I have no fault to find with it; because I deem that man to deserve the name, as in former times he would have reaped the honours of martyrdom, who willingly suffers for conscience. Whether I agree with him or not in his tenets, I respect his sincerity, I admire his zeal; and when, through that zeal, a Christian minister has been brought to die the death, I would have his name honoured and holden in everlasting remembrance. His blood cries from the ground—but not for vengeance! He expired, not imprecating curses upon his enemies, but praying for those who had brought him to an untimely grave. It cries aloud for justice to his memory, and for protection to those who shall tread in his footsteps, and—tempering their enthusiasm by discretion; uniting with their zeal knowledge; forbearance with firmness; patience to avoid giving offence, with courage to meet oppression, and to resist when the powers of endurance are exhausted—shall prove themselves worthy to follow him, and worthy of the cause for which he suffered. If there is a holy duty, it is ours to shield them, in discharging it, from that injustice which has persecuted the living, and has sought to blot the memory of the dead.

The Ministry were hard pressed on this occasion; but that convenient and useful commodity, "The previous question," carried by a majority of about forty, saved them. The meaning of the *previous question*, as a defensive weapon, is, by the way, felicitously described in the sketch of Mr Creevey. At the Liverpool election of 1812, when Mr Brougham was invited to stand on the liberal interest, Creevey, in addressing the populace, observed:—"You often hear, when any of our irregular partisans have framed a motion against some public defaulter, that it is said to be got rid of by the Previous Question. Now, you may just as well know what this means. It is, that the whole House says, 'All these things are very true, and we have no answer to make; and, therefore, the less that is said about the matter the better.'" Mr Creevey, we are told, and may notice in this place, kept a minute journal of political as well as personal occurrences for thirty years; which Lord Brougham thinks is likely to contain more interesting materials for secret and general history than any collection ever made in this country.

From the earlier Slavery Speeches we shall cull another sentence or two. The orator is charging those engaged as merchants in the trade with murder, and he continues—

I must protest loudly against the abuse of language which allows such men to call themselves traders or merchants. It is not commerce, but crime that they are driving. I too well know, and too highly respect that right honourable and useful pursuit, that commerce whose province it is to humanize and pacify the world—so alien to its nature to violence and fraud—so formed to flourish in peace and in honesty—so inseparably connected with justice, and good will, and fair-dealing. I

deem too highly of it, to endure that its name should, by a strange perversion, be prostituted to the use of men who live by treachery, rapine, torture, and murder, and are habitually practising the worst of crimes, for the basest of purposes. When I say murder, I speak literally and advisedly. I mean to use no figurative phrase; and I know I am guilty of no exaggeration. I am speaking of the worst form of that crime. For ordinary murders, there may even be some excuse. Revenge may have arisen from the excess of feelings honourable in themselves. A murder of hatred, or cruelty, or mere blood-thirstiness, can only be imputed to a deprivation of reason. But here we have to do with cool, deliberate, mercenary murder—nay, worse than this; for the ruffians who go on the highway, or the pirates who infest the sea, at least expose their persons, and, by their courage, throw a kind of false glare over their crimes. But these wretches dare not do this. They employ others as base as themselves, only that they are less cowardly; they set on men to rob and kill, in whose spoils they are willing to share, though not in their dangers. Traders, or merchants, do they presume to call themselves?—and in cities like London and Liverpool—the very creations of honest trade? I will give them the right name at length, and call them cowardly suborners of piracy and mercenary murder!

That gross delusion—those shameless attempts formerly made to deceive the country, by individuals in an honourable station, and enjoying the world's esteem, which are here recorded—ought to make us pause over the equally flattering and delusive accounts given of the blessed condition of the Hill Coolies of India when brought to our western colonies. The passage we are to quote occurs in the Slavery Speech of 1830, which, Lord Brougham says, contributed much to his election for Yorkshire.

I hold in my hand the evidence of Lord Rodney, who swore before the Privy Council, that he never saw an instance of cruel treatment; that, in all the islands, "and," said his Lordship, "I knew them all," the negroes were better off in clothing, lodging, and food, than the poor at home, and were never in any case at all overworked. Admiral Barrington, rising in ardour of expression as he advanced in knowledge, declares that he has often wished himself in the condition of the slaves. Neither would I take the gallant Admiral at his own word, sanctioned though it be by an oath. I would not punish his temerity so severely as to consign him to a station, compared with which he would in four-and-twenty hours have become reconciled to the hardest fire in the most crazy bark that ever rocked on the most perilous wave; or even to the lot which our English seamen are the least injured to—the most disastrous combat that ever lowered his flag in dishonour and disgrace. But these officers confined not their testimony to the condition of slavery; they cast its pompous around the Slave-trade itself. They were just as liberal in behalf of the Guineaman as of those whom his coils were destined to enrich. They gave just as Arabian picture of the slave's deck and hold, as of the enviable fields whither she was fraught with a cargo of happy creatures, designed, by their felicitous destiny, to become what are called the cultivators of those romantic regions. "The slaves on board are comfortably lodged," says one gallant officer, "in rooms fitted up for them." "They are amused with instruments of music: when tired of music, they then go to games of chance." Let the inhabitants, or the frequenters of our club-houses hear this and cry:—those "famous wits," to whom St James's parliament are "native or hospitable," let them cast a longing look on the superior felicity of their sable brethren on the middle passage. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet have they found for them all earthly indulgences: food and raiment for nothing; music to charm the sense; and when, satiated with such enjoyment, the mind seeks change, games of chance are kindly provided by benevolent

stimulate the many appetite. "The slaves," adds the Admiralty, "are all indulged in all their little humours." Whether some of these caprices might be to have themselves tied up from time to time, and incarcerated with a scourge, he has omitted to mention. "He had frequently," he says, "seen them, and as happy as any of the crew, it being the interest of the officers and men to make them so." But it is Admiral Evans who puts the finishing stroke to this fairy picture. "The arrival of a Guineaman," he says, "is known in the West Indies by the dancing and singing of the negroes on board."

It is thus that these cargoes of merry, happy creatures, torn from their families, their native fields, and their cottages, celebrate their reaching the land of promise, and that their coming is distinguished from the dismal landing of free English seamen, out of West India traders, or other receptacles of cruelty and wretchedness. But, if all the deductions of philosophy, and all the general indications of fact, loudly prove the unalterable wretchedness of colonial slavery, where, may it be asked, are the particular instances of its existence? Alas! there is no want of these; but I will only call out a few, dealing purposely with the mass rather by sample than by breaking its solid bulk. I shall illustrate, by a few examples, the effects of slavery in communities to the exertions of which we are bid to look for the mitigation and final extinction of that horrid condition.

We forbear citing any of those flagrant cases; but are compelled to remark, that, if Lord Brougham had been more severe upon the naval service than Lord Minto—catching at anything which could be turned against one who no longer supported every act of the Ministry—has ventured to affirm, those respectable individuals in that service, who delivered the above testimony, certainly gave some ground for the prejudice which Lord Brougham denies entertaining.

As we cannot notice everything in these teeming volumes, we shall pass abruptly to the sketch of the character of Mr Bentham, which occurs in the Introduction to the speech on Law Reform. It is one with which, we should imagine, the most devoted disciple of that philosopher will declare himself satisfied.

The age of law reform and the age of Jeremy Bentham are one and the same. He is the father of the most important of all the branches of Reform, the leading and ruling department of human improvement. No one before him had ever seriously thought of exposing the defects in our English system of jurisprudence. All former students had confined themselves to learn its principles—to make themselves masters of its eminently technical and artificial rules; and all former writers had but expounded the doctrines handed down from age to age. Men, by common consent, had agreed in bending before the authority of former times as decisive upon every point; and confounding the question of, What is the law, which that authority alone could determine, with the question, What ought to be the law, which the wisdom of an early and an unenlightened age was manifestly unfit to solve, they had taken it for granted that the system was perfect because it was established, and had bestowed upon the produce of ignorance and inexperience their admiration in proportion as it was defective. He it was who first made the mighty step of trying the whole provisions of our jurisprudence by the test of expediency, fearlessly examining how far each part was connected with the rest; and, with a yet more undaunted courage, inquiring how far even its most consistent and symmetrical arrangements were framed according to the principle which should pervade a Code of Laws—their adaptation to the circumstances of society, to the wants of men, and to the promotion of human happiness.

Mr Bentham, professing to regard no existing law as of any value, unless it was one which ought to have been made, wholly unfettered himself from

any deference to authority, bringing the foundations of principles, as well as the details of each legislative rule, to the test of reason alone—trying all by the criterion of their tendency to promote the happiness and improve the condition of mankind—not only shewing in detail the glaring inconsistencies and the radical imperfections of the English system, but carrying his bold and sagacious views to their amplest extent, investigated the principles upon which all human laws should be constructed, and shewed how their provisions should be framed for the better accomplishment of their great purpose—the well-being of civil society, both as regards the enjoyment of civil rights, the prevention of crimes, and the encouragement of virtue. The adaptation of these principles to the particular circumstances of any given state, can only be ascertained by a careful examination of those circumstances, and, above all, by an accurate attention to the laws already existing in the country, and which, how ill sever contrived in many respects, have always, more or less, arisen out of those very circumstances. This is the business of Codification, which consists in not only reducing to a system and method the existing laws, but in so amending them as to make them capable of accomplishing their cardinal object—the happiness of the community.

In thus assigning to Mr Bentham, not merely the first place among Legal Philosophers, but the glory of having founded the Sect, and been the first who deserved the name, it cannot be intended to deny that other writers preceded him, who wisely and fearlessly exposed the defects of existing systems. Voltaire, for example, great and original in whatever pursuit—whether of letters or of science, whether of gay or of grave composition—was enlightened by his extraordinary genius, had, with his characteristic vigour and sagacity, attacked many false principles that prevailed in the judicial systems of all nations. Rillancourt, who of all writers before Bentham comes nearest to the character of a Legal Philosopher, had exposed, with the happiest effect, the folly as well as cruelty of severe penal inflictions; Montesquieu, whose capacity as well as his learning, is unquestionable, notwithstanding his puerile love of epigram, and his determination to strain and force all facts within the scope of a fantastical theory, had discussed with success many important principles of general jurisprudence; and Mr Locke, a far more illustrious name, had treated with his wonted profundity and accurate reflection, many of the principles which bear upon the political branches of legislation. But none of these great men, nor any of the others through whose writings important and useful discussions of legislative principles are scattered, ever embraced the subject in its wider range, or attempted to reduce the whole of jurisprudence under the dominion of fixed and general rules. None ever, before Mr Bentham, took in the whole department of legislation. None before him can be said to have treated it as a science, and, by so treating, made it one. This is his pre-eminent distinction; to this praise he is most justly entitled; and it is as proud a title to fame as any philosopher ever possessed.

To the performance of the magnificent task which he had set before him, this great man brought a capacity, of which it is saying everything to affirm, that it was not inadequate to so mighty a labour.

After analyzing the higher qualities of Bentham's understanding, Lord Brougham proceeds:—

But he also excelled in the light works of fancy. An habitual displayer of eloquence, he was one of the most eloquent of men when it pleased him to write naturally, and before he had adopted that harsh style, full of involved periods and new-made words, which, how accurately soever it conveyed his ideas, was almost as hard to learn as a foreign language. Thus his earlier writings are models of force as well as of precision; but some of them are also highly rhetorical; nor are the justly celebrated "Defence of Uttery" and "Protest against Law Taxes," more finished models of moral eloquence, than the Address to the French Nation, and the Address to

Colonial Emancipation is of an eloquence at once declamatory and argumentative.

After describing some of Bentham's habits and tastes, his dislike of conversation in which more than one took a part, and his low value for eloquence and poetry, Lord Brougham continues—and we think few persons qualified to judge will cavil at his statements, the result of intimate personal knowledge and close observation :—

The moral character of this eminent person was, in the most important particulars, perfect and unblemished. His honesty was unimpeachable; and his word might, upon any subject, be taken as absolutely conclusive, whatever motives he might have for distorting or exaggerating the truth. But he was, especially of late years, of a somewhat jealous disposition—betrayed impatience if to another was ascribed any part whatever of the improvements in jurisprudence, which all originated in his own labours, but to effect which different kinds of men were required—and even showed some disinclination to see any one interfere, although as a coadjutor, and for the furtherance of his own designs. It is said that he suffered a severe mortification in not being brought early in life into Parliament; although he must have felt that a worse service never could have been rendered to the cause he had most at heart, than to remove him from his own peculiar sphere to one in which, even if he had excelled, he yet never could have been nearly so useful to mankind. It is certain that he shewed, upon many occasions, a harshness as well as coldness of disposition towards individuals to whose unremitting friendship he owed great obligations; and his impatience to see the splendid reforms which his genius had projected, accomplished before his death, increasing as the time of his departure drew nigh, made him latterly regard even his most familiar friends only as instruments of reformation, and gave a very unamiable and indeed a revolting aspect of coolness to his feelings towards them. For the sudden and mournful death of one old and truly illustrious friend,* he felt, as he expressed, no pain at all; towards the person of a more recent friend, he never concealed his disrespect, because he disappointed some extravagant hopes which he had formed that the bulk of a large fortune, acquired by honest industry, would be expended in promoting Parliamentary influence to be used in furthering great political changes. Into all these unamiable features of his character, every furrow of which was deepened, and every shade darkened by increasing years, there entered nothing base or hypocritical. If he felt little for a friend, he pretended to no more than he felt. If his sentiments were tinged with asperity and edged with spite, he was the first himself to declare it; and no one formed a less favourable or a more just judgment of his weaknesses than he himself did, nor did any one pronounce such judgments with a severity that detected the confessions of his own candour. Upon the whole then, while, in his public capacity, he presented an object of admiration and of gratitude, in his private character he was formed rather to be respected and studied, than beloved.

From a character of Mr Mill, the disciple of Bentham, we select one short passage, as we are every day more and more convinced that its import lies at the foundation of all public virtue. The quality attributed to Mill is, indeed, if not the foundation of political independence, that vital principle without which it cannot long subsist :—

In all the relations of private life he was irreproachable; and he afforded a rare example of one born in humble circumstances, and struggling, during the greater part of his laborious life, with the inconveniences of restricted means, nobly maintaining an independence as absolute, in all respects, as that of the first subject in the land—an independence, indeed, which but few of the pampered children of rank and wealth are ever seen to

enjoy. For he could at all times sustain his wishes within the limits of his resources; was firmly resolved that his own hands alone should ever minister to his wants; and would, at every period of his useful and virtuous life, have treated with indignation any project that should trammel his opinions or his conduct with the restraints which external influence, of whatever kind, could impose.

Sir James Mackintosh, like Lord Dudley, is one of the individuals whom those who have no means of judging them save by their writings and their public life—cool, but impartial readers—may fancy Lord Brougham has over-estimated; as we are inclined to think he has under-estimated Cobbett, and, perhaps, Major Cartwright. It was scarcely worth while to rake up the old Major's scanty Latinity. He entered the naval service a boy, and had, we presume, no pretensions to scholarship; but, as a public man of unimpeachable probity and unwavering fidelity to his principles, he might shame many a pure classic. Men of high intellect are sometimes not only apt to undervalue the less splendid qualities of honesty, sincerity, and boldness, but to underrate their influence. Yet, from the concluding sentence, it would not so seem of Lord Brougham :—

They alone who have experienced how much less easy it is to find unflinching supporters, than highly accomplished ones, for the People's cause, so often betrayed by the People's fickleness, can duly estimate the vast importance of such an advocate, and be fully aware how much more is to be hoped, in the conduct of great affairs, from dauntless courage and unwearied steadiness, than from the most brilliant gifts which nature can bestow, or culture improve.

In the subsequent part of the introduction to the Reform speech of 1831, Lord Brougham does ample justice, if not something more, to those individuals who in Parliament sustained the cause of Parliamentary Reform. We shall only notice Mr Lambton—Lord Durham—as it has been the cue of the Ministerial press, for some time back, to represent Lord Brougham as jealous of the Liberal Peer :—

After Lord Grey's removal to the Upper House, Sir Francis Burdett became the most unwearied* and powerful champion of reform; and the extensive influence which his station and abilities gave him with the people, had an incalculable effect in keeping alive their zeal for the question, at times when extraordinary efforts were required to prevent its total extinction. Mr Lambton's motion in 1821, though his plan was exposed to many serious objections, was of very great service to the question, supported as it was by the influence out of doors, as well as in debate, which his talents, his spirit, and his fortune gave to whatever cause he chose to espouse. But no one did more real and lasting service to the question than Lord John Russell, whose repeated motions, backed by the progress of the subject out of doors, had the effect of increasing the minority in its favour—inasmuch that, when he last brought it forward in 1826, Mr Canning, finding he could only defeat it by a comparatively small majority, pronounced the question substantially carried.

The faults of the Reform Bill, and the remedies suggested for its imperfections, are of far more consequence than the past services of aristocratic peers and renegade baronets, who, when

* Most probably Boddilly.—E. T. M.

* We are rather at a loss to perceive how the splendid services of either Sir Francis Burdett or Mr Lambton—efforts few and long between—should be termed "unwearied."—E. T. M.

THEIR words were about to germinate into action, have always drawn back. This important passage also occurs in the Introduction to the Reform Speech:—

It is doubtful if the great feature of the Reform, and that which chiefly recommended it to the country, has not been carried too far. In November 1830, when Mr Brougham, then member for Yorkshire, in the redemption of the pledge given to his constituents, gave notice of a motion for Parliamentary Reform, which was to have come on the day that the Tory Ministry resigned, he announced to a meeting of members held in Lord Althorp's chambers, that he should propose to cut off, at the least, one member from every close borough, and to abolish some of these boroughs altogether; but that he greatly questioned the expediency of wholly abolishing this class of seats, regard being had to certain practical uses which they served. Their total extinction by the Bill may have been right; but then, provision has not been made for those practical uses thus lost. A public servant, as an Attorney-General, for instituting a necessary, though unpopular prosecution, or a Chancellor of Exchequer, for maintaining a requisite but odious tax, may lose their seats, and thus hamper an administration—nay, even occasion its dissolution. Since the bill passed, it has actually happened that, the Attorney-General being excluded from Parliament during a whole session, all the measures for reforming the law were stopped for a year. It is pretty certain that some changes in the distribution of office, which are now much called for, cannot be attempted, on account of the determination, probably a temporary determination, of some populous places, not to return the official persons who now represent them. To remedy this great defect, the giving seats without votes to certain members of the Government has often been proposed; and the subject was broached in the House of Lords, when the bill was under discussion. To enable a person to change his office without vacating his seat, would be a less violent change, and would answer some at least of the same purposes.

The number of small constituencies created by the Bill is yet a greater defect. There are now above a hundred members chosen by towns which have not above two hundred voters. The evils of this are enormous. Each such burgh is as bad as the worst class of the old burghs, and by far the most corrupt of all, with the single but great exception of non-resident voters being no longer empowered to vote—an exception which limits the expense of the elections, without at all limiting the bribery practised in the several places. To remedy this glaring defect, it is certain that all householders whatever should vote, which was the plan about to be proposed by Mr Brougham in November 1830. The restriction to ten-pound householders is in every respect objectionable; and in none more than this, that it is a perfectly different qualification in different places—that sum answering to a large house and a good income, in remote country towns, while, in the capital and neighbouring burghs, no house, even the meanest, and occupied by the poorest person, is rated under double the amount.

But the gross inequality of the distribution is still more to be reprobated. A million of persons and an enormous wealth, in one or two counties, have no greater wealth in the scale of Parliamentary influence than a few hundred poor persons in some obscure town. It is plain that while this inequality continues, little confidence can be given to the resolutions of the Commons as an indication of the public opinion.

The duration of Parliament is clearly far too long. Members chosen while the state of the Sovereign's life presents the prospect of a six or seven years' seat, never think of their constituents any more than if they had none. The most striking examples of this have been afforded during the past Session. No Minister could have obtained the very discreditable votes which the enemies of Negro emancipation, friends of the planters, have obtained, had a general election been at hand. But when five or six years must elapse before the day of reckoning arrives, men of feeble principles, and greedy of promou-

tion, or eager to share in the disposition of public patronage, disregard the dissent and undrawn discipline of their constituents, and only seek to escape the more swift wrath of the Minister. Triennial Parliaments ought most certainly to be substituted for septennial.

The necessity of securing the electors by the plan of secret voting, seems, at length, to have forced itself on the minds of those formerly most reluctant to entertain the subject of the Ballot. To tenants this would assuredly afford no protection; it seems, however, clear that it would be some shelter to tradesmen; and the votes at the last general election appear to show that some such protection is necessary, if town elections are to be other than a farce.

But a large extension of the suffrage is the one thing needful; nor can any consistent Reformer feel very clearly in favour of the Ballot, while so few classes have the right to vote at all. The mere household qualification will clearly not suffice. That comprehends many of the least enlightened and least independent classes in society—persons always looking up to rank and fortune, and ever ready to square their conduct to the wishes of those who possess them; while it wholly excludes the better informed, more virtuous, and incomparably more independent, and less time-serving class of workmen, who have struggled to educate themselves, and are less beholden to their employers than these are to them. No one, however, can desire to let in any ignorant and profligate person, merely because he is twenty-one years of age, and not insane or convicted of a crime. Therefore an education qualification seems on every account to be the fittest. Lord Brougham's Education Bill provides for this in all votes respecting school affairs, not even there being conceived a reason why it should not be extended to Parliamentary elections.

How far all or any of these salutary and even necessary improvements may be introduced into our new Parliamentary constitution within a few years, there are no means of conjecturing. The existing Government have declared against all further change. Arragating to the authors of the Bill an infallibility never before ascribed to any men, and a power of foreseeing future events which no human being can be gifted with, they have decided that the unerring and prophetic wisdom of 1831 cannot be appealed from; and that all we now complain of must be endured, rather than alter a final measure, and charge its authors with the proneness to err which had heretofore been imagined to be the lot of man. This delusion will continue as long as Members of Parliament shall regard their own personal interest in promotion and patronage as of more value to them than the favour of their constituents, and the goodwill of the people at large. But, in the meantime, the confidence of the country is wholly alienated from its Government, and the representative body enjoys fully less of the public esteem and respect than those whom, a few years ago, men used to taunt with holding the power of making laws by an hereditary title. It would be well if their own election had bestowed a better spirit of conduct with a title supposed to be so much more valid.

In the general preface to the four volumes of collected speeches, Lord Brougham enunciates the true principle of all history which aspires to be more than an "old almanac," in stating that the most satisfactory, indeed the only accurate manner of giving the history of the times, must always be to give, as he has done, "an account of the persons who bore the chief part in their transactions. This is more or less true of all annals; but it is peculiarly so of political annals." He proceeds—"It is not, however, by those pieces of composition which abound in many histories, under the name of 'Characters,' that anything like this knowledge can be conveyed.

Without any regard to fine writing, measured and balanced periods, or neat and pointed antitheses, the personages must be described such as they really were, by a just mixture of general remarks, and references to particular passages in their lives." On these principles, which he has fully developed in the preface, Lord Brougham has described the most influential personages that have borne a conspicuous part in the political transactions of his own period. We are only left to regret that, as is said of those endowed with second-sight, he cannot see himself.

Among the individuals described, and, as we conceive, with favourable prepossessions, are Mr Creevey, Lord Dudley, Mr Wilberforce, Mr Stephens, Mr Roscoe, Mr Horner, and a few more. His general appreciation of character is generous as well as discriminating; and, if there be excess, it is on the side of indulgence and good-nature. With only one exception, which applies, we presume, to the Emperor Alexander, the Sketches are described "as the result of personal observation, and, in general, of intimate acquaintance; so that each individual may be said to have sat for his picture." The object of the publication, at this time, is stated explicitly. It is to fix public attention upon some of the subjects most important to mankind. This object, and the manner in which the delicate task has been executed, with total disregard to the relations of friendship or enmity, whether political or personal, introduces the following admirable observations:—

Party connexion is indeed beneficial as long as it only binds together those who, having formed their opinions for themselves, are desirous of giving them full effect. But so much abuse has generally attended such leagues, that reflecting men are now induced to reject them altogether. Their greatest evil certainly is the one most difficult to be shunned—their tendency to deliver over the many to the guidance of the few, in matters where no dominion ever should be exercised—to make the opinions adopted by leading men pass current, without any reflection, among their followers—to enfeeble and corrupt the public mind, by discouraging men from thinking for themselves—and to lead multitudes into courses which they have no kind of interest in pursuing, in order that some designing individuals may gain by their folly or their crimes. As society advances, such delusions will become more and more difficult to practise; and it may safely be affirmed, that hundreds now-a-days discharge the sacred duty to themselves and their country, of forming their own opinions upon reflection, for one that had disenfranchised himself thirty years ago.

The first speech in the collection, is that made in the case of John and Leigh Hunt, who had copied an article into the *Examiner* from *Drakard's Stamford News*, on military punishments. The alleged libel was written by the lamented John Scott, the editor of *The Champion*, whom Lord Brougham mentions with respect and commendation, as honourably distinguished by several literary works. The Hunts were acquitted; but Lord Brougham's other client, Mr Drakard, who refused to give up the author of the paragraph, was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment! So much more dangerous may a libel be, if published in *Liverpool* than in a widely circulated journal in London! Among the many topics discussed in

these volumes is the existing law of libel, for the improvement of which many admirable suggestions are made. The great speech on the trial of Queen Caroline appears second in order, and is followed by the other cases which arose out of that trial. The recent publication of Lady Charlotte Bury's book, and Lord Brougham's late article in *The Edinburgh Review*, have, however, restored the recollection of that unequalled effort of the power of the advocate, and the skill and acuteness of the lawyer; besides, to understand the full merits of that speech, it would require to be read in connexion with the evidence. It remains among the very greatest efforts of human intellect; for it belongs to Lord Brougham's genius ever to rise with the magnitude of the occasion; and he spoke better than he had ever done before, because he felt more deeply and passionately the glorious part to which he was summoned, as the champion of justice and humanity. This was not alone the case of the Queen, but of all England, of all womanhood, of the most sacred rights of society, wantonly violated by the chief magistrate. But all this we pass for the present, save one clause in the Introduction. The clause we select contains a high, and probably deserved compliment to the sagacity of the Duke of Wellington.

The temper and disposition of the house on this memorable occasion, was observed to be anxiously watched by the King's friends; and the Duke of Wellington sat the whole night under the gallery, an attentive listener, and with frequent communications to and from those more immediately engaged in the conflict. All men now felt deep regret that this illustrious person had only of late betaken himself to the pursuits of civil life; for his penetrating sagacity, as well as his honourable feelings, would have been an ample security against suffering such a course as the King seemed bent upon pursuing, had his Grace been in a position to exercise his proper authority over his colleagues and his master, and to sway their councils as he has since done upon the most important occasions. Nor would the same security have been wanting for the country, had Lord Wellesley fortunately been in his appropriate position, at the helm of affairs. No one was calculated to have such influence over the royal mind; and no one would more certainly have exerted it in the direction which the best interests of the country, as well as the King's own honour, so plainly pointed out. But the counsels of inferior men prevailed; or rather, the resistance of inferior minds only was opposed to the vehemence of the royal will; and it was determined that a bill of pains and penalties should be introduced with all the influence of the crown, for the purpose of dissolving the marriage, and degrading the Queen-consort from her exalted station.

We are compelled to notice, that Lord Brougham is much too lenient in his judgment of the King's Ministers, and to every one nearly concerned, save Sir John Leach. Mr Denman, in supporting the Queen's petition to be heard by counsel, against a secret committee being appointed to examine her conduct in her absence, made a smart hit, which is thus alluded to:—

It was on this occasion that Mr Denman, in allusion to the well-known adviser of the Milan commission, Sir John Leach, whose counsels, so pleasing to the King, were supposed to be guided by the desire of supplanting Lord Eldon and obtaining the Great Seal, made that memorable quotation from Shakespeare which was so manifestly delightful to Lord Eldon, and certainly as distasteful to Sir John:—

"Some busy and bustling rogues,
Some coggling, cossening knave, to get some office
Hath devised this slander."

The Lords then appointed a secret committee, to whom papers, in a sealed green bag, were delivered.

Lord Brougham is warm in commendation of his coadjutor, Lord Denman, one of whose speeches on the trial is reported very fully. When he acknowledges that, merely to retain place, emolument, and favour, all the Government, and the Members of both Houses who really abhorred the measure, supported it, how severe is the implied condemnation!

All, with perhaps one exception, both of the Government and of both Houses, abhorred the measure; and, if they could have been sure that throwing it out immediately would not have occasioned a change of ministry, assuredly the bill never would have remained one hour in existence. But then, as in much later times, the great fear was of letting in the Opposition; and Tories were daily seen abandoning their whole principles, upon the pretence that they had no other way of preventing what, to their eyes, seemed the most formidable of all events—exactly as, in the present day, we have seen Whigs giving up their most sacred opinions, one after another, and attaching not the weight of a feather to retrenchment, and popular rights, and the progress of reform, and the rights of colonies, and the maintenance of peace, and the extinction of Slavery, and the prevention of the Slave Trade itself, when weighed in the balance against the one evil of a change which should let in their adversaries, and turn out their patrons from the dispensation of court favour.

One speech in the Queen's case was made by Mr Brougham, her Attorney-General, in the prosecution instituted against the Rev. Richard Blacow, for a most scurrilous and indecent libel delivered in a sermon from his own pulpit. The Queen was averse to prosecutions for libel. After the fiery trial she had sustained, tranquillity was the object of all her wishes. Her counsel complied with her desire; and "the consequence was that the press was polluted with a degree of malignity and impurity before wholly unknown." After alluding, at some length, to that black era in the annals of the public press, Lord Brougham relates that, in the flagrant case of Blacow, her Majesty's legal advisers resolved to prosecute. The occasion of that reverend person's slanderous sermon was the Queen going in procession to St Paul's to return public thanks for her providential deliverance from her enemies. This circumstance leads to the following striking passage:—

The wonderful spectacle which the great capital of the empire exhibited on that remarkable occasion, has never perhaps been adequately described. But it perhaps may be better understood if we add, that those who witnessed the extraordinary pomp of her present Majesty's visit to the Guildhall Banquet last November, and who also recollect the far more simple and unbought grandeur of the former occasion, treat any comparison between the two as altogether ridiculous. When Queen Caroline went to celebrate her triumph, and to thank God for "giving her the victory over all her enemies," the eye was met by no troops—no body-guards—no vain profusion of wealth—no costly equipages—no gorgeous attire—no heaping up of gold—no pride of heraldry—no pomp of power, except, indeed, the might that slumbered in the arms of myriads ready to die in her defence. But, in place of all this, there was that which the late solemnity wanted—a real occasion. It was the difference between make-believe and reality—between play and work—between representation and business—between the drama and the

fact. When the young Queen moved through her subjects, she saw thousands of countenances lit up with hope, and beaming with good-will, and hundreds of thousands of faces animated with mere curiosity. Queen Caroline had been oftentimes seen by all who then beheld her; she had been long known to them; her whole life had but recently been the subject of relentless scrutiny; hope from her of any kind there was none. All that she was ever likely to do, she had already done; but she had been despitely used and persecuted; she had faced her enemies and defied their threats, dared them to the combat, and routed them with disgrace. In her person justice had triumphed; the People had stood by her, and had shared in her immortal victory. The solemnity of November 1820, was the celebration of that great event; and, although they who partook of it had no sordid interests to pursue, no selfish feeling of any kind to gratify; although they were doing an act that, instead of winning any smile from royalty, drew down the frowns of power, and were steering counter to the stream of court favour, adown which Englishmen, of all people in the world, are the most delighted to glide; yet the occasion was one of such real feeling, so much the commemoration of a real and a great event, and the display of practical and determined feelings, pointed to a precisely defined and important object, that its excitement baffles all description, and cannot be easily comprehended by those who only witnessed the comparatively tame and unmeaning pageant of November 1837.

A verdict was obtained against the reverend slanderer, who doubled his offence by the speech he delivered in Court when acting as his own counsel. He was sentenced—heavy penalty!—to three months' imprisonment! But then he was sentenced in the Court of King's Bench, which condemned the Hunts to two years' confinement, and a fine of £1000, for what Lord Brougham calls a far less slanderous attack on the Prince Regent, though many will be inclined to regard it merely as a piece of rather coarse pleasantry. Some years after the trial of Blacow, Mr Daniel Whittle Harvey and his printer were tried for a libel on George IV., published in a country paper. It was, in Lord Brougham's opinion, probably the worst case of libel ever brought before the Court; and we may guess the measure of punishment, save for the opportune interference of Mr Brougham, who, when sentence was about to be pronounced, suggested to Mr Harvey, that Blacow, for his scandalous sermon against the late Queen, had only been sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The Judges expressed much displeasure at Mr Brougham's interference, as he was not the counsel of either defendant; but they yet took shame to them, and let Mr Harvey off with the same term of imprisonment as Blacow. It is no unfair inference that at least twenty-one months were thus added to the free life of Mr Harvey.

Upon the death of "Caroline of Brunswick, the murdered Queen of England," the clergy of Durham gave orders that the customary practice, on the death of any member of the Royal Family, of tolling the bells of all cathedrals and churches, should be departed from. Mr Ambrose Williams, the editor of the *Durham Chronicle*, a Liberal newspaper, wrote and published some remarks on this spiteful and pitiful proceeding, which are admirable for their justice and spirit, and which, were they now attempted to be prosecuted as libellous, would only draw fresh libel

cule upon the reverend plaintiffs. The case was argued in the King's Bench, and finally tried at the Durham assizes in August 1822—while the King was about to make a progress in Scotland. The ecclesiastical condition of that part of the island is alluded to in the speech in this felicitous strain:—

His Majesty, almost at the time in which I am speaking, is about to make a progress through the northern provinces of this island, accompanied by certain of his chosen counsellors, a portion of men who enjoy unenvied, and in an equal degree, the admiration of other countries, and the wonder of their own—and there the Prince will see much loyalty, great learning, some splendour, the remains of an ancient monarchy, and of the institutions which made it flourish. But one thing he will not see. Strange as it may seem, and to many who hear me incredible, from one end of the country to the other he will see no such thing as a bishop; not such a thing is to be found from the Tweed to John o' Groats; not a mitre; no, nor so much as a minor canon, or even a rural dean; and in all the land not one single curate, so entirely rude and barbarous are they in Scotland; in such utter darkness do they sit, that they support no cathedrals, maintain no pluralists, suffer no non-residence; nay, the poor benighted creatures are ignorant even of tithes. Not a sheep, or a lamb, or a pig, or the value of a plough-penny do the hapless mortals render from year's end to year's end! Piteous as their lot is, what makes it infinitely more touching, is to witness the return of good for evil in the demeanour of this wretched race. Under all this cruel neglect of their spiritual concerns, they are actually the most loyal, contented, moral, and religious people anywhere, perhaps, to be found in the world. Let us hope (many, indeed, there are, not afar off, who will with unfeigned devotion pray) that his Majesty may return safe from the dangers of his excursion into such a country—an excursion most perilous to a certain portion of the Church, should his royal mind be infected with a taste for cheap establishments, a working clergy, and a pious congregation.

But the compassion for our brethren in the north has drawn me aside from my purpose, which was merely to remind you how preposterous it is in a country of which the ecclesiastical polity is framed upon plans so discordant, and the religious tenets themselves are so various, to require any very measured expressions of men's opinions upon questions of church government. And if there is any part of England in which an ample license ought more especially to be admitted in handling such matters, I say without hesitation it is this very Bishopric, where, in the nineteenth century, you live under a Palestine Prince, the Lord of Durham; where the endowment of the hierarchy, I may not call it enormous, but I trust I shall be permitted without offence to term splendid; where the establishment I dare not whisper proves grinding to the people, but I will rather say is an incalculable, an inscrutable blessing—only it is prodigiously large; showered down in a profusion somewhat overpowering; and laying the inhabitants under a load of obligation overwhelming by its weight. It is in Durham where the Church is endowed with a splendour and a power unknown in monkish times and Popish countries, and the clergy swarm in every corner, an' it were the patrimony of St Peter—it is here where all manner of conflicts are at each moment inevitable between the people and the priests, that I feel myself warranted on *their* behalf, and for *their* protection—for the sake of the Establishment, and as the discreet advocate of that Church and that clergy—for the defence of their very existence—to demand the most unrestrained discussion for their title and their actings under it. For them in this age, to screen their conduct from investigation is to stand self-convicted; to shrink from the discussion of their title, is to confess a flaw; he must be the most shallow, the most blind of mortals, who does not at once perceive that if that title is protected only by the strong arm of the law, it becomes not worth the

parchment on which it is engrossed; or the wax that dangles to it for a seal. I have hitherto all along assumed, that there is nothing impure in the practice under the system; I am admitting that every person engaged in its administration does every one act which he ought, and which the law expects him to do; I am supposing that up to this hour not one unworthy member has entered within its pale; I am even presuming that up to this moment not one of those individuals has stepped beyond the strict line of his sacred functions, or given the slightest offence or annoyance to any human being. I am taking it for granted that they all set the part of good shepherds, making the welfare of their flock their first care, and only occasionally bethinking them of shearing in order to prevent the too luxuriant growth of the fleece proving an encumbrance, or to eradicate disease. If however, these operations be so constant that the flock actually live under the knife; if the shepherds are so numerous, and employ so large a troop of the watchful and eager animals that attend them (some of them, too, with a cross of the fox, or even the wolf, in their breed) can it be wondered at, if the poor creatures, thus fleeced, and hunted, and barked at, and snapped at, and from time to time worried, should now and then bleat, dream of preferring the rot to the shears, and draw invidious, possibly disadvantageous comparisons between the wolf without and the shepherd within the fold—it cannot be helped; it is in the nature of things that suffering should beget complaint; but for those who have caused the pain to complain of the outcry, and seek to punish it—for those who have goaded to scourge and to gag—is the meanest of all injustice. It is, moreover, the most pitiful folly for the clergy to think of retaining their power, privileges, and enormous wealth, without allowing free vent for complaints against abuses in the Establishment, and delinquency in its members; and in this prosecution they have displayed that folly in its supreme degree. I will even put it that there has been an attack on the hierarchy itself; I do so for argument's sake only; denying all the while, that anything like such an attack is to be found within the four corners of this publication. But suppose it had been otherwise; I will shew you the sort of language in which the wisest and the best of our countrymen have spoken of that Establishment. I am about to read a passage in the immortal writings of one of the greatest men—I may say, indeed, the greatest genius, which this country, or Europe, has in modern times produced. You shall hear what the learned and pious Milton has said of prelacy.

Mr Brougham read the passage, which could not have been the least galling part of his address, and added—"If Mr Williams had dared to publish the tithe part of what I have just read—if anything in sentiment or in language approaching to it were to be found in his paper—I should not stand before you with the confidence I now feel." Mr Brougham strengthened his case by reading other extracts, from Bishop Burnet and from Hartley. Mr Scarlett, the Attorney-General and counsel of the Durham clergy, in the course of his speech affirmed that they had shewn all fitting respect for the Queen. This pretence drew forth this noble burst of withering sarcasm and indignant eloquence.

According to him they stand in a peculiarly unfortunate situation; they are, in truth, the most injured of men. They all, it seems, entertained the same generous sentiments with the rest of their countrymen, though they did not express them in the old, free, English manner, by openly condemning the proceedings against the late Queen; and after the course of unexampled injustice against which she victoriously struggled had been followed by the needless infliction of inhuman torture, to undermine a frame whose spirit no open hostility could daunt, and extinguish a life so long embittered by the same foul arts—after that great Princess had ceased to harass her enemies (if I may

be allowed them to speak, applying, as they did, by the perversion of all language, those names to the victim which belong to the tormentor)—after her glorious but unhappy life had closed, and that Princely head was at last laid low by death, which, living, all oppression had only the more illustriously exalted—the venerable the Clergy of Durham, I am now told for the first time, though less forward in giving vent to their feelings than the rest of their fellow-citizens—though not so vehement in their indignation at the matchless and unmanly persecution of the Queen—though not so unbridled in their joy at her immortal triumph, nor so loud in their lamentations over her mournful and untimely end—did, nevertheless, in reality, all the while, deeply sympathize with her sufferings, in the bottom of their reverend hearts! When all the resources of the most ingenious cruelty hurried her to a fate without parallel—if not so clamorous as others, they did not feel the least of all the members of the community—their grief was in truth too deep for utterance—sorrow along round their bosoms, weighed upon their tongues, stifled every sound—and, when all the rest of mankind, of all sects and of all nations, freely gave vent to the feelings of our common nature, **THEIR** silence, the contrast which **THEY** displayed to the rest of their species, proceeded from the greater depth of their affliction; they said the less because they felt the more!—Oh! talk of hypocrisy after this! Most consummate of all the hypocrites! After instructing your chosen, official advocate to stand forward with such a defence—such an exposition of your motives—to dare utter the word hypocrisy, and complain of those who charged you with it! This is indeed to insult common sense, and outrage the feelings of the whole human race! If you were hypocrites before, you were downright, frank, honest hypocrites to what you have now made yourselves—and, surely, for all you have ever done, or ever been charged with, your worst enemies must be satisfied with the humiliation of this day, its just atonement, and ample retribution!

Gentlemen, if the country, as well as Mr Williams, has been all along so deceived, it must be admitted that it is not from the probabilities of the case. Judging before-hand, no doubt, any one must have expected the Durham clergy, of all men, to feel exactly as they are now, for the first time, ascertained to have felt. They are Christians; outwardly at least, they profess the gospel of charity and peace; they beheld oppression in its foulest shape; malignity and all uncharitableness putting on their most hideous forms; measures pursued to gratify prejudices in a particular quarter, in defiance of the wishes of the people, and the declared opinions of the soundest judges of each party; and all with the certain tendency to plunge the nation in civil discord. If for a moment they had been led away by a dislike of cruelty and of civil war, to express displeasure at such perilous doings, no man could have charged them with political meddling; and when they beheld truth and innocence triumph over power, they might, as Christian ministers, calling to mind the original of their own Church, have indulged without offence in some little appearance of gladness; a calm, placid satisfaction, on so happy an event, would not have been unbecoming their sacred station. When they found that her sufferings were to have no end; that new pains were inflicted in revenge for her escape from destruction, and new tortures devised to exhaust the vital powers of her whom open, lawless violence had failed to subdue—we might have expected some slight manifestation of disapproval from holy men who, professing to inculcate loving-kindness, tender mercy, and good will to all, offer up their daily prayers for those who are desolate and oppressed. When at last the scene closed, and there was an end of that persecution which death alone could stay; but when not even her unhappy fate could glut the revenge of her enemies; and they who had harassed her to death now exhausted their malice in reviling the memory of their victim; if among them had been found, during her life, some miscreant under the garb of a priest, who, to pay his court to power, had joined in trampling upon the defenceless; even such a one, bore he the form of a man, with a man's heart throbbing in his bosom,

might have felt even *his burning, scorching, emulating malignity* assuaged by the hand of death; even *he* might have left the tomb to close upon the sufferings of the victim. All probability certainly favoured the supposition that the clergy of Durham would not take part against the injured, because the oppressor was powerful; and that the prospect of emolument would not make them witness with dry eyes and hardened hearts the close of a life which they had contributed to embitter and destroy. But I am compelled to say that their whole conduct has falsified those expectations. They sided openly, strenuously, forwardly, officiously, with power, in the oppression of a woman, whose wrongs this day they, for the first time, pretend to bewail in their attempt to cozen you out of a verdict, behind which they may skulk from the inquiring eyes of the people. Silent and subdued in their tone as they were on the demise of the unhappy Queen, they could make every bell in all their chimes peal when gain was to be expected by flattering present greatness. Then they could send up addresses, flock to public meetings, and load the press with their libels, and make the pulpit ring with their sycophancy, flinging up to the brim the measure of their adulation to the reigning monarch, Head of the Church and Disposer of its Patronage.

A dissertation on the law of libel and slander follows the case of the Durham clergy, to which we can merely refer the reader; and terminates a distinct group of speeches, connected with the prosecution of Queen Caroline.

Mr Brougham's speech, delivered in the House of Commons on January 1812, as counsel for the merchants and manufacturers of London, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. &c., in support of their petition against the Orders in Council, was, we believe, his first great appearance, and at once raised him to that station, both as a lawyer and in public business, which he has ever since held. Several weeks had been occupied in examining evidence at the bar, in which he was successfully assisted by Mr Baring, now Lord Ashburton, who has obtained a niche in Lord Brougham's Temple of Fame.

It is in this place that a sketch of Mr Stephen appears, of which we shall cite the conclusion, upon the same principle which dictated the selection of a paragraph referring to Mr Mill. Mr Stephens was a Tory, and a zealous supporter of the government of his personal friend, Perceval, who had brought him into Parliament. Three years after the death of Perceval—

He gave a memorable proof of his public virtue, by at once abandoning the Ministry, and resigning his seat in Parliament, because they pursued a course which he disapproved, upon the great subject of Colonial Slavery. He retired into private life, abandoned all the political questions in which he took so warm an interest, gave up the public business, in which he still had strength sufficient to bear a very active part, and relinquished without a struggle or a sigh all the advantages of promotion, both for himself and his family, although agreeing with the Government in every other part of their policy, because on that which he believed conscientiously to be the most important of all their practical views, they differed from his own. It would indeed be well if we had now and then instances of so rare a virtue; and they who looked down upon this eminent and excellent person, as not having answered the expectations formed of his Parliamentary career, or sneered at his enthusiastic zeal for opinions in his mind of paramount importance, would have done well to respect at a distance merit which they could not hope to imitate—perhaps could not well comprehend—merit beside which the lustre of the statesman's triumph and the orator's fame grows pale.

The liberal and manly section of the Whig Opposition of those times, as it is described in an able sketch of Mr Creevey, piteously dwarfs that liberal section of the ministerial party now. But, to be sure, in or out makes that small difference which a Reform Bill cannot obliterate. Mr Creevey was a very moderate Parliamentary Reformer. He fancied there might be things quite as bad as rotten or nomination boroughs that wore a fairer face—and he was not far wrong. Thus far he agreed with the Whigs of those days, on whom the glories of the Bill and the whole Bill! had not yet dawned.

But on other matters he had many wide differences with the regular leaders of his party. He despised the timidity which so often paralysed their movements; he disliked the jealousies, the personal predilections and prejudices which so frequently distracted their councils; he abhorred the spirit of intrigue, which not rarely gave some inferior man, or some busy meddling woman, probably unprincipled, a sway in the destiny of the party, fatal to its success, and all but fatal to its character; he held in utter ridicule the squeamishness both as to persons and things, which emasculated so many of the genuine, regular Whigs; and no considerations of interest—no relations of friendship—no regard for party discipline—(albeit, in other respects, a decided and professed party man, and one thoroughly sensible of the value of party concert)—could prevail with him to pursue that course so ruinous to the Whig opposition, of half-and-half resistance to the Government; marching to the attack with one eye turned to the Court, and one askance to the country, nor ever making war upon the Ministry without regarding the time when themselves might occupy the position now the object of assault.

This manly, straightforward view of things, not unaccompanied with expressions both as to men and measures, in which truth and strength seemed more studied than courtesy, gave no little offence to the patrician leaders of the party, who never could learn the difference between 1810 and 1780—still fancied they lived “in times before the flood” of the French Revolution, when the heads of a few great families could dispose of all matters according to their own good pleasure—and never could be made to understand how a feeble motion, prefaced by a feeble speech, if made by an elderly Lord, and seconded by a younger one, could fail to satisfy the country, and shake the Ministry. But Mr Creevey, and those who thought with him, such as Lord Folkestone (now Radnor) and General Ferguson, did not confine their dissidence to criticism, complaint, remonstrance. Their conduct kept pace with their language, and was framed upon the sentiments to which we have referred. Carefully avoiding any course that might give a victory to the common enemy, or retard the progress of their principles, they nevertheless often took a line of their own, bringing forward motions which were deemed too strong, as well as expressing opinions supposed to be too vehement, and opposing a resistance to many errors and abuses of the Government, which the more aristocratic portion of the Whig party were inclined either feebly to impugn, or altogether to pass over. On all that regarded the economy of the public money, still more on every instance of abuse, most of all on official corruption or delinquency of any kind, they were inexorable; nor did any sort of questions tend more to sow dissension between them and the party at large, than questions of this description, which involved considerations of economy and abuse, and of necessity led to personal charges, often against men in high rank and station. The inquiries respecting the Duke of York, and these cognate questions respecting public corruption, which grew out of that famous passage, first banded together this party, jocularly termed “*The Mountain*,” and drew a line of demarcation between them and the more regular portion of the Whigs.

What party in the Reformed Parliament, it

may be asked, now represents these sturdy, independent partisans of the Whigs? We look for such in vain. Looking back upon periods when the enthusiasm of the People backed the patriotic Opposition in the House of Commons, and led to such grand results, his Lordship, in one of his Introductions, enters fully into the method by which the interests of the People were then successfully supported in Parliament.

Battle, then, for the People, was fought by the joint efforts of themselves out of doors, and of their supporters in the House of Commons, and by the mutual action and reaction of the House and the People upon each other. It is a battle which may always be renewed, and is always of certain success, on any ground naturally adapted to its movements—that is to say, wherever a great popular feeling can be excited and maintained, and wherever there are persons of firmness and spirit to set themselves at the head of the People, regardless of the frowns and threats of power. It is equally certain that such a fight never can be fought, with any chance of success, where the People are indifferent to the subject, and where they have no leaders in Parliament adequate to the occasion.

He details the means by which the Income Tax was abolished, and the tactics of the Government and of the Opposition in the Session of 1816; and proceeds thus emphatically, in a passage to which we crave the earnest attention of every Reformer:—

The same display which led to such important and even glorious success the cause of the People, in an un-reformed Parliament, is to the full as requisite now, and would produce, if possible, greater results. Neither Slavery, nor Limited Suffrage, nor Petty Constitutions, nor refusal of the Ballot would stand before it half a session. But unhappily it has seemed good to the Whig Government that they should adopt a course of proceeding which renders all the tactics of 1812 and 1816 impracticable. Forgetting what it was that raised them to power, the remote cause of the Tory downfall, the policy which produced all the triumphs of liberal opinions; forgetting, too, that, though now in office, they may to-morrow be restored to that Opposition from which the triumphs of 1812 and 1816 raised them—they have resolved that no petition shall now be discussed—that whoever presents it shall merely state its substance, after telling the body and the place it comes from—and that no other member shall make it the subject of any observation. To this plan for stifling the people's voice, and giving the Ministers of the day and their majority in Parliament an absolute control over the policy of the empire, disarming the Opposition of their main weapons, and shearing the People of their chief strength, the Speaker, Mr Abercromby, has unhappily lent the support of his authority, if he was not, indeed, the author of the scheme. It is of little moment to reflect that, but for the policy of former and better times, this distinguished and excellent person would now have been in the honourable but cheerless exile of an Edinburgh sinecure judgeship, as his ministerial coadjutors would have been doomed to exclusion from power on the benches of an eternal opposition. It is of more importance to remark, that, unless a speedy end is put to the present course of proceeding, the mainstay of English liberty, the only effectual safeguard against misgovernment and oppression, is taken from the people of these realms.

That valuable time may sometimes be wasted in discussing frivolous petitions, is unquestionable. Still the evil created is so infinitely greater than that abated by the innovating practice, that it ought not to be allowed another day's existence.

(To be continued.)

SISMONDI'S STUDIES OF FREE CONSTITUTIONS.*

OF all those prejudices which retard the progress of nations, and bias the elements of political opinion, there is one in particular whose effects have, to this day, been of so fatal a nature that we seize with delight an opportunity of attacking it. We refer to that crudity which substitutes *individuals* for principles, and grants to the former a degree of authority which belongs only to the latter; which merely requires of political characters a few demonstrations, a few guarantees of good intentions in the past, to yield them, with a blind confidence, the task of constructing the future, and confounds, at every instant, two things radically distinct—the intellectual power which has led the way to an idea of progression, a conception of reform, and the intellectual power which is to develop, to realize, and to apply it.

Movement is eternal. The developement of a people is accomplished progressively, according to a law of continuousness, whose action may be concealed to the eye, but cannot be destroyed or broken. The Present, child of the Past, is the parent of the Future, and cannot, without ingratitude and folly, reject the heritage of the ages which have gone before; but is bound to transmit it, augmented and improved, to the ages which shall follow, which, in their turn, will also augment and improve this heritage. The individual is a finite creature, limited in his faculties of realization and foresight. The human intellect, vast as it may be, cannot embrace and comprehend all. Thence it is, that association is the only instrument capable of accomplishing the task; thence it is that the People, an aggregation of every faculty and every agency, is the sole power, whence, in the last resort, springs progression. To the chain of labours a chain of labourers is required. In that complex action which is working itself out in human society, each man has his time, his part, and his function. More than this we cannot and ought not to require.

If every man would convince himself of a truth so simple as that which we have just enunciated; if every man would conform to this truth, his practical habits, his studies, his actions, his entire life; above all, if it were always in the recollection of those whom circumstances, the accident of their position, or their talents, may, for any period, advance to the political, intellectual, or social direction of their fellow-citizens; if they would repeat to themselves each day, as the presiding maxim of their career, that they are, after all, but the product, the echo of their time; that the life of the People forms, at least, two-thirds of themselves and all their ideas; that another age will come; that the People, their inspirer, will not die with them, will not

remain motionless before their tombs, but will pursue an onward march, incessantly assimilating to new elements, new ideas, and new discoveries, and consequently having new rights to incorporate, new wants to supply, and new duties to discharge,—we should witness far more harmony, and far less jealousy, amongst political labourers. The first object of statesmen rightly viewed, being to leave the path of national progression in every respect open, there would be a common ground, a common bond, a point of contact for all thinkers. We should still have distinct shades, but not parties radically opposed; we should undergo changes imperceptibly linked and tranquilly successive, and not those violent and perilous shocks, which now, from time to time, perform their inevitable work in all States. Unhappily there is none of this feeling.

Whenever there is felt in the bosom of the State the want of change—that is, when institutions are found to be no longer in harmony with the wants and wishes of the community—men generally step forward, who, taking on themselves to be the interpreters of that feeling of uneasiness which is present in every breast, loudly proclaim the existing defects, and the necessity of an immediate remedy. These become chiefs; the People rally round them, and adopt them. Generally, too, these men are unequal to the ideas of the new order which is to succeed the one they are about to destroy; they have only the idea of the struggle. Brought up under the vicious system, and seeing and judging things through the troubled prism of the present, it is with great difficulty they can form a clear and complete conception of the future; they perceive the evil without exactly appreciating its nature or even comprehending its extent. The State suffers—there must be a change of position, and an advance. Obstacles interpose—they must be overturned or surmounted. But what beyond this? Of that they know nothing—that employs little of their thought; indeed, they have too much to do for that. Of all these obstacles, they choose the nearest, the most visible, the one easiest grappled with at the moment they appear on the arena. They call the public attention to it, and concentrate around and against it all their strength. At this juncture the People demand from them nothing beyond this. All that they ask of them is to lead in the attack, and maintain a constant struggle against those who deny the evil, or who affirm that, if the evil exists, it is our duty to bear it patiently, and expect a remedy from God or time. They triumph; they overturn the obstacle; drive the enemy from his position, and remain masters of the field of battle. So far all is well. But with victory everything is changed: the field of sight is enlarged on all points; hardly a glimpse was obtained, hardly a glance directed, when all were engrossed by the struggle; now the eye embraces

* *Recherches sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres.* Par T. C. L. Sismondi, de Sismondi. Paris, 1841, 2 vols. et Wurtz, 1836-37.

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the whole—can compare, can ponder, can explore. New ideas appear, new elements are revealed, and demand to be called into action; unthought of connexions are perceived, and call for consideration. The event has set aside the object of their efforts; another work has begun—the business of the past was to overturn, the business of to-day is to build up. In time past, men sought for implements of action; now they seek to know how, why, and to what end they should be employed. All this is natural; you have clambered one of the ridges of the mountain, and others start up before your eyes which were unsuspected. Each step changes the features of the traveller's horizon. A nation after a reform is not the same nation as before the reform; and this the leaders of the first movement are often unable to comprehend. They are aghast at a development of vitality for which they were unprepared; they are irritated at this perpetual call for movement, which may be to the benefit of generations unborn, but which few individuals find themselves competent to sustain. They are fatigued by the struggle, and deem it natural to rest. For themselves, they are satisfied as they are, and try to persuade the rest of the world to be equally contented. Complainants are taxed with indiscretion; ideas new to themselves are treated as dreams, or something worse; and to all the reasoning, all the arguments by which they are supported, they have but one to oppose, and this one they call *their experience*; and we find that their experience is but the knowledge of some forty, twenty, or ten years ago. Henceforward, murmuring, distrust, reaction; henceforward, also, an increasing sourness in these men, which soon degenerates into resistance. After this, the story is soon told. They find themselves in a position analogous to that of the men they overturned; they wish to keep themselves motionless, while all around them is progressing; harmony is destroyed, and for the short time this state of things is prolonged, the future once more belongs to revolution.

This is an old tale; and, if facts in support are demanded, we have only to look around us; never have proofs accumulated in such numbers, in a short space of time, as of late years. In France, agreeably to the order we have just sketched, the progress of liberty has no greater enemies than the men in opposition for fifteen years, now in power. In Switzerland, the Tscharners, the Schnells, the Tavels, the leaders, in Berne and elsewhere, of the revolutions of 1830 and 1831, are at present most ardent supporters of the *statu quo*, the most ardent enemies of all ulterior emancipation of the People. In Italy, the attempts at revolution, entirely national in their spirit, miscarried solely from the unskilfulness and cowardice of men placed at the head of the movement, by the youth, who judged them from a few antecedent demonstrations, and who persisted in adhering to the scheme of ten or twenty years before. It is hardly necessary to refer to Spain; and we leave

to our readers the task of determining if something of the same kind be not going on amongst ourselves at the present hour.

When God commanded Moses to lead his people to the Land of Promise, he ordained that he, the guide, should not enter therein. It is not they who preside at the first movement of the People, who receive the mission and the power to bring them to the intended goal. For new aims, new men arise. It is not the skirmishers who decide the issue of the battle. They open the engagement, and then disappear before the main body of the army.

All that we have said of the men who have, by their actions, played a part in politics, perfectly applies to a class of political writers, whom, eight or ten years ago, we might have termed *eclectics*; but for whom, now that *eclecticism* is, to the sight and knowledge of all the world, a thing extinct, we are at a loss for a name, unless we frankly call them retrograders. They do for theory, what the men we have been describing do for practice. They made their *début* as revolutionists; they were in opposition all their youth—in opposition on all points, in all places, and at all risks; they have dwelt with feeling and emotion on all the complaints of the People, on every cry of discontent which arose from amidst the nations; these they took under their wing, under their responsibility; they wrote volumes on them, and built a reputation solely by becoming their echo. Their cry for *movement* was more than vociferous; and they chid the People, who marched too slowly for the credit of their foresight. But, as all that they did was but from simple opposition—that is to say, their actions, their theories, their books, were the fruit of no great general and social principle, of no extended historical views, of no philosophy of human nature, of no knowledge of the law of events, but solely from an incomplete perception of existing abuses, from a just but ineffectual reaction against present circumstances—that happened to them which is at this moment happening to the men who have carried out their political system. Intelligence keeps pace with events: uninterruptedly recruiting itself from all the rising talent, incessantly drawing new strength from all that happens, and from the progress of other branches of knowledge, more and more enlarging its horizon, from essay to essay, from error to error, from experience to experience, it has attained a point which these writers have not even suspected. It has traced abuses to their source, and isolated facts to their common law. Seeing long and painful struggles produce merely palliatives; wonderful revolutions ending, after a few years, in merely a change of men, not measures; and real miseries inexorably augmented throughout every mutation,—it has begun to suspect that the point to be settled in the present day, is no longer a mere political, but rather a social question; it has said within itself, that, perhaps, a new social principle once enthroned, abuses will fall of themselves; that the point is not to work such or such reform, and there

stop, but rather to constitute and organise a progressive power which may freely discharge its functions in every direction that circumstances and necessity may require; and out of this the question of the People, the question of equality between the privileged and the unprivileged, the question of association perfecting that of liberty. The view of things thus changed, the writers of whom we are speaking were taken unawares, bewildered, and left behind. Partly from irritation at finding themselves so treated, partly from a real want of ability to do better, they have taken to protesting against this, as they pretend, exorbitant desire of innovation; their plan is to disown all they did not foresee at their *début*, all that they do not understand at the present day; they complain now that the pace is too quick, as they complained at the beginning it was too gentle. They would persuade us that all the world should carry crutches, because their own decrepitude requires their aid. To this class of writers belongs M. de Sismondi.

M. de Sismondi, the descendant of a family originally belonging to an ancient Tuscan republic, himself the citizen of a Swiss republic, began his career of authorship as a republican. He acquired a justly celebrated name, by writing the "History of the Italian Republics"—a work which, though not free from faults, procured him the respect and gratitude of the youth of Italy. In these pages he hallowed the name of the People, and preached emancipation for slaves, *per fas aut nefas*. At a later period, he qualified his language. Destitute of a true philosophy—a skillful opponent, but unequal to decidedly organic views—he was drawn into the circle of the *Doctrines*. Broglie, Guizot, Rosal, and others of the same calibre, became his friends, his heroes. The peaceful reign of the *bourgeoisie* was necessarily a grateful theme to him, a Genevese—that, is to say, a citizen of a state where the *bourgeois*, the *bourgeois* capitalist, is the centre key of the social edifice. He became, therefore, an apostle of the *juste milieu*. The influence of his early opinions and the recollections of his youth now and then peep out. Some of his tenets, as a political economist, must still be deemed rather unorthodox by the Parisian *Doctrinaires*. In politics, he is at all times ready to hail the dawning of brighter hopes, without stopping to inquire too minutely how they may square with his own system. The writer of these lines well recollects having heard him, at Geneva, in 1831, encourage, by his counsels, the project of a rising in Italy, and the preparation which the Italian exiles were organizing in the French territory. But he has duly expiated this revolutionary hankering. Three years afterwards, he poured the bitterest reproaches on those who continued to hold the same opinions that he had held in 1831. He it was who, by his pamphlet entitled *Conseils aux Réfugiés*, in some sort began that war of distrust against them, which, at a later period, and in hands less pure, brought about the persecutions of 1836, persecutions not sufficiently known or exposed. And in all this, M. Sismondi

acts from conviction and sincerity. His character is, in all respects, honourable and spotless. Simply, his convictions come too much from without. They are modified by circumstances more than becomes an historian accustomed to comprehend long series of years at one view, and not to found his opinions on brief periods of transition. He has too much reverence for things established; but this is rather a foible of his political theory than of the man—his head bows to exterior circumstances, but his heart remains the same. Should to-morrow witness the People clamorous, aroused, and exhibiting their strength, M. De Sismondi will hail the revival with sincere joy; now, he sees them slumbering—perhaps they are pondering on men and things; he believes them weak, and therefore deserts them. He sees, or fancies he sees, Governments stronger than ever, and to them he addresses his supplications; from them he expects reforms; he is willing to purchase of them by concessions; he flatters and caresses them. Two years since, he would have had us believe that the King of Naples was exactly the man destined for the task of the regeneration of Italy. Latterly, he has discovered, in the cabinet of Vienna, some curiously-hidden talent for progression, which, if we do but have patience, promises mountains of miracles: and this is all to draw from them a petty scrap of enactment for primary tuition—a mean abatement of duty on some article of commerce. He would willingly surrender to the Quadruple Alliance the initiative of European civilisation, if the Quadruple Alliance would but be pleased to prevent Don Carlos from advancing too near Madrid.

We are willing to deal justly with men of good intentions; the day-dreams of a well-wisher to the human race are at least amiable; and we should be the last to disturb M. de Sismondi in his Eldorado, were it not that, in his vein for conceding, he too often lays down principles which, from his mouth, and backed by his reputation, may perpetuate fatal errors. He too frequently, in the prosecution of his Utopia of reforms to come from the powers above, permits himself to break into unjust accusations, and expressions of contempt worse than unjust, towards the People and all who plead their cause; so that we are eager to separate the political thinker from the historian, and, leaving his other merits untouched, to combat the dangerous influence which he may still exercise. It is a mournful employment thus to have always to point out the falling away of those who have preceded us in our career, though it be, perhaps, a sign of the times. Perhaps this breaking up of old associations may cause the line of demarcation to be more and more clearly defined, between the policy of the past, and that now stirring in the bosom of the present age.

M. Sismondi offers his "Studies on the Constitutions of Free Nations" as the definitive result of his long experience, as "a body of political doctrine, foreign to all parties, but

which is yet not without basis, since it has resisted, during forty years, the shock of so many revolutions." To be independent of all parties is a very excellent thing when the parties are bad, but a very absurd one if applied to a party founded on justice and truth; neither are "the forty years," in our opinion, a better recommendation to the book. The forty years just ended have been so full of events, so fertile in new views, new lessons and experiences—they have pulled down so many things, brought into play so many new elements, and so greatly modified the position of things in Europe—that each of the old individual systems of political organization must, in their turn, undergo a similar modification. Besides, M. Sismondi does not present us opinions of forty years' standing, in the work before us. His opinions have varied in that interval. There is some distance between the "Studies" and the ideas thrown out here and there in the pages of his "History of the Italian Republics;" there is a distance between the doctrines exhibited in the "New Principles of Political Economy" of the year 1819, and reproduced in the present work, and those put forth, fifteen years ago, in the "Treatise on the Commercial Wealth of France," by the humble disciple of J. B. Say. Thus it is a doctrine, not of forty years' standing, but of forty years since, that M. Sismondi now publishes; it is a theory formed, perhaps some twenty-five years ago, under the eyes of Benjamin Constant; a return of the old man to the child of his youthful loves, offered, he tells us, to the Institute, and which the Institute has forgotten, we know not how. Be the book good or bad, we repudiate the inference which it is intended we should draw from its primitive date. In general terms, we may say that we think better of the steps people take forwards, than of those they make backwards; we prefer La Mennais, and the few eloquent pages—the only ones, perhaps, in the book—at the end of Chateaubriand's Essay on English literature, to M. Sismondi and his principles of nearly half a century ago.

What appears to have influenced these retrospective tendencies of M. Sismondi, and accords with the general idea we gave of him in a preceding page, is the actually existing state of men and things.

"The popular feeling," says he, at the beginning, "which appeared to be directed to liberty, has grown cold and abated. Doubt has taken place of that firm confidence which animated every people. . . . The friends of liberty are discouraged. . . . The revolutions which have done their work, have brought no profitable fruit. The principles they declare to have conquered, have had none of the beneficial consequences which were expected from them.

. . . The old Swiss republics have been, for the most part, overturned by recent revolutions; those who effected these revolutions, not content with their work, demand a constituency. . . . England has introduced an essential change into the popular part of her constitution; but,

in place of thereby strengthening it, she has felt it shaken in every part from that time; more violent dissensions have been manifested. . . . All her ancient institutions have been menaced, and the friends of the country have had reason to fear that there would soon be nothing remaining of that constitution which had been so long their glory. . . . In Spain, two parties are fighting with unheard of ferocity, and both pretend to be the party of the People. . . . In America, the result (slavery) is found co-existent with democratic institutions in all their strength and all their purity. If the result is to be deplored, it is that the institutions are bad."

In the original, the *tableau* is complete—it embraces France, Portugal, and Italy; and we are far from denying its reality. But what does it all prove against the popular party?

We are now in the contest, and of that contest we are suffering all the evils. The popular party have proclaimed certain principles, and these principles have been nowhere applied in all their integrity and universality. The proclamation of these principles, and the trifling and partial successes they obtained, have laid bare every sore without effecting a cure; as men, in the first stages of illness, feel their malady and comprehend its extent, but no more. We are precisely at that critical period which, fluctuating between the past and the future, experiences all the inconveniences of the former, and presages the remedies which the latter is destined to afford, but, as yet, enjoys them not. We have gained some principles morally, but they are not arrived at a state of reality; their application is forbidden, or, perhaps, reflected on. Is there, then, anything surprising in the dissatisfaction of the People? Almost everywhere individuals have stepped forth to throw themselves into the midst of the movement, to thwart it, desirous of checking its progress and effects, seeking to divert to the profit of their own caste, of their own minority, that which was proclaimed by means of all, and for the good of all; and the contest has hence acquired a character of reaction and bitterness which has too often changed from a question of measures to a question of men. They have attempted to do in politics what the romanticist theorists of *l'art pour l'art* have done in literature: they have taken for the end that which was but a means; as a positive and final amelioration, that which was but an instrument of amelioration. On the other hand, the popular party have imprudently taken up the ground to which it was intended to seduce them; grand social questions have been too frequently suppressed by mere questions of form. Is it astonishing that the People have by degrees relapsed into misgivings and a sort of temporary inertness? Is it justice—is it, to speak plainly, good sense—to infer from this discouragement and want of confidence an argument against certain doctrines, when it is precisely the non-realization of these doctrines which produces both?

If there be dissatisfaction in Switzerland, it is:

because changes, brought about, in most of the States, with the greatest quietness and a perfect absence of *destructiveness*, have been wrested to their own purpose by certain influential persons of the towns, and have not fulfilled, to the rural districts, who performed all, one-half of the promises set forth in the programme. If the friends of liberty there now demand a constituent body, it is because, if harmony ought to exist in the political legislation of a country, it must be absurd, indeed, to change almost all the cantonal constitutions without touching in the least the federal; it is because, under the treaty imposed on the country in 1815 by the Holy Alliance, it is impossible to hope for the desired national development; it is because, three or four times since then, and even very recently, it has been proved to the Swiss patriots that it is altogether useless to devote themselves to the cause of freedom and cantonal reform, so long as the absence of a strong and active federal organization permits the intervention of every foreign power, so inclined, to destroy to-day the work of yesterday. If there be lukewarmness, inertness, and dejection in France, it is because there is much really discouraging in the spectacle of a revolution cheated of all its consequences, by a power which a few deluded individuals, now dead or repenting, raised on the buckler of their popularity. If the risings of 1831 did not call forth entire Italy, as might have been expected, it was because the only ideas which have power over her—the *People* and *nationality*—were from the first day not only omitted, but compromised and attacked by the brainless, heartless, and cowardly imbeciles, whom chance, local influence, or services under the Empire, placed at the head of the attempt; it is because enraged Italy shrank from the guilty cry which came from the lips of those who separated the cause of one city from that of another, and refused Italian co-operation only to accept that of foreigners. And so with the rest. We say nothing of our own country, for we confess we see nothing of that necessity for strengthening what is called our *constitution*, which M. de Sismondi imposes on the Reformers, nor for those strange fears by which he seems so powerfully affected. As regards America, if slavery still exists there, it would appear that her democratical institutions have not yet attained all their energy and purity, and, more especially, all their generalization. We know not what opinion M. de Sismondi may entertain of his readers; but to our own we are sure it would be a most unsatisfactory digression to prove that negro slavery is not an inevitable consequence of popular principles.

Whilst agreeing, then, with M. de Sismondi, in part at least, as to the reality of the *tableau*, we differ immensely as to the causes. He believes too much has been done—we maintain too little has been done. He pretends that the *People* are discouraged at seeing how little fruit liberty produces—we assert, on the contrary, that it arises from their not finding liberty the

reward of the efforts they have made to obtain it. He wishes to deduce something against the revolutionary principle itself, because the revolutions hitherto brought into action have been abortive as to their effects. We ourselves draw thence one single axiom: that every revolution, every reform carried out, as in Italy in 1821, by a caste, or, as elsewhere, for the advantage of a single class, be it the patrician, the financial, or the shopkeepers, must infallibly miscarry, and die, in a short time, of inanition and sterility. Now, when this happens, after a great disappointment, the weak—those who are actuated only by vanity, a spirit of personality, or even by youthful and temporary enthusiasm—either quit the field, or give ground, like M. de Sismondi. The strong-minded stand fast. Their labours are inspirited by a truly religious feeling for the good of the *People*; they know that, if there be a God above, man here below has a mission—a task of emancipation and progressive perfection, which may be retarded, but cannot be destroyed; and they see in such a state of things only a new motive to redouble their means and their activity. They deny not the reality—nay, they reckon up their disappointments; they disguise none of the failings, none of the corruptions of humanity; they gain thence a further impulse to their self-devotion. Are they to become renegades because themselves and those around them are in a state of suffering? Are virtue and happiness at all times synonymous? Is the battle for ourselves, or is it not rather for eternal justice and for generations to come? And do we refuse to discharge a duty only on condition of finding fruition and immediate success in its fulfilment?

All this, however, is with M. de Sismondi but a mode of preparing his ground-work; that, the existence of which, viewed in a particular light, would suggest to him a doubt, he a little later reduces to a principle.

He states clearly the question between those two systems, to which all the manifestations of the spirit of the age, whether more or less liberal, do in reality belong, and which sufficiently distinguish the two great shades of the party styling itself progressive; the one which says—*All for the People, but nothing through the People*; the other—*All for the People and through the People*. M. de Sismondi inclines in favour of the first, and the whole book is but a refutation of the second.

When we say he inclines to the first, we are well aware M. de Sismondi would not admit our assertion. Faithful to the traditions of the *juste milieu*, he pretends to have a system of his own, lying between the two, and which may be thus translated:—*Much for, and something through the People*. But this system, the offspring of his former likings, is rather an affair of the heart or of instinct, than of reason and conviction. On a footing of principle it can never stand. Whenever the two definite propositions we have quoted are found in opposition to each other, M. de Sismondi must, of necessity,

choose the first. The one and the other may have a basis, a logical source; his own cannot; its source is arbitrary; the determination of that *something* to be done through the People will always fall to the lot of the dominant party, or the personal feelings of individuals; it will change with every government, every cabinet, and every passing influence.

There are no RIGHTS for the People. This is the result, whether expressed or not, of the system of M. de Sismondi; and it is not his feeling in particular, but the feeling of a whole school. To them the People is a child destined to eternal pupilage. What can it do? what does it know? Work—work with its physical force; and care is to be taken that it shall never want work. As to leisure, as to moral, social, and political life, the enjoyment of these belongs not to the People: society is a body made up of *men of sinews and men of intelligence*; the lot of the first is bread and toil—the leisure is for the second. This is their creed as to abstract right. Still, as the followers of this school are men of some liberality—as they did, in time past, take for a motto, well or ill understood, the word, Progression—they are willing to grant something more. They admit that education is a good thing, and that it is good to disseminate a little of it through the masses; they would consent even to raise them towards their own level, from time to time, by allowing them to participate in a small fraction of power, but on condition that they by no means got rid of certain notions of superiority and the like; it would suit them that the People should possess no vitality but that doled out by their masters, and circumscribed within such limits as they might be pleased to assign. Thus all would go on well. There would be beneficent kings and grateful subjects—*eclectics* in office—no complaints, no disorders, and moderate food. What more can be wished?

Let us not be charged with exaggeration; we do but concentrate, in a few lines, sentiments plentifully scattered throughout the later writings of our author. The words may be ours, but the ideas are those of M. de Sismondi; the *men of intelligence, and the men of sinews*—mob, food for gunpowder—are his; the *bread and toil*, food and the lash, are his; and, if he sues for his *something*, if he entreats the rulers to grant to their subjects the small fraction of power we have spoken of, it is not because so much is the right of the People, but merely, that participation in power necessarily elevates the character and ennobles the soul; and, he reasons—it is not good to seek to deprive the mass of mankind of a powerful stimulant to virtue and high notions of honour, &c. The People are deaf, the People are blind, the People don't think. Give them a little of your thought; give them aims of a little of your loftiness, of your greatness of soul; thus be great and generous—do, my masters!—*Date obolum Belisario*. Vide p. 23, &c.

Now, our view of things is totally different. We believe there are RIGHTS inherent in the People: a right to physical comfort; a right to

free and progressive moral development; a right to education; a right to be informed on their affairs, and, as far as possible, mediately or immediately, to direct their management. It appears to us that the question has been too often taken and considered on an unworthy basis—charity, benevolence, favour; and too seldom on its true basis—that of duty. Are there two races on the earth, or is there but one? Are there the descendants of Cain and the descendants of Abel, the accursed and the blessed, the Helots and the free?—or is there not rather a oneness of race in the human family, a unity of origin and aim in each nation? Here lies all the question. That which we term the People is the nation—it is you, he, ourselves, the whole world; and this People, like all that has existence, holds the right of development for all its faculties. When a celebrated lawyer of France said, *Le droit c'est la vie*, he uttered a phrase big with truth. All that has being has its law, and from that law derives its right. It is not only good but necessary that the People should ascend step by step the ladder of activity and power; necessary, because, as M. de Sismondi implicitly agrees, it is by action, by the discharge of function, that man acquires and develops the consciousness of his vocation, the feeling of his dignity, the power of his mind, and the practice of the higher virtues; necessary, because the well-being of the whole can never be settled in a regular and durable manner by any caste. Those who maintain the reverse—*All through the People and for the People*—maintain it precisely because they believe the People alone can accomplish all for the People. Any class, any minority, of which the care and duty of thinking for the welfare of all becomes a prerogative, ends, from the nature of things, in thinking solely of its own.

Do we then disavow the supremacy of intellect, and seek to impose an absurd level on those distinctions which come from God, and not from man? By no means.

Intelligence rules by a privilege endued with a widely different power from the privileges of conquest; its assistance is needed, and respect is paid to its desert; wherever there shall exist a sound electoral basis, intelligence will always be chosen to preside at the helm. The People are seldom either ungrateful or suspicious of virtuous intelligence; minorities almost always. Intelligence will always govern wherever the administrative power has not been infeoffed in a particular class. We ask no other proof, in modern times, than the consecutive ability that has been called to the Presidency of the United States. Intelligence will govern through the People and for the People. The People reinstated in the suffrage, will seek her out in all ranks and all circumstances, for in them all may she be found; and from the consecration of the People, she will be filled with a more profound feeling of her national duties than she possibly can whilst wanting the elevation and self-enhancement of the general mandate; whilst holding her power of the min-

ority, she is compelled to use her functions for their interest. Our *Through the People*, or, in other words, our opinion in favour of an extension of the suffrage, is not then unfriendly to Intelligence—far from it; it is that we desire, and, in giving her the popular sanction, we merely seek, the means of harmonizing her with the general interest. With us the suffrage is the base on which Intelligence should be exalted; the school to which M. de Sismondi belongs inverts the pyramid, and pretends to fix it on its apex; we are for both, base and apex; we feel the importance of both to the general welfare. Thus, in page 24, we find M. de Sismondi exclaiming:—

All through the People! all through the People! But how are we satisfied that the People is fitted for all? Society, to attain its object—the greatest happiness of the greatest number—has need [mark this] of all its talent and all its virtue: how has it yet been demonstrated that the wisdom of the more enlightened will be adopted by the mass?—that we shall find in them unity of purpose, foresight, resoluteness, a spirited liberality in great things, and economy in detail, without which they themselves will soon be sufferers? Certainly not from theory, which teaches us in a proverb, that everybody's business is left to nobody's care; not from experience or the observation of facts—for every page of the history of free nations bears testimony to the prejudices, the inconstancy, the panic terrors, the rashness, the fickleness, the imprudence, the prodigality, and the meanness of the multitude.

"If the decision is to be left," he proceeds, (page 54,) "to patriotism, disinterestedness, and courage, is it expected to find a majority possessing the virtues of Regulus and Aristides? If it is to be left to extent of knowledge, will a majority of Montesquieus be more easily found? If to energy of purpose, is there a nation where the Napoleons compose the majority?"

Who is here refuted? Who is addressed? Who is spoken of? What is understood by "the People?" Why are "the People," "the mass," and "the multitude," here used as synonyms, in spite of the different meaning we are accustomed to attach to the words? When a man who is a thinker, a political authority, utters the phrase *all through the People*, what do we suppose he intends? What meaning do we impute? Does he suppose we were talking of the Catalines, or of the Canutes, of Lyon perchance? In talking of the suffrage, do we intend to enthrone Ignorance under popular auspices? So much confusion pervades the thoughts and language we have just quoted, that we are in doubt whether to refute or pass them unnoticed, under the idea that M. de Sismondi may be addressing himself exclusively to some sect unknown to us, anarchical, ignorant, and monstrous. No one of ourselves, no one of those who have openly and rationally advocated the cause of the extension of the suffrage, ever applied the term "People" in the base, intolerant, and unjust meaning which M. de Sismondi appears to intend. Why does he make the People a class, a caste opposed to others? By what right does he divide nations into two factions, placing ignorance on the one side, and intelligence on the other, and commanding us to choose? We protest

against this mode of treating the question. Once more we repeat that "the People," in the language of the movement party, is the nation—the aggregate of the members of a society—Tories, Whigs, Radicals—Sir Robert Peel, Mr O'Connell, and M. de Sismondi, (were he a Briton;) we exclude no one—all ranks, all classes, all persons, are bound, in their utmost, to contribute to the national welfare. As M. de Sismondi has said, the nation requires all the talent and all the virtue.

This admitted, is not the problem to be solved, that of discovering a guarantee that every interest of the People of this nation shall be represented? What guarantee can you have but the expression of their will?—and how is this to be expressed unless by the suffrage? There exists in the constitution of the People a double series of interests, rights, and duties—individual interests, rights, and duties—social interests, rights, and duties; and the harmony of these two series is the *sine qua non* of the life of the State. Now, which do you take, which do you choose of two systems—one proceeding from a spirit of individuality and sectionism, the other from a spirit of association? You take the first: you must then represent all classes, all interests, all the men of science and letters, and the manufacturers, the labourers, and the proprietors, separately, one by one. You will have five, eight, ten chambers, or sections of a chamber; and, when you have done that, you will have broken into fractions, partitioned, disunited that nation which should be one; you will have sanctioned an hostility, a struggle, which it should have been the aim of your institutions to have destroyed; you will have established ten aristocracies in place of one. Or, proceed, if you are equal to it, in the spirit of association: but then you must claim to be possessed of the science of sociality in the highest possible degree; you must assert that you alone are in possession of the law governing the existence of the nation, the secret of its historical developement, its manners, tendencies, wants, vocations, its destiny in the world; you must assert that you sum up in yourself the entire *life* of the People you pretend to direct; for, without that, you will have no other rational conclusion, but to leave to the People themselves the care of exercising, by the suffrage, a certain initiative over its progress—a certain control over those who put themselves forward for the task of administration.

Now, M. de Sismondi is far from asserting this of himself, and those who share his views. To one-third of assurance, M. de Sismondi has two-thirds of scepticism. He knows "very few principles in politics which ought not to be submitted to a new examination." He declares "that we are not sufficiently advanced in the science of sociality to know if the powers be necessary that we see at present in existence." His whole book breathes doubt; he fears pulling down too much; he fears preserving too much; he has a boundless antipathy to all who are free from a like hesitation. How, then, with all this,

does he reject the two or three simple and unpretending views of the defenders of the right of suffrage, to propose a difficult and complicated electoral system, which is neglected by its objects when called into action, and which ends, after all, in dividing the nation into bodies, having different interests, investing them all with a fraction of power, and leaving them to arrange matters amongst themselves as they best may—in short, a system of *justaposition*, and not of *association*?

The life of a People is a continuous and progressive development of its faculties. Speaking absolutely, it can be termed neither wise nor ignorant at a given time; it is not equal to all things from its beginning; but it is equal to all that the epoch requires. History very often shews us minorities deficient towards the People—hardly ever the People deficient to circumstances. Their progression is assured; but of this progression the People must be conscious—must do and suffer for its accomplishment; and learn the right path by sometimes attempting the wrong. Their education is the result of the various means, religious, political, and literary, which constitute civilization; but can be completed in a useful and durable manner only through the direction of their spontaneous choice—their liberty. The basis of liberty is individuality; and how is individuality to be asserted, if not by the suffrage?

When we talk of the suffrage, we mean the right of voting as electors; for, with all who maintain the maxim—*all through the People*—the question is reduced to that. M. de Sismondi may be assured that, the appreciation of virtue and patriotism excepted—a function, the exercise of which requires neither the vast erudition of Montesquieu, nor the active genius of Napoleon—not much will be left to the direct agency of the People. A man who may have done nothing all his life but plant cabbages, would not be selected for the task of a digest of the penal or civil code; for such a commission he would receive no votes. Neither, we can assure M. de Sismondi, should we go to the hustings to ask of the People the solution of an astronomical problem; we have no fears, though he seems to be alarmed, that universal suffrage should decree the motion of the sun round the earth. Although we maintain that the People are gifted with a moral sense, so much the more exquisite as it is generally disinterested—though we even suspect, in spite of the *proverbial* theory of M. de Sismondi, that the business of all the world can only be well done by all the world—we do not believe that the People, as a mass, are skilful astronomers. But, alas! were they men of the People who burnt Jordan Bruno, and compelled Galileo to retract?

Let us not be misunderstood: we are not discussing Universal Suffrage as a thing immediately and universally applicable. We are not considering its possible agency, but the question of right—the abstract principle. We may be told that here and there causes exist which render the substitution of one system for the other ex-

tremely dangerous; that there may exist, in a given People, an all-powerful influence, which must be undermined to its foundations before calling on them in mass to exercise the right of choosing their representatives. The question would then assume a different aspect, and our judgment would be modified in accordance. But with M. de Sismondi, the question turns on the principle as a whole; and his aim is to point out on what path, to what tendency, the labours of legislators and politicians should be directed; he seeks to determine whether their efforts at progression should have in view the approach of that moment when the entire People shall be emancipated, or whether, doing nothing to hasten that period, they should stand fixed at the existing *statu quo*, and leave the future to chance and “the working of events.” Exclusiveness does not belong to those who search out the principle of the future, that entire education may be directed to its aim; but to those who build a system on existing contingencies, and yet make immutability a part of that system; to those who falsify the question from the first, by placing on one side all the intelligence, and on the other all the ignorance; as if intelligence were limited to caste; as if, at the present day, intelligence were invariably the attribute of those who monopolize power; as if everything that was done, everything that was said in chambers, in cabinets, in publications, and in meetings, in countries where such exhibitions of feeling are permitted, did not teach us every day that the intelligence dispersed without the electoral body was not more than equiponderant to that within; as if property, or any other exclusive basis of the same kind, can be the effective mark, the unvarying thermometer of intelligence; as if, by enlarging the electoral sphere one degree, though preserving the same principle, we should cause, at the same day and hour, a diffusion of intelligence throughout all the individuals comprised in that degree. Above all, exclusiveness is chargeable on those who, obliged to resort to an obsolete law, founded on external endowments, for an electoral basis, unable to discern and select, nevertheless deem themselves authorized to deny the multitude all fitness, even of the heart, for aught of goodness or greatness.

During the last agonies of Poland, all that there was of virtue, all that there was of energy, in France and England, would have saved her at a cost of the greatest sacrifices. It may be said that France and England desired war; for the amount of energetic, reflective, and virtuous wills is, in truth, the will of the nation. But Universal Suffrage would have given us the amount of apathy, the amount of indifference, the amount of personal interests. The one body knew too little of Poland to will at all; the other, with too much selfishness, recoiled from the sacrifice of conscription and taxation. To consult the greatest number, is to attempt to arrive at a *juste milieu*.—P. 65.

When a man can write, as an argument against popular suffrage, sentences like these, which we are tempted to take for heartless irony, he must have reached a point that renders refutation useless. Since Universal Suffrage would have led us, in the Polish question, to a *juste milieu*, by

what name will M. de Sismondi be pleased to designate the system which has been pursued under the regime of electoral privilege? Since the decision was not committed to the hands of the People, why was Poland not saved? And why, if the masses were opposed to war, was it necessary for the citizen-king to mystify, by a false report of a Polish victory, the people of Paris, engaged in celebrating the anniversary of the Days of July? We have too vivid a recollection of that disgraceful page of indifference and apathy of the history of Europe. Neither do we forget, so soon as M. de Sismondi, that it was an *Intelligence*, M. Sebastiani, which proclaimed, "*Poland is destined to perish*;" that it was another *Intelligence*, M. Dupin, that laid down the maxim, "*Every man for himself, and every man to his home*;" and that it is the class of parliamentary intelligence, estimated by shillings, which has, by its suffrages, supported M. Dupin and M. Sebastiani.

The same forgetfulness of facts, distorted by Doctrinaire prepossessions, is to be perceived throughout the whole work. Perhaps there is not a single fact of all those he alleges in favour of his thesis which may not be refuted, or which does not tend to give a false idea of the people to which it refers. The whole of the eighth essay—On the Excellence of Federative Government—is a real master-piece in this respect; and we are sorry that space will not permit us an analysis, that we might shew our readers to what a depth of historical misapprehension a great historian may fall, if labouring under the nightmare of a false theory. All the opinions he puts forth on the affairs of Switzerland, and the consolidation-projects of those he terms *madmen*, also appear to us singularly erroneous; his views are habitually those of a Genevese, hardly ever national. We shall perhaps have occasion to speak of them, and to oppose to his ideas those which we ourselves derive from a residence of some years in that country, in a future article on the actual state of Switzerland. Still more exclusive, incomplete, and defective is the manner in which, from his recollections of thirty or forty years since, he attempts the portraiture of Italy, as now existing.

The opinions of M. de Sismondi on Switzerland, Italy, &c., are, however, but a legitimate consequence of the general principles that govern his work. We meet, at every page of his book, a declared antipathy to the initiative coming from below, an almost superstitious respect for what is established, and a thoroughly defined resolution never to pass beyond the sphere of palliatives—to admit nothing which may touch the roots of the existing social organization, though an evil should be distinctly tracked there. A few extracts will suffice, for the appreciation of his theory of legislation:—

No science is so bound to modify itself to circumstances as that of the theory of constitutions; for the legislator is to act simply on the body-politic as given to him; he is not its creator. . . . The People exist, and they are

not the legislators who gave them life; the People exist, and each people has a constitution, in the most extended sense of the word, by reason of that existence. The legislator is to touch this constitution only with the file, never with the axe. . . . He is never to forget that he may put out life, but cannot restore it; and this life may be attached to some one of those organs which he desires to reform or suppress. . . . The legislator is, above all, habitually to respect the life of the body politic such as it exists. He is a *conservator*, and not a creator. He is not to inquire whether a state of fedecacy be preferable to a state of oneness of power; whether royalty, the patricians, the titled, the clergy, popular assemblies, the towns with their privileges, and the rural communities, should or should not enter into the constitution which he has to work on. . . . He is to say to himself, that, for him, there are facts which each people presents under different conditions, and that the life of the People may be attached to these facts.—P. 25, &c.

Now for an application of the doctrine:—

The legislator is called on to combine the monarchical interest which he finds in the facts (or the realities existing) with the monarchical element which he finds in the science.—(P. 29.) . . . The aristocratic interest and principle present themselves to the legislator in like manner. . . . In almost every people, the observer meets with a titled or patrician body. . . . This is a circumstance which must be borne in mind. . . . The point is to combine it with the facts, so as to preserve as little as possible of the inconveniences of a nobility, and to ensure the utmost possible of the advantages of a senate. . . . Lastly, the democratic interest and principle offer themselves with the same necessity for conciliation. The part left to the People in the social power is that in which may be remarked the most irregularity and inconsistency. Whatever form of the popular interest may exist, so that it be still endowed with life, it is good, and to be respected. Even if it exist as no other than a recollection, than a vain image, it at least suffices to attest that what has been may be again. Probably it may yet reanimate itself.

Heaven be praised! we have here the functions of a legislator marvellously simplified.

A something has life in the nation at the moment you enter on your functions—is it good or ill? is it injurious or useful? Meddle not with that. Life is sacred; be good enough, therefore, to respect life. Take all the elements, all the influences, all the interests, as they meet your eye on the surface of the body social; arrange them all in the order of their number, one after another, one beside the other, like a museum. This collection is the grand national museum; these portions, these fragments, these substances, however heterogeneous, form, by way of mosaic, the grand national institution. Be on your guard, then, and close the doors, lest any one should have an idea of displacing something. But, amongst all those elements of fact, there are some which have completed their time; some are so posted as to prevent others being moved: the titled destroy equality; the clergy oppose education; there are existences that illegally usurp and monopolize the sources of the common life; and from the bosom of this People rise terrible moanings, cries of wretchedness, clamourings for rights long misunderstood, legitimate claims on the part of classes hitherto without life, not respectable from tradition, and who yet desire to begin to live. No matter: you can suppress nothing, reform nothing—for who can tell the consequences? This rust is so exceeding venerable! that abuse has existed so very long!

—who knows, perhaps, but it is one of the conditions of the life of the nation?

Possibly, on this point, we may know nothing; but one thing we do know—it is, that when an abuse, a disorder, an evil begins to be felt, it creates a contention among the elements of the body social, which goes on increasing, and will sooner or later find an issue; that murmurs by little and little take the character of protests; and complaints turn to threats: thus they swell more and more, till some fine day the huge wave surges, and overwhelms all that men were indisposed to correct. Then come the crash of ruin, convulsive overthrow, single nights sweeping off ages of privilege; a terrible reaction stalks on, torch in hand, and blindfold, striking to the right and left, and levelling with violence the ground which a continually progressive labour might have smoothed insensibly. This, not theory, but history teaches us.

So that, in fact, with this kind of legitimization of “whatever is,” under pretext that it makes part of the life of the nation, we arrive at the Oriental system. Fact reigns a tyrant; and it appears to us perfectly useless to write volumes on the social science. Should a People believe itself to have a right to a life very different from its present, rouse itself, destroy the old, and rebuild in its own fancy; in this way a fact would be accomplished that M. de Sismondi would hasten to recognise, still reserving to himself the right of recommencing his theory of immobility from the date of this new era. He recognises the fact of 1789; he recognises that of 1688: why will he not recognise others of the same bearing?

For all those who seek to avoid these violent shocks, by attaining their end in another manner, the part of a legislator is not that assigned by M. de Sismondi. The legislator is a being of foresight; he is to march at the head, and not in the rear of the army; his permitting it to pass him is an act of abdication. The legislator asks of the *present*, of the actual existence, the instruments that he requires to open the path of the future for the people he guides. The legislator never forgets that all that the People have done best and most useful in their history, has been in abrogation of ancient matters.* He knows that tradition is doubtless an essential element in his labours, a visible scale of progress in some sort; but he also knows that, even as the tradition of humanity is not to be measured by the tradition of an isolated people, so the tradition of a nation is not to be deduced from the acts of a minority, of a caste, of any power whatever, whose functions may very possibly have been discharged without regard to the interests and wishes of the nation; but is to be sought in the feeling of the nation itself, taken as a mass; in the degree of intelligence it possesses, in its wants, in its desires, in its history, viewed with regard to the national vocation.

* The same errors as to the pretended tradition—foundation of all reform—are to be found in D'Israeli's “Vindication of the English Constitution.”

Taken in this sense—and it is the only one rationally possible—the tradition of France, for example, was rather re-linked than broken by the Revolution. In the sense given to it by M. de Sismondi, Mr D'Israeli, and all the Conservatives of their stamp, tradition is a sophistry by means of which they hope to juggle a decision in favour of the exact point in question; it is the apotheosis of fact, but material, brutish, and inert fact. There is not, there cannot be but one sole tradition—that of the spirit.

Yes, the life of the People is sacred; but, if this is saying that all that exists amid the People is life of its life, it is also saying that the life of the People may not be falsified, turned from its true aim, gagged and bound. Let M. de Sismondi look around him in Europe, and tell us how many nations live a free life, a life of their choice. The hallowed life of the People consists not of the material existence of things, for such violence and corruption may impair; the satisfaction of their moral wants, the progress of their education, the liberty of proceeding to the accomplishment of the destiny traced out for each by their origin, their creed, their geography, their greater or less special aptitude—these are the signs of this life. But it is evident that there may exist prejudices, false creeds, opposed to the natural direction of a people. Are we to combat them, and direct education in this sense? or are we to respect them? It is evident that there may exist a vitiated power, a usurped influence, an exclusive element, swayed by egotism, no longer discharging functions in the sense of national agency. Are we to suppress it, and direct all the institutions in that sense?—or are we to respect it and assign it a place in the national edifice? Here is the question. Had M. de Sismondi confined himself to saying that whatever exists *has had* a reason for its life—that is to say, the developement of the People—we should have nothing to oppose to him. In a philosophic sense, the feudal seigneur, the Catholic priest, the absolute monarch, did accomplish something national in their time; but their time ended, the sphere of the People's agency enlarged. When these powers no longer represent anything, have ceased their development, are not susceptible of harmony with the general progress, discharge no functions, but, in a circle of mechanical operation, as it were, are useless or pernicious, do they live the sacred life, the life of the People? If, then, we find ten elements, ten powers existing in a nation, for which we are to accomplish a work of legislation, let us not take their existence as a title of legitimacy; rather let us examine the direction of their functions, compare it with the direction of the People—the sovereign element. Judge them by their works, and their works by their fruit; you will then know if it be possible or not to harmonize them with the collective life of the body social, or if you must needs labour to suppress them as pernicious, or useless; which comes to the same, for every useless wheel in the State machine must end in becoming pernicious.

Temporary necessity is one thing; the work of the future is another. It is one thing to submit to the *fact* provisionally—when we find it in being, we say not legitimate, but powerful; another to *recognise* it, legalize it, and organize it. Destroy not violently this fact, if the times be not ripe; but give it not a new sanction, more force, if you find that this fact is in opposition to the general object of all legislation, a progressive march, under all possible conditions of equality and liberty, towards the moral and physical amelioration of all. And fear not in this to outstep your epoch. Privilege is but of too usurping a nature. Wherever the education of the country has not been undermined, a large share of influence is assured to it. Wherever titles of nobility or wealth enjoy a great power on opinions—wherever labour is not yet emancipated, and landed property is considered above other kinds of property—be sure that these things will exercise their fair influence on the fact electoral. But the mission of the governing power is of another kind. The social institution is not to nourish its tendencies by partial and transitory facts, but rather from the general and eternally progressive fact. The functions of the governing power are for the entire nation. It should be especially occupied with looking to the interests and principles of those who are not represented: those who lean on custom and tradition are already sufficiently protected, without its aid.

Here we shall conclude. The little that we have said, and the extracts we have given, will suffice for an estimate of the political system which M. de Sismondi, in his last years, endeavours to support. We intended to have spoken at some length on the views exhibited in the work on political economy, quoted at the head of this article; but the politics have carried us to such a length that our space is now limited. We shall say, in a few words, that, if the subject is different, the ideas are the same. The first volume of the "*Studies on Political Economy*," composed of articles which have, in great part, appeared in various periodicals, is an exposition of doctrines already known by his book of 1819—"New Principles of Political Economy; or Wealth in its Relations to Population." But, in these *new principles*, the only thing novel, or, at least, not a part of the usual principles of the school of the presiding economy, the consideration of wealth, not abstractedly, not separated from the man, but in its *relations* to population, has remained for twenty years since then, and still remains, in a state of prospectus. This book does not treat of the rational relations, the relations which the march of things promises to the classes who have hitherto been the mere productive instruments of wealth; but of relations as established by the existing organisation, and

apart from all anticipation. The legitimacy of established fact equally pervades this book; and, as M. de Sismondi was led in politics to touch only on pure questions of form, never to go to the bottom of things, he has been led in economy to treat only of secondary questions, which he in vain attempts to raise to the rank of a *new science*. The problem which has for some years agitated the working classes, why production is so little profitable to the classes from whom it proceeds, is scarcely ever glanced at. In the face of a repetition of commercial crises, in a frightful periodical recurrence, and under the most different circumstances, he can discover no other remedy than to lay restraint on competition. He maintains that there is an excess of production. The distribution of the social wealth is no part of his inquiry. There are the labourers and the receivers; the poor and the rich: so it will remain, so it must remain. Mankind have renounced all equality of right for the common good, &c. When an individual starts from principles like these, he has no claims to announce himself the founder of a *new science*.

Entire political economy is, with M. de Sismondi, a theory of equilibrium between production and profit. The science of war is that which teaches a society to *defend*, against all others, those rights which it has placed in common. Jurisprudence is the mode of defending the rights of each of its members. History is destined to represent the result of all the experience of passed societies; and so on. We know not if these definitions be the most complete that can be given at the present day; certainly they possess no novelty. Neither do we know if we are destined, in our days, to see a new science of economy spring up, which may teach us to stop the sources of physical misery, by a new distribution of the social wealth; a science of war which may teach us how to develop the rights of humanity all around us, and to open a path to European civilization, in countries still barbarous; a science of law which may teach us to make the administration of justice a progressive talent of society; a history which may put intelligence on the clue of the general law governing events and their results;—but we do know, at least, that such a discovery will rightly be named *the new science*; and we know, moreover, that they who shall be capable of producing such a science, will have decided principles, and a higher faith than that of the *established-fact* school, and will not own the axiom "of systematically lending the weight of their doctrine to that bucket of the scale which is opposed to the one which may, at the time, appear to them ready to sink"—("Political Studies," *Introduction*)—for they will recognise but two balances—the just and the unjust.

T. M.

THE PATRIOT MARTYR OF OLD ENGLAND.

A CHRONICLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DIVES AND LAZARUS."

THERE are certain epochs of history over which romance has delighted to fling a glittering veil, fatal to the interests of truth. The sparkling of spears, the neighing of war-horses, the bannered lists, the heroic chants of wandering troubadours, are made to shine and glow in the foreground, perplexing the observant eye and distracting its attention from the gloomier recesses of the picture: from cities razed, nations despoiled, and, above all, from the sufferings of the people, the squalid, scourged, dispirited people, ground into dust by the iron hand of oppression. Such was the reign of Richard "Cœur de Lion!" the most splendid name ever bequeathed to the annals of chivalry!

Yet, what a tale of rapine and tyranny is included in the life of this unnatural son and unpatriotic Sovereign, from the period when, approaching the dead body of his father, in the solemn aisles of Fontevault, blood gushed from the nostrils of the deceased Henry, in token that his murderer stood beside him—to that, when, attempting to wrest from the hands of a vassal his lawful treasure, he fell by an obscure hand, the victim of a pitiful cupidity! True to his darling vice, the Prince—whose first measure on his accession was to sell off the fiefs, towers, villages, and movables of the crown, in order to "put money in his purse"—at length gave up the ghost in besieging the Chateau de Chalus, for the sake of a few miserable sacks of silver crowns! Nay, ten years before, while Europe rang with the chivalrous feats of the crusading King of England, the royal plunderer had a narrow escape from lapidation in the island of Sicily; where, having "carried off" (why not *stolen*?) a falcon, in the environs of Messina, from the house of a peasant, to whom he refused payment for his bird, the multitude pursued, with sticks and stones, the thievish prince who so summarily levied contributions upon the loyal subjects of King Tancred!

But

"Strike up there!

Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale scribblers
Rail on the Lord's anointed!"

cries the courtiership of frail mankind.

Cœur de Lion was a King after the Lords'* own heart; a levier of taxes, a craver of benevolence, a grinder of the people's bones to make his bread. No scandal about Cœur de Lion! If we have writ our courtly annals true, Cœur de Lion is the Black Knight; the jolly boon companion of Robin of Sherwood; the brother poet of Bertrand de Boon; the generous antagonist of Saladin; the hapless prisoner of Linz; the "*Richard, O mon roi!*" of Blondel the minstrel! What

if he tortured and despoiled the Rothschilds of his reign; what if he hanged on a gibbet the brave defender of Nottingham Castle; what if he engaged the Dauphin of Auvergne to rebel against his liege lord, King Philip, and then fled from France, leaving his unhappy ally to fight at uneven odds, and fall into the hands of his enemy—be it remembered that he excelled both Auvergne and his gallant cousin, the County Guy, in the composition of a *Sirvente*; and that not a troubadour of Provence could tinkle a lute more woefully than Richard of England.

Those were strange times, when—instead of petty squabbles of Excise and Post-Office between the mighty kingdoms of England and France, adjusted by an occasional visit of Colonel Maberley to Paris or Monsieur Pirou to London, or the passage of printed circulars between Thames Street and the Rue St Dennis—armed flotillas were perpetually labouring across the Channel; and Aquitaine and Brittany, Anjou and Poitou, were as much and firmly our own as the Canadas. But for the occasional representation of one of Shakspeare's historical plays, we should almost forget these marchings and counter-marchings upon Gallic ground; nor imagine it possible that "the men of Angers opened wide their gates" to admit, in the person of their lawful prince, an anointed sovereign of Great Britain.

Among the royal skirmishers of the olden time, who kept their English subjects in rags, and their cities collections of mud hovels and pestiferous hospitals, in order that they might add a chateau or two, in France, to the revenues of their civil list—none were more tyrannical and unpatriotic than Henry II. and his son. The roving and warlike propensities of Richard more especially opened the way for countless abuses at home. While the King of England became a marauder, Archbishops and Chancellors became Kings of England; and the iron despotism of the Normans ploughed, as with a burning share, the hearts of the people. The Greeks of our time, trembling under the cruel hands of their Turkish conquerors, were not more deserving pity than the Saxon race, martyred and insulted by the Norman tyrants, to whom they were subjugated by force of arms, and by whom they were kept in subjection, through the partialities of the throne.

It was in the summer of the year 1196, that Philip Augustus, having taken up his ground at a short distance from the town of Niost in Saintonge, awaited, with anxiety, an expected movement on the part of Richard of England whose army, consisting of Norman, English, Angerine, and Touraine troops, lay encamped,

* House of—query!

within the distance of half-a-mile, divided only by the current of a rapid river. Every hour the British forces were in expectation of instructions to advance; and Bertrand de Boon, the confidential friend of the King, was supposed to have somewhat overpassed the bounds of loyal respect in reviling the pitiful suspense in which they were held by ecclesiastical interference. For, day after day, processions of archbishops and bishops, with crozier and banner, and the chanted hymns of a train of abbots and gowmsmen of all orders, progressed from camp to camp, betwixt the belligerent powers, bearing as many proposals, and tergiversations, and protocols, as might do honour to the chicanery of any modern cabinet.

One blessed evening in June, as King Richard lay in his tent, awaiting the reply of his brother potentate to a missive he had that morning despatched to the French headquarters, definitively refusing to do homage to the King of France as his liege vassal for the provinces of Guienne, Normandy, and Poitou, (recreating himself, between occasional draughts from a flask of choice Gascon wine, by stringing rhymes and tagging roundelays with his trusty Bertram,) an esquire of the presence appeared at the opening of the tent, which was drawn aside to disclose the delicious glories of the summer sky, announcing,

"An envoy."

"How is this?" said the King, starting up. "I heard no trumpets. What means King Philip, to despatch towards the King of England a herald so unceremonious?"

"The messenger, an't please your Grace, comes not from the French quarters," replied Sir Bryan Bloant, bowing profoundly. "'Tis a deputy from the Commons of England."

"Ha! from England? Why saidst not so before?" cried the impatient monarch. "To the presence with him! 'Tis doubtless an emissary from our trusty Grand Justiciary the Archbishop, touching the recent levy. The knave hath made a timely journey. Our men lack pay and accoutrements; and 'twas but yesterday there reached me an express from our curmudgeon cousin, the Duke of Austria, complaining that the last instalment of our royal ransom is still in arrear."

And, preparing himself to receive the salutation of one of those sleek and smooth-spoken sons of the church whom Hubert Walter of Canterbury was apt to render the interpreter of his measures to a royal master whose clerical scholarship lagged sadly behind the efforts of his poetical inspirations, Richard threw himself on the cushions wherewith his tent was garnished in guise of throne, assuming an air of royal authority and statesmanlike penetration. He expected to see the bending form of a monk glide, with humble obeisance, to the sublime feet of royalty.

But, lo! the envoy of the Commons of England stood erect in presence of the King. There was more majesty in his gait than in that of the anointed monarch. A long beard, depending

nearly to the leathern belt gathering in his grey tunic, announced a Saxon—that is, an *English* subject of the Norman King; while staff in his hand proclaimed him to be an ignoble wayfairer.

"What news from our good Lord Archbishop?" demanded Richard, examining the messenger with surprise, but still mistaking his errand.

"From the so called Grand Justiciary of England, tidings bring I none!" replied the stranger. "I stand in the presence of King Richard, as the delegate of many voices—the witness of many grievances—the interpreter of his oppressed people of London, who sue for justice and redress."

"By the Holy Sepulchre, here's news indeed!" cried Richard. "The people treat with their prince as sovereign with sovereign."

"The sovereignty of the people is to that of the sovereignty of the throne, as the faith of the true vassal to its upright lord," replied the stranger, undismayed. "And it is even because your Grace's faithful English subjects look to your Majesty as a sure redresser of their injuries, that they have deputed me to bear to your feet the manifesto of their wrongs."

"And who art thou, knave, that dardest to thrust thy person and opinions into the presence of thy king?" cried Richard. "Knowest thou not that, as my rebellious subject, I may forthwith offer thee in example to my soldiers, hanging to the nearest tree?"

"I am William Longbeard,* Burgess of the city of London," replied the stranger—not deigning to notice the threat; "a man of honest descent and honourable purpose."

"And what braggart hath stirred thee to quit thy peaceful guild, and thwart thy lawful monarch in foreign lands with the murmurs of his ungrateful people?" demanded the King.

"Because the cry of the oppressed is great in the land," replied the august stranger, leaning firmly upon his staff—"because your Grace's name is polluted by the misgovernment it is made to sanction. Your people, O King! do lack and suffer hunger. As I sat by my peaceful hearth, the groans of the many reached unto me, and bade me arise, and gird up my loins, and seek out their sovereign prince, that he might relieve them from the cruelty of the men he hath put in authority over them."

"Ha! Presume to dispute my choice—to arraign the wisdom of my ministers?" cried the King, his cheek suffused with a choleric glow. "Have I traitors, then, in my hustings† of London?"

"Your Grace hath an official traitor in your exchequer, an official traitor in your mayor, and vile abettors in the aldermen, his council," replied William, calmly, "who, strong in their wealth, and the absence of the King, bear down upon your Grace's hapless English subjects; wresting from them their substance, under the

* "*Recalcitrante Willelmo cognomento cum barbâ.*"
—Math. Paris, 127. Digitized by Google
† From the Saxon *hus*, house, and *ting*, council.

name of levies and imposts, and exacting from the poorest citizen a tax equal in amount to that paid severally by themselves, whose coffers are overflowing, and whose princely merchantmen ride upon distant seas. Against these abuses of trust do I lift up my right hand before your royal face; trusting that the viceregent of God will deal justly with a people committed to his protection, by Him to whom the mightiest kings are accountable for the welfare of their subjects."

"This boldness passeth forgiveness!" cried Richard, striking his mailed arm upon the table beside him, till the Milan steel rang again. And as William, at that moment, advanced a pace towards the King, Bertrand de Boon again started forward, to interpose between his Majesty and one who might, after all, be a disguised emissary of Philip Augustus.

"Go to—go to! let him approach!" cried Richard, motioning aside his minion. "This is no assassin. I have dealt with such ere now. In the East I had frequent encounters with the people of the Old Man of the Mountain; and trust me, friend Bertrand, their faces were otherwise moulded than the features of this stalwart varlet."

For the first time, William bowed low and reverently, in gratitude for the fair interpretation of his sovereign.

"My people, sirrah, are then in open rebellion?" resumed Richard, sternly addressing him.

"Your Grace holds in small account the zeal of the Grand Justiciary, since you can imagine that Hubert Walter would leave such momentous tidings to be communicated by the devoted friend of the people," was the stout reply of Longbeard.

"No evasions, fellow! I ask thee in plain terms, are the citizens of London in revolt?"

"That they would fain avoid so extreme a measure," replied the envoy, "is proved by my pilgrimage to this place. As yet, they have been dealt with by subordinates. As yet, the anointed sovereign of England hath not withheld his ear from their petitions. Wherefore should they dispute the authority of him whom they still hold to be their friend? Your Grace's coronation oath pledged you to administer justice to your English as to your Norman subjects, and, if truth be in the breath of kings, wherefore should we suspect our Richard of the Lion Heart, of meditating an infraction of a covenant made at the altar of the Most High?"

"And what seek these factious rebels of their Prince?" demanded Richard, somewhat mollified.

"An equalization of the law. Let the same taxes affect Norman and Saxon. Let imposts be levied according to the means of the subject, not according to the caprice of minions and ministers. Let not the rich burghers be exempted from a tax which leaveth the hearth of the poor man without fuel, and his children without bread. Secure the liberties of the people; restrain the tyranny of those in authority. Do this, sire, and the nation shall bless you; a grateful people's prayers will

more nobly embalm your memory than the extermination of the heathen, the extension of foreign conquests, or the vain renown of chivalry!"

The King remained doggedly silent. It was not often that so stern a voice had sounded in his ears; and the impression was as powerful as distasteful.

"You are the King of England," continued William, profiting by his silence—"the King of a country submitted by the sword of your ancestors, and governed by the sceptre of your power; a country, the hearts of whose children yearn with loyalty, and who would fain love as a father the good shepherd who foldeth their flock. Oh, let not such love and loyalty be embittered by mistrust! Be to us true as we would fain be to your gracious self! A portion of our substance is the portion of the King; and to Cæsar we gladly render the things that are Cæsar's. Enjoy, therefore, the greatness ordained for you—the ermine, the purple, the gauds, the splendours of royalty; for in the sight of these things do we rejoice, as emblems of your power, and tributes of the affection of your people. But be not such empty tokens your sole regard! Such toys as I see yonder," continued William, pointing to the King's harp, which lay upon a trophy of arms in the corner of the tent, "are for sport and recreation; and God forbid that the careful hours of royalty be denied their solace! But a prince hath sterner duties in his hand; moments of deep thought for the welfare of those for whose happiness he must account to God—even that jealous God in whose eyes kings upon their thrones are altogether vanity, and who of old reproved them by the mouths of his prophets, and smote them with the edge of the sword, and scattered their ashes upon the waters."

"Enough, enough of this!" cried Richard, starting up, as the sound of a distant trumpet announced the arrival, at the outposts of his camp, of the herald he was expecting from Philip Augustus. "This is no moment for trafficking with disaffected burghers, or listening to revilings against my men in authority. Thy purpose, varlet, is, I doubt not, good; albeit thy words are unseemly. Leave me. Return to those that sent thee, and say their complaints have reached the ears of their Prince, and shall be regarded in fitting season. I pledge my royal word that my first measure on returning to English ground, shall be to visit the city of London, and, in open hustings, redress the grievances to which I find it submitted. Meanwhile, as thy gown were poor defence against the sharp spears of King Philip's lances of Burgundy, or the bolts of his Flemish bowmen, make light thy heels towards the coast, and haste over seas to bear back my answer to my discontented commons."

Great was the joy at Paul's Cross when, on the eve of the feast of St Michael, William Longbeard, attired in his pilgrim's dress, presented himself to the view of the people as bearer of the gracious message of their sovereign; and proportionately great the indignation of the

mayor and aldermen on learning how slightly they had been backed by their prince in the exactions suggested by his royal need.

In his palace at Lambeth, meanwhile, the Grand Justiciary of England sat smiling at the credulity of all parties. Hubert Walter had more intimate experience in the integrity of the royal word. He had weighed to a hair the levity of King Richard; and knew, to the value of an easterling, by what mode and measure of bribery his attention was to be diverted from the groans of a suffering people. It was but to administer liberally to his pastimes—(for, to a king, war is a thing of sport;) and the archbishop was as sure of obtaining double warrant of oppression against the Saxon population, as he was that Richard would return from France the victim of an inglorious truce.

But, though despising alike the King, his own dupe, and the good citizen, the dupe of the King, the Grand Justiciary was not the less indignant that an humble burgess should have presumed to bear to the ear of his royal master complaints against his administration; and, in order to secure himself against a repetition of the offence, a decree was issued, forbidding, under penalty of imprisonment, the departure of any citizen from the walls, without a passport from the hustings of the city; and certain merchants having presumed to infringe the ordinance, and proceed with their wares to the fair of Stamford,* were seized and cast into prison as traitors and malefactors.

The usual consequences ensued. Oppression begets revolt; and the open despotism of the few, the secret association of the many. Fifty thousand persons were soon united by a common bond against the aggressions of government; and William Longbeard became the heart and soul of the association. Already he had renounced all personal ties—his own people and his father's house—to instal himself champion of his suffering brethren of England. Renouncing every lighter social pleasure, and every profitable pursuit, he devoted his days and nights to the study of jurisprudence, till no Norman clerk was more learned in the law, or more eloquent in its exposition, than the Saxon citizen. William was no blustering demagogue; but the judicious advocate of the oppressed. The courts of justice were unable to resist those masterly pleadings by which the cause of the poor and needy was protected from the chicanery of office; and the courts of Westminster admitted that the ermined officials of the Grand Justiciary had their lesson to learn from the erudition of the self-taught jurist. William knew precisely how far he might proceed in defence of the liberties of the people, without endangering his own; and in those all powerful harangues (a mere fragment of which has reached our times†) he who was surnamed by the Saxons the advocate of the poor, touched scathless upon the most fiery topics, while addressing

the populace of London in the fields by Ludgate, or in the churchyard of St Botolph's Priory.

Driven, however, at length to desperation by the prolonged absence of the king, and the unspeakable harshness of the measures perpetrated in his name, the Secret Association began to meditate active measures; and concealed arms were soon lodged, to an unexpected extent, in the dwellings of its members. Axes and hatchets, levers and iron bars, were amassed, as a last resource against the ferocity of the Norman officials; while William, in his zeal to animate the patriotism of his fellow-citizens, launched into the style of mystic oratory which had been so successful in raising the youth of Amsterdam into the frenzy of the crusades; converting to his purpose the language of the prophets—"Ho! every man that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" exclaimed the orator, addressing the attentive multitude; "for behold my fountain is the fountain of liberty, pure and undefiled. And lo! I will filter drop from drop, and separate man from man—the meek man from the proud—the peaceful from him who is stained with blood-guiltiness—the elect from the condemned—the light from the darkness—till liberty is triumphant in the land."

But while the unguarded populace listened to his vague adjurations, the High Norman Court of Parliament, including the functionaries of the Crown, Archbishops, Bishops, and the Barons of the shires adjoining the metropolis, assembled at Westminster, and cited, before their august tribunal, the orator of the people.

Escorted by an immense multitude, who hailed him with acclamations on his way, as their saviour and their king, William obeyed the summons, till the pusillanimous Barons, shaken in their very seats by the shouts of the people, proposed to adjourn the Session till a future day—previous to which assemblies were convoked by the Magistrates of the Grand Justiciary, in divers parishes of London, wherein the weakness of the public mind was assailed by manifestoes of the power and prerogative of the Crown, and the determination of King Richard to deal summarily with all seditious citizens, adherents of William Longbeard.

To all this "the many-headed monster thing" listened with all its ears, and trembled in most of its members. "The King"—"the Crown"—"the Throne"—were, at that period, omnipotent words, to which the great charter of our liberties had as yet opposed no salutary balance; and when, profiting by their panic, the Grand Justiciary had the art to extract from the ring-leaders of the Association a child from every family, as hostages for their submission to the King's Government, William saw that the cause to which he had devoted himself was lost. The innocent hostages having been placed in security in the various forts surrounding London, for a time the public excitement abated. William felt that it were invidious to revive the struggle.

Such, however, was still the influence of the popular orator over the minds of those who, from

* Roger de Hoved, p. 763.

† Guil. Nembregensis, p. 631.

timidity alone, receded from his banner, that the Grand Justiciary, who had not scrupled to separate infants from their parents, lacked courage to arrest William Longbeard.

Instruments of villany, however, are always at the disposal of authority ; and accredited spies were soon enlisted to follow every movement of the patriot, and report to the Archbishop his words and gestures. A Norman named Geoffrey, accompanied by a chosen band of mercenaries, contrived one morning to dog his footsteps as he proceeded into the country beyond Aldgate, to enjoy the free air with a company of friends ; and laid violent hands upon him, with a view to arrest. But William, drawing from his belt the knife with which, according to the custom of the times, every citizen went armed, laid the traitor dead at his feet ; and though the soldiers, who hurried forward to abet their leader, were secured, by coats of chain-mail, from the stroke of the poignard, William and his companions laid about them so stoutly as to escape unhurt to the sanctuary of a church within the walls, designated, in the Norman annals, as that of St Mary of the Arch. Here, having barred the doors, and barricaded themselves against attack, the armed men, their pursuers, were baffled for a time ; while the Grand Justiciary, alarmed by intelligence of the outrage, and not altogether reliant on the garrison of the tower of London, despatched messengers to the forts and strong castles along the river, to summon in forces for attack.

Who now shall describe the fermentation of London city ! The Mayor and Aldermen assembled in solemn husting at their Hall of Guild. The bell of Paul's Church tolled heavily, to summon the people to prayer. The shops were shut, and the apprentices were chidden within doors. The river-side became thronged with idlers, watching the arrival of the troops ; for every one felt convinced that a decisive popular movement in favour of William must take place. Every one exclaimed, that the besieged were entitled to the best support of their fellow-citizens ; and, while every one waited to ascertain his neighbour's intentions, the royal archers encircled the church, and reinforcements of troops took possession of the adjacent causeways.

Meanwhile, William Longbeard's experience of human nature had prepared his patience for the worst. "Hope not help from your fellow-citizens !" was his exhortation to his comrades in misfortune. "The catiffs at Westminster have the advantage of us. How is it to be expected that a single foot will budge in our behalf, or a single arm be uplifted, while the knives of the Justiciary's gaolers are at the throats of their innocent children ? Would I—would you—would any of us—give the signal for the slaughter of the babes of our bosoms, to secure the safety of strangers ? It is not the cause of Liberty that is at stake in our fate ; for Liberty is immortal, reviving, from century to century, like the fabled Phoenix from her ashes. 'Tis but the lives of nine human beings, their fellow-

labourers in the vineyard, which might be preserved by the sacrifice of their helpless children ; and, for my part, I crave not their assistance."

Small, therefore, was their disappointment, on discovering that the inert and panic-struck multitude stirred not in their defence. Ascending to the belfry of the sacred edifice, the devoted men took up their post of observation. And, lo ! they beheld the people afar off, retiring to their homes ; they beheld the river alive with reinforcements ; they beheld the church itself, surrounded troop-deep with armed men ; and it was to these that, summoned by sound of trumpet, in the King's name, to surrender, they breathed fresh terms of defiance.

A pile of wood and resinous substances, seized from the yard of a neighbouring builder, was immediately formed, by command of the Archbishop, at the foot of the tower ; and, in a moment, the smoke and flame ascended ; and, overpowered by suffocation,* the besieged fled from the belfry, and, clinging to the pinnacles of the battlements, demanded quarter of their assailants. Already, the smouldering doors had given way ; and the son of the catiff Geoffrey (the enemy and victim of William Longbeard) was the first to ascend the tower, and plunge his retributive poignard into the body of the patriot.

"This for my father !" cried the infuriated youth.

"This for my country !" replied the noble-hearted Saxon, as he received the blow, and prayed that it might prove mortal.

But, although thus desperately wounded, the half-fainting William was seized and manacled, and, tied to a horse's tail, dragged ignominiously through the streets, a spectacle to the intimidated citizens. His nine companions, tied with cords, were pricked forward by the spearman as his escort, and it was in this humiliating guise they arrived at the gates of the White Tower of London, where the Grand Justiciary was holding his tribunal. Conveyed into the presence of the Archbishop, sentence of death was instantly pronounced against William and his associates. No trial was then available against the antipathies of a vindictive minister. No jury of his countrymen came betwixt a victim and the enmity of his judge. It was

"Off with his head !—So much for Buckingham !" when a monarch marked his man ; it was, "To the gibbet with the insolent varlet !" when the people's friend and advocate confronted the lawless dispenser of the laws.

"I go forth to death," were the last words of William, turning towards the multitude assembled round the gates of the hall. "For my own life have I scorned to plead. The King, who should be at his post to guard the liberties of his people, is vapouring in foreign climes. In the equity of Parliament, (that wordy liar !) no wise man ever yet put trust ; and even you, in

whom I rashly confided, did desert me in my hour of need ! I fall, therefore, a prey to the oppressors. My country hath had my life : it shall have my death. I have given up all to my fellow-citizens—state, station, breath : I have nothing more to give them but my forgiveness ! And I say unto you, in presence of this proud prelate, and of his creatures, that the cry of the land hath gone forth to God ; that its wrongs are registered in the Book of Vengeance ; that, as he who smites with the sword shall perish by the sword, the lord your King shall die a violent and untimely death. But the land ye love shall endure ; and, watered with the blood of many martyrs, the tree of liberty take root, and flourish for evermore. And, lo ! as your children's children sit under shelter of its branches, let them name my name with joy, saying, ' Glory to him who died a martyr for the cause of many ! Peace to the ashes of the last Saxon who died for his country ! ' "

A burst of trumpets interrupted, by command of the Grand Marshal, the prisoner's harangue. Attached anew to the same horse which had dragged him to the spot, William was transferred to Tower Hill, where, at that period, a permanent gibbet was erected. Within an hour, William and his nine Saxon companions had given up the ghost !

As in every other case of popular injustice, a reaction soon became apparent. The citizens, who had been intimidated into the meanness of deserting the cause of their benefactor, no sooner learned that he had been submitted to an ignominious death, than they cried aloud against his Norman murderers, and sorrowed for him, saying, " Alas my brother ! " That night the gibbet on which he had suffered was torn down ; and, being divided among the fanatic multitude, every fragment was disputed as it were a sacred relique. The following day, every creature within the walls of the city visited the spot ; and, on the ensuing days, crowds of country people poured in, to look upon the death-place of William Longbeard. At first, the men in authority disdained to notice the posthumous influence of their enemy ; and, at length, they beheld, with amazement, pilgrims from every county in England repair to the spot, until it became excavated and worn away by footsteps innumerable.

The popular enthusiasm thus excited, the spot soon acquired preternatural sanctity. The patriot-martyr graduated into a saint ; and miracles were accomplished in his name. Throughout the country, many priests of English origin preached in honour of William the Saxon, just as, one hundred and twenty years before, their predecessors had chaunted the praise of Walthrof, the last chief of the Anglo-Saxons.

The sick were now brought on litters to the spot ; and, cured by the force of fashion and imagination, attributed their convalescence to the interposition of the departed patriot. Children were taught to lift up their little hands in prayer for his protection ; and the place finally became the rallying point of the disaffected and seditious.

At length, finding the memory of the dead William almost as fatal to his government as his living opposition, the Grand Justiciary, Hubert, stationed a company of spearmen on the spot, to disperse, with the point of the lance, the devotees of the English saint. Still, however, they persevered. Driven from their stand by day, they reassembled after nightfall,* and scattered flowers upon the place of execution. Every day, the palace at Lambeth was harassed with tidings of new honours rendered by the people to their departed friend. Wherever the Archbishop turned, he was haunted by the name of William Longbeard, William the Englishman, William the champion of liberty ! The discontented barons twitted him with it in council—the murmuring citizens sheltered themselves from further exactions, by citing the prophetic words of the martyr ; and formal ceremonies were at length performed over his place of martyrdom, consecrating it as the altar of liberty.

The Grand Justiciary was now compelled to coercive measures. Having caused the environs to be invested with troops, one night, when a vast multitude were solemnizing the anniversary of the death of the martyr, hundreds of offenders were taken captive and dragged off to prison. The women engaged in the affair were publicly scourged, the men imprisoned in different fortresses of the city ; while the place of execution, having been dug up and desecrated, was converted into a military station.

No miracle ensued. The man who had devoted his energies to the cause of liberty lay quiet in his grave, leaving it to the living to pursue his efforts, and thus, discredited as a saint, the popular fervour in his favour gradually subsided, and the Grand Justiciary of England pursued his oppressions unmolested.

It was not till, at the close of the struggles of the succeeding reign, that grand compromise occurred between King John and his nobles, which gave rise to the signing of Magna Charta, the people, finding their interests overlooked in a treaty so mistakingly described in history as the great charter of English liberty, began to murmur in their assemblies, that, were William Longbeard still surviving, the people would be as well secured against the encroachments of the privileged classes, as the privileged classes had contrived to secure themselves against the encroachments of the King. They called upon the memory of their dead—they reviled the ingratitude which had suffered their friend to be sacrificed before their eyes. They swore that the English nation did not deserve from Providence the blessing of a champion ; and more than one, emulating the prophetic genius of the departed, denounced, as doom to England, that henceforward, amid her struggles for liberty, no friend should arise to further her endeavours, comparable with the zealous, disinterested William, the first and greatest of her Patriot Martyrs.

* Gexa, Cantuar, p. 1591

NEW FASHIONABLE NOVELS.—THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.*

THOUGH the brilliant authoress of this novel had nothing to recommend her save rapidity of invention, and an amazing fertility, her compositions would form a remarkable literary phenomenon. In mere production she distances the wondrous achievements of Sir Walter Scott, and surpasses the exhaustless German, La Fontaine. Her faculty of invention is, indeed, cribbed by the nature of the ground to which she is, as it were, staked; but she discovers its possession by the variety of forms and hues which she contrives to impart to her fashionable staple, from the dexterous and artist-like mode of handling and presenting it. She is like a skilful landscape gardener, who contrives to give the appearance of vast extent and variety to a narrow piece of pleasure ground; or rather like one of her own fashionable *chefs*, who, in a strait, can display his genius by furnishing *entrées* of fish, meat, volaille, and gibier, from the same pair of worn-out slippers. The *fade* and tawdry materials which it has been, we should apprehend, her task rather than her taste so often to fashion and re-fashion, could never have been so frequently produced to the same advantage, and with the same freshness and air of reality, by an inferior artist. Yet, what pity to see powers, if not wasted, yet so limited in their scope and range, which are capable of adorning a wider and higher sphere, abounding in purer and more genial elements. It is not enough to be at the head of a school, if that school be not the highest. It is, however, we are aware, very easy to talk the matter over sensibly and well. The author best knows his own case, his own duties and difficulties; and the true province of criticism is, not what he might have done, but what he has done. In this respect, "The Woman of the World," though it fully bears out its family resemblance, is not one of the most transcendently beautiful of the numerous literary progeny of the author of "The Hamiltons," "Mrs Armytage," "Stokeshill Place," "Pierre L'Ecrevissier," or "The Lettre de Cachet;" though it is by far the best merely fashionable novel of the season, as all proceeding from the same sprightly pen are out of sight the most brilliant. No romance writer ever united the substance and elasticity of native English fiction with the airy, shifting, fugitive graces of the brightest era of French fashionable literature, in so remarkable a degree. Hence her eminent distinction as a sketcher of the manners of a society which, in its tastes, predilections, and acquisitions, is become more Gallic than Anglian. Her style of narrative and her dialogue, a most flattering representation of that of the brilliant society she depicts, is indeed a continual bubbling and belling up of bright, sparkling, evanescent fancies—a perpetual *jet d'eau*—an incessant play of brilliant artificial fire. To the moralist,

the author's great merit lies in incidentally exposing the hollowness, heartlessness, and contemptible frivolity of aristocratic life; the lowness of its aims, and the baseness of its means of pursuing them. No one ventures to say that she is an incompetent judge of the manners and morals of fashionable aristocracy; no one alleges that her pictures are overcharged. On the contrary, her parade of knowledge is sometimes censured, since, though correct, it is so sectional.—But we are quite aware that our readers will, in general, be better pleased to learn what the new fashionable romance is about, than to learn once more our opinion of the rare merits of a writer of whose talents they have long since made up their minds.

Sir William Helmsley, of Helmsley Abbey—a young Northamptonshire baronet, blessed with a good constitution, a good person, a good temper, a good estate, and a good reputation, and thrice blessed in a good and amiable wife, who never sighed for a house in May Fair—might have been esteemed among the happiest of English country gentlemen; though the great man of his family, his maternal uncle, Lord Shropshire, a *whister* at White's of thirty years' standing, never spoke of him but as a lost man, or as "that ambitionless ass, my nephew." Sir William would not involve his estate to get into Parliament; he would not be introduced to the Colebrookes, his neighbours, though Lord Colebrooke ranked among the first men in the kingdom, and, in consequence of a change of Ministry, was likely speedily to obtain some high office. It was in vain that Lord Shropshire set forth the advantages of such an acquaintance:—

"I have no ambition to become a placeman," replied Sir William, calmly. "Marcella and I are happy as we are. . . . My sphere is limited."

"The more reason that it should be extended! It was sufficient boast for the rulers of ancient times, that they found a city mud, and left it marble. A man in these days does some honour to his pedigree, who is born a baronet and dies a peer."

Sir William believed his public duties to be limited by the boundaries of his county and his estate; as was his happiness by the park palings of the Abbey. He was incorrigible! While his Lordship shrugged his shoulders in contemptuous pity, Lady Helmsley's quiet eye wandered from her work to the intelligent countenance of her husband, and thence to the well-stored bookshelves of the library in which they were sitting. Nothing could be more rational and happy than the way of life of the inmates of Helmsley Abbey. They led the retired rural life of English gentry,

"In all its joys and elegance."

Their happiness was not often invaded by the intrusion of titled relatives, or fashionable guests. They were left

To ride together, walk together, see with their own

eyes and hear with their own ears the progress effected in the village by the fruition of their schemes of benevolence; return home for a stroll in the flower-garden, a game at billiards, or a duet of harp and flute, of which no carping philharmonic critic was at hand to detect the imperfections. Sir William gave an hour every morning to little Harry; and Mary passed more than three times that space of time on a little stool beside her mother's work-table. The days of the two idle people were, in short, very fully filled up. Lady Helmsley attended to her village school, while Sir William was busy in his plantations; and they met again after a few hours absence, with as much delight as if weeks had divided them from each other.

But there were tender claims upon Marcella's affection existing beyond the Abbey. She had been as a mother to her orphaned sister, Emma; while Sir William became at once the guardian and brother of Gerald Wroughton, her only brother. Gerald was now of age, in ill health; and expected home from Italy to settle at Wroughton Hall for life; and, shortly after the visit of Lord Shropshire, Emma returned from her London school to reside with her sister. There wanted but this to complete the domestic happiness of Marcella, whose cup of felicity was full. Emma found her sister looking, as she fancied, thin and ill. Consumption was in their family; and the doting, unsuspecting husband, roused at once from his dream of bliss to the most distracting anxiety, carried his sinking and angelic wife to London. From thence, as she gradually sank, she refused to go abroad:—

"If change be desirable for me, let it be back to the Abbey. It is my wish to die at home, to be buried at home." For worlds could not Helmsley have commanded the utterance of a word in contradiction to these forebodings! To hear them from the lips of his wife—his beloved, loving, heart in heart, soul in soul Marcella—was as if their meaning reached him for the first time. He felt that since *she* said it, it must be so. He was about to lose her. He was about to be alone!

Compassionating the frenzy of grief she had excited, Lady Helmsley lay silent on her sofa, her cold fingers entwining the throbbing convulsed hand of him who sat beside her, with his face concealed against the back of his chair. She did not reiterate her request. She did not repeat her forebodings. She lay speechless and patient; till at length, in hoarse and scarcely articulate accents, he replied—"We will return to Helmsley then, next week." Such was his mode of confirming the sentence she had passed upon herself!

This is one little passage of deep, silent, unobtrusive pathos; but the whole of the dying scenes are equally touching. Before they left London, a foreshadowing of future events is skilfully given. Lord Colebrooke, to whom Helmsley, the agonized husband, had been accidentally introduced, in a casual encounter on the street, had won his regard by the sincere tone of concern, the look of sympathy with which he listened while the despairing husband, his eyes filling with tears, replied to the decent inquiries of his worldly uncle, concerning the condition of the dying Marcella. Another day he was accidentally accosted by Lord Colebrooke with the kindest inquiries after the health of Lady Helmsley.

Lord Colebrooke had drawn up to make the inquiry; and, at a little distance, reining in a beautiful horse, apparently right proud of its most delicate rider, sat a young and lovely woman, with the most graceful figure and

sent on horseback he had ever happened to behold. There was so much life, so much character, so much charm in the countenance of the stranger, as contrasted with the two female faces he was now in the habit of contemplating—the one so sick, the other so sorrowful—that it seemed as if all the impulses of youth, health, and intelligence were gathered there in marvellous combination.

This lady was the Lady Adelaide de Vere—the beautiful daughter of Colebrooke, the *Fate* of Gerald Wroughton and of Sir William Helmsley—**THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD**. Marcella, with all her love, well knew the weak points of her husband's character; and, though she had the utmost reliance on the strength of his affection for their children, the solicitude of the anxious dying mother dictated many requests concerning them.

"I trust Knowles will not be tempted to quit Mary, even after she is in the hands of a governess," said she, in a faint voice, one evening to Miss Wroughton. "Mary is delicate; and Knowles so thoroughly understands her constitution. Should Helmsley marry again, (as in all probability will be the case,) changes might arise. Promise me, my dear Emma, that you will do your utmost to keep that good woman about the children."

"Her own inclination will keep her there," replied Miss Wroughton, deeply affected by such a petition. "And Sir William will never replace the wife he loves so dearly."

"No man can answer for himself on such a point. And why *should* he? Why should I wish to perpetuate his regret, or prevent some other woman from enjoying the happiness I have enjoyed? A prudent remarriage would probably be the best thing that could befall the children. You are too young, my dear Emma, to remain here as their protectress. You will live here with Gerald—marry—become a mother. It will be a better thing for Mary than her father!"

She could not conclude the sentence; and Emma, aware how differently her sister had always expressed herself in the similar case of their own father, saw what violence she was doing to her feelings, in order to pre-assure excuses for any future measure to her husband.

Those who pronounce all novels, and especially fashionable novels, idle and frivolous, and false or unreal representations of life, may be tempted to reconsider their sweeping judgment on reading such passages as this which records Marcella's gradual decline.

Her decline was more tedious, more painful than she had anticipated; not that ethereal wasting, the delusive creation of poets and novelists, but the fearful struggle of the soul with decaying nature; the harassing efforts, the restlessness, the exhaustion, the momentary delirium followed by hours of inanition. Throughout all this, the husband watched and ministered with a fervour of patient affection as feminine almost as that of the sister. He would send the others to bed, and remain in secret by the bedside, watching long after the hireling watchers were outworn and at rest.

It was one of those nights, when he was alone with the sick, that what might be termed the agony of Marcella commenced. His hand was lying beside her own on the coverlet—not clasping it, lest the pressure should be too much for its wasted fingers; when of a sudden, with an unnatural accession of voice, she began to talk, as with the tongue of angels, of God, of immortality, of the rewards of the just. Those who have watched beside the dying, know how often this elevation of spirit consequent upon the disorganization of mortal nature, tends to soothe and dignify sufferings otherwise insupportable.

Having anxiously examined her face, which was flushed with hectic spots, Helmsley saw that the strain of triumph in which she was indulging, was the song of the dying swan; and, as if jealous that any but himself should listen to those words of heavenly exaltation, forbore to summon assistance. Marcella was beyond the reach of mortal succour; and, kneeling by her bedside,

he gathered into his heart every look, every syllable, each one of which might prove the last.

In this attitude, were they found when morning dawned. But from the moment Miss Wroughton and the nurse busied themselves in administering remedies and suggesting aid, Marcella became silent.

No frantic sorrow, no passionate despair, ever equalled the violent and impetuous grief of the bereaved widower, which he long sought to cherish and keep alive by every perverted and selfish indulgence. The servants and the tenants said, "Poor master was quite broken-hearted; hastening fast after my lady." But Time wrought his usual miracle; and, though Sir William still persisted in refusing the invitations of his neighbours, it became more the consequence of the habit of seclusion and *mauvaise honte* than overpowering, unconquerable sorrow. The imperceptible but certain change is delicately traced. The menials had worn out their sables, the little children had been habited in their former gay attire. "Changes and improvements were going on. Nothing remained of Marcella save a certain stern gravity on the brow of Sir William, and pensive sadness occasionally overspreading the fair brow of the faithful sister." Gerald Wroughton partook of the constitutional delicacy of his family. He was again drooping, and was ordered to Italy to pass the winter, but experienced some reluctance to leave his brother-in-law.

"If I leave him shut up with Emma, the children, and aunt Margaret, he will turn hermit and let his beard grow before my return," mused the kind-hearted young man. "What if I could persuade him to bear me company?—He has never been abroad; the excitement of new scenes might be of service."

Conscious, however, of the weakness of the man with whom he had to deal, instead of proposing the tour to Helmsley as a matter of recreation, he suggested it as a sacrifice of good will towards himself.

And Helmsley reluctantly went, in compliance with the request of Marcella's only brother; and, before they reached Calais, his spirits were rising; and, on reaching Paris, he was ready to look about him and be amused; while, at Naples, pleasure was courted. Many fashionable English were residing there, and among others Lord Colebrooke and his enchanting daughter, both of whom, on a former visit, had graciously noticed Gerald Wroughton, the latter "as much as a beautiful woman of four-and-twenty ever notices a cubling squire." The brothers-in-law one day discussed, with the St Pauls, an English family residing at Naples, the rights, claims, and pretensions of Lady Adelaide, who had called at the St Pauls' door; but, as was conceived, on some caprice or overstrained point of etiquette, refused to enter the house, though invited, on being told English gentlemen were present.

"How English!" cried Mrs St Paul, vexed at her disappointment. "So much as Lady Adelaide has lived on the Continent, not to have laid aside the chain-mail of English formalities!"

"Would that of all her countrywomen one could say the same!" thought the three single men present.

"Our notions of politeness," continued Mrs St Paul, pettishly, "are all connected with laced buttonholes, and our best bib-and-tucker! We never fancy ourselves fine enough to do honour to ourselves and our friends."—Sir William, who was still sufficiently English to blush

for his boots, experienced a twinge of conscience at the charge. Fortunately for his confusion, Dr Moorsom engaged in defence of Lady Adelaide. Of all earthly women, he said, *she* ought to be most indifferent to dress, her beauty being of an order beyond deriving the slightest advantage from such accessories. "*Her attraction*," observed the doctor, "consists in grace, ease, dignity, intelligence. She is charming in the simplest morning dress."

"And on horseback!" involuntarily added Sir William, half apart.

"True! Nothing can be more perfect than her seat on horseback!" chimed in Mr St Paul. "She reminds me of an Amazon in an antique bas-relief I once saw at Girdenti." While Wroughton could not refrain from exclaiming to Helmsley, "You have seen her, then! You never told me that you had seen her?"

Dr Moorsom was a worthy and benevolent elderly physician, the paternal friend of Gerald, and professionally engaged to attend the nervous, valetudinary Mrs St Paul, and her classical lord, upon a two years' residence abroad. Mrs St Paul, herself a *beauty*, was piqued by the praises poured forth upon the universal charmer. She ventured to think Lady Adelaide's independence of manners anything but pleasing.

"Yet they could not become more deprecating without hypocrisy," interposed Dr. Moorsom. "Age is not to be measured by years. Though scarcely five-and-twenty, Lady Adelaide has been at the head of her father's house from the age of fourteen, doing its honours to all the royalty and nobility of Europe. When Lord Colebrooke was ambassador at the Hague, I recollect his daughter presiding over his *fêtes* like a *Reine de Seize Ans*, or, rather like the Queen of Faery in person."

"Yes, we all know that she is a woman of the world!" cried Mrs St Paul, with a somewhat tremulous voice. "The spoiled child of the cleverest man and greatest *romé* in Europe! Well!—We shall see whether their united cleverness achieves the object they have now in view."

"And what may that be? To outblaze *Venus* at the approaching carnival?" inquired Gerald, with a smile.

"Outblaze!—Oh, dear, no. Lady Adelaide is superior to display. She only wants to catch Lord Portumna."

"Is Lord Portumna a great *partie*?" inquired Helmsley, addressing the question generally to the circle.

"A man of broken fortune and broken constitution—first-rate abilities and first-rate fashion!" replied Dr Moorsom.

Long before this Lady Adelaide had fascinated the ardent and enthusiastic Gerald Wroughton, the master of four or five thousand a-year, and no bad *pis aller* for the daughter of a bankrupt *roué* Peer, placed in the peculiar and singular circumstances of her Ladyship. In brief, Sir William Helmsley, in no long time, also felt the influence of the spell which made Lady Adelaide either adored or detested by all who approached her. He suffered himself to be the frequent guest of her father; and, imperceptibly, the despairing husband of the sainted Marcella became the blindly devoted lover of the accomplished WOMAN OF THE WORLD, the adored of his brother-in-law. The fine, delicate, and subtle strokes by which the nature of Lady Adelaide, and the enthrallment of the successive lovers whom her ambition or her cupidity made the subject of her artifices, cannot be given save in the complete scenes in which her character and position are developed. Nor can we at all advert to the minor satellites of the staff of the fashionable factions at Naples; the one headed by Lady Wycombe, the other by Lady Adelaide de Vere;

nor yet to Lord Portumna the ambassador, or his *attachés*, Alexis Bagot, and Harry Harford, the heir expectant and nephew of a bachelor London millionaire. The retainers of the factions, their respective *tails*—Mrs Longman-Tompkinson, namely, with her everlasting country place of Stoke Park, and her house in Carlton Terrace, “let to the Brazilian ambassador for five years,” who stuck by Lady Adelaide; and the *Schrams*, a Yankee family of immense wealth, and an equivalent passion for European fashionable notoriety, who adhered to Lady Wycombe—are more original and racy than the magnates. The *Schrams*, in particular, amply deserved to have been brought to the West End of London. The outposts, the *materiel*, and the policy of the minor chieftainesses of the rival factions deserve a passing notice.

There was, in the first place, Mrs St Paul; who, like the bat in the fable, fought alternately on both sides; and occupied her idle mornings in carrying from one party to the other, hints, sneers, and misrepresentations.

Then came Mrs Longman-Tompkinson, conscious that the most golden of her gold would be insufficient to gild over, in the sight of the high and mighty countess, the looms from which Mr Longman-Tompkinson of Stoke Park derived his mansions in Buckinghamshire and Carlton Terrace, his plate, equipages, Parliamentary interest, and promise of a baronetcy; but trusting that the excellence of her professional concerts *might* bribe the presence of the dilettante Colebrookes, and the glitter of her diamonds procure an invitation in return. In Mrs Longman-Tompkinson, therefore, Lady Adelaide had the most vehement of partisans;—flying from house to house in a frenzy of enthusiasm for her wit, beauty, and accomplishments; and returning to deposit, at the feet of her lovely patroness, the bouquet of nettles she had gathered for her in the shape of a thousand traits of Lady Wycombe’s animosity.

The Darlings, with five daughters to marry, judiciously adhered to the Wycombe cause, as the safer side of the question. For Lady Wycombe was a woman congealed in the hardest frost of virtue.

Since the arrival of Helmsley and Wroughton, indeed, poor Lady Darling half repented her demonstrations in favour of the enemy; wisely remarking to a singularly coincident husband, “that people have no business to indulge in dislikes or partialities who have a family to provide for.”

The society of Naples, meanwhile, found its account in the feminine feud. Lady Wycombe, well instructed by London experience that popularity will not flourish except upon a diet of ices and lemonade, gave weekly *soirées dansantes* of considerable brilliancy. But balls are things of every-day occurrence during the carnival; and Lady Adelaide contrived, after the first two or three, to give the tone to a general disgust for the heat, noise, and fatigue of such entertainments, as a prelude to the exquisite weekly concerts which Lord Portumna was commencing on Lady Wycombe’s night at the Embassy.

Let a private individual, whatever his rank, lavish his utmost cost and care, he will never succeed in producing anything equal to a diplomatic *fête*. . . . The temper of no woman of fashion is proof against such a catastrophe. There remained but one resource. Lady Wycombe whispered to her intimates, that she only hoped Lord Portumna would marry poor Lady Adelaide de Vere! But even that usually successful hint, fell innocuous; even the conscientious Darlings, though they started at the implication, observed that however things might be, it was the duty of the English, in a foreign country, to attend the *fêtes* of their ambassador.

In vain did her Ladyship condescend to the most pitiful resources. She would have visited, nay, have honoured with her countenance at dinner, the Longman-Tompin-

sons, for the sake of bribing away an adherent of her rival. But the Longman-Tompkinsons stood stanchly by the visited of royalty.

The Countess, at length, stooped to conquer, by despatching an invitation to her *soirées dansantes*, through Alexis Bagot, to Sir William Helmsley and Wroughton.

The *Schrams* had just blazed out in Naples to dazzle (Mrs St Paul told Helmsley)

“All eyes with the tinsel and gold-leaf which form the delight of rich Yankees and Bartholomew-Fair show-men.”

“And who are the *Schrams*?” inquired Sir William. “I never even heard of them.”

“You are fortunate, then, in having lived out of hearing of the tin-trumpets of newspaper puffery,” replied the lady. “The *Schrams* are New-York Newcomes, who have performed ko-too at the foot of all the thrones of Europe, saving that of England, where they know their pretensions would be weighed in the balance, and found wanting.”

“Americans perform ko-too?” cried Sir William. “Forbid it, shade of Washington!”

“The patriarch Schram is an empty, pompous fellow, bursting with the sense of his personal importance, yet unable to forgive himself for not having been born a lord; who throws away his money, not like a prince but like a *parvenu*,” added Mrs St Paul.

“Throw away the only thing that seems to have raised him in the world? But what brings these people to Naples?”

“A desire of smoking the calumet of peace with another aristocracy,” replied St Paul. “Paris is their meridian.”

“I wonder to whom they will *accrocher* themselves in Naples?—Lady Wycombe, of course, is out of the question. . . . It would be charity to afford a hint to Schram that he has only to declare war against Lady Adelaide de Vere, to be accepted as an ally of the Wycomites,” cried Mrs St Paul. “By the way, we met Lady Adelaide as we were driving to your house.”

“So early?”

“I fancy she had been to Santa Chiara, to see her little girl. I know she is only allowed to visit the child on appointed days.”

Sir William was too much astonished for utterance. He felt persuaded that he had misunderstood Mrs St Paul; but it was impossible to require the repetition of a lady’s words.

At an early age Lady Adelaide had married Lord Sherburne, to save her reputation from the consequences of a suspected *liaison* with Lord Portumna, and gratify her desire of independence; and soon afterwards brought such evidence of the mental imbecility, crimes, and cruelty of her husband, before Doctors’ Commons as enabled her to be completely independent. Sir William Helmsley, already her secret lover, even while considering her almost the affianced wife of his brother-in-law Gerald, was, on learning even this, relieved of a load of mortification:—

“The divorce proceeded, then, from no impropriety of conduct?”

“Impropriety, my dear fellow,” (cried his friend and old college chum, Sir Raymond Horten,) “is a vague term. Though all the world considered Lord Colebrooke justified in securing his daughter from the brutality of a madman, many people thought it a suspicious circumstance that a man so knowing as his lordship should have suffered his daughter to become the wife of a Roman Catholic peer, by the mere ceremonial of the Protestant Church, so as to leave her the possibility of divorce. The Sherburnes, you see, originally discountenanced the match, but left the poor fellow to his own devices; so that, though married according to the law of the land, the solemnization was nothing to him as a case of conscience. Altogether, there was something *fouche* in the business. . . . I only know that the child is

to inherit, and that Lady Adelaide is at liberty to marry again whenever she shall hit upon her dupe."

Sir William Helmsley, ever striving to deceive himself, and fancying that he was actuated by the most exalted regard for Gerald, while his motives were alloyed by jealousy and rivalry, resolved to remonstrate with the youth, on his infatuation, and, if possible, to avert the calamity of his marriage with a woman so generally blamed and so painfully situated. A letter from Emma, in England, who had heard, with alarm and sorrow, of the entanglement of her brother, enforced his purpose. He accordingly informed Gerald of the marriage and divorce:—

"I am aware of every incident of her life," replied Wroughton, calmly.

"And you would carry back as your wife to Wroughton Hall, to be the protectress of your sister and the successor of your mother, a woman branded with suspicions of the most detestable nature? You would take to your bosom the mother of a child whose father is yet alive?—a woman haunted by disgraceful reminiscences—a woman who has figured before the tribunals of the country?"

"At present, I have made no engagement to marry Lady Adelaide de Vere," replied Gerald, startled but not convinced by the unwonted impetuosity of his brother-in-law. "If anything could hurry me into precipitate proposals, it would be to hear her character unjustly aspersed by my family. All that can be urged against her I know!"

Hitherto Lady Adelaide had coquetted with, or encouraged Gerald Wroughton, as one among the list of her *eligible* admirers; but there was more in the cards. Lord Shropshire, the uncle of Helmsley, was the father of an only son, Lord Bridgnorth—

One of the handsomest young men in England; a leading man at the leading clubs, and indispensable at every fashionable dinner-party; who gave exquisite fêtes at an exquisite villa, under the presidency of the most exquisite opera-dancer of the day; had fought a duel, caused a divorce, won a steeple chase, ruined a raw ensign in the guards at piquet; and was supposed to be able to distinguish himself in public life any rainy day, when, having nothing else to do, he should see fit to throw himself away upon politics!

Unluckily, during his interim of fine weather, the noble roué, to whom ordinary modes of life were becoming stale and unprofitable, grew bored on shore, and, like other dandies nautically inclined, mounted a yacht. The result was disastrous. Designing to pass the autumn in the Baltic, Lord Bridgnorth and a noble friend, who, being what is called "hard up," quartered himself on any one who was soft enough to feed, lodge, and bear with his inanity, landed one day in an obscure fishing-town, on the coast of Jutland; where, after treating themselves with schiedam, they saw fit to treat the natives with a specimen of the Great-British art of pugilism; till their Danish antagonists, provoked by the wantonness of an attack which they little supposed to be a scientific exhibition, retaliated so much in earnest, that the following day Lord Bridgnorth fell a victim to the contusions received while his blood was in a state of inflammation.

The heir of forty thousand a-year and an ancient English peerage, to die scarcely sober, wholly unattended, in a Jutland fishing-hovel! The humiliation was greater almost than the affliction; and the bereaved father, blind to the fact that his son had fallen a victim to his own vices, talked of nothing less than requiring from ministers a demand for vengeance on the murderers. . . . It was not enough that his only son, the finest young man in England, had been sacrificed; but the insolent newspapers had taken upon themselves to represent the event in a series of pitiful paragraphs, presuming to throw blame upon Lord

Bridgnorth, and leave a doubt whether his death need be made a matter of national warfare.

Lord Shropshire was, in fact, almost as angry as afflicted at the loss of his son. It was such a mode to die—such a cruel want of consideration for his father—such a sinful disregard to his position in life—such an inattention to the demands of his own consequence! What business had *he*, a member of White's and the House of Commons—a peer expectant, whose bay filly was entered for the Derby two years following, whose name was honoured at Coutts's, and good at Crockford's, to "drink, and speak, parrot, equabble, swagger, swear," with a gang of Holstein skippers?—What business had he at all yachting in the Baltic?—*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*

Nothing can exceed this vivacious sketch. Lord Shropshire died in turn, and Sir William Helmsley was heir to a clear fifty thousand a-year, and the dormant peerage of Monthermer. Of these circumstances, Lady Adelaide had, through her friend the Ambassador, obtained information some hours before the intelligence had reached the party more interested, but not more alive to the changed position of the Northamptonshire Baronet.

Mrs Longman-Tompkinson had, meanwhile, nobly resolved to astonish Naples, and mortify Lady Wycombe and the Schrams, by the splendour of a *bal costumé*. Her patroness, Lady Adelaide, had condescendingly consented to appear; and, by a series of graceful and well-managed artifices, the late melancholy widower, who had foresworn the Palazzo Balbi since he had heard the history of the fair inmate, was induced to perform Petrarch to her Laura, to the inexpressible delight of Gerald. The enamoured youth, totally unconscious of what Sir William struggled to conceal even from himself—the growing influence of the enchantress, the accomplished and exquisitely beautiful *woman of the world*, over his widowed heart—had found the repugnance of his brother-in-law and former guardian to his projected marriage, the greatest drawback upon his happiness. But the relative position of parties, and a good specimen of the work, is afforded by the following extract, which again reproduces our beloved *Schrams*. We never tire of the *Schrams*: we have far too little of the *Schrams*. We wish the authoress would oblige the new and old world with their history at length—their Anglo-Dutch parentage; their rise and progress from the log farm-house to the counting-house; their splendours in Broadway; their villa on the New-Jersey Coast; their sojourn at Saratoga Springs; their embarkation for Havre-de-Grace, on a five years' tour through Europe; their settlement and final route from the Chausse d'Antin and May Fair.

There was a dinner given at Lord Colebrooke's, at which were present, Dr Moorsom, his nervous patient, Mrs St Paul, and the English heroes:—

"How amazingly poor Princess Strada's will be out-blazed by the gaudy liveries of the *Schrams*!" said Mrs St Paul, who thought Lady Adelaide and her father extremely prosy. "I am told they raise the price of gold lace wherever they go."

"I thought the sturdy Americans despised such gaudy distinctions?" said Sir William.

"Not in Europe," replied Dr Moorsom. "*Schrams* found himself so often mistaken for one of the 'helps,'

and the head help was so often spoken to for his master, that, in self-defence, he was obliged to hang out the ensigns of feudal life."

"Princess Stradalla (whose grand apartment they have hired) declares that, instead of having the carriage at the door at a certain hour, they have always a stand of carriages in waiting—open, shut, coaches, chariots, caleches, cabriolets—ready to answer their call, or that of their hangers-on; beside saddle horses, *à discretion*, for the use of their morning visitors," observed Mrs St. Paul.

"What pure philanthropy!" cried the doctor.

"Excellent policy in Paris, perhaps," observed Lord Colebrooke, "where the misfortunes and impoverishment of *la haute noblesse* have stripped the spunging system of a portion of its dishonour. The old emigrant Dukes and Marquesses, who, in their youth, gambled away the pocket money so splendidly allowed them by Lord Molra, do not blush to fawn and prey upon the Schrams. Here, people are of a different way of thinking. The Neapolitans will overreach brother Jonathan, if they can, in the sale of a picture or antique; but they will not stoop to pick up the crumbs that fall from his table."

"Let them overreach Schram if they can!" cried Dr Moorsom, laughing. "'They need ha' long spoons that sup wi' the de'il.' The old gentleman has still enough of the pettifoggery of the Broadway about him to be a sharp hand at a bargain."

"I confess it would give me no pain to find that he was overreached," observed Gerald Wroughton. "Wherever this man goes, he purchases whatever is most costly, not to gratify his individual taste, but to exhibit the length of his purse; and, when people bring their vanity into the market, with all the streamers of its ostentation flying, they mark themselves out for dupes."

During this chit-chat, the eyes of Monthermer were irresistibly attracted towards the table where Gerald and Lady Adelaide had established themselves at chess.

There was something domestic in their attitude which displeased him. Although placed so close beside the circle as to take a share in the conversation, they had means of addressing to each other by-words and comments, unheard by the rest of the party, and of interchanging glances more eloquent than words.

With her long hair simply parted on her forehead, and twisted into a knot—attired in a dress of dark velvet, which imparted a rich contrast to the dazzling whiteness of her shoulders and of the ungloved arm resting on the edge of the chess-table, without an ornament, without an affectation—Lady Adelaide presented a realization of the ideal of some poet's or artist's dream. It was beauty of the highest order—of form, of colour, of expression; it was beauty which caused the heart of Helmsley to sink within him, when he reflected how soon he might be brought within hourly peril of its charms; and at the cost to Gerald Wroughton, of what fearful hazard of happiness!

Short as was the period since he had shrunk from the self-avowal of a passion which he felt to be unhallowed and degrading, Helmsley now gave himself up to the consciousness of his enthrallment. So is it ever with a lover.

Both brothers were now equally under the spells of the enchantress, while with her, the fortune and title of Lord Monthermer had, in one moment, for ever quashed the pretensions of Gerald. Emma Wroughton—still hearing of the enthrallment and danger of Gerald, and dreading his alliance with Lady Adelaide de Vere as ruin and misery to himself, and as the severest possible calamity to his whole family—had again written to Sir William to save her brother. Alas! it was himself that more required the admonitions, the warnings, the harsh but necessary severity of friendship. Gerald's small fortune and untitled name were become his protection, when his claims were calmly weighed by the female Talleyrand in the balance, against those of her rich

and ennobled dupe. In reply to Emma's sisterly fears and scruples, Sir William informed her that he had obtained a promise from his brother-in-law to form no final engagement for the limited period of two months; but he admitted, that no man, honoured by the smiles of Lord Colebrooke's daughter, was likely to withdraw his allegiance; and entreated that Emma and old Aunt Margaret would prepare themselves to form a more lenient judgment of their future relation. To relieve the perpetual irritation of his mind, Helmsley now plunged into the extravagant dissipation of the English in Naples; whither some of their gay country people had been attracted from Rome by the rumour of the rival fêtes of the Schrams and Longman-Tompkinsons. He found no relief in this hollow refuge. "Alone, with his conscience, he admitted, with varying complexion and hurried respiration, that he was no longer master of himself; that a spell had enthralled his destinies; that the tranquillity of his life was broken up for ever; that he existed but in the presence of Lady Adelaide de Vere."

If the insipidity of Lady Darling's daughters, and the languid inanity of Moorsom's fair hypochondriac, had enhanced the dignified simplicity and clear intelligence of Lady Adelaide, what far higher relief was now afforded to her merits, by contrast with the purse-proud fussiness of the Schrams, and the noisy frivolity of the flight of summer swallows which had migrated to twitter in their sunshine! Mrs Longman-Tompkinson, apprehensive of being outglittered in a single spangle, by the gilt gingerbread of the Broadway, was labouring like a recruiting-sergeant to increase her forces, with favours flying and beat of drum; while curiosity to ascertain whether the high mightinesses of the New World ate with their fingers, and dined their guests on pumpkin-pie, attracted the untravelled and unenlightened nobility of Naples to the balls and dinners of the Schrams, and policy engaged the *corps diplomatique* to fraternize with the transatlantic colony.

"We intend to stand by the Tompkinson woman," said Alexis Bagot to Helmsley, as they were riding home one day together from the Corso.

"By *we*, meaning the embassy?"

"Oh, dear no! I know nothing about school during play hours. Portumna, you know, is a sort of person to go anywhere he is likely to be amused—whether to laugh at or with his entertainers; and Harford, of course, follows Portumna, like the shadow of a shade. All three will become Schrammites. But *we* adhere to the Tompkinsons."

"I am to conclude, then, that to realize the number of your pronoun, you write yourself '*we*, Alexis Bagot?'"

"No, I speak in the name of my set. Lady Wycombe cannot endure these half-horse, half-alligator monsters. Madame de la Chuchotterie comes to her every day, with proposals of alliance; undertaking that she shall make out the list for their next ball, and order them a dessert service at the royal manufactory, emblazoned with whatever coat of arms she chooses to assign them. But we are cruel. What do the Colebrooke party intend to do?" he continued, coming at length to his point.

"What has Lady Adelaide decided?"

"I have never inquired," replied Helmsley. "Conduct herself, I presume, with her usual judicious good-breeding; neither make a favour of going, nor a merit of staying away."

"The world, then, is right in its conjectures?" cried Bagot: "Wroughton is engaged to marry the fair divorcee?"

"From what do you draw your inference?" demanded Helmsley, striving to speak with composure.

"From the eagerness of your defence. I never heard you so strenuous before. You are pleading the cause of a sister-in-law."

"I am pleading the cause of a very charming woman."

"On second thoughts," interrupted Bagot, caring very little for the motives or opinions of his companion—"Lady Adelaide certainly will *not* coalesce with the Schrams. Portumna has taken them up as vehemently as he takes up all such showy novelties; and it is their cue just now, you know, to fight under different banners."

"Indeed, I know nothing about the matter," cried Helmsley, with rising indignation.

"Portumna is too much a man of the world to interfere with a lady's prospects; for, *entre nous*, old Celebrooke, who is wretchedly out at elbows, only waits to get rid of his daughter to break up his establishment. Portumna is not, by fortune or inheritance, a marrying man. It would be most unfair to stand in Lady Adelaide's light, being, as it is, her last glimmer. I must do Portumna the justice to say that he is the best bred man in Europe. . . . Do Wroughton's estates lie in a hunting country?"

"Within reach of two of the best packs in England," replied Helmsley, much surprised. "Why?"

"I was wondering whether there would be any apology for a long winter visit from his Excellency. We should not be sorry to have our next carnival here to ourselves."

Nettled by the flippancy of his companion, Helmsley seized the first pretext to ride on.

He could not outside the influence of Lady Adelaide. While smarting under the insinuations of his friend Horton, or listening to the light babble of such persons as Bagot, he often resolved to appeal anew to the good sense of Gerald; and, concealing his own feelings, implore him to renounce a connexion fraught with dishonour; but an hour spent in the saloons of the Palazzo Balbi sufficed to renew his irresolution; for he felt that, smiled upon, encouraged like Gerald, he should become the most infatuated of lovers.

The "Woman of the World," distinguished at all times by the gentle suavity of her address, appeared inspired by a yet more feminine softness by the attachment to which she was evidently giving way. Few women were likely to have received such attentions as those of Wroughton with indifference.

From his own box at St Carlos, Helmsley often tortured himself by watching the sympathy of silence with which the lovers listened together to the touching strains of the "Otello" and "Medea." They seemed perfectly to understand each other; they seemed already prepared for the heart-in-heart cohesion of a life of domestic happiness!

Sometimes, rousing himself from the reveries produced by such a picture, he would intrude upon their happiness, as if in vengeance; and it almost provoked him to observe with what courtesy his appearance was welcomed by Lady Adelaide, as if admitting his claim to be there as one of the nearest relatives of her future husband. She would invite him to the seat by her side; address him in her softest tones, with the utmost blandishment; defer to his opinions—draw out his conversational powers—applaud his sentiments—rejoice in his pleasures; talk to him of Northamptonshire—of his home, his children, his return to England—till her gracious interest almost tempted him to execrate her in return! He could not bear to know that he was indebted to Gerald for the melting glances that reposed with almost sisterly affection upon his face; for the graceful gesture that seemed prepared to admit conviction, or half his argument was unfolded; for the conciliatory expression, for the deprecating smile!

Disquieted and ill at ease, how often did he wish that he had never been tempted to visit Naples; that he had never been admitted to the companionship of Lady Adelaide!—"Had I known her only as Wroughton's wife," he would exclaim, in his solitary strolls amid the shrubby steep of Posuoli, "she would have produced

no other impression on my mind than regret that a woman of doubtful reputation should have been forced upon the adoption of the family. But *now*—when—when will my better reason overcome the hateful enchantments with which she has stirred my spirit to this mood of madness!"

The fall of Helmsley, his gradual and hopeless enthrallment, are delicately touched; until we see him arrived at the fatal crisis when her Ladyship, having secretly learned from her friend Portumna, of Sir William's brilliant change of fortune, took more direct measures to secure the willing prize. On the day of Mrs Longman Tompkinson's fancy ball, he had received a letter from a friend in England, mentioning the serious illness of his uncle, Lord Shropshire. He knew that he ought to give up the ball, give up the happiness of sustaining the part of *Petrarch* to the *Laura* of Lady Adelaide, which her gentle and modest entreaties had induced him—her future brother-in-law—to accept. But could he disappoint her, and even the hospitable Tompkinsons? No one in Naples could know of his uncle's illness. It was not his business to proclaim it. He locked up the letter, went to the ball, and exulted in his determination when—

He beheld Lady Adelaide de Vere, to whom the elegant lightness of her costume imparted an almost girlish air of simplicity. The robe of pale straw colour, bodiced with violet-coloured velvet, the slight gauze hanging sleeves looped up to display the symmetrical beauty of her ungloved hands—the hair bound over her forehead, its braids half escaping from the net of gold and pearls so often described by her poet and lover—all was in strict accordance with the descriptions of *Petrarch* and the portrait of the *Stradalla* gallery. Lady Adelaide, slightly embarrassed, perhaps by the novelty of her position, looked paler and more delicately lovely than ever: and when Sir William, arrayed in his simple white tunic and crowned with the laurels of the capitol, approached to offer her his hand, her eyes involuntarily cast down to veil her confusion completing her resemblance to the well-known picture of *Laura de Sades*.

It was remarkable that all the other English destined to form part of the eventful group, were attempting to disguise their *mauvaise honte*, by laughing at themselves or each other—by affected buffoonery and clumsy irony. Even Gerald, who personated *Boccaccio*, was pretending to throw himself into attitudes at the feet of Mrs St Paul, while old Moorsom assumed the solemnity of demeanour becoming the sacred College. But *Petrarch* and *Laura* were apparently mutually engrossed. They had no eyes but for each other.

The fate of Helmsley was sealed. In the course of this evening, he learned incidentally, from the lips of the astonished Lady Adelaide, that there existed no engagement whatever between her and Gerald Wroughton; on her part, no attachment. She was aware that there was no limit to the absurd surmises of society, particularly in a place like Naples.

"Is there anything particularly absurd," said Sir William, almost seriously, "in attributing to a beautiful woman supreme influence over the feelings of a disengaged man—young, free, handsome, rich, in a position to look upon marriage as the crowning happiness of his prosperous destiny?"

"I spoke not with reference to your brother-in-law, I spoke selfishly. It is, I think, absurd to imagine that a woman who has suffered so bitterly as I have done from the consequences of an ill-advised marriage, would, in the more matured season of her experience, be tempted

into a union with a man several years her junior in age—in *character* a hundred !”

It was now Sir William Helmsley's turn to start. “Am I to understand, then, that you would reject a proposal of marriage from Gerald Wroughton?”

“I know not by what right you interrogate me on so delicate a point,” replied Lady Adelaide, restored to composure, and attempting to resume her smiles.

Sir William ardently pressed his inquiries; he interrogated, he cross-questioned almost beyond the limits of good-breeding; and the “Woman of the World” came off clear. Her father and herself had, no doubt, on Gerald's first visit to Naples, been interested in the sickly boy, their young countryman, placed in circumstances so dispiriting, exiled from home in search of health. They had treated him as a son and a brother; and his return had been discourteous neglect. When they afterwards became his not-far-distant neighbours in Northamptonshire, he had not even made those common inquiries for Lord Colebrooke demanded by ordinary civility.

“How could I suppose,” said Lady Adelaide, “that one so cold and graceless was cherishing towards me the tenderness of a lover?”

Lady Adelaide paused for a reply; but Helmsley had not presence of mind to utter a syllable.

“At length casual report acquainted us,” continued the lovely Laura, “of the family distresses which, naturally enough, were estranging the mind of Gerald Wroughton from his friends. We grieved for him, for through him we had learned to feel familiar with the unknown members of his family; to respect his brother and guardian—to admire and love that guardian's angelic wife. We pitied, therefore, and forgave our truant friend.”

“You were indeed indulgently forgiving!” exclaimed Sir William; “since, on his arrival here this winter, you received him again, and with the same familiar confidence into your circle!”

“Sufficient evidence, were proof wanting, that he was regarded as a mere acquaintance both by my father and myself! It is easy to forgive the fault of an indifferent person; while the ingratitude of those we *love* is an unpardonable offence!”

“Am I plainly to conclude, then,” cried Helmsley, accelerating his explanations, on perceiving that, a supper-room having been opened at the lower extremity of the gallery, the crowd of dancers was hurrying forward so as to render conversation or confidence impossible; “am I to conclude that my brother is without hope of?”

“Lady Adelaide—Lady Adelaide de Vere—my dear Lady Adelaide! I have been looking for you in all directions!” panted Mrs Longman-Tompkinson. “There's the Prince of Capua waiting to take me in to supper,” &c. &c.

While Sir William was following, with admiring eyes and an intoxicated fancy, the peerless beauty whom Prince Leopold conducted to the supper-rooms, an express arrived for him from England. Hewas summoned to the deathbed of his uncle; and, as his heir, he accordingly went to England, buried Lord Shropshire, and took possession of his estates and his splendid seat. He visited his children—the children of his adored Marcalla. It was but for one night. There was at Wroughton Hall too much of his lost wife—too much of his former home, of his past life—to harmonize agreeably with his present consciousness. New tortures were in reserve for him in this brief visit. Emma requested a private conversation:—

“Is there any hope for us?” she demanded; “or must

I make up my mind to witness the disgrace and misery of my poor Gerald? Is he or is he *not* to marry Lord Colebrooke's daughter?”

“Had you inquired of me a month ago,” replied her brother-in-law, “I should not have hesitated to answer, ‘he is.’ I knew that it was his desire—I fancied that it was his destiny. Circumstances have induced me to alter my opinion. I have reason to suppose that Lady Adelaide's sentiments are less favourable to Gerald's views than he once induced me to believe.”

“Thank God!” interrupted Emma Wroughton; “whether proceeding from coldness or fickleness, heaven keep her to her opposition! There would have been an end to all the happiness of the family, had that woman consented to marry my brother.”

“You express yourself too vehemently—you pronounce too harshly!” cried Lord Monthermer, with a heightened complexion. “Lady Adelaide de Vere is one of the most charming and accomplished women in Europe.”

The conversation proceeded, until Lord Monthermer at last entered warmly, and even angrily, upon the defence of Lady Adelaide. Emma asserted, upon the authority of respectable country neighbours, that Lord Sherburne, the persecuted husband of Lady Adelaide, had been more sinned against than sinning; that he had actually been driven out of his senses by witnesses suborned to impute crimes to him, of which he had, in fact, been, not the perpetrator, but the victim. Such was the judgment of society.

“Society!—what sort of society?” exclaimed Monthermer. “The circle of squires and parsons' wives of a country neighbourhood!”

Emma Wroughton, excited in her turn, could no longer restrain herself from observing—“My opinion of these people has not been wholly formed upon the testimony of our good neighbour, Mr de Ligne; it was from my dear sister that”—

“Enough, enough!” cried the agitated Monthermer, unwilling to trust himself to hear further. “Entertain what opinions you think proper; but, before you select me to become your auditor, it is but just I should inform you that I have no friends I regard more highly than the Colebrookes; that there is not a woman on earth I more truly admire than Lady Adelaide de Vere.” Emma started, but uttered not another syllable. As she bent over the pillows of her little nephew and niece ere she retired to rest, silent tears fell from her eyes in attestation of the shock she had received, and the terrors that were entering into her soul; nor could all Mrs Knowles's ejaculations in honour of my lord her master, who had presented her with a £50 note, in acknowledgment of her zealous discharge of her duties to the children during his absence, induce Miss Wroughton to utter a single syllable of applause. She passed a sleepless night; the most disturbed, the most painful since that succeeding the loss of her irreplaceable friend, the much-loved sister of her youth!

In London, on his return, the new peer, possessed of fifty thousand a-year and two charming seats, and accredited for at least one hundred thousand, became acquainted, among other luminaries, with the Duchess of Havering, the sister of Lord Colebrooke, and, consequently, the aunt of Lady Adelaide—a Woman of the World, and a woman of the day.

A widow, as far as woman is widowed by the social death of a husband buried alive in the vast vault of public business, the Duchess of Havering, still handsome, and at all times lively and clever, preserved, even at the perilous age of two-and-forty, an unblemished reputation.

The risks of that age, the Duchess of Havering had escaped. Downing Street and Palace Yard denied her the society of her husband, and she consoled herself *faute de mieux* with whist. She was not a gambler. She played as a past-time, not as a *kill-time*;

and her Grace's society being chiefly composed of whist-players, for the most part sagacious, able men, the Haverling coterie was far from contemptible.

The Duchess had just learned that her niece's marriage with Wroughton was broken off. Lord Monthermer, indeed, assured her Lady Adelaide had never entertained the slightest intention of giving her hand to his brother-in-law.

"And to whom, then, *does she intend to give it?*" cried the Duchess, almost with indignation. "This Mr Wroughton appears to have been a most unexceptionable match, and, according to report, attached to her for the last two years. Surely she does not intend to throw herself away on that ruined *toué*, Portumna?"

Her Grace recovered herself. Her niece, she said, had only encouraged Portumna to dangle after her, to torment the old Duchess of Kimbolton. Lady Adelaide was to be in town in May.

"Having (she added) no daughter, and *she* no mother, I have always treated her as a child of my own. It was I who wanted to make up that match for her with your cousin, Lord Bridgnorth, which, at one time, was all but settled. But they are calling me to order! My whist-table waits; and here, *en attendant*, (George, I want you!) allow me to present you to the Duke of Haverling." And the duke, who had just entered the room on his return from Windsor, bestowed ten minutes' attention upon the new peer, ere he quitted the house again, to pass the remainder of the night in the house of Drawbacks.

We would wish to make room for Sir Jacob Harford, the hoary, rich, shrewd, tolerably honest, Christian Jew; the banker, loan-contractor, stock-jobber, &c. &c., who, when encumbered with a blockhead of a nephew as his heir and successor, estimated his own vocation so much above statesmanship that he would not hear of bringing the young ass up to business; but despatched him to Eton to serve the preliminary apprenticeship, and be booked for a diplomat. We must, however, notice the millionaire thus slightly, to introduce another character:—

"Sir Jacob Harford has interest, then, with government?"

"Interest?—Why, he could buy a South American republic, anoint himself king, and treat *en souverain*, with the Foreign Office! Sir Jacob Harford commands anything of anybody that he chooses to ask for."

"Ay, ay?—I don't wonder, then," cried Lord Royston, "that Flaszaski has marked down the nephew for an intimate friend. I fancy poor Flash has been swimming out of his depth this long time past."

"I fancied Count Flaszaski was a man of family and fortune," said the naïf Monthermer.

"A man of tolerable connexions; but, from the times of the Chevalier de Grammont to our own, England has been the willing dupe of *les aventuriers de bonne maison*. John Bull is a lazy dog; he loves to be amused by his foreign guests; he loves to be taught to dress, eat his dinner, and behave himself, by any gay and graceful foreigner, more particularly when gifted, like Flaszaski, with mastery over his own temper and the frailties of other people."

"Ay! Flaszaski has them all hollow," cried Royston, stretching himself and yawning. "Artists, men of letters, men of fashion, press, populace—high, low, great, and small. Flash swears he has every editor in town in his pay, or in fear of his horsewhip. He has thrown dust or stuff in their eyes. A man who can ride, who is a crack shot, and a *gastrophile*, may do what he likes in England."

"Not altogether!" said Lord Carpynter, without raising his eyes from a new periodical. "Flaszaski has not yet found his way into good *femelle* society. Our ladies show their good taste; they admit him so very

handsome—very talented—very showy; but he is Count Flaszaski—he is not a safe man."

Flaszaski's style of managing editors is one of his best points. One morning he visited Lord Monthermer, exactly as Sir Jacob Harford withdrew. The city baronet, in an unusual fit of philanthropy, had called to warn the son of his old and honoured patron, Sir Robert Helmsley, from the snares of Lady Adelaide De Vere. A marriage with her would, he said, "be bigamy, a dishonoured acceptance, not worth a pea-straw." Lord Monthermer assured him that the divorce was legal; and, moreover, that Lord Sherburne was on his death-bed, and not expected to survive a week.

"In that case I have nothing to urge on the score of bigamy," coolly replied the old gentleman; "but I *will* say to the son of my old and honoured friend that he is about to throw himself away. Colebrooke married that girl after a fortnight's acquaintance to poor Sherburne, notoriously more than half a lunatic, to save herself or her reputation out of the clutch of Lord Portumna; and now he's going to fust her off on you that he may break up his establishment and live on what friends he has left."

"Knew it was running my head against a stone wall to argue with a man in love," cried the banker—"can't help it—done my duty to the dead and living—pity they hadn't managed to marry her to young Bridgnorth—there she'd have been paired as well as matched."

"You were acquainted with my cousin?"

"Knew him as one knows the pillory—by its bad name—nothing more—curious genius young Bridgnorth—made a figure in trade if he'd been born a cit—contrived to turn even his vices to account—made money by play—made money by the turf—made money by horses, dogs, carriages—drove a tilbury and a bargain better than *à la* a young fellow on the stones—a thriving pedler spoiled when Lord Bridgnorth was born to a peerage."

"My relations obtain as little quarter as my friends!" said Lord Monthermer, dreading what might chance to follow. "I am more graciously disposed towards you. How is Harford? When does he return to Naples?"

"Never. Lord Portumna, who pretends to have taken a fancy to him—a frightened spec, unless I'm much mistaken—is going to Russia, and has applied to the Foreign Office for Master Dick to bear him company."

"And what is Harford doing in the interim?"

"Making an ape of himself somewhere hereabouts—expected to have news of him from you—don't often see him in the city—shouldn't be sorry to settle him in life out of the way of such leeches as your Colebrookes and Portumnas."

"I should imagine there would be little difficulty in obtaining a suitable match for your nephew."

"Such as *he* or *you* might fancy suitable. I'm old-fashioned enough to care for allying myself with the daughter of an honest man; but, as I find the mischief-mongering newspapers have set it about that Dick Harford's heir to a couple of millions—we shall soon be having sealed tenders sent in for his hand—hope he'll be in better luck than others whom I could mention. Good morning, sir."

"*Bon jour, mon cher!*—was delight to see you!" cried Count Flaszaski, sauntering into the room which, on Sir Jacob's deliberate departure, Lord Monthermer in his dressing-gown was hastening to quit. "Was stop at my friend Lynchwell (your neighbour) door, ven I see your apothecaire drive off. *Ah! ce n'était pas l'apothicaire?—n'importe! Il en avait bien l'air—et mourri même de ses drogues.* Vell! I tink I was never should see you again! *D'abord que je vous fasse mon compliment.* I see by the journals you about to change your estates."

"Indeed, I was not aware of it! Which of them?" inquired Monthermer, referring Flaszaski's observation

to some advertisement or other, touching the Bridgworth property, issued by Messrs Cognovit.

"Vish? Your estates of solitary blessingness, as it was call in Inghiland. De morning papers assure you give de ball, becos you take de vife?"

"The morning papers! How annoying! how impertinent! What a curse is entailed by the officiousness of the newspapers in this country!"

"You give dem de liberty of de press, and dey take de liberties! Eh?—*c'est ça je crois, n'est ce pas?* But if dey bote you, vat more easily silence. I have got every journal of London in my pocket."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Monthermer, wondering how little the symmetry of the Count was distorted by so extensive a freight.

"I very well know how manage dem all. Some was de dirty *éditeur*, one should buy at so much per sheet. Some was de fashionab' *éditeur*, dont on graisse la patte vid oder things dan monies."

"With what?" demanded Monthermer, curious to learn the consistency of the last new-invented palm-oil.

"*Mais avec Phélie de roses!* I sake hand vid dem at de Opera—give dem de seat in my cab up St James' Street von rainy day, and tell dem *chez* Crockfor, dat de monstre vat I bearlead vas my banquier! De fashionab' *éditeur* vas love to hear it thought dey vas on de intimate foot' vid de fashionab' Graf von Flaszaski! *L'animal veut faire adroire à son espèce qu'il sait oïre—qu'il est des nôtres*—and so I make heem my own. I vas do vot I like vid de *journalistes*. De vorship my vit—my *bon-ton*—my *bonne mine*—my *aimabilité*—et s'il s'agissait de me trouver un beau jour moins aimable, ma foi, on en vient aux extrémités! Il y a toujours pour le coup, un coup de cravache!"

"You stand, I see, on no ceremony with your friends," said Monthermer, laughing at the gesture which Flaszaski suited to the word.

"Or dey would be vorse dan de enemy!" replied Flaszaski. "Will you dat I should arrange for you dis affair, pour que cela ne vous coûte rien?"

"Many thanks! The mischief is already done! Besides, the less one meddles in such matters, the less chance of dirtying one's fingers."

"Ah! you do not tink I would interfere personally? No! I vas have too many iron in de stove! I send vord to Monsieur l'éditeur, trough de great man of his partie—some *ex-chancelier* or lord of de *trésorerie* vot is to be. I got *mein freind*, Lor' Carpyntaire, to give his order to de Torie; I got *mein freind*, Lor' Loxley, give his ordaire to de Duke d'Esvering to give his ordaire to de Vig! Ah! I hav' *mein iron* every where in de stove!"

After endless balls, suppers, *déjeûners*, drawing-rooms, rides, operas, and also misadventures and *contretemps*, from which it requires all the wit and address of Lady Adelaide to extricate herself, Lord Monthermer is led to make his declaration in form; and the WOMAN OF THE WORLD, still keeping up her part, though graciously disposed, from those delicate scruples which enhance her purity and dignity of character with her lover, declines a positive engagement until the decease of "the unfortunate man whose name it was so painful for her to pronounce" should remove every legal obstacle to their union:—

"Why, then, expose me to sunyanets, when a few weeks, at most a few months, will annihilate them altogether?"

Lord Monthermer pressed in silence the beloved arm that was resting on his own.

"I bring you no fortune—I bring you nothing that the world accounts of value?"

"You bring me a treasure far, far beyond the estimation of vulgar minds!" interrupted Monthermer, with becoming spirit and magnanimity.

"I am not even so fortunate as to unite with yours a

name undimmed by the reproaches of the world. The malice of society has fearfully avenged upon me the distinctions conferred by the homage of a chosen few. It is therefore doubly incumbent on me to secure you, to secure myself—(suffer me to say *ourselves*)—from a renewal of the attacks which have sunk only too deep into my soul."

A most tender and confidential conversation ensued between the lovers, who chanced to be together at a *déjeûner* given at a fashionable villa. Lord Monthermer would that night have laid his head on his pillow a perfectly happy man, had he not been stung by the insect *attaché*:—

"Where have you been dining?" drawled Harford; "your eyes are sparkling and your cheeks burning with champagne!"

"My eyes sparkle with joy, and my cheeks are merely sunburnt," replied Monthermer, "for I did not dine at all. After breakfasting at Lady Glenvillian's, I went to the French play, from whence I am just arrived."

"At Lady Glenvillian's! Oh! you went to Lady Glenvillian's! Was it worth the bore of the ride?"

"I did not even ride, since you force me to be so circumstantial. The *déjeûner* was the pleasantest I ever experienced."

"Pleasant, was it? I could have got there, if I liked. But Lady Adelaide told me she had particular reasons for not wishing me to be there. Is she coming to-night?"

"I put her Ladyship into the carriage to go home after the French play," replied Lord Monthermer, coldly.

"The Devil you did!" was Mr Harford's polite rejoinder. And there was something in his tone of giving utterance to that brief phrase, which sent Lord Monthermer home to drink Seltzer water after his dinner of cold tongue and anchovy sandwiches, preparatory to a night of physical and moral indigestion.

Emma Wroughton had long been aware of her brother-in-law's fatal attachment. It was now about to be acknowledged. Her brother, Gerald—ruined in health and broken in heart, by the perfidy of the false one—was wandering in Greece. She would be compelled to make over to the care of the heartless and unprincipled woman, who had already inflicted so much misery upon those dearest to her, the charge of her beloved sister's children. Lord Monthermer had only permitted her to retain them so long in pity to her devoted fondness, and in compliance with her earnest entreaties. But now they must be given up; and she was miserable.

The unambitious Emma had a lover;—he was Basil Hamilton, the college friend of her brother Gerald, a poor curate, though a spirited, amiable, and well-born gentleman. He had lately, by the unexpected kindness of a country friend of the Wroughtons, who knew of the attachment, obtained a living of a thousand a-year in the neighbourhood of the Hall. His own two hundred, and Emma's fortune, might make up a competent income; and he had just obtained the promise of the hand of the woman whose heart he had long possessed. Hamilton had already written for the approbation of his friend Gerald; and, in the interim, came to London, on a sort of family mission from Emma, to ascertain the plans of the father of her sister's children. He was much in good society, and saw Lady Adelaide with the enlightened eyes of the lover of Emma, and the friend of Gerald. Hamilton,

though he would not travel on Sunday, had no objections to an opera on a Saturday night; and, on one occasion, he heard a party of noble loungers, whom he accompanied to the opera, talk thus of Emma's feeble-minded kinsman:—

"I vow to heaven!" cried Royston, "'tis too provoking to see such a good fellow as Monthermer so imposed upon! Now, do observe how he has taken up his post in her box, waiting till she condescends to make her appearance, that he may be on the spot to hand her to a seat! I never saw a man more devoted, or so thrown away."

Young Harford said nothing. A significant smile overspread his insipid features.

"She is certainly a splendid creature," added Sir William Willets, as the little *attaché* minced his steps away from them towards the staircase.

"Splendid!" ejaculated Flaszaski, who had his misgivings respecting the sable coat of their companion. "But I could no more *lose* such a woman, than I could eat a vaxen fruit. From de once a man convince himself of a woman's absolute corruptions, I can understand he give up to her everythings—except his time. But von's life is so precious to throw away!—and Monthermer, he pass his *life* at de feet of Lady Adelheid."

The group of *roués* now proceeded to canvass other beauties gracing the gay assemblage around them, with a degree of freedom revolting to the ears of their companions.

But he noticed also, that, free as was the mode of discussion among his new acquaintance, not a woman present, however notoriously lost in reputation, incurred the opprobrious epithets attached to Lady Adelaide de Vere. For the sentence pronounced upon the most offending of the unchaste, there was some qualifying clause:—"Lady A. was such a kind-hearted creature."—"Lady B. so friendly, so charitable."—"Mrs C. so unapt to indulge in ill-natured remarks."—"Lady D. such a good mother, or such an affectionate sister." But in Lady Adelaide's case, not a word of mitigation! Lady Adelaide they regarded as that monstrous thing—a woman without a heart:—

"Like to the apples on the Dead Sea shore,
All ashes to the taste!"

a speculatress, an *intrigante*, a *chevalière d'industrie* in that worst species of gambling, which stakes every gift that ought to be held holy and precious among women, against a title and a marriage settlement!

Basil Hamilton was deeply grieved. He was almost sorry when the recommencement of the opera put an end to revelations which every moment tended to arm him with strong resolutions. Two days before, his great anxiety had been to conciliate the good-will of Monthermer, as guardian to Emma Wroughton. All he now desired was an opportunity to excite his overlasted displeasure, by warning him against the dangers of his connexion with Lady Adelaide de Vere.

Yet, even the sedate and enamoured Hamilton, the betrothed of Emma, could not look upon that radiantly-beautiful countenance, that graceful form, without owning the influence of the indelible charms of Lady Adelaide; and he accordingly, for the present, suppressed his purpose, and resolved to inquire farther. Lord Monthermer travelled down with him to Northamptonshire, to witness the marriage of Emma, and pave the way for his own by the removal of the children. He meditated liberal and gracious designs for Hamilton and his bride, but he beat about the bush on other topics. He could not, at once, say—"I am come to take the children of Marcella, and transfer them to the maternal care of Lady Adelaide de Vere." On visiting the family at Wroughton Hall, the day after his arrival, he found Hamilton seated between Emma

and her aunt, under the shade of a group of fine beech trees. He announced his generous intentions for the young couple, approached the subject of his own projects, and hesitated:—

The appearance of Harry and his sister on the gravel-walk, with a wheelbarrow containing their gardening implements and the slouched straw hats intended to shade their little faces from the sun, suggested a text for his discourse; and after having, for the twentieth time, assured Miss Wroughton she had every prospect of being the happiest of women, he launched forth into a prophecy that, in the domestic joys of such a lot, she must necessarily lose sight of her adopted pupils.

"Never!" was Emma Wroughton's fervent reply; "that is," added she, in a qualifying tone, "never, so long as you wish me to retain the control of their education."

"Do you imagine me so unreasonable as to protract such an occupation, now?" demanded Monthermer, with a smile intended to disguise his agitation. "No, no, Emma! I know too well what reliance is to be placed on bridal resolutions. Hitherto, you have had no will but your own—henceforward you must submit yourself to that of Hamilton."

"In the present case, Hamilton's is *hers*," replied Basil, with a cordial, affectionate smile.

"Make no rash vows!" resumed her agitated brother-in-law. "Nay, my dear Emma, I had better at once remove your scruples of conscience, by avowing that the dear children are likely to receive such a compensation for their loss as will render it less important to their future happiness. They will soon, I trust, find an affectionate mother in Lady Adelaide de Vere; and my house a mistress delighting to welcome you to a roof which you must still regard as a second home."

Emma made two efforts to speak; but, without tears, it was impossible. Basil sat as silent from surprise, as Miss Wroughton from mortification; while Aunt Margaret, "frighted from her propriety," suddenly exploded, with—"Well, God's will be done! I always feared it would be so!—I am sure Lord Monthermer, I congratulate you with all my heart—that is, I mean, I heartily hope it may all turn out for your happiness."

"When is the event to take place?" was Emma's abrupt and sole inquiry.

It was strange! The announcement of her own match, and Basil's presence in the house, had created no embarrassment among the parties. So well did their characters assimilate, that it appeared as if he had been always a dweller among them—an offset from the family. But a mere hint from Monthermer that the children were likely to have a mother-in-law, seemed to raise up an iron barrier in the midst of the family!

Lord Monthermer was deeply mortified. However amiable his disposition, the frame of his mind was far from lofty; and he had flattered himself that it would be impossible for Emma and Aunt Margaret to hold out against his choice, at the moment he was securing to them so splendid a share of the good things of this world, in place of the modest competence they had anticipated. As if a few hundreds a year more or less could silence the suggestions of their plain good sense!

It was a glorious evening—one of those days of the English year which repay our many months of humidity and gloom, by snatches of atmospheric enjoyment unattainable in climates of better renown. They were pleased to hear Monthermer avow, that, even in Italy he had seen nothing so attractive, so venerable, so refreshing, as that unpretending woodland scene. They were glad to find that his taste was not thoroughly corrupted; that the interests of home were still potent over his feelings.

Instead of withdrawing, according to their custom, at the close of the desert, to the neighbouring saloon, Emma and aunt Margaret were about to step from the dining-room to the lawn, when the searching eye of the latter, suddenly directed from the threshold towards the long line of carriage-road winding through the domain, discerned that a carriage had entered the park.

"Some neighbourly visit! was the conclusion of the rest of the circle; and, on any other evening of the year, such an incident, at such an hour, would have been felt a tiresome interruption."

The visitor was Gerald, the dying Gerald!—who had hurried to England, that he might spend his latest breath in warning his infatuated brother-in-law, and that done die at home! He would listen to no remonstrance of his medical attendants. When seized with fainting-fits on the road, he still pressed forward in spite of them. "I may be yet in time," burst continually from his parched lips. Emma, dreading the agitating effects of an explanation to the sinking invalid, entreated, for the present, Lord Monthermer to avoid being alone with him:—

"Why should you imagine that he has anything important to communicate to me?" inquired Monthermer. But, in spite of his Lordship's assumed composure, there was no disguising the tremor of his voice or the quivering of his lips with which the inquiry was spoken. He was completely unhinged.

"I do not *imagine* it—I *know* it!" replied Emma. "The few broken sentences in which, last night, he alluded to his return and its motives, convince me (pardon me, it is a moment to speak plainly) that Gerald is dying a victim to his miserable attachment; and that he cannot expire in peace till he has confided to you the secret of his sufferings,—perhaps of his wrongs."

"In that case," said Monthermer, pale with conflicting emotions, "it will be better for me this moment to leave the house. I can listen to nothing, I will listen to nothing, even from Gerald, detrimental to her."

"Leave us?—at such a moment?" cried Emma, scarcely repressing her indignation. "Is the influence of such a woman, then, so fatal to every generous impulse, that your nature is already thus changed? Would you abandon my brother, who, at the risk of his few remaining hours, has travelled so many hundred miles to see you and to do you service? Gracious Heavens! is it the husband of my dear Marcella, who evinces so little consideration for those who are dear to her; those to whom she made him dear!"—Miss Wroughton burst from the room to hide her indignant tears, as she uttered these words of unusual bitterness; but it was a comfort to her to learn, when, an hour or two afterwards, she inquired for Lord Monthermer, that he had not yet quitted the house.

The explanation of the dying man was at length given. The proofs of Lady Adelaide's utter worthlessness were irrefragable. Lord Monthermer could not avoid listening to Gerald's dying words, but he had pre-determined not to believe them:—

Yet how to withhold his faith when the mild, broken voice of Gerald sounded in his ears—that voice which, even in sport, he had never heard utter an untruth! The accusations it conveyed were spoken in no exacerbation of spirit. He simply alluded to the blandishments with which he had been courted to Lord Colebrooke's house, to the flatteries lavished on him, the tokens of affection; and, as he pursued his patient narrative, Lord Monthermer's personal experience afforded painful confirmation that the siren's modes of fascination were habitual.

"Till the day of your quitting Naples," continued Gerald, wiping the cold dew from his forehead, "I received constant assurances of her attachment. Nothing but the formality of acceptance by her father was wanting to the ratification of our engagement. She knew that a lock of her hair was treasured next my heart: I now resign it to you, Monthermer, that you may restore it to her after my release from all earthly passions—all human engagements! She knew that her letters were valued as my dearest of earthly possessions; containing as they did such assurances of tenderness as one less in-

experienced than myself in the hypocrisies of life might have received, as I did, with respect—with gratitude—with rapture. These also, my friend, restore to her in my name; and, having once seen them in your hands, Lady Adelaide de Vere will know that any future union between you becomes impossible."

"I will execute the commissions with which you see fit to intrust me," said Monthermer, when the pause occasioned by Gerald's physical exhaustion seemed to demand a reply; "but do not expect me to pledge myself by promises till I have heard her vindication. My honour is too deeply involved to admit of withdrawing from my engagements without positive proof of unworthiness. Admitting all your charges, to what do they amount? That she encouraged your addresses—accepted the offering of your affections—and bestowed a lock of her hair on him upon whom she intended to bestow her hand! A more intimate acquaintance, it seems, convinced her that such a marriage would be fatal to the happiness of both, and she withdrew her consent! She was wise enough to know that a greater injury would be inflicted on you by an ill-assorted marriage, than by a momentary disappointment; and, if sufficiently confident in your honour to leave unclaimed in your hands the tokens of former regard, entertained little apprehensions that they would be made instrumental in the destruction of her future happiness!"

"The reproach touches me not," replied Wroughton. "The gifts and letters of Lady Adelaide de Vere remained in my hands only because I resisted her attempts, backed by the insolence of Lord Portumna, to recall them to her possession. I told her I would resign them but with my life. Misunderstanding my declaration, her lover did not persevere in his demand at the risk of his own; and now I fulfil my promise, for with my life I am about to resign them!"

"Her lover?" cried Monthermer, with a start. "Would you infer that Lord Portumna is attached to Lady Adelaide de Vere?"

"Not sufficiently so, at least, to make her his wife. It was by him I was suggested to her as a weak, willing husband—a husband to be duped and wronged—a husband whose fortune would defray her debts, and whose hand establish her position in the eyes of the world."

"You admit, then, that Adelaide's feelings had at no time any influence in her engagement with you," demanded the infatuated Monthermer.

"I admit that, in accepting me, she acted wholly under the influence of Portumna; and I assert that it was also his worldly wisdom which, on your accession of fortune, determined her to break with me, and direct her arts of attraction towards yourself. I ask you in all candour, Monthermer, till that fatal ball, had you the slightest reason to doubt her regard for myself, or suspect her preference?"

Monthermer was silent.

"By Lord Portumna was the news of Lord Shropshire's death communicated to her, before it reached his heir. Such was the honourable prompting which suggested her conduct that night! What it has since been your observations can best determine. But enough!—I have done my duty, even at the risk of estranging your good-will at a period when I can little afford to part with the sustaining affection of a friend. My peace of conscience, dear Monthermer, must recompense me for all I am losing in your regard!"

"Bear with me!" replied Lord Monthermer, extending his hand towards Gerald, after a pause of deep emotion. "None better than yourself can estimate the difficulty of dismissing from the heart a deeply-cherished affection. You know the power of this woman. Bear with me!"

Lord Monthermer disappeared for many days. When he returned, he sought a private interview with Gerald, who still lingered on. What passed between them did not transpire to the family; but from that moment confidence was restored between the brothers during the short

period that Gerald survived. But even to Emma, even to the dying man, Lord Monthermer had not been able to communicate the particulars of his reception from the *WOMAN OF THE WORLD*. When he appeared with Gerald's message—

The calm, well-bred, well-affected surprise expressed by Lady Adelaide at his blindness in "not discovering at their last interview the determination she had taken to decline a nearer engagement with one whom she found herself unable to requite with the affection indispensable to so solemn a contract," might have been mistaken for truth, had not Gerald's previous experience led him to see through the flimsy folds of such bitter irony. That she chose to anticipate his withdrawal, a withdrawal which honour alone had forbidden him to attempt, was sufficiently plain. But this, he fancied, afforded at least proof of her disinterestedness. She might have clung to the engagement; she might have asserted her claims. Her cold dignified rejection restored her in some degree to his esteem.

"Do not deceive yourself! She is incapable of a generous thought or action!" was Gerald's commentary on this implied commendation.

The sequel proved the truth of his opinion. Old Sir Jacob had died in the interval; and his heir, the little attaché, now Sir Harry Harford, was twice as rich as the discarded peer, who, moreover, had got his eyes opened. And soon—

Not a chit-chatter of fashion in Paris, not a scribbler of delicate scandals to delicate friends in Park Lane, but covered their reams of satin paper with envious details of the Harfords' acquisitions—the Harfords' fêtes—the Harfords' triumphs; and above all of the merits and charming manners of Lady Adelaide!—"she was such a delightful creature—such an ornament to society—so graceful, so gracious, so truly amiable!"

"I always knew you would find her so!" was the reply of the Duchess of Havering. "My niece has hitherto occupied a false position. But her true character will now be seen."—"So long as she remained with her father, she was sure to share the odium of his Lordship's embarrassments," said Mr Strangways, not reflecting on how many persons present the odium of embarrassed affairs might happen to be reflected.

"So long as she remained single, the world was always marrying her to some one or other, and getting up some idle story to account for the non-fulfilment of its prophecies," added Lady Mary Mitchell.

• • "They said she was to marry Lord Portunna."

"There never was any idea of the kind!" asserted the Duchess.

"Of course not! Portunna is what is called a rising man," observed St Leger Kerr; "and rising men are never marrying men."

"Why to what can Lord Portunna rise?" demanded Lady Mary. "You talk of him as if he were a political adventurer!"

"He may rise to a pension, an earldom, and the garter. —A poor Irish lord, and a hanger-on upon government —what is he but a political adventurer? It would have been ruin to him and her, had he allied himself with Lady Adelaide de Vere."

"Then there was that young Mr Wroughton at Naples," said Lady Mary; "he was really a charming person!"

"But so *borné*—so totally unfit for a woman of Adelaide's mind and sensibility!" interposed the Duchess.

"And, after all, a mere Northamptonshire squire!" echoed Lady Chertsey, who stood upon her countesship. "One could not expect Lady Adelaide de Vere to throw herself away on a Northamptonshire squire!"

"One did, however, expect to see her throw herself away on Lord Monthermer," said St Leger Kerr, with a significant smile.

"On Lord Monthermer?—Fie!—a total incompatibility of habits and pursuits," said the Duchess of Havering, in a confidential tone. "At one time I fancy Adelaide was really disposed to like Lord Monthermer. But on a more intimate acquaintance, we found him so susceptible—so jealous—so difficult to live with—that she was advised to give the preference to Sir Henry Harford, whose position in the world is equally brilliant, and whose character far more amiable.—I never saw a more amiable person than Sir Henry Harford! Monthermer will marry some neighbour's daughter; and London will not lose the attraction of a being so formed to become an ornament to society as my niece."

"She is certainly quite a woman of the world!" added Lady Mary Mitchell, intending to convey a compliment; "and a most charming creature!"

"The great test of merit is success," said St Leger Kerr. "Lady Adelaide has carried off the best match of the day—*ergo*, she is the most meritorious woman."

The world listened—and confirmed the decree!

Such is the world of fashion and its most meritorious women; and the silent moral is far more impressive than if the author had visited the heroine with strict poetic justice, and tagged a long homily to the end of her vivacious narrative.

SONNETS FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

Su la Chioma Reclina.

ARE these the knots of gold, is this the hair,
Whether in curls or fillet, or entwined
With various gems and pearls, or unconfined
And scattered to the breeze, always so rare?
To spoil, the vermillion living there,
That living alabaster, who resigned?
Those brethren, left more fortunate behind?
That face, than every other face more fair?
Unlearned Physician, did thy science know
No aid, no remedy, but thus to sever
Such precious hair from so revered a head?
Yet say thy Phœbus willed it should be so;
That his own locks, when these were perished,
Before all else might rank themselves for ever.

What Indian ivory, or marble white
From Paros' isle, or ebony obscure,
What silver so refined, what gold so pure,
What crystal so transparent, amber bright,
What sculptor's hand, or skilful artist's sleight,
Shall form a vase, wherein laid up secure,
The hair, that was my Lady's, may endure,
Secured from her, its melancholy plight?

For, mindful of that lofty brow, and those
Vermilion cheeks, those radiant eyes, those fair
And rosy lips, and every grace she shews,
It could not, though like Berenice's hair,
Among the stars received, to heaven it rose,
Find comfort or an end to sorrow there.

Whene'er I think upon that golden hair,
(Alas! a thousand, thousand times a-day!)
More by mistake from all those treasures rare,
Than needfully or wisely torn away,
My face is flushed with anger and despair;
And many tears adown my cheeks there stray
From hour to hour, and I die with care
To make those impious hands atonement pay.
That they should pass unpunished, Love, by thee,
Is shameful! Bacchus made the Thracian king
Pay very dear for every fallen tree:
And thou, greater than he, when wretches bring
Spoil on thy treasures that most precious be,
Lookst on, composed and silent, wondering!

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

Not very many years have elapsed since it first began to be felt that some sort of education was essential, or might be advantageous, to the working classes of this country. It was not very clearly laid down what advantages were to follow the instruction of the People, nor what kind of education should be given. Many were altogether opposed to it; and others treated the proposal with indifference or neglect. Of those who were favourable to the education of the People, some, no doubt, thought it might be made a tub to amuse the whale, and distract its attention from state affairs. Some desired that the working classes should be made acquainted with the principles of their trades, that they might be better workmen, and thereby more useful to their employers. Others thought that, if workmen were educated, they would have a chance of improving their condition, by rising in their profession, forgetting that *all* could not rise, and that this would only aid those who would likely have risen without it. Another class thought that education would make the people more orderly, better members of society, and more disposed to be peaceable and obedient; and there were many who took a higher view of the objects of educating the masses, and promoted this great cause with the view of rendering the People more happy, in whatever condition they might be, more comfortable in their circumstances, and, by knowledge and mental culture, preparing them to appreciate the rights and better perform the duties of men and citizens. From the poverty and apathy of the working classes themselves, the indifference of the government and greater portion of the public, and the loose and confused notions which prevailed upon the subject, little was done for a very long period; and that little was not based on any comprehensive system, or on a clear view of the wants of the people, but doled out irregularly and in snatches, as circumstances happened to be favourable. Still, however, popular education advanced, and almost everywhere attempts have been made—and, in some instances, attended with a tolerable degree of success—to establish something like COLLEGES FOR THE PEOPLE, or, as they are generally termed, MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS. These are the growth entirely of the present century—we may almost say, of the last twenty years; and, within the last few years, they have increased considerably. All large towns, and almost every village, has its MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, SCHOOL OF ARTS, ASSOCIATION FOR POPULAR LECTURES, or, in short, some institution in which lectures are delivered on various subjects, at hours and on terms which enable the working classes to attend, and generally having a library, to which those attending the lectures have free access. In most places where they have been established for a few years, they have taken firm root, and acquired con-

siderable influence; and it is now apparent, from the hold they have obtained, that they may be made available for influencing in no small degree the character and habits of the mass of the People. We, therefore, propose here to inquire what they are doing for the People, whether they are doing all that they might do, in what they are deficient, what are the main obstacles impeding their usefulness, and how these obstacles may be removed, and their defects supplied.

We do not stop now to discuss the question, Shall the People be educated or not? That question is settled. Education of a certain kind they are getting, and of that more and more every day. Newspapers, cheap magazines, libraries, reading-rooms, lectures, addresses, unions and associations, and conversation, (if it were nothing else,) are educating the masses; and not merely giving them information in literature and science, but teaching them their political rights, shewing them the wrongs in their social condition and unfolding their causes, exciting them to procure redress by their own exertions, teaching them to combine and to act. And now, they *will* act, meet, consult, discuss everything that bears on their interests, address, petition, agitate, and in no small degree influence the affairs of the country. The whole question is, Can that education and that influence be directed, so as to give them the most salutary tendency?

1. *What is taught at Mechanics' Institutions.*

About the time when these Institutions were beginning to start up, there was literally a rage for the study of physical science. It had lately received some powerful impulses, was making rapid advances, and attaining a completeness which fitted it for being made a branch of popular instruction. A number of important discoveries, throwing light on the phenomena of nature and art, had recently been made; and all the world were excited about the wonders of geology, electricity, chemistry, &c. The arts and manufactures were at the same time making rapid strides, and the application of the principles of science to their improvement was looked to with the most sanguine expectations. Accordingly—physical science presenting the most complete and systematic body of knowledge possessed by man at the time, and great results being anticipated by making the operatives acquainted with the principles of their trades—when institutions were established for the education of the People, the experimental sciences occupied the chief place in the various courses of instruction, and their application to the arts was held out as a leading inducement to attract the working classes.

In the London Mechanics' Institution, the subjects taught, either by lecture or in private classes are, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Practical

Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, Geography, Phrenology, Literature, English Grammar, Composition, Writing, Arithmetic and Algebra, Geometry, Drawing, Modelling, Music, French, Latin, Short-hand, and the Arts. There is a reading-room and a library.

In the MANCHESTER Mechanics' Institution, the subjects of instruction are, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, Chemistry, Geology, Arts and Manufactures, Literature, Physiology, Grammar, Elocution, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry, Music. There is a library and a school for the children of the members.

In the LIVERPOOL Mechanics' Institution, the leading courses of instruction are, on Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Grammar and Composition, Writing and Arithmetic, Mathematics, Music, Drawing, Geography, French. There is a library, a reading-room, and a day-school.

In SHEFFIELD and BIRMINGHAM, the subjects of instruction are similar to the above, but the courses are not so complete.

In the EDINBURGH School of Arts, the stated branches of education are, Arithmetic and Mathematics, Drawing, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry; and there are occasional courses on Geology, Natural History, Physiology. There is also a library.

In the Andersonian Institution of GLASGOW, the stated classes are, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry. In the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution, the only fixed subjects are, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; but there are occasional courses on Botany, Natural History, Physiology, Phrenology, History, Political Economy. In the suburban Institutions of Glasgow, the leading branches of instruction are the same. To all there are libraries attached, and the Mechanics' Institution has also established a reading-room.

The above may be taken as a sample of the whole. They are in the principal towns, and are the oldest established, and most of the other institutions for popular instruction are founded on some of these as models. The standing dishes, or staple commodities, in them all, are, CHEMISTRY and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. There are occasional lectures on the other branches of science; instruction in some elementary branches, such as Writing, Drawing, Geometry, Composition; and, now and then, a course, or a few lectures, on PHYSIOLOGY and POLITICAL ECONOMY.

2. What that Instruction will do.

Such being the general course of instruction pursued at the only institutions where the People can acquire any education, we must next inquire what that instruction is capable of effecting. There are various kinds and degrees of knowledge, and the fruit to be gathered must depend upon the seed that is sown. The education given at Mechanics' Institutions will unquestionably tend to improve the People as operatives, to assist those whose talents and industry render them capable of rising above the station in which

they have set out, and, by extending the knowledge of the principles of science, and their application to the arts among artisans, to promote the improvement and advance of the useful arts. In these respects alone, Mechanics' Institutions have been of great service, and, if they did nothing more, are entitled to public encouragement and support.

But the application of science to the arts is not the only object of scientific instruction. The study of the sciences has a value of another and a higher kind than the improvement of the arts, and ministering to the physical wants of mankind. By implanting a knowledge of the works of nature and art in the mind, we are supplying a want of human nature too much lost sight of—the means of agreeable, harmless, and rational recreation for leisure hours. In teaching men to derive pleasure from a knowledge of the beauties and wonders of nature, we furnish an attractive pursuit to direct the attention from other modes of spending leisure time, which are the bane of high and low, rich and poor, in this country. This is an object of very great importance: it is not during the hours of labour, but during those of recreation, that idle and pernicious habits are acquired; and to occupy our leisure hours in a rational and improving manner, is the surest mode of preventing the growth of those moral weeds that overrun every waste, uncultivated mind. It is universally felt that the pursuits of literature and science tend eminently to refine and civilise, to raise the standard of mind, elevate above greivelling pursuits, and impart dignity of character and self-respect. By the extension and completeness which it has now obtained, the many singular phenomena which it unfolds, and the beautiful general laws and relations which are daily developed, science is becoming more and more adapted for the noblest end of all study—to interest, excite, and develop the intellectual powers, and direct the mind to pleasures of a refined and elevated character. Science becomes peculiarly adapted for these ends when it rises from facts to principles, when its isolated phenomena gather into general laws. We cannot suppose that the great amount of scientific knowledge now acquired, has been designed merely to be applied to the arts and manufactures, to increase the quantity and improve the quality of goods! While we contemplate with satisfaction the progress of the useful arts, and the national prosperity as connected with that, let us not forget, as in this trading community we are too apt to do, that that is not the highest application of science; that these results are poor indeed, if they are not accompanied with moral and intellectual advancement; and that the cultivation of scientific pursuits is always found to have a beneficial effect on the temper and conduct, and will aid in no small degree in promoting the true end of all study—advancing mankind to a higher standard of thought, feeling, and action. And here, do not let us imagine that physical science, because it does not share directly upon the moral or intellectual faculties

of man, is of little value for the improvement of the mind. This would be a narrow view indeed. When the thinking principle has been set in motion, no power can stop it. Any science or study whatever that leads a man to think—that furnishes him with the materials for the exercise of his intellectual powers, incites them to action, and keeps up for a time some degree of mental training—must improve these faculties, and render them more fit for exercise on any other topics to which his attention may be turned. It will aid in generating a habit of reflection; and, when that has once been formed, it will not be confined to the abstract science which gave it birth, or promoted its development, but will soon overleap this narrow boundary, and extend its range to his moral condition, and that of the world around him—to the study of living man, the materials for which are so constantly thrust upon his notice, and so important for him to be acquainted with.

We often hear knowledge and education recommended, that its possessors may have a chance of succeeding better in their worldly career—of rising in the world. This is one of the most common inducements held out to incite to the acquisition; and is generally illustrated by the instance of some individual who, by the aid of superior knowledge, has risen to a high estate from very small beginnings. But this is not the proper motive. This is connected with the low ambition of being above other people. This vulgar desire should be checked, or at least moderated. It is a mean motive for study. Besides, if all were educated, which should be the case, all would be on a par in this respect. There would be no advantage, no distinction, except that of natural talent, which exists independent of education. Though all, however, cannot be raised to wealth and dignity, all may, by knowledge, extend their sources of personal improvement and rational pleasure, and thus make themselves *wiser, happier, better*, in whatever condition they may be. That is the true end of education. The grand aim should be, not to teach a man how to be a richer or greater man than his neighbour, but how to render himself a more rational, happy, and better-conducted being than he himself was before. This end is attainable by all; and should be held out as the great prize, which every one may gain, who devotes some of his spare time to the cultivation of his mind in the delightful walks of literature and science.

We thus regard instruction in literature and physical science as of very great value to all classes of society. To the masses, it cannot but be beneficial, as a means of mental discipline, of exercising and improving the understanding, preparing for higher studies, and thereby rendering them more fit for the various complicated duties, as men and as citizens, which they may be called on to perform. By furnishing the mind of the workman with the materials for thinking, implanting the taste and giving the capacity for a vast field of delightful study in

literature, science, history, &c., it will enable him and render him more likely to pass his leisure hours in an agreeable and rational manner, which must conduce to his improvement. How have the country gentry, the Squire Westerns, been reclaimed from the state of ferocious ignorance which characterised them in the last century? By the press—by literature and science. May not—nay, will not the same means produce a similar beneficial change, and elevate the condition of the people? This change is taking place, though slowly. Popular education is bearing good fruit, as is shewn in the well-known improvement in the characters of those who take advantage of the opportunities of education now held out.

3. *What is left undone by Mechanics' Institutions.*

While we willingly admit that the above institutions have done, and are doing, much to improve the character and condition of the people, and will lend a powerful aid in the advance of civilization, we cannot help thinking that they might do a great deal more. There can be no doubt that they must tend to stimulate thought, and improve the habits of those who avail themselves of the opportunities they afford. But the fullest instruction in physical science cannot avail much towards moral or social improvement. It may aid indirectly, by cultivating the mental powers, and furnishing to some minds a resource against idleness and the evils that follow in her train. These, however, are but negative and secondary in their action; and, unless something positive be done, to direct the attention of the industrious classes to the moral, physical, and social evils by which they are depressed, to furnish them with full and correct information on these, shew the constant and powerful influence they exert on their condition, point out their sources, and enforce the necessity, and give instruction on the means of correcting them, comparatively little improvement can be looked for. Physical science can never do this. It may sharpen the mental tools, but it does not furnish the materials upon which these must work to improve man's condition. It may make him a more reasonable and orderly being, better able for the exercise of his higher powers; but it does not furnish him with that knowledge which will direct him to the most important application of them.

In Mechanics' Institutions, everything seems to be taught. Inanimate nature, science, the useful arts, the fine arts, literature—all receive a plentiful share of the student's attention. There is one omission; but it is like the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out. There is one subject wanting. But, in importance, that one subject would outweigh all the others. That subject is MAN. The earth, the air, the heavens are explored; plants and the lower animals are elaborately explained; the phenomena of the various experimental sciences are exhibited, and their principles studied;—but MAN—his nature and relations, the action of the external world

upon him, his condition in society, his physical constitution—are neglected, or only honoured with an occasional and trifling notice. This is a very serious defect. Every one knows and admits that, without knowledge of himself in his various and complex relations, no one can look for any rational or enduring happiness. "Know thyself," said the ancient sage. This is enforced by the poet in the well-known line—

"The proper study of mankind is man."

And SAMUEL JOHNSON, the great sage of modern times, remarks—"The knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind." "We are perpetually moralists, we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence that one man may know another half his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears." For example, what does it avail a man to know the size, distance, and motions of the sun and planets, if he is ignorant of his own physical constitution, of the ordinary circumstances of air, diet, regimen, &c., which affect his health, and of the means of avoiding or counteracting any noxious tendencies of external influences upon him? Of what service is it to him to know the longitude and latitude, climate, history, &c., of the Russian or Chinese empire, if he has not attended to the laws and institutions of his own country, if he has not studied the bearing of these upon his condition, the manner in which they might be rendered more equitable and advantageous for him, his position as a member of a community bound together in many complex relations, his rights, and the duties which devolve upon him? What benefit worth speaking of can he derive from curious descriptions of the structure, habits, &c., of the lower animals or plants, when he is ignorant of the nature of his own children, of their physical wants and feelings, their moral nature, the discipline proper for rearing them up so as to be useful members of society; not awake to the great truths, that the formation of their characters and habits is in his hands; that the education, be it good or bad, which influences them most, is his example? To teach him these, which affect his condition in so many ways, and enable him to reflect properly upon his situation, to give a method and fixedness to his system of conduct, render him less the victim of nursery prejudices, or the creature of momentary impulse and wild enthusiasm, impress him with a due sense of the importance of his rights and duties, something more is necessary than information on physical science.

"Not to know at large of things remote

From use, obscure, and subtle; but to know

That which before us lies in daily life,

Is the prime wisdom."

The want of such instruction as we have alluded to, is felt by the more intelligent and

influential part of the labouring classes themselves. This is shewn by the character of the cheap magazines which circulate amongst them, and by the attempts lately made in many places, to establish *working men's associations*, having for their objects the enlightening of the people on these very points. Also, this is indirectly shewn by the fact that the great body of the people—the working classes—the artisans—do not frequent the Mechanics' Institutions. The halls of these places are filled by the middle classes, clerks, shopmen, warehousemen, merchants, manufacturers, students, and the youths of the middle and upper orders; not by the operatives, except in very small proportion. A mind, however, has been infused into the latter class. They feel that their situation is uncomfortable. They see (or suppose they see) certain causes conducing to their present depressed state. They think chiefly about how to remove these sources of distress and improve their condition; and, with these feelings, they cannot be expected to sit down quietly, and amuse themselves with chemistry or geology, botany or astronomy. Their minds are intent upon one study—how are they to better their circumstances. The great mass of the working classes live in the precarious state graphically termed—from hand to mouth. They are indifferently supplied with the comforts of life, and seldom reach any of its luxuries. A trifling depression of trade reduces a very large portion of them to destitution, or, at least, to a very meagre supply of the necessities of existence; and such depressions very frequently occur. If the obstacles to their happiness and comfort are caused by their own conduct solely, announce that to them, shew them wherein they err, teach them how to avoid the causes of these evils, and, if possible, aid them by such institutions as may be thought likely to have a good effect. Convince them that their miseries are all of their own creating, and explain to them, if it be so, that laws, modes of government, institutions, can be of no assistance. Reason and truth will surely prevail. But, if their distresses are in great part caused by harsh and unequal laws, by restrictions in the free exercise of their occupations, by the oppressive nature of some institutions, and the deficiency of others—if they have begun to perceive the unfavourable operation of these causes, have acquired the opinion that they may be removed, and see that their own efforts are necessary to remove them—it is not likely that their attention will be easily drawn from the sores under which they are smarting, and the means of relief, the great object on which they are intent, which they naturally look upon as the one thing needful for them. And institutions designed to convey useful knowledge to the great mass of working men, professing to be for their behoof, should not neglect, or pass by utterly without notice, the subjects in which those for whose benefit the institutions were designed have, or conceive they have, so deep an interest. They should be instructed that they are among, and

content under admonition, and then they may take the benefit of the scientific instruction provided for them; or be assisted in procuring the knowledge they believe to be so essential to promote their interests. It may be said of institutions designed for the good of the people, which neglect these vital topics, that, when the people ask bread, they give them a stone.

4. *Of the obstacles to the efficiency of Mechanics' Institutions.*

In offering a few hints on the subject of Mechanics' Institutions, we cannot omit noticing several circumstances which oppose serious difficulties in their onward path, and are calculated to diminish very much their usefulness.

In the first place, the mass of the people are worked too hard. They continue too long at work daily, and in the evening are not in a condition to undertake any serious effort, mental or bodily. They are worn out by the severe and long-continued fatigue of the day, become unfit for any active exertion, and can only pass the evening doing nothing, in idle conversation, or derive entertainment from the excitement of the theatre or the public-house. In all classes of society—shopmen and clerks, tradesmen and operatives of every kind—the mind is too long every day closely intent upon business. The attention is too unremittingly exerted; and, in the evening, the mental powers are exhausted, incapable of any effort of reasoning, or even of keeping up a steady attention for any time. The mind and body become exhausted, even from doing nothing, from the passive exertion of being awake. Hence, with the present hours and habits of business, the evening's occupation cannot be study; it must be relaxation, light, amusing, requiring little active effort of attention, exciting; and no very substantial or permanent improvement can be expected. Until some arrangement is entered into, which shall send the artisan home from his work more fresh, and with a little more time to spare for amusement and improvement, we cannot hope that he will be enabled to take the full benefit of any opportunities of instruction placed within his reach.

It will be objected that it does not do to interfere between tradesmen and employers, and that, if the former has shorter hours, he must have less wages. We do not suggest any legal enactment to interfere between them. We wish it to be brought about voluntarily by the conviction of both parties that it will be for their interest. In almost all cases where the work done is in proportion to the energy and activity of the workman, it will be found that a small deduction from the time of work would not make a corresponding loss of work done. In two-thirds of the time, the workmen will do more than two-thirds of the work. This we know is the conviction from experience, when the workers were upon reduced time, of many manufacturers employing a considerable number of hands; and, from all we have heard, we have little doubt that, if the

employed and employers of every kind could be awakened to the importance of the subject, they would find that it would make little difference in their pecuniary interests, were the hours of labour to be abridged a fifth or a sixth; and that would allow the labourer time for rest and recreation, and leave him not unfit for a little serious study, for his improvement.

There is another serious obstacle in the way of popular education—that is, education of the adult population. The people are not ready for it. That grown up persons may take an interest in and derive benefit from lectures, the mind must be prepared by some previous culture. The taste and capacity for intellectual pursuits cannot be acquired all at once by an adult, whose mind is a sort of *tabula rasa*, quite unused previously to habits of attention and study. Unless a taste for, and the means of, pursuing proper occupations for spare time, be implanted in early youth—when the mind is not pre-occupied, when it is ready to acquire the habit of learning, and may be easily bent by a gentle force—it will be difficult to eradicate the mental indolence and incapacity which must result from a long habit of not using the mental powers, and those pernicious tastes and habits which will infallibly take possession of that mind in which better seed has not been sown. Hence, the necessity for primary schools to qualify for study in maturer years. And every inducement, from cheapness, from the attractive nature of the courses, should be held out to invite attendance. The want of education and general mental cultivation is not felt. It is not like the want of food, attended by a gnawing pain. The people generally do not seem to be impressed with the uses and advantages of knowledge. The remedy must be found in instruction when young, and easy admission when advanced in years to the benefits of the Mechanics' Institutions.

We are sensible that many of the directors of the different Mechanics' Institutions are aware of the deficiencies in their course of instruction, and have made many attempts to improve it. But there has been one grand obstacle to every improvement—the WANT OF FUNDS. Do they wish to extend the library or apparatus; invite some eminent man, whose fame would draw out the people, to give them a course, or a few lectures; or to establish some course for which there may not be a sufficient demand to make it pay itself, but which, at a cheap rate might be well attended, and thus, knowledge be diffused among many, which would take root and spread—they are met at every turn by the want of pecuniary means. Hence, they are confined to those subjects of lecture which will draw classes, and support themselves. From the charge necessary to remunerate the lecturer and clear the expenses, the middle classes only can attend; it is frequently beyond the means of the mass of the operatives, and hence we find that the operatives form only about a fourth or fifth of the students at the Mechanics' Institutions; only the higher order and better paid operatives

being able to pay the necessary fee—or, if able, these only considering the lectures worth the fee.

Here, we cannot but regret that the legislature has taken no interest whatever in these institutions; and, more particularly, that a government which has professed so much good-will to the cause of education, should not have endeavoured to assist institutions calculated to be of such service in promoting popular education. Large grants have been awarded to the colleges, the benefits of which are enjoyed by the gentry and richer of the middle orders; to say nothing of the immense sums squandered on mere trumpery. But no aid has been tendered to the colleges of the working classes. And, while these institutions, designed to assist the poor and hard-wrought artisan, open the advantages of education to his class, and which, from the limited means of those for whose use they are designed, specially need external assistance and encouragement, have been struggling with every difficulty, and even sometimes for existence, government has looked coldly on, apparently indifferent as to their fate. It is not easy to remedy this fundamental want. But the directors of these institutions have no small influence, and, by a strong appeal to the public, could do much to increase their resources; and, were several institutions combining, they could make out a very strong case to enforce an application to the legislature.

In order, therefore, to give to Mechanics' Institutions increased efficiency, and to render them really colleges for the working classes, giving instructions on easy terms on *all* those subjects on which the people need to be enlightened—we think the following points must be attended to.

1. The managers of these institutions should make a strong effort, either by an appeal to Parliament, or to the wealthier orders in each district, to procure additional funds to carry on the good work with spirit—to extend the library and apparatus, procure able lecturers, and *lower the rate of admission*. Cheapness is absolutely requisite to induce attendance on lectures, the subjects of which may not be recognised or generally felt as wants.

2. The directors of Mechanics' Institutions should use very strong endeavours to get the hours of labour shortened in manufactories, shops, warehouses, &c. This is a *sine qua non* to the success of these institutions; and addresses to the public on the subject from the directors would be attended with a very good effect. This is a subject, the importance of which, cannot be too highly estimated.

3. In every such institution, there should be a course for the *MAN* as well as for the artist or operative. This is essential. The course for the *man* should embrace.—1. His *PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION*, and the means of preserving health—knowledge on which subjects is very de-

ficient among all classes, and will do much to promote temperate habits, and prolong life.—2. His *MORAL CONSTITUTION*, embracing the duties of the private relations of life, developed and enforced in a homely and practical manner; a course which might be rendered very attractive, and enlivened by biography and anecdote.—3. His *SOCIAL CONSTITUTION*, embracing his rights and duties as a citizen, and political economy. It may be objected that there will be insuperable obstacles to introducing the latter division in the present Mechanics' Institutions. It may be so; and, wherever this is the case, let others be set a-going to supply this fundamental want.

4. There should be, for general students, courses on History and Biography, Geography and Statistics, Literature, and Science treated popularly. And these lectures should be something more than that dry statement of facts which may answer well enough where students *must* attend, either for the information, or as qualifying for some corporate privilege. They must be in a style which will attract and keep up a sustained interest.

5. There should be a course for *artisans*, consisting as much as possible of practical lessons and examinations, embracing—

Grammar and Composition.

Arithmetic and Mathematics.

Drawing and Modelling.

Natural Philosophy.

Chemistry.

These are the bases of the useful arts and manufactures; and a *DIPLOMA* should be given to those who have attained such proficiency as to enable them to pass an examination on these subjects—*wherever or however they may have acquired their knowledge*.

6. Primary schools for the young must be instituted. It does not seem likely that national schools will be soon established. The education of the poor is to be all left to the voluntary system. The directors of several of the English Institutions have wisely instituted schools in connexion with their classes for adults, that the latter may have every facility for supplying their children with that elementary instruction they so much feel the want of. This is an excellent feature of these establishments, and we hope to see it imitated elsewhere.

We are perfectly aware that it is impossible for the Mechanics' Institutions to attain all these ends at once and without considerable difficulty. But, if those who desire to promote the usefulness of these institutions, keep these ends steadily in view, are impressed with a sense of their importance, and take every opportunity of attaining them, by however small instalments, these institutions will gradually form into truly useful Colleges for the People, acquire their affection and esteem, and, by so doing, exercise no small influence in bettering their condition.

HOWITT'S COLONIZATION AND CHRISTIANITY.*

THIS volume may not be the most entertaining or poetical of Mr Howitt's diversified works, but we have no hesitation in pronouncing it, in its object and scope, the most important and valuable of any that he has yet produced; not secondary to his earnest exposition of the teeming mischiefs of priestcraft, and well worthy of the spiritual descendant of George Fox and William Penn. How often must the humbling and painful idea, embodied in the opening sentences of this volume, have occurred to every reflecting mind, trained in the light of Revelation! How often must it have been said, in almost the same words employed by our author! "For eighteen hundred years the divine faith of Christianity has been the pretended guide of a large portion of the civilized world; for three centuries, British Protestants have possessed the heritage of the pure oracles of God, and asserted the right of private judgment in interpreting, each for himself, a body of doctrines and a system of morals so liquid that he who runs may read—and where are the practical results?" When we hear the happy and benign influences of Christianity upon society so loudly vaunted, we are often tempted to reverse the proposition, and express unfeigned and regretful astonishment, that, having for so many generations, pretended to live under the pure and sublime morality of the gospel of Jesus, Christendom differs in so shadowy or imperceptible a degree from Heathendom in following whatsoever things are pure, peaceful, lovely, and of good report. The facts which Mr Howitt has compiled, and on which he founds his earnest, and therefore eloquent denunciations of the blindness and complacent self-delusion of nations, arrogating to themselves the name of Christians, and acting for ages, from the era of the discoveries of Columbus down to the recent cruelties and injustice shewn by Englishmen to the aboriginal tribes of Van Dieman's Land and Caffreland—may well put Christendom to the blush, and give a triumph to pagan nations; who, if they want the boasted civilization of Europe, are also unstained by the wholesale and systematic depravity which has, in nearly every instance, attended colonization by Christian people—subjects of "Most Sacred or Most Christian kings," Defenders of the Christian Faith! It is, indeed, "high time," as our author asserts, that we look boldly into the real state of the question, and learn actually whether the mighty distance between our goodness and the moral depravity of other people really exists—"WHETHER, IN FACT, WE BE CHRISTIANS AT ALL." Looking to the code of their nominal religion on the one hand, and, on the other, to the conduct of those legalized banditti, who have planted Christian colonies in fraud, rapacity, blood, and demoniac cruelty, the question is easily determined. By their fruits ye

shall know them. They are not Christians, nor do the communities which sanctioned or tolerated their injustice and manifold atrocities deserve the name of Christian, however many humble and sincere followers of the religion of Mercy and of Peace may have been comprehended in their population. But Mr Howitt does not rest alone upon the doings of former centuries, in distant quarters of the globe, whither *Christians* have gone forth with the cross in the one hand, and the sword in the other, to pillage and proselytize the heathen—initiating them into the mysteries of their holy faith, by a baptism of fire and blood. He seems to question whether we are much better *Christians* at home in Europe than in Asia and America, and other heathen lands, and concludes in a strain of accusation, which it were more desirable than easy to controvert:—

If ever there was a quarter of the globe distinguished by its quarrels, its jealousies, its everlasting wars and bloodshed, it is Europe. Since these *soi-disant* Christian nations have risen into any degree of strength, what single evidence of Christianity have they, as nations, exhibited? Eternal warfare!—is that Christianity? Yet that is the history of *Christian* Europe. The most subtle or absurd pretences to seize upon each other's possessions—the contempt of all faith in treaties—the basest policy—the most scandalous profligacy of public morals—the most abominable international laws!—are they Christianity? And yet they are the history of Europe. Nations of men selling themselves to do murder, that ruthless kings might ravish each other's crowns—nations of men, standing with jealous eyes on the perpetual watch against each other, with arms in their hands, oaths in their mouths, and curses in their hearts;—are those Christian? Yet there is not a man acquainted with the history of Europe that will ever attempt to deny that *that* is the history of Europe. It is very well to vaunt the title of Christian one to another—every nation knows in its own soul, it is a hollow pretence. While it boasts of the Christian name, it dare not for a moment throw itself upon a Christian faith in its neighbour. No! centuries of the most unremitted hatred—blood poured over every plain of Europe, and sprinkled on its very mountain tops, cry out too dreadfully, that it is a dismal cheat. Wars, the most savage and unprovoked; oppressions, the most desperate; tyrannies the most ruthless; massacres, the most horrible; death-fires, and tortures the most exquisite, perpetuated one on another, for the faith and in the very name of God; dungeons and inquisitions; the blood of the Vaudois, and the flaming homes of the Covenanters, are all in their memories, and give the lie to their professions. No! Poland rent in sunder; the iron heel of Austria on the prostrate neck of Italy; and invasions and aggressions without end, make Christian nations laugh with a hollow mockery in their hearts, in the very midst of their solemn professions of the Christian virtue and faith.

But I may be told that this character applies rather to past Europe than to the present. What! are all these things at an end? For what then are all these standing armies? What all these marching armies? What these men-of-war on the ocean? What these atrocities going on from year to year in Spain? Has any age or nation seen such battles waged as we have witnessed in our time? How many *WATERLOOS* can the annals of the earth reckon? What *Timour*, or *Zenghis Khan*, can be compared to the *Napoleon* of modern Europe? the greatest scourge of nations that ever abode on this planet; the most tremendous meteor that ever burnt along its surface! Have the multitude of those

* Longman and Co., pp. 508.

who deem themselves the philosophical and refined, as well as the Christians of Europe, ceased to admire this modern Meloch, and to forget in his individual and barbarous sufferings at St Helena, the countless agonies and the measureless ruin that he inflicted on innocent and even distant nations? While we retain a blind admiration of martial genius, wilfully shutting our senses and our minds to the crimes and the pangs that constitute its shadow, it is laughable to say that we have progressed beyond our fathers in Christian knowledge. At this moment all Europe stands armed to the teeth.

Well, then, may it be asked—"WHETHER, IN FACT, WE ARE CHRISTIANS AT ALL?"—whether, in few words, the Apostle Paul, were he now in the body, would have received the same reception among us, and at the Court of our young Queen, which has generously been accorded to our ancient and honourable foeman, Marshal Soult;—whether the Apostle or the warrior would have awakened the most chivalrous feelings, the proudest recollections! It is needless to travel so far abroad as Mr Howitt has frequently carried us, that we may inquire—*Whether, in fact, we are Christians at all?* Look, among hundreds of instances, to our prisons for petty debtors; to the tithe-battles of Ireland; to the cruelties practised or allowed by our *Christian* planters in the West Indies; to the neglected and perishing juvenile population of the streets of our great cities. If our Christianity be genuine at all, then, alas! how far is it from having accomplished its perfect work!—how lamentably slow is the progress which it has made in eighteen centuries!—how much still remains to be done!

But the immeasurable distance between the high standard of true Christianity and the very moderate attainments of the so-called Christian world, though not foreign to the design of this volume, is not its immediate object. That is, "to lay open to the public the most extensive and extraordinary system of crime which the world ever witnessed," in full operation for three hundred years, and continuing in unabated activity of evil. For this purpose, our author commences with the conquests and *Christian* colonizations of Columbus and Gama, and descends, through a revolting series, to the latest atrocities committed by our buccaneering Protestant seamen in New Zealand and the Islands of the Pacific Ocean. But Protestant and Catholic are Christian distinctions unknown beyond the Line or the boundaries of Europe; and English, Dutch, Spaniards, and Portuguese, may fairly divide the blood-stained laurel among them, the enormity of their guilt being limited only by their sphere of action, and the numbers of *savages* whom civilized Christians have found to plunder, torture, proselytize, enslave, or extirpate. In this good work, *Protestants* have vied with *Catholics*, if they have not rather, the world's progress considered, eclipsed their triumphs. The Reformed Dutch have emulated the bigoted and superstitious Portuguese; the Protestant English and Anglo-Americans, where *Hindoes*, *Negroes*, Red Indians, *Caffres*, or *Hottentots*, have been concerned, have not lagged one whit behind the Spaniards. Much of the spurious or *falsified* Christianity which has instigated, or

formed the apology for the enormous crimes committed against Pagan humanity in three quarters of the globe, by the *Christians* of the fourth, are imputed, in part, to the lingering influence of the corrupt doctrines of the *Romish* Church, from which Protestant sects have not yet been wholly emancipated. How lamentably true is it, that, though "we have renounced mass, and the confessional, and the purchase of indulgences, we have tenaciously retained the mass of our tyrannous propensities. We practise our crimes without confessing them—we indulge our worst desires without even having the honesty to pay for it; and the old spurious morality and political barbarism of Rome, are as stanchly maintained by us as ever, while we claim to look back on Popery with horror, and on our present condition as the celestial light of the nineteenth century."

Mr Howitt speculates with enthusiasm upon what might have been had Reformed Protestants appeared in America and the Indies as Reformed Christians—if they had *protested* against the cruelties and aggressions of the *Popish* Spaniards and Portuguese, if they had *reformed* all their rapacious practices, and remedied their abuses, and shewn that they had really reverted to the genuine faith of Christ, and were come to these lands to seek honest benefit by honest means. But the Dutch and English might have been *Papists*, and Spaniards Reformed Protestants, for any difference which their practices revealed to the Heathen. The one did as foul disgrace to genuine Christianity as the other. Of both, it is too truly remarked—"From their deeds the natives, wherever they came, could only imagine their religion to be something especially odious and mischievous."

The cruelties of the Spaniards in America are tolerably well-known to the world, though Mr Howitt appears to think that they have never yet been sufficiently reprobated, and certainly not by the most eminent of the historians of the Americas, Robertson—a Christian philosopher, and a Protestant minister. Our author's statements shew, that, with yet greater rapidity, the Reformed Dutch displayed, in the Indian Islands, cruelty more cold-blooded, perfidy more deliberate, than their *Popish* forerunners.

A curious speculation is indulged on the probable judgment which the natives of these countries must have formed of their Christian visitors, if the Bible had previously been placed in their hands, and they had been assured that the strangers solemnly professed to walk by its dictates, which commanded not to kill, not to covet, not to steal, not to oppress; while the disciples of this code were seen to be the most murderous, greedy, and tyrannical of men. "But," says our author, "if the natives could have read the declaration of Christ—'By this shall men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another'—the wonder must have been tenfold, for never did men exhibit such an intensity of hatred, jealousy, and vengeance toward each other. Portuguese, Dutch, French, English, and Danes, coming together, or one after the other, fell on each other's

facts, factories, and ships, with the most vindictive fury. They attacked each other by sea and land; propagated the most infamous stories of each other wherever they came, in order to supersede each other in the good graces of the people, who had valuable trading stations, or were in possession of gold or pearls, nutmegs or cinnamon, coffee or cotton cloth. They 'loved one another' to that degree, that they were ready to join the natives anywhere, in the most murderous attempts to massacre and drive away each other." The quiet sarcasm that follows, conveys not the lightest part of the censure:—"What must have seemed most extraordinary of all was, the English expelling with vigour those of their countrymen who ventured there without the sanction of the particular trading company who claimed a monopoly of Indian commerce. The rancour and pertinacity with which Englishmen expelled Englishmen was even more violent than that which they shewed to foreigners." As a specimen of the moral power of this work, in which, indeed, its great merit lies, we select the following remarks on the early Machiavelian policy of the Honourable East India Company, a body which has included many flaming saints, and more open, bold-faced sinners; but both alike ever steady to one object—selfish aggrandizement at almost any price.

From that period (1708) the East India Company commenced that career of steady grasping at dominion over the Indian territories, which has never been relaxed for a moment, but, while it has for ever worn the grave air of moderation, and has assumed the language of right, has gone on adding field to field and house to house—swallowing up state after state, and prince after prince, till it has finally found itself the sovereign of this vast and splendid empire, as it would fain persuade itself and the world, by the clearest claims, and the most undoubted justice. By the laws and principles of modern policy, it may be so; but by the eternal principles of Christianity, there never was a more thorough repetition of the hankering after Naboth's vineyard, of the "slaying and taking possession," exhibited to the world. It is true that, as the panegyrists of our Indian policy contend, it may be the design of Providence that the swarming millions of India should be placed under our care, that they may enjoy the blessings of English rule and of English knowledge; but Providence had no need that we should violate all his most righteous injunctions to enable Him to bring about his designs. Providence, the Scriptures tell us, intended that Jacob should supersede Esau in the heritage of Israel: but Providence had no need of the deception which Rebecca and Jacob practised—had no need of the mess of pottage and the kid-skins, to enable Him to effect his object. We are much too ready to run the wilful career of our own lusts and passions, and lay the charge at the door of Providence. It is true that English dominion is, or will become, far better to the Hindoos than that of the cruel and exacting Moguls; but who made us the judge and the ruler over these people? If the real object of our policy and exertions in India has been the achievement of wealth and power, as it undoubtedly has, it is pitiful and hypocritical to endeavour to clothe it with the pretence of working the will of Providence, and seeking the good of the natives. We shall soon see which objects have been most zealously and undeviatingly pursued, and by what means. If our desires have been, not to enrich and aggrandize ourselves, but to benefit the people and rescue them from the tyranny of bad rulers, heaven knows what wide realms are yet open to our benevolent exertions; what despots there are to pull down; what miserable millions to relieve from their oppressions;—and when we behold Englishmen

levelling their vengeance against such tyrants, and visiting such unhappy people with their protective power, where neither gold nor precious merchandises are to be won at the same time, we may safely give the amplest credence and the profoundest admiration to their claims of disinterested philanthropy. If they present themselves as the champions of freedom and the apostles of social amelioration, we shall soon have opportunities of asking how far they have maintained these characters.

The mandates issued by the grave and Honourable Board of Directors, commanding their military and civil servants rigidly to respect the principles of justice in their dealings with the natives, he would seem to think much of the same nature as nearly similar orders hypocritically issued by the Court of Russia to Potemkin or Swaroff, staying their ruthless career of conquest, and which their experienced commanders, such as Hastings and Clive, considered that they best fulfilled by neglecting.

Seen in Mr Auber's pages, the Directors present themselves as a body of grave and honourable merchants, full of the most admirable spirit of moderation, integrity, and benevolence; and we may give them the utmost credit for sincerity in their professions and desires. But unfortunately, we all know what human nature is. Unfortunately the power, the wealth, and the patronage brought home to them by the very violation of their own wishes and maxims were of such an overwhelming and seducing nature, that it was in vain to resist them. Nay, in such colonies does the modern philosophy of conquest and diplomacy disguise the worst transactions between one state and another, that it is not for plain men very readily to penetrate to the naked enormity beneath. When all the world was applauding the success of Indian affairs—the extension of territory, the ability of their governors, the valour of their troops: and when they felt the flattering growth of their greatness, it required qualities far higher than mere mercantile probity and good intentions, to enable them to strip away the false glitter of their official transactions, and sternly assure themselves of the unholliness of their nature. We may, therefore, concede to the Directors of the East India Company, and to their governors and officers in general, the very best intentions, knowing as we do, the force of influences such as we have already alluded to, and the force also of modern diplomatic and military education, by which a policy and practices of the most dismal character become gradually to be regarded not merely as unexceptionable, but highly honourable. We may allow all this, and yet pronounce the mode by which the East India Company has possessed itself of Hindostan as the most revolting and unchristian that can possibly be conceived. The most masterly policy, regarded independent of its *morals*, and a valour more than Roman, have been exhibited by our governors-generals and armies on the plains of Hindostan: but if there ever was one system more Machiavelian—more appropriative of the show of justice where the basest injustice was attempted—more cold, cruel, haughty, and unrelenting than another—it is the system by which the government of the different states of India has been wrested from the hands of their respective princes and collected into the grasp of the British power. Incalculable gainers as we have been by this system, it is impossible to review it without feelings of the most poignant shame and the highest indignation. Whenever we talk to other nations of British faith and integrity, they may well point to India in derisive scorn. The system which, for more than a century, was steadily at work to strip the native princes of their dominions, and that too under the most sacred pleas of right and expediency, is a system of torture more exquisite than regal or spiritual tyranny ever before discovered; such as the world has nothing similar to show.

From the moment that the English felt that they had the power in India to "divide and conquer," they adopted

the plan of doing it rather by plausible manoeuvres than by a bold avowal of their designs, and a more honest plea of the right of conquest—the ancient doctrine of the strong, which they began to perceive was not quite so much in vogue as formerly. Had they said at once, These Mahomedan princes are arbitrary, cruel, and perfidious—we will depose them, and assume the government ourselves—we pretend to no other authority for our act than our ability to do it, and no other excuse for our conduct than our determination to redress the evils of the people: that would have been a candid behaviour. It would have been so far in accordance with the ancient doctrine of nations that little would have been thought of it; and though as Christians we could not have applauded the “doing evil that good might come of it,” yet had the promised benefit to more than eighty millions of people followed, that glorious penance would have gone far in the most scrupulous mind to have justified the crime of usurpation. But the mischief has been, that, while the exactions and extortions on the people have been continued, and in many cases exaggerated, the means of usurpation have been those glozing and hypocritical arts, which are more dangerous from their subtlety than naked violence, and more detestable because wearing the face, and using the language, of friendship and justice. A fatal friendship, indeed, has that of the English been to all those princes that were allured by it. It has pulled them every one from their thrones, or has left them there the contemptible puppets of a power that works its arbitrary will through them. But, friendship or enmity, the result has been eventually the same to them. If they resisted alliance with the encroaching English, they were soon charged with evil intentions, fallen upon, and conquered; if they acquiesced in the proffered alliance, they soon became ensnared in these webs of diplomacy from which they never escaped without the loss of all honour and hereditary dominion—of everything, indeed, but the lot of prisoners where they had been kings.

This may not be palatable doctrine to many, but the question is, whether it be not true; and the truth is established by numerous flagrant instances, which must be familiar to many of our readers; with which, indeed, the modern history of India teems, even when the disgraceful tale is told by Englishmen, and with every possible extenuation. But the cruelty and tyranny of the Spaniards and Portuguese, and the worse cruelty and perfidy of the Dutch, are now become things comparatively ancient, foreign, and remote; and the chapter upon our own doings in India, in South Africa, and New Holland, up to the passing hour, form the more important and appropriate text of this impressive discourse. To South Africa we need not particularly revert, as the subject of *Caffre Wrongs* was lately animadverted upon in this Magazine, in noticing the generous and Christian appeal made by the friends of the Aborigines.

Mr Howitt expatiates in a rapturous strain upon what Christianity has done in the enchanting islands of the Pacific to render the scene of luxuriant natural beauty which he describes one of equal moral loveliness. He quotes largely from the *Polyesian Researches* of Mr Ellis, and the works of Mr Williams, both eminent labourers in these fair and fruitful fields. From the former writer we shall also borrow a few sentences, as his relation forms the vestibule to those of Mr Howitt's observations, which we wish to present to our readers in a striking light. Mr Ellis, after mentioning that the natives had built ships, carpenters, and blacksmiths, and were apt at learning all European

trades; that they built neat and comfortable houses, and vessels of considerable burden—proceeds:—

“*They have now wants; a number of articles of clothing and commerce are necessary to their comfort, and they cultivate the soil to supply them. At one island, where I was once fifteen months without seeing a single European excepting our own families, there were, I think, twenty-eight ships put in for provisions last year, and all obtained the supplies they wanted. Besides cultivating potatoes and yams, and raising stock, fowls and pigs, the cultivation, the spinning, and the weaving of the cotton has been introduced by missionary artisans; and there are some of the chiefs, and a number of the people, especially in one of the islands, who are now decently clothed in garments made after the European fashion, produced from cotton grown in their own gardens, spun by their own children, and woven in the island. One of the chiefs of the island of Rarotongo, as stated by the missionaries, never wears any other dress than that woven in the island. They have been taught also to cultivate the sugar-cane, which is indigenous, and to make sugar; and some of them have large plantations, employing, at times, forty men. They supply the ships with this useful article, and, at some of the islands, between fifty and sixty vessels touch in a single year. The natives of the islands send a considerable quantity away; I understand that one station sent as much as forty tons away last year. In November last, a vessel of ninety tons burthen, built in the islands, was sent to the colony of New South Wales, laden with Tahitian grown sugar. Besides the sugar they have been taught to cultivate, they prepare arrowroot, and they sent to England in one year, as I was informed by merchants in London, more than had been imported into this country for nearly twenty previous years.* Cattle also have been introduced and preserved, chiefly by the missionaries; pigs, dogs, and rats were the only animals they had before, but the missionaries have introduced cattle among them. While they continued heathen, they disregarded, nay, destroyed some of those first landed among them: but since that time, they have highly prized them, and by their attention to them they are now so numerous as to enable the natives to supply ships with fresh beef at the rate of threepence a pound. The islanders have also been instructed by the missionaries in the manufacture of cocoa-nut oil, of which large quantities are exported. They have been taught to cultivate tobacco, and this would have been a valuable article of commerce had not the duty in New South Wales been so high as to exclude that grown in the islands from the market. The above are some of the proofs that Christianity prepares the way for, and necessarily leads to, the civilization of those by whom it is adopted. There are now in operation among a people who, when the missionaries arrived, were destitute of a written language, seventy-eight schools, which contain between 12,000 and 13,000 scholars. The Tahitians have also a simple, explicit, and wholesome code of laws, as the result of their imbibing the principles of Christianity. This code of laws is printed and circulated among them, understood by all, and acknowledged by all as the supreme rule of action for all classes in their civil and social relation. The laws have been productive of great benefits.”*

So far Mr Ellis; following whom, our author exclaims—

Here again they have far outstripped us in England. When shall we have a code of laws, so simple and compact that it may be “printed and circulated amongst us, and understood by all?” The benefits resulting from this intelligible and popular code, Mr Ellis tells us, have been great. No doubt of it. The benefits of such a code in England would be incalculable; but when will the lawyers, or our enlightened Parliament, let us have it? The whole scene of the reformation, and the happiness introduced by Christianity into the South-Sea

* This must be a mistake.—Ed.

"Islands," &c.; however, most delightful. Such a scene never was exhibited to the world since its foundation. Mr Williams' recent work, descriptive of these islands and the missionary labours there, is fascinating as Robinson Crusoe himself, and infinitely more important in its relations. If ever the idea of the age of gold was realized, it is here; or rather,

"Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams—
The golden age, where gold disturbs no dreams."

Besides the benefits accruing from this improved state to the natives, great are the benefits that accrue from it to the Europeans. The benefit of commerce, from their use of European articles, is and must be considerable. They furnish, too, articles of commerce in no small quantities. Instead of European crews now, in case of wreck on their coasts, being murdered and devoured, they are rescued from the waves at the risk of the lives of the people themselves, and received, as the evidence and works of Ellis and Williams testify, in most remarkable instances, with the greatest hospitality.

But all this springing civilization—this young Christianity—this scene of beauty and peace—are endangered. The founders of a new and happier state, the pioneers and artificers of civilization, stand aghast at the ruin that threatens their labours—that threatens the welfare—say, the very existence of the simple islanders amongst whom they have wrought such miracles of love and order. And whence arises this danger? whence comes this threatened ruin? In some race of merciless savages about to burst in upon these interesting people, and destroy them? Yes, the same "irreclaimable and idiomitable savages" that have ravaged and oppressed every nation which they have conquered, "from China to Peru." The same savages that laid waste the West Indies; that massacred the South Americans; that have chased the North Americans to the "far west;" that shot the Caffres for their cattle; that have covered the coasts of Africa with the blood, and fires, and rancorous malice of the slave wars; that have exterminated millions of Hindus by famine, and hold a hundred millions of them, at this moment, in the most abject condition of poverty and oppression; the same savages that are at this moment also carrying the Hill Coolies from the East—as if they had not a scene of enormities there wide enough for their capacity of cruelty—to sacrifice them in the West, on the graves of millions of murdered negroes: the same savages are come hither also. The savages of Europe, the most heartless and merciless race that ever inhabited the earth—a race, for the range and continuance of its atrocities, without a parallel in this world, and, it may be safely believed, in any other, are busy in the South Sea Islands. A roving clan of sailors and runaway convicts have revived once more the crimes and character of the old bucaniers. They go from island to island, diffusing gin, debauchery, loathsome diseases, and murder, as freely as if they were the greatest blessings that Europe had to bestow. They are the restless and triumphant apostles of misery and destruction; and such are their achievements, that it is declared that, unless our government interpose some check to their progress, they will as completely annihilate the islanders, as the Caribs were annihilated in the West Indies.

It is not easy to gainsay this melancholy and lamentable statement. Mr Howitt has diligently collected many proofs of the cruelty shewn to the natives of these and other islands by the depraved characters who haunt them—runaway convicts or seamen, the vilest of the vile, but all nominal Christians. These iniquitous doings are not, however, sanctioned by authority; and it is to the exposure of the legalized oppression of the Aborigines of different countries, masked by hypocritical professions, and thinly-veiled injustice, that we are more powerfully attracted. Let us take a single and recent instance—the conduct of the Colonial Government and population to the lingering relics of the native population of Van

Diemen's Land, to which Mr Howitt alludes in very brief terms. Solate as 1830, the Lieutenant Governor of the colony appointed a committee, consisting of colonists of course, to report upon the relations existing between the aboriginal natives, and the settlers. In a work on our table, written and published at Hobart Town, that report is given in substance. The writer has some sense of justice, some relings of humanity. After describing the natives as the civilized Christian man uniformly does the savage he desires to crush, he adds,

But it should be remembered that these Aborigines exhibit man as nature has made him; unwrought upon by civilization—unpolished by the influence of the arts and sciences—unformed, unmoulded, into anything like shape of mind. In this riot of wildness, favourable in its very existence to the display of our worst attributes, and to the concealment of our better ones, how have they been treated? Worse than dogs, or even beasts of prey—hunted from place to place—shot—their families torn away from them—the mother snatched from her children, to become the victim of the lust and cruelty of their civilized Christian neighbours! Every allowance should, therefore, be made for them, if, smarting under such treatment, they have adopted, and have shewn, an indiscriminate abhorrence of those at whose hands they have seldom received good, but very frequently much and aggravated evil.

The committee appointed by Lieutenant Governor Sorell confirms this statement, at least in as far as regarded the first white settlers, but their feelings are much more lenient towards such offenders than those of the military official. In how many histories of colonies may the same thing be remarked, the same disposition to palliate what it was impossible to overlook, and to find in the lawful natural resistance or aroused vengeance of the barbarian, the excuse of the Christian aggressor! When Colonel Sorell, from their own report of facts, drew up a proclamation denouncing the miscreants who had perpetrated the most barbarous atrocities upon the unhappy natives, and, in particular, had robbed them of their wives and children—

"The committee, while they lament to revive these imputations, apparently too well-founded, against the earlier colonists, are, however, not prepared to say, that the description given by Lieutenant-Governor Sorell of the passive and inoffensive character of the Aborigines, unless when previously attacked, is entirely supported by the evidence before them."

While a few specious words might suffice, these have rarely of late, since policy was more in favour than violence, been withheld—save indeed, in South Africa, where matters are carried with a high and open hand. A pretext has never been wanting, either to the diplomatic or the warlike to attain the greatest end, the possession, in the words of Mr Howitt, "of Naboth's vineyard." The Aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, were no doubt protected by vague unmeaning proclamations which no one even affected to regard, while the colonists were armed with the powers of martial law, and aided by the military, to knock them on the head like so many mad dogs, wherever they found them, upon any or no pretence. Among the best of the reasons alleged by the committee was this—that

"It is manifest that they have lost the sense of the superiority of white men, and the dread of the effects of firearms which they formerly entertained, and have of late condensed their plans of aggression with such resolution as they were not heretofore thought to possess, and with a cunning and artifice which render it impossible to foresee or defeat their purposes. They continue to occupy and ravage beyond the reach of control, and in defiance of the orders and efforts of Government, those settled districts which they were prohibited from entering." Since the commencement of the present year, an unparalleled series of devastation has marked their passage through the country, as atrocities perpetrated by them will abundantly testify.

"After a careful comparison of the several statements they have received, the committee have no hesitation in expressing their persuasion, that a sentiment of alarm pervades the minds of the settlers throughout the island, and that the total ruin of every establishment is but too certainly to be apprehended, unless immediate means can be devised for suppressing the system of aggression, under which so many are in dread that they may themselves become the victims."

Thus, the decree went forth. The colony had been rapidly increasing by emigration, and the arrival of convicts; fresh settlements were in great demand—and how did the colonial government proceed? But first, let us read the closing paragraph of the report of the committee upon which their plan was founded. The committee, in conclusion,

"May venture to express a hope, that the experience of present transactions may be even rendered useful in the history of the world; and that, in all future attempts at colonisation, it may be steadily borne in mind how strict an obligation exists to exercise mercy and justice toward the unprotected savage, and how severe a retribution the neglect of those duties, even by individuals, may ultimately entail upon an entire, an unoffending community."

And now mark the sequel to these benevolent reflections, or Colonel Arthur's grand *battus*, or man-hunt.

Acting, in a great measure, upon the recommendations so offered, a degree of activity marked the movements of Government in regard to the Aborigines, shortly after the date of this report, which plainly denoted that they were in earnest in endeavouring to put an end to the unhappy state of affairs then existing between ourselves and the black inhabitants; and, as part of this, in September of the same year, a plan was originated, the object of which was to force the whole of the Aboriginal population into

"These were their hunting-grounds, and the waters where they fished, in all probability. An outrage charged upon the natives, who drove a settler from a hut he had erected, is thus spoken of—"It is the opinion of some persons who were then in the colony, that the displeasure of these people was excited only by finding this hut erected upon ground to which, as being favourably situated for water and hunting, they were in the habit of resorting, and on which they were preparing at this time to hold a general assembly, and that they had no more hostile intention than to remove this obstacle to their proceedings, while it is deposed, by one who was an eyewitness, that they did not even proceed to this act of aggression. Their having been accompanied by their women and children—whom, when engaged in expeditions of danger, they are known to be in the habit of leaving in a place of security—is a circumstance strongly in favour of the opinion that they had in view no other than a peaceful purpose, and that they were not the first assailants. But, whatever may have been the actual course of previous events, it is indisputable that a most lamentable encounter did at this time ensue, in which the numbers slain of men, women, and children, have been estimated as high as fifty." These poor people were literally massacred by a detachment of an English regiment.

one corner of the island, forming a peninsula with a very narrow isthmus, and which was thought capable of being easily rendered impassable to the natives when once enclosed within its limits. It is always unfair to judge by events; and, although the result of the scheme shewed it to have been undertaken upon insufficient grounds, it received the sanction, at the moment, of persons who were considered well informed upon the subject, and the manner in which it was carried into effect, by the simultaneous move of the whole of the inhabitants, deserves to be styled a splendid instance of patriotism, bearing an unflinching testimony of the estimation in which the Lieutenant-Governor was himself held upon the occasion.

By a Government order, the inhabitants were called upon to co-operate with the authorities towards accomplishing this design; and so well was the call answered, with so pure and disinterested a zeal was the whole population animated, that a force of no less than four thousand civilians was assembled on the day appointed, ready to undertake whatever duties were assigned them. This burst of patriotic feeling was even carried farther; for many of the inhabitants of Hobart Town and Launceston, who were unable, by age or other causes, to take the field, rendered equally good service by volunteering to perform the whole garrison duty of the two towns; thus placing at the disposal of the Government a number equal to themselves of soldiers, who accordingly proceeded to the more active duties of the campaign.

For a period of two months, or so long as the slightest chance remained of a favourable issue to the expedition, every sort of privation and hardship, necessarily incidental to field service in a wild and open country, was borne cheerfully, and with the most exemplary patience, by all parties; but, at this time, it became manifest that the scheme was not feasible—that there were impediments, alike arising from the nature of the country as from the habits and character of the foe with whom they were contending, which were insurmountable; and all the parties returned, therefore, to their homes, receiving a very gratifying expression of thanks for their services from the head of the Government, and enjoying the satisfaction of feeling that, although unsuccessful, the fault, if fault there was, was not attributable to themselves. At the moment, the expedition was certainly highly popular; and the majority of the expectations entertained with respect to it were of the most sanguine description. There was an excitement connected with it which reached far and wide. With one exception only, the press of the colony was loud in its commendations of the whole affair; and even this exception, although from the first sceptical as to the result, bore honourable testimony to the spirit and feeling by which all parties, from his Excellency Colonel Arthur to the humblest settler, were animated. Now, however, that public opinion is somewhat sobered, the illusion has passed away; and the surprise is less that failure was the result, than that anything else could have been ever contemplated. It may be proper here to mention that, immediately after the campaign was over, and during the heat of the *qui vive* feeling we have been describing, address upon address, from all quarters of the island, reached the Lieutenant-Governor, breathing a tone quite in character with the general excitation that then prevailed.

But, notwithstanding this failure of the expedition in respect to its grand or primary object, it has been attended by the very best consequence in the end, in many points of view—having led the Aborigines to a much more cautious as well as less offensive system of warfare than had previously characterised their movements, and having unquestionably paved the way to the successful termination of a mission of peace which was undertaken shortly afterwards. It is only a piece of justice to a very meritorious individual that, in speaking for a moment of this mission, and of the events that have sprung from it, a line that has been hitherto endeavoured to be followed should be departed from, and the name of the person be brought under the notice of the reader. In 1829, (when, with the laudable design of promoting their civilisation, an establishment for the reception of the Aborigines was formed at Bruny Island,) a Mr G. A. Robinson, who had

previously been a thriving, industrious, master-mechanic, relinquished the certain advantages attendant upon such an occupation in a young colony, and volunteered to take charge of it, and otherwise to endeavour to effect an amicable relationship between the natives and ourselves. In some respects, even at this time, he was not unsuccessful; although, probably, the chief advantage then derived was the means presented of acquiring a knowledge of the language, habits, and other particulars of the blacks, which has since proved invaluable. After the expedition terminated in the manner we have stated, Mr Robinson proceeded to that part of the country most frequented by the natives, endeavouring to conciliate or to establish such a degree of confidence on their part as might induce them to regard us rather as friends than enemies; and, shortly afterwards, these benevolent labours were strengthened or aided by a party of the New South Wales Aborigines, perfectly civilized, who arrived here from the sister colony for that purpose, it having been presumed they would be more likely than ourselves to be viewed without distrust or suspicion by their sable neighbours of this colony. The result has proved of the happiest kind. Mr Robinson has succeeded in persuading a whole tribe to allow themselves to be removed to a neighbouring island, where they are to be protected, civilized, and instructed in those habits, pursuits, and enjoyments, which exalt human beings above the brutes that perish.

Was there ever so atrocious a proceeding related in the same calm, unconscious, self-complacent tone, as if this wholesale outrage upon the lingering wrecks of these poor people, God's creatures, lords of the soil, were some very meritorious action? The employment of the natives of New South Wales, to hunt down or enslave their brethren in Van Diemen's Land, was quite worthy of that European genius which directed Pizzaro to the employment of blood-hounds, or our own slave-owners to keep up corps of Maroons to hunt down their negroes. Having given the narrative of this labour of Colonel Arthur's Christian "love" at some length, and seen Van Diemen's Land cleared of the native race, in a manner which excited unbounded admiration within the colony, for its singular philanthropy, and the exalted and energetic character of the governor, we return to Mr Howitt's work. He closes it with the outrages recently committed against the New Zealanders by the white Christians, who visit them. These New Zealanders are incorrigible barbarians, and, too probably, cannibals. They kill men to eat them. Eating certainly does not enter into our many motives, in highly civilized society, for killing men. The captain of a whaler boasted that he had killed "about twenty of these black fellows." Thus, says Mr Howitt,

Those who have seen in shop-windows in London, dried heads of New Zealanders, may here learn how they came there, and to whom the phrenologists and curiers are indebted.

Mr Williams writes—

"Till lately, the tattooed heads of New Zealanders were sold at Sidney as objects of curiosity; and Mr Yate says he has known people give property to the chiefs for the purpose of getting them to kill their slaves, that they might have some heads to take to New South Wales.

"This degrading traffic was prohibited by General Darling, the governor, upon the following occasion:—In a representation made to Governor Darling, the Rev. Mr Marsden stated, that the captain of an English vessel being so harassed, harassed by some native women,

set one tribe upon another to scourge his quarrel, and supplied them with arms and ammunition to fight.

"In the prosecution of the war thus excited, a party of forty-one Bay Islanders made an expedition against some tribes of the South. Forty of the former were sent off; and a few weeks after the slaughter, a Captain Jack went and purchased thirteen chiefs' heads, and, bringing them back to the Bay of Islands, emptied them out of a sack in the presence of their relations. The New Zealanders were, very properly, so much enraged that they told this captain they should take possession of the ship, and put the laws of their country into execution. When he found that they were in earnest, he cut his cable and left the harbour, and afterwards had a narrow escape from them at Tauranga. He afterwards reached Sidney, and it came to the knowledge of the governor, that he brought there ten of these heads for sale, on which discovery the practice was declared unlawful. Mr Yate mentions an instance of a captain going 800 miles from the Bay of Islands to East Cape, enticing twenty-five young men, sons of chiefs, on board his vessel, and delivering them to the Bay of Islanders, with whom they were at war, merely to gain the favour of the latter, and to obtain supplies for his vessel. The youths were afterwards redeemed from slavery by the missionaries, and restored to their friends. Mr Yate once took from the hand of a New Zealand chief a packet of corrosive sublimate, which a captain had given to the savage in order to enable him to poison his enemies."

"Such," continues Mr Howitt, commenting on this statement, "is the general system." Such, we trust, is not the general system, but such things beyond doubt have often occurred; nor can the mischief effected, the barbarities perpetrated, the contagion spread by our runaway convicts, and the worthless seamen who abscond from our trading ships be easily exaggerated.

With a few sentences from Mr Howitt's emphatic and eloquent peroration, we close these hasty remarks, earnestly hoping that his appeal may reach the hearts of tens of thousands, impressing them with the vital and mighty distinction which exists between the morality practised by Christian nations, and even by individuals rich in the world's esteem, fair and honourable, and worthy, and pious men, and the morality uniformly taught in the gospel, and solemnly enjoined by all its precepts, denunciations, and promises. It is high time that assent to the doctrines of Christianity were held to be nugatory, while its direct and lucid rules are either treated with neglect, or as frequently violated with impunity, and especially by pretended Christians in their collective and international relations.

We have now followed the Europeans to every region of the globe, and seen them planting colonies, and peopling new lands, and everywhere we have found them the same—a lawless and domineering race, seizing on the earth as if they were the first-born of creation, and having a presumptive right to murder and dispossess all other people. For more than three centuries we have glanced back at them in their courses, and everywhere they have had the word of God in their mouth, and the deeds of darkness in their hands. In the first dawn of discovery, forth they went singing the Te Deum, and declaring that they went to plant the cross amongst the heathen. As we have already observed, however, is turned out to be the cross of one of the two thieves, and a bitter cross of crucifixion it has proved to the natives where they have received it. It has stood the perpetual sign of plunder and extermination. The Spaniards were reckless in their carnage of the Indians, and all succeeding generations have expressed their horror of the Spaniards. The Dutch were cruel, and everybody adominated their

cruelty. One would have thought that the world was grown merciful. Behold North America at this moment, with its disinherited Indians ! See Hindustan, that great and swarming region of usurpations and exactions ! Look at the Cape, and ask the Caffres whether the English are tender-hearted and just : ask the same question in New Holland ! ask it of the natives of Van Diemen's Land—men, transported from the island of their fathers. Ask the New Zealanders whether the warriors, whose tattooed heads stare us in the face in our museums, were not delicately treated by us. . . . Many are the evils that are done under the sun ; but there is and can be no evil like that monstrous and earth-encompassing evil, which the Europeans have committed against the Aborigines of every country in which they have settled. And in what country have they not settled ? It is often said as a very pretty speech—that the sun never sets on the dominions of our youthful Queen ; but who dares to tell us the far more horrible truth, that it never sets on the scenes of our injustice and oppressions ! . . . The slave-trade which one of our best informed philanthropists asserts is going on at this moment to the amount of 170,000 negroes a-year, is indeed the dreadful climax of our crimes against humanity. It was not enough that the lands of all newly discovered regions were seized on by fraud or violence ; it was not enough that their rightful inhabitants were murdered or enslaved ; that the odious vices of people styling themselves the followers of the purest of beings, should be poured like a pestilence into these new countries. It was not enough that millions on millions of peaceful beings were exterminated by fire, by sword, by heavy burdens, by base violence, by deleterious mines and unaccustomed severities—by dogs, by man-hunters, and by grief and despair—there yet wanted one crowning crime to place the deeds of Europeans

beyond all rivalry in the cause of evil—and that unapproachable abomination was found in the slave-trade.

The mysteries of God's endurance, and of European audacity and hypocrisy are equally marvellous. Why, the very track across the deep seems to me blackened by this abominable traffic—there must be the dye of blood in the very ocean. One might surely trace these monsters by the smell of death, from their kidnapping haunts to the very sugar-mills of the west, where canes and human flesh are ground together. The ghosts of murdered millions were enough, one thinks, to lead the way without chart or compass ! The very bed of the ocean must be paved with bones ! and the accursed trade is still going on ! We are still strutting about in the borrowed plumes of Christianity, and daring to call God our father, though we are become the tormentors of the human race from China to Peru, and from one pole to the other.

The whole history of European colonization is of a piece. It is with grief and indignation, that, passing before my own mind the successive conquests and colonies of the Europeans amongst the native tribes of newly-discovered countries, I look in vain for a single instance of a nation styling itself Christian and civilized, acting towards a nation which it is pleased to term barbarous with Christian honesty and common feeling. The only opportunity which the aboriginal tribes have had of seeing Christianity in its real form and nature, has been from William Penn and the missionaries. But both Penn and the missionaries have, in every instance, found their efforts neutralized, and their hopes of permanent good to their fellow-creatures blasted, by the profligacy and the unprincipled rapacity of the Europeans as a race. Never was there a race at once so egotistical and so terrible !

LITERARY REGISTER.

*Spencer's Travels in the Western Caucasus ; including a Tour through Imeritia, Mingrelia, Turkey, Moldavia, Galicia, Silesia, and Moravia.**

IN the continuation of Captain Spencer's travels, though they display favourably the copious and solid information and excellent understanding of the traveller, we miss the romance and charm of his earlier wanderings over the fresh soil of Circassia, whose rocky fastnesses—the refuge of the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty—he first threw open to admiring Europe. The first portion of the present volumes is devoted to the conclusion of his travels in the Western Caucasus. The traveller labours to prove that the friendship of Circassia—an independent state, threatened to be engulfed by the insatiable rapacity of Russia—might be of great advantage to England in a commercial point of view. Heartily sympathizing with the brave Circassians in their struggle to preserve national independence, we may confess that these promised advantages are not yet apparent, although Great Britain were not bound over to keep the peace with all the world, in a penalty of nine hundred millions. Mr Spencer speculates very rationally upon the internal condition and the prospects of Turkey. He gives that power up to destruction without much regret, and only laments that it should be from Russia and not England that she is destined to receive the elements of a higher civilization. He is unwilling to admit that this must be so. He deprecates the supine policy by which the statesmen of France, England, and Austria tacitly sanction the long-fostered

ambitious designs of the Cabinet of St Petersburg, new near the accomplishment of the conquest of Circassia—a possession which he believes will at once ensure to Russia the real sovereignty of Persia and Turkey ; when, Colossus-like, with one foot planted in Europe and the other in Asia, she will dictate laws to the commerce of all the European powers, and command in their councils. The traveller does not sufficiently advert to the delicate nature of commerce. It may be fettered or alienated ; but to dictate its mode and channels is to destroy. The goose which lays the golden eggs can easily be killed ; but, if the wiser course be taken, the time and manner of producing its dropping contributions must be left to Nature. In reference to the rapacious greed of Russia for new conquests, and her consequent unprincipled policy, the traveller refers to the Lord Dictator of the Canadas. " Turkey had no clever ambassadors to cajole and deceive, no accomplished princesses to send intriguing from court to court, no brilliant crosses and jewelled orders to bestow on those who could advance her interest and aid her measures. . . . She was an alien among the nations, a prize to be divided among those whose cupidity might blind them to their future interest, in assisting in her spoliation. It is not so with Russia : that pretended supporter of thrones, may plunder, slay, imprison, confiscate, beard, and insult with impunity. Even in our own country, do we not see, with regret and astonishment, the representative of the freest nation in the world, the recognised chief of the liberal party, [Lord Durham, namely,] publicly lauding the acts and policy of a sovereign, who, however amiable he might be in private life, in his character of chief of the Russian empire, is

* Two volumes 8vo, with numerous engravings.

compelled, &c. &c. The same courtly flattery that won our representative at St Petersburg seems to have travelled to our own land." There is but one opinion of the influence of Muscovite blandishments on the susceptible nature of Canning's peer; who, were he indeed, as he is not, "the recognised chief of the liberal party," would prove it to be in a more deplorable condition than we had surmised.

We regret to remark a discrepancy in the writer's opinions of the probability of the Circassians successfully resisting their invaders. At one time he boasts of their courage, their union, their glowing patriotism, and the impregnable nature of their country; but, at other times, we discern a tacit admission, that, however high the price of conquest to Russia in men and money, corruption and crime, it must ultimately be effected. The farther residence of the traveller among the Circassians, has not enabled him to add much to his former engaging details of their manners and condition; but whatever new information is obtained, confirms the previous favourable impression of this brave, manly, and primitive race, who display all those heroic virtues which would seem inherent in mountaineers.

The account of the different warlike and hospitable tribes of the Caucasus, among whom the traveller rambled, after leaving Circassia, is exceedingly interesting and amusing. From the clans inhabiting the western Circassian range, he passed into Imeritia, still in his assumed character of Hakim. Of Imeritia, Mingrelia, and Gourial, besides the traveller's personal narrative, there is an historical and a descriptive sketch. The plague was raging when he reached the Turkish dominions, and its aspects and ravages in Constantinople are graphically described. Plague is regarded by this traveller as an exceedingly malignant form of typhus; and certainly contagious, though many individuals are contagion proof. A melancholy chapter is devoted to the impending fate of Turkey.

Back again in Europe, but travelling through provinces internally little more known than the fastnesses of the Caucasus, the narrative moves at a brisker pace, and is both lively and entertaining. The traveller has a quick eye for the picturesque, and shows much taste in grouping his natives. The travels conclude at Vienna, in which capital, according to Mr Spencer, pungent epigrams now mitigate the despotism of the government; so that the Austrian constitution resembles that of France before the Revolution.

Travels in Palestine and Syria. By George Robinson, Esq.

This gentleman made a tour to Spain and Italy, some years ago, without meaning to go farther; but, once set adrift—by the temptation, and under the impulse which every one has experienced on some scale—he extended his travels; and the result is a work in two comprehensive volumes. After all that has been published on the same subject by recent travellers, his full, sensible, unpretending narrative will be duly appreciated by those who, in a book of travels, look rather for copious and minute information, conveyed in a plain and simple style, than poetical flights and learned disquisitions. His senses of hearing and seeing, his faculty of noting and remembering, have not been the fools of his imagination. He has produced a good book.

Six Years in the Bush; or, Extracts from the Journal of a Settler in Upper Canada.

Works of this kind are daily increasing in importance; and this plain volume is one of the most valuable
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of its kind that we have seen. The author had graduated at Oxford with a view to entering upon one of the learned professions. He probably saw that they were already overstocked; and a strong desire seized him to try his fortune in Upper Canada. Thither he carried some capital, and many admirable pre-requisites to ensure success—good sense, clear-headedness, coolness, steadiness, perseverance, industry, self-denial, and hopefulness. To every young man the like success might be assured, were he possessed of the same qualities. He entered Upper Canada, *via* New York, in the summer of 1832. He spent several months in travelling and looking about him; and, early in 1833, completed the purchase of 3000 acres of wild forest land in Verulam township, for a dollar per acre, or £750 provincial currency; paying down one-fourth, the remainder to be paid in four equal instalments. Like the prudent man he is, he immediately left the expensive capital of Toronto, and repaired with all his effects on a sleigh to his estate, attended by his wolf-dog and one or two wood-cutters. His territory, part of which had been formerly possessed by a colony of beavers, and round which broken Indian tribes still hovered, was not reached without danger and difficulty, owing to the state of the road, or rather the want of anything like a road. Part of the progress was by water. Next morning, the new proprietor, who had slept, we presume, on the bosom of his mother earth, was up with the sun, to view his estate and fix on a site for his future abode. He says—

A beautiful lake, emptying its surplus waters over a ledge of limestone rock, into a broad river below, formed the boundary of the property in length; and in breadth it extended a considerable way into the forest, interspersed occasionally with broad meadows; the real lawns, or "*saltus*," as we used to be taught at school, of the ancient poets—

"Where the wild flock that never needs a fold"

were accustomed to take their pasture, and the scarce less wild Indian to pitch his summer camp, and breathe unconfined the pure air of heaven. These lawns or openings, in the otherwise changeless forest, are the workmanship of the beaver tribe; traces of whose ancient consequence are everywhere common, and not a little grateful to the eye in a land where all else is new.

One of these meadows on my property is upwards of 100 acres in extent, and will furnish an ample supply of hay for winter consumption. The land lay chiefly on a gentle slope, rising gradually from the lake shore; and timbered with pine and hemlock below, and oak and bass above. The lake, with the fall and river, formed a beautiful prospect; and I determined to pitch my first tent in the wilderness, so as to command a view of them. Meanwhile, I wandered on, forming plans for the future, and peeping the solitudes around me in my mind's eye, until the lengthening shades of evening warned me to rejoin my companions. A clear tall column of smoke, rising above the trees, marked their position; and a haunch of venison, bought of an Indian, as usual, which I found roasting at the fire, proved a welcome finish to the labours of the day. In the morning, after pointing out to the men the site I had fixed on for the erection of a shanty, and measuring a lot for them to commence felling upon, I took leave of my estate for the present, and getting into the boat, made the best of my way back to Peterboro', to superintend the removal of my effects.

April 17.—Having laid in a good store of axes and other necessities for the use of the men, I returned to the settlement. The sun was shining brightly on the lake as I crossed, and a number of Indian canoes gave it a very pretty and animated appearance. One of the squaws offered me some maple sugar for sale, which I purchased at about 4d. per lb., and had the satisfaction of hearing it pronounced by my men to be of an excellent quality. As I approached the settlement, the heavy fall of the axe gave notice that the work of demolition was going forward; several hemlock and other soft-wooded trees lay stretched along the shore; and I confess it was with a somewhat English feeling of sorrow for their fate that I stepped out amongst them. A glance at the Falls,
2 Y

however, and the clear blue lake beyond, through the opening, reassured me, and I soon entered into the exultant feelings of the shoppers, as one after another the noblest among these ancient lords of the soil groaned under the stroke of the axe, trembled for a few seconds, and fell.

28.—This evening I visited Cameron's Falls, (taking with me one of the woodmen,) a grand and most romantic cascade, by which the surplus waters of Lake Fenelon are discharged over a broad shelf of limestone rock, into a deep gulf fifty feet below; on either side, the shore was fringed with dwarf oaks, and covered with flowers and herbage, rendered more brilliant by ever-raising clouds of spray; above sloped a lofty hill, crowned with pines of giant growth, from the summit of which I beheld the broad expanse of the glassy lake, then lit by the evening sunbeams, and contrasting beautifully with the deep shade in which the mass of forest lay buried. I loitered on this lovely spot, probably the first white man of higher rank than a wood-chopper who had ever visited it, until the moon was risen, and then, rejoining my companion, who had busied himself with preparing torches of the birch bark for fish spearing, we re-embarked, and floated lazily down Lake Sturgeon, towards our clearing. Having lighted a torch and fastened it to the prow of the canoe, I posted myself there with a fish spear in my hand, while the woodman directed our progress and steadied the boat; the strong light threw a glare on the water, under which it was easy to distinguish the dark forms of the fish, as they rose to the light. I was a novice in the art of spearing; but, nevertheless, succeeded in capturing several fine maskalongy and bass. It was past two o'clock in the morning before we landed; but the fire was blazing cheerfully, and, wrapping myself in a blanket, I was soon asleep by the side of my choppers, who were all stretched before it.

The next few days were occupied in building a shanty, or rude hut, which an appearance of change in the weather seemed to render advisable. The month of May set in cold and wet; but I was obliged to go to Peterboro' to lay in fresh stores. The voyage was altogether miserable; and, in addition, I had the vexation to discover that my new boat was good for nothing: on returning, however, it was a great satisfaction to find my mansion finished, and ready for occupation. It consisted of one apartment fourteen feet by twelve feet in the clear, and contained, in the way of furniture, a camp bedstead, a chest of drawers, and a well-filled bookcase; it had also the somewhat unusual luxury of a chimney, pegs for the suspension of guns and fishing implements, and shelves for my scanty kitchen utensils: a hole in the planks served to admit light, and air found free entrance through numberless cracks and crevices; such as it was, however, it served my purpose well; and when the evening closed, I used to light my lamp and sit down to my books with a great feeling of comfort.

After lauding the advantages and delights of literary taste to the solitary man, the student, turned bushman, declares—

Such was my situation within doors—comfortless enough it may be thought—but when on a fine evening I sat at the open door or window, many admirers of nature might almost envy my lot. Placed on a gentle slope, crowned with a luxuriant growth of sugar maple, the house faces the broad expanse of the lake, just where it discharges its surplus waters over a ledge of limestone rock into a rapid river or torrent, which hurries them along to the sister lake below. On the bank are scattered huge masses of stone, covered with lichens, and fantastically wreathed with creepers and wild briars, while the stream itself is broken by a little group of islands, carpeted with spring flowers, and dwarf oak and bass, whose foliage affords an exquisite relief to the white foam occasioned by the fall of the waters. On the opposite bank rises a dark grove of pine, (unquestionably the queen of our forest trees,) which forms a natural and appropriate frame for the picture.

We have been so much pleased with the sylvan freshness of this Crusoe-like narrative, that we are tempted to transfer another portion of it to our pages.

May 25.—On calculating the price of my house, I found it to be (including the chimney) about \$26.

26.—This morning I was surprised by a visit from two young Englishmen, who were going to explore the country; but the accommodations I had to offer were so little to their taste, that they took flight at the prospect

before them, and determined to make the best of their way back to Toronto.

27. Sunday.—I crossed the lake to visit an English gentleman and lady, recently settled in the Bush, who had invited me to join their family worship on the Sabbath: the gentlemen read the service of the church and a sermon, and the day was passed (as were many succeeding Sundays) very satisfactorily in their society.

28.—Having observed a little fleet of canoes on the lake, I went out, and bargained with an Indian for one for a couple of dollars. The canoe is made of the bark of the birch tree, lined with thin cedar laths, sewn together with fibres drawn from the root of the tamarack, or larch. The length of my purchase was about fourteen feet, and it was so light that I could easily draw it from the water, and carry it on my back past rapids or other impediments in the river; while, at the same time, its buoyancy was so great, that I have crossed the lake on a stormy day with the carcasses of a couple of deer in it.

June 1.—Made a first essay of my canoe in a voyage to Peterboro': the wind being fair, I fastened a blanket to a pole and swept gaily across the lake: my return, however, was less propitious; and, after some hours buffeting against a headwind, I was obliged to go on shore, and trespass on the hospitality of an old rough settler, who lived in a small log house by the water side, surrounded with a growing family of half-Indian children. The two eldest were handsome, well-shaped girls, of sixteen or seventeen; these prepared the evening meal, while the old man related anecdotes of his early days in the wilds, and of the Indians with whom alone he used to associate. They were then unconverted, and had learned nothing from the white man, but to engraft his vices on their own; he described them as fierce, easily offended, implacable, addicted to drinking, even to madness, and capable, under its effects, of the most horrid excesses—even the murder of their wives and children. Thanks, however, to the missionaries, these poor men are now actuated by Christian principles; and are, for the most part, as mild and gentle, and patient of injury, as they formerly were the reverse. Our supper consisted of fried slices of venison, and wild duck stewed with potatoes; when it was concluded, my host pointed me out a corner, and then wrapping himself in his blanket, as did his children, we all disposed ourselves to sleep. On awaking with the first gleam of light, I found my pretty cooks already stirring, and busied in preparing breakfast; after which I took my leave of my host, and smiling farewell to his daughters, who could not utter one word of English, returned to my canoe.

The morning was very wet and chilly, and the wind in my teeth, so that I was nearly starved with hunger and cold before I reached my own clearing. Dry clothes and a good luncheon revived me, and I had just taken down a book, when I saw a noble buck crossing the lake, in front of my window. To seize a rifle and jump into the canoe was scarcely a minute's work; but long before I could get within shot, I had the mortification to see him reach the opposite shore, shake the water from his flanks, and trot majestically away. On returning, however, I was more fortunate, for I fell in with a bear, following on the same track; and, after some exertion, succeeded in placing my canoe in a position to enable me to send a ball through his head: this was a great feat, and very serviceable; for his skin was as welcome an addition to my wardrobe as the carcass to my larder.

15.—Purchased a mill seat, and went to Peterboro' to pick up information about it, and to hire labourers; on returning, with four men, in my canoe, we were all nearly swamped in the middle of Pigeon Lake, an event which I looked upon as a warning not to tempt Providence in future.

16.—My men having now chopped down a considerable quantity of trees, I help them to log—that is, to draw them together in lengths for burning. It is a most dirty and disagreeable business, and especially in wet weather; but, as it requires great strength both of men and oxen, all hands are put in requisition. I assisted at this work for some days, but a dip in the clear lake at sunset removed all external impurities; and when I sat down to my supper and book at the close of the day, I felt myself again a gentleman.

18.—Engaged in setting potatoes among the stumps, and fencing them against the incursions of strangers, whether human or savage.

19.—Crossed the lake to assist my opposite neighbour in looking for a stray yoke of oxen. These animals are suffered to roam at will through the forest, which affords

them excellent pasture in summer, and soon fattens them, provided they are supplied with salt, for which they will generally return to their owner's clearing with the greatest regularity.

The settler was now becoming a man of consequence in his district. He was "of the quorum and rotulorum." He laid out a garden, and (all with his own hands) sowed seeds of melons, cucumbers, lettuce, &c. &c., and planted out potatoes, cabbages, and broccoli. It was now July, and the weather oppressively hot in the middle of the day, but cool in the mornings and evenings.

July 10.—My days were passed in the following manner:—I rose early, and worked in the garden until breakfast, then read for a couple of hours; afterwards chopped firewood in the shade until three o'clock, when I dined, and resumed my studies for an hour: the next two hours were passed with the woodmen in overlooking their work, and at six o'clock I took tea, and afterwards floated about the lake in my canoe, with or without a gun, until nine or ten o'clock, when I retired to bed, and slept most soundly: my health was very good, my spirits even, and I was well satisfied with my condition.

18.—The mosquitoes and black flies began to be excessively troublesome.

19.—A tremendous storm of thunder and lightning: several large trees were struck on the edge of my clearing; and the crash of shattered limbs in the forest was very appalling. The storm lasted six hours.

20.—The air much cooled and very pleasant. Some Indians crossed the lake in their canoes, one of whom brought me half a buck; I am now become acquainted with these aboriginals, and mutual attentions and civilities pass on both sides: they are honest and civil, and always ready to do me any service. On one point alone, that of hunting furs, they are said to be as tenacious as English landholders of their game.

Like Robinson Crusoe, he lost a day. In crossing the lake on Sunday to join the service of his neighbour in the opposite clearing, he found it was Monday!

August 20.—Went to Peterboro', where a rapid improvement had taken place during the summer; new houses had been built, new shops opened, and a large influx of inhabitants had arrived. I had been so many weeks absent, that I had forgotten to change my half-Indian costume before I left the woods, consequently my old acquaintance recognised me with difficulty, and especially as the sun had sadly changed my complexion; even the boys in the street hooted as I passed.

26.—Having now been some days alone, I began to look anxiously for the return of my men; about noon, four travellers arrived from Peterboro'; they were new to the Bush, and stared when I requested them to help me to prepare for their entertainment, but they soon entered into the spirit of the thing, and, as in the good old patriarchal days, one baked, another attended to the roast, while a third prepared the vegetables. In due time, I set before them a repast of the usual forest fare—fish, fowl, and venison—which my guests pronounced sumptuous, and enjoyed not the less on account of its novelty.

So passed the early part of the settler's sojourn in the wilderness. But new settlers were arriving; a site was fixed upon for a village; and, though his first Christmas day on his estate seemed very dreary and un-Christmas-like, the recollection of his many advantages and good prospects reconciled the settler to his lot. Clearing twenty acres, building a log-house, a root-house, a cellar, and a barn, purchasing a yoke of oxen and a cow, seeds of different kinds, and some furniture, cost him in all £212: 5s. But he soon saw that farming was not the most direct way to wealth, though "with a capital producing from sixty to a hundred pounds a year, independent of the farm, a gentleman of education and active business-like habits may live very comfortably;" "but, on the whole, the emigrant of this description ought not to go to Canada with the expectation of obtaining more than a comfortable independence." In the subsequent years, the settler, who is evidently a clear-headed, cautiously

enterprising person, bought several pieces of wild land on speculation, let his farm and homestead to a respectable tenant, invested part of his capital in a saw-mill near the Rapids, and built there a new shanty.

July 3, 1834.—All the timbers having been pronounced ready to "fix" in their places, a "bee," or gathering of all the neighbours was summoned to raise the mill; they assembled in great force, and all worked together in great harmony and good will, notwithstanding their different stations in life. When the last rafter was fixed, a bottle of whisky was broken on the top, and sundry others having been distributed among the humbler members of the hive, the party separated, well satisfied with their day's work. The completion of the saw-mill was an event of vast interest to all the inhabitants of the settlement, who looked to exchange their rude shanties in a little time for neat frame houses.

A few days afterwards, the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Colborne, honoured him with a visit, which—

Put the whole settlement in a fever of loyalty and preparation. At the appointed time he arrived, and, after surveying the public works, and making himself acquainted with the condition and prospects of the settlement, assisted at my first dinner party in the Backwoods. There was a noble maskalony,* supported by the choice parts of a couple of bucks; then, for *extremes*, we had beaver tails, (a rare delicacy,) partridges, wild fowl, and squirrels. My garden supplied the dessert, which consisted of melons, raised from English seed, but far exceeding their parent stock in size and flavour, plums, strawberries, and apples; there were grapes, too, rich in hue and beautiful in appearance, but, unhappily, tasteless to the palate as the fabled fruit of the Dead Sea shore. The high-bush cranberry, by far the most delicate and admired of all our native fruits, was not yet ripe, but his Excellency was pleased highly to extol the entertainment, and to declare himself well satisfied with his reception. After dinner, he christened our infant village "Rokeby," a name which may one day make a figure, perhaps, on the charts of the Province.

The saw-mill being completed, a yard was formed and filled with logs, and *Buck and Bright* the twin oxen laboured in a new vocation, drawing logs. In addition to the saw-mill, as there was a constant influx of settlers requiring provisions, until they could raise their own, the sensible Oxford student laid in a store of flour and pork, which proved useful to his new neighbours, and profitable to himself; and in Canada, as in the United States, a gentleman may keep a store or shop without derogation of his dignity. The 8th of April 1835 was the fourth anniversary of his departure from England; and on that day the saw-mill, rendered idle by the frost, began to work afresh, to the general joy of the settlers, who were all in want of planks. The payment was in kind; half the planks being left for turning the logs brought to the mill into that form, or into deals. A saw-mill is the germ of a new settlement in the Bush.

At first, some one or two adventurers, possessed of a little capital, purchased a few acres of land on the bank of a river or stream, where, in the provincial idiom, there is good water power: two or three rude huts or shanties are erected, and a small clearing made in the forest; by degrees, others are attracted to the spot. The original settler, meanwhile, has turned a little money, and embarks it in a saw-mill; this induces many to come into the neighbourhood, from the facility its offers for building. Then, as the settlement increases, some bold man is persuaded to erect a grist or flour mill, which again serves as an attraction; a growing population requires the necessities of life at hand; stores are opened, a tavern licensed, and, in a few years, a thriving village, or, as in the case of Peterboro', an important town, springs up in the heart of the forest.

The settler, who had hitherto enjoyed excellent health, was this spring attacked with fever and ague, and obliged to remove to Peterboro' for medical assistance.

On returning (he says) I found the saw-mill working away in great force: on an average it cut daily full 2000

* The Indian name of a fine fish found in the lakes.

est of planks, which I obtained a ready sale for at 30s. a thousand feet. As it may be interesting to future emigrants, I will state the expenses and returns of the mill per day:—

Six logs, which cut 2000 feet, . . .	£0 15 0
One sawyer,	0 5 0
One labourer,	0 2 6

£1 2 6

Returns, 2000 feet at 30s. per 1000, . . .	£3 0 0
Cost, as before stated,	1 2 6

Profit, £1 17 6

This was in itself a very satisfactory return for the outlay expended upon the erection of the mill; but I had become so well acquainted with its management, that I could relieve the sawyer very often, and so work it beyond the usual hours, to my considerable advantage.

A neighbour offered to exchange a useful milch cow for 3000 feet of lumber, which I readily acceded to, and thought myself a gainer by the transaction. Having little else to do at this season, I took my turn at the mill regularly, until the yard was cleared out, and all the logs of the neighbours sawn up. The principal demand was for deals, though several oak, elm, and cedar logs, were cut up for furniture, and other domestic purposes.

This man must have thriven anywhere. In August he dispatched several rafts down the lake to market. In the following spring, the *Bachelors* of the new settlement gave a splendid ball at Peterboro'. A church was opened, and the infant members of the colony christened. There were also sundry "bees," such as "logging bees," "fixing bees," and "house-warming bees," where the favourite toast was, "British connexion and Sir John Colborne." Our settler has strong and decided Tory predilections, with which, however, we have no desire to quarrel. He seems to regret exceedingly that Sir J. Colborne was superseded by Sir Francis Head, in which he is not singular. In the fall of last year, the saw-mill being laid up for the season, its owner resolved to pass a few months with his friends in England. He travelled from Peterboro' to Albany for £2:15, and from thence to Liverpool by New York for £31:2:6. Many inquiries were made about his adventures, and he found the easiest way of gratifying a very reasonable curiosity, was to publish his journal. We need not recommend it. Those who have read our extracts will know its value. The author has long since gone back to the home of his adoption.

Southey's Collected Poems.

The ninth volume is completely filled with "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," and the copious notes of the learned author. This epic—notwithstanding an early penchant for the wild imagination and true nobility of "Thalaba," the heroic and lofty moral ardour of the pervading tone of "Joan d'Arc," and the lovely, primitive simplicity and sweetness of much of "Madoc"—we have ever felt as the first of Southey's sustained poetical efforts. Nor—notwithstanding Mr Jeffrey's unfavourable opinion, so innocently revealed by Hogg, in a letter of his printed by Mr Southey, in the preface to the volume—are we inclined to retract. The Shepherd, who had shortly before returned from a visit to Southey at Greta Hall, kindly wished to review the poem himself, and, it would seem, had even delicately proposed the thing to Mr Jeffrey, who replied—"For Southey I have, as well as you, great respect, and, when he will let me, great admiration; but he is a most provoking fellow, and, at least, as conceited as Wordsworth. I cannot just trust you with his 'Roderick,'" &c. Hogg afterwards discussed the subject with Jeffrey, who still found the poem

heavy, although Mr Alison joined the Shepherd in upholding its merits. But the great northern critic had his vulnerable points. The Shepherd continues, in his epistle to the doubtless highly-diverted author of the poem:—"There was, at the same time, a Lady M—— joined us at the instant. Short as her remark was, it seemed to make more impression on Jeffrey than all our arguments:—'Oh, I do love Southey!' That was all." The pastoral innocence of what follows beats everything:—"I have no room to tell you more, but I beg that you will not do anything, nor publish anything, that will nettle Jeffrey for the present, knowing as you do how omnipotent he is with the fashionable world, and seemingly so well disposed towards you." The Shepherd seems himself to have deeply participated in that mysterious dread of the animal critic-monster which appears to us much akin to the fascination of the witches of old over their terror-struck and abject victims—a power which the critics, like the beldams, well knew how to enhance, and maliciously enjoy. Mr Southey remarks:—"The reader will be as much amused as I was with poor Hogg's earnest desire that I would not say anything which might tend to frustrate his friendly intentions.

'But what success the Shepherd met,
Is to the world a secret yet.'

There can be no reason, however, for withholding what was said, in my reply, of the *crushing* review which had been given to Wordsworth's great poem—'He crush 'The Excursion!' Tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw.'" There was a time when, in the Parliament House, this would have been held flat blasphemy.

Edinburgh Cabinet Novels—The Medicaster.

The book with this mystical name is the First Part of an intended series of popular romances, which are to be published quarterly, and at a cheap rate—that is to say, *relatively* very cheap, for there are really cheaper publications. This part consists of a romance, the scene of which is laid in Scotland; and which, from incident, character, and description, we think exceedingly well suited to the taste particularly of juvenile novel-readers. It displays both natural ability and literary accomplishment of no mean order.

The Pedestrian's Guide through North Wales.

This is the lively and good-humoured narrative of a pedestrian tour, performed last year by Mr Bennett, which may while away an hour very agreeably to any one, and prove of considerable use to lounging travellers, bound on the same quests, over the same ground. The volume is illustrated by etchings of some of the more remarkable or picturesque scenes in the principality; and is throughout gossipy and pleasant. The pedestrian has picked up a great many Welsh traditions, fairy tales, and also stray tunes, which he has introduced into his book with good effect.

Railroadiana. A New History of England.

Railroad Guides, Railroad Directors, Maps of Railroads, &c. &c., are coming forth thick as the leaves in Valombrosa. One in which Mr Roscoe is concerned has unaccountably disappeared through our table; so we can, for the present, say nothing more about it, save that the preliminaries were somewhat lengthy, but promised to lead to something. *Railroadiana* is a description of the places and scenery through which the Railway between London and Birmingham proceeds, with a competent share of make-bulk in stories, anecdotes, and local traditions. It is furnished with a neat little coloured map, which it carries conveniently in its own pocket. A plain,

accurate itinerary—if such a thing be practicable in the new era—would, we confess, have better met our ideas of a public want, than so much ancient lore and modern history. But the two are not incompatible.

The Natural History, Physiology, and Management of the Honey-Bee, by Dr Edward Bevan, is appropriately inscribed to VICTORIA, the Queen of the British hive, as is Christiana or rather Isabella of that of Spain, Donna Maria of that of Portugal, and Queen Pomare of the hive of Otaheite. The human hive of Madagascar also, we believe, enjoys a Queen at present; and how many more female sovereigns there may be, we cannot pretend to say, though it is certain that so many hives, governed by Queens, the world never before saw. Dr Bevan tells our British queen-bee, that the genius queen of the hive-bees is ever to be found in the enjoyment of the attachment of her people; ever most pleased when they have the fullest portion of remunerating occupation; that she is ever capable of rousing their most active energies for the promotion of the general weal, and of inducing them to flock round her person when the general weal is endangered. Dr Bevan should have mentioned that the workers are particularly attached to the queen. On the subject of bees, Dr Bevan is, we dare say, a very competent authority; and we are certain that his is an ample and comprehensive treatise, upon which, however, although it be written in a quite popular style, we do not feel qualified to pronounce.

Parlour Magic.

This is a description of entertaining and ingenious experiments of natural science—together with sleight-of-hand tricks, and tricks with cards, intended for the amusement of young persons by the winter's hearth or in a wet day, and which is well calculated to excite and exercise rational curiosity. We cannot pretend to admire a few of the sleights and subtleties, which are puerile enough, and a little pert withal in their wit; but we have no doubt, that "To bring a person down upon a feather," and "Go if you can," will produce roars of laughter, and be thought vastly clever. Then, why, in this dull world, quarrel with harmless mirth?

Campbell's Edition of Shakspeare.

Moxon has just published a complete edition of SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS, in one volume, which the reader may guess is not of the *Slender* family. By the aid of double columns, and a sharp, clear, open-faced type, the letterpress is, however, comfortably legible. A glossary and well-arranged index are added. But the distinguishing feature of the edition—its Falstaff girth and proportions apart—is the "Remarks on the Life and Writings" of the Great Dramatist, by Campbell the poet. Mr Campbell has told all that is already known, or that he has discovered and conjectured about the personal history of Shakspeare, in the racy and facetious style which forms a refreshing contrast to the solemnities of ordinary grave and pompous commentators. The conjectures about the Life are followed by remarks on the state of the stage in Shakspeare's days; and on each of his dramas, in the supposed order of their appearance. These remarks are necessarily brief, but they are pithy in proportion; "lively, audible, and full of vent." We are particularly delighted with the few observations on the "*Midsommer's Night's Dream*," "*Cymbeline*," and "*Measure for Measure*." In his strictures on the latter play, Hazlitt, the finest commentator on Shakspeare, made woful error—an error instinct with low feeling—

"That could six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour."

The plays are arranged in this volume, as in other editions, upon no principle that we can understand. It commences with the play supposed to be latest written, "*The Tempest*," and ends with "*Hamlet*."

The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare.

By the Rev. Thomas Price.

Most *apropos* to the unique single volume Edition of Shakspeare's Dramas, comes forth this neat small tome of Shaksperian essences and quintessences, which may either be viewed as an appendage or an abridgement. It is an Index of the best sort. First, we have about 130 pages of the philosophy of the Great Dramatist; which, well versed as we supposed ourselves in Shakspeare's works, present, in detached passages and sentences, a body of morals and ethics which surprise as much as they delight. It is like stumbling upon a new Shaksperian vein. *Noble characters, ordinary characters, and depraved characters*, are each classed; and then we have the exquisitely poetical passages arranged under the head *Painting of Nature and the Passions*. The pithy aphorisms, the homely wisdom, in which Shakspeare abounds, condensed into short single sentences, are arranged, perhaps, in better order than they could have been under the division Moral Philosophy to which many of them belong; and whatever could not be easily classified, is thrown into a chapter of Miscellanies. The idea of the book is not original; but the compiler and publisher have both improved upon former Shaksperian selectors, and produced a cheap, neat book—Shakspeare "cut out in little stars"—worth its weight in gold to the English reader.

Letters on the Natural History of the Insects mentioned in Shakspeare's Plays.

A man of talent and fancy may make a charming book upon anything. The subject of "*The Task*" was an old sofa; Swift wrote well on a broomstick; Erasmus in praise of Folly; and an amateur, whom Rousseau mentions, composed a volume on the nest of the lichen. Mr R. Paterson of Belfast has elaborated an agreeable little volume on the subject above named. He is the treasurer of the *Natural History Society* of his own town, and was under the agreeable necessity of contriving something to amuse the ladies on the *Public Nights*. An ordinary treasurer might have lectured upon insects; but he elevated and refined his "*shard-borne beetles*," "*motes that people the sunbeam*," and "*worms i' the bud*," into poetical existences, Shaksperian insects. We are informed, at page 257, nor are we surprised to hear it, that "*an Orange-coloured gnat*" frequently proves very destructive in Ireland.

Treatise on the Physical Education of Young Ladies. By A. M. Bureaud Riofrey.

This is a second edition enlarged, of one of the best books of its kind, and one which is well entitled to the attention of mothers, governesses, and all intelligent women, to whom the care of female infancy and youth is confided. We admire the work for its moderation of tone and practical good sense. Dr Riofrey admires gymnastics and proper exercise, but he would not convert all our young ladies into Amazons or Spartan virgins. He condemns tight-lacing, as ungraceful and hurtful, and injurious to health; and yet admits of stays; he goes farther—"All stays that do not prevent free breathing, circulation, digestion, an easy movement, will

meet with our approbation ; and we recommend the use of them to ladies noted for their elegance, as well as those remarkable for the negligence of their persons."

The Young Lady's Equestrian Manual.

The example of Queen Victoria has set all the ladies a scampering and galloping, and trying to take the whip-hand ; and here comes an elegant small manual for their instruction, containing many embellishments and illustrations of the exercise of horsemanship, which, under royal auspices, is becoming so fashionable.

Life of Dr Jenner, with Selections from his Correspondence, and Illustrations of his Doctrines.

By John Baron, M.D.

The Memoirs of this eminent benefactor of his species, are written by a gentleman of his own profession, with whom Jenner was many years on terms of the most friendly intimacy. They convey to the reader the impression of a thoroughly good and amiable man, with all those attributes of simplicity, humility, and unconsciousness, which, we may say, almost uniformly characterise the truly great man. We regret that our limits do not at present admit of a more extended notice of this interesting biography, especially as we fear it is too long for popular readers.

Several new theological works are lying upon our table, which we can merely name, leaving their merits to be discussed in the proper quarters, the religious Journals and Reviews. One is, *THE THEOLOGY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT*, which is extracted and translated from the German of Bauer. The original formed the text-book of the learned author's academical lectures.

FINE ARTS.

FISHER & SON have published a splendid edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," with a Life of Bunyan by Mr JOSEPH CONDER, which places his character in a new, and, as we apprehend, the true light. Bunyan never was the low, coarse, abandoned profligate, which tradition and even favourable but uninquiring biographers have delighted to represent him, as if to magnify his subsequent triumphs. The edition is tastefully and elegantly embellished with numerous engravings by eminent artists, and is enriched by the best portrait of Bunyan that we have seen. More than the formal designs do we admire the little wood-cuts embellishing the initial letters. They are more in harmony with the spirit of a book, which will form one of the most desirable additions to the family library which has yet appeared—a book more than worthy of the pains and cost which the spirited publishers have bestowed upon it.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

PUBLIC attention has been absorbed by the spectacle of the Coronation, and, at any rate, the proceedings in Parliament always get dull and uninteresting at this season. They were, however, enlivened by a motion of Lord Brougham's, relative to the manner the war in Spain has been carried on by our Government. He insisted it was in violation of the law of nations, and that it had a direct tendency to involve us in war with the great Continental Powers. His Lordship contends that the instructions sent out to the British cruisers to prevent neutral ships landing arms for the Carlists, are illegal, as there is no efficient blockade of the coast of Spain. The Duke of Wellington, though he concurred with Lord Brougham, left the House without voting, about forty Tory peers accompanying him ; but the remainder voted with Lord Brougham ; and on the division, there appeared fifty-seven to fifty-seven ; but there being no casting vote in the Lords, the motion, which was for the production of papers, was lost. The Irish Poor-Law Bill has passed the Lords, by ninety-three to sixty-two. Most of the Irish Peers, and we suppose the whole landed interest, are hostile to the bill ; for the good reason, that it will take money out of their pockets. The Earl of Mountcashel predicts, that, as passive resistance is better understood in Ireland than anywhere else, the bill will be totally inoperative ; and there can be little doubt of the fulfilment of the prediction, if the landlords, Tories, established clergy, priests, and peasantry, along with O'Connell, are, as he asserts, to combine against it. Lord Brougham also opposed the bill, and read letters he had received from Ireland, corroborating the statement of O'Connell, that Ireland was never in a more dangerous state. He maintained the necessity of abolishing the office of Lord Lieutenant, to make the Union more complete, and of paying the Catholic clergy, who, he said, notwithstanding all their protestations, would, in a few months, take the money which was voted for them. In the Committee on the Irish Tithe Bill, Mr O'Connell moved that the £840,000 advanced to the Irish clergy and tithe proprietors, out of the million loan, should be remitted. The proposition was, of course, eagerly laid hold of by Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, and the Irish members, and Sir Robert seemed to think

that the remainder of the million, or rather half a million in addition to what has been already advanced, should be given to the recalcitrant tithe payers. In this way, the people of this country are made to pay other people's debts. As to any chance of getting back the £840,000, it is hopeless ; so that it is as well to take the credit of making the land-owners a present of it ; but we see no reason for giving them more money. The Irish Corporation Bill, which Lord Lyndhurst has truly taken the management of in the Lords, and has altered as he thought proper, will no doubt pass, and probably also the Irish Tithe Bill, so that it is to be hoped the time of Parliament will not be taken up so much next Session, as it has been this, with mutilating Irish measures.

SIR W. RAE'S SMALL DEBT BILL, the professed object of which was to raise the jurisdiction of the Justices from £5 to £8 : 6 : 8, has been thrown out, on the third reading, by sixty-three to forty-five. We are glad of this ; for the real object of the bill was to increase the political influence of the Justices, and to raise the emoluments of certain political retainers who hold the office of Justice of Peace Clerk. The Small-debt jurisdiction of the Justices has again and again been denounced as a nuisance by the Judges of the Court of Session ; and now that the Sheriffs have a similar jurisdiction, it ought to be abolished. The English Justices have no such jurisdiction, although it would be more useful in England than in Scotland. The only thing that at present brings any small-debt cases before the Justices is, that the fees of this court are somewhat less than those of the Sheriff small-debt court. Were the fees of both made the same, hardly a single case would be brought before the Justices ; for, even at present, the whole cases, in some counties, are taken before the Sheriff.

An incidental discussion, but carried on with sufficient heat on both sides, took place on the Corn-Laws, on Earl Fitzwilliam presenting a petition from Glasgow for their repeal. His Lordship stated it as his opinion, that when, by the operation of the seasons, or by any political or other cause, the price of grain was raised to its greatest height, the people would call for this code of protection (as it is called) to the agricultural interest being entirely swept away. That it would come to this,

he had not the slightest doubt. Lord Fortman was convinced, when he looked at the state of the markets, that this question must come before the House in a substantive form next Session, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and interest. On a question from the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Melbourne stated, that he had no intention of meddling with the existing Corn-Laws, nor would he ever introduce any system of Corn-Laws founded on a different principle from the present, *unless a decided opinion on the subject was expressed by a large majority of the people*. He then talked of the impossibility of a country flourishing under a system of fluctuation, and "begged distinctly to state, that it was not his intention to propose any immediate alterations in the present Corn-Laws."

ENGLAND.

CORN-LAWS.—The late discussion in Parliament on this subject will, we hope, put the public on their guard; for, if the price of corn continues to rise as it has done during the last three months, and the average has risen 3s. 4d. within these four weeks, the price will be so high that the duty on wheat will fall to 1s. a quarter. This is the case when the average is at or above 73s. If any alteration is made in the Corn-Laws, and a fixed duty is resorted to, it will require the utmost effort to get it lower than 36s. per quarter for wheat; for even Earl Fitzwilliam talked of a duty of 30 per cent. *ad valorem*. That is, almost precisely, the rate at the moment we are writing, the average price of wheat being 65s. 6d. and the duty 21s. 8d. But there is a great fallacy in the present system of averages. We have it from the best authority that wheat, fit for making even tolerable bread, can never be bought at the average price in England; and hence we find that with the general average there at 65s. 6d., wheat has brought in the Scotch markets 78s. 6d. and 80s. a quarter. If the duty fell much lower than at present, it requires no great foresight to prophesy that the "Landed Interest"—that is, the 50,000 noblemen and gentlemen to whose whims (for we do not believe that even they have any interest to keep food dear) twenty-six millions of people are sacrificed—will be the first to move for a repeal of the present Corn-Laws. Only think of foreign grain coming in at one shilling of duty, the home price being only 73s., when the agriculturists have proved to demonstration (so they tell us) that it cannot be grown in this be-taxed and be-pensioner-ridden country under 80s. We agree with Earl Fitzwilliam in thinking that we cannot expect to have so many plentiful harvests as we have had during the last ten years. If, therefore, anything like 30 per cent. of an *ad valorem* duty is to be imposed, matters had much better continue as they are.

One word as to fluctuations, from which Lord Melbourne thinks the present law has saved us. In the four years preceding the passing of the present law, the highest annual average price of wheat was 68s. 7d., the lowest 58s. 9d.—difference 9s. 10d. But in 1829, the year after the bill, the annual average was 66s. 8d.; in 1833, it was 62s. 11d.; in 1834, 46s. 2d.; in 1835, 39s. 4d.—difference 26s. 11d. On 25th December 1835, the general average was 36s.; in the first week of July 1836, 68s. 6d.—difference 29s. 6d. and before the next crop is reaped, the price will, we doubt not, be double what it was three years ago. The Premier calls the system which acts in this manner, one which *prevents fluctuation*!

A constantly reiterated argument against free trade in corn, is, that it would drive much of the inferior soils out of cultivation; but in answer, we repeat the question—Why, if a fall from 120s. at the end of the war, to 36s. in 1835, had not that effect, how is a fall of 6s. or 8s. to produce such a consequence? But Lord Melbourne tells us it works well for the interests of all parties. The evidence of this position we desiderate. The Corn-Laws, it is pretended, are necessary for the protection of the farmers. When were the farmers in a more wretched predicament than they have been since 1815, or were since 1828? When have their complaints been louder or more frequent? When have we had so many Committees, abortive as their labours have proved, on Agri-

cultural Distress? Have the other classes—that is, the three-fourths of the population—ever expressed any other sentiment than that of detestation of a code of laws which we are told enriches the country by starving the people? We warn the landed interest to beware. Their short-sighted and self-interested policy is bringing serious danger around them. Let them take care how they raise discussions as to the nature of property in land. Let them look to their title-deeds, and consider what right their predecessors had to divide the whole land of the kingdom among the five hundred thousand part of the population, and reflect that the right to their estates rests upon no other title than prescription—a doctrine which, if one Parliament could make statute law, another unquestionably may repeal.

THE REVENUE.—The state of the Revenue is alarming. Comparing the year ending 5th July 1837, with that ending 5th July 1838, the deficiency in the produce of the taxes is no less than £1,331,208. On the customs the decrease is half a million; on the excise, three quarters of a million; on stamps, £76,791. We suspect it will puzzle the Chancellor of the Exchequer to find the ways and means, if the public expenditure is to be carried on at its present rate. The necessity of getting rid of some of our colonies will soon be seen.

EMIGRATION.—NEW ZEALAND.—The recent events in Canada, the disturbed state of the country, and the great probability of another outbreak, and of a war with the United States, have effectually checked emigration to that quarter. The favourite country for emigration at present is Australia. The accounts from that country are certainly very favourable, and the success of the new colony in South Australia is unprecedented. Without the least assistance from Government, and without a ship of war, or a single soldier, nearly 4000 people have been transported across the half of the globe, and placed in circumstances of present plenty and comfort, with the prospect of speedy future independence. In accomplishing this object, a debt of £60,000 has been incurred; but the colonial revenue is estimated at £5000 a year, and the proceeds from the sale of land this year will probably amount to £50,000. After payment of the debt, the price of the land is to be employed for encouraging emigration; so that the colony must rapidly increase. It appears, from a report recently made to the South Australian Company, and although this is only the second year of the settlement, that the land has increased greatly in value. The preliminary sections, of which the company had 162, (near 14,000 acres,) purchased at 12s. an acre, were bringing from 30s. to 40s. an acre. Their 168 town acres (102 of which cost 12s. and 66s.—about £5:5s. each) were worth from £30 to £100 each. The company were possessed of 150 horned cattle, and 8500 sheep. The first season of the whale fishery had produced 200 tons of oil, and ten tons of whalebone. This is the only colony or settlement, belonging to Britain, which costs the parent country nothing; and it is probably on this account, that it is looked on by the ministers and their Tory supporters with an evil eye.

Encouraged by the success of this colony, a number of noblemen and gentlemen have formed the project of colonising New Zealand. This country consists of two islands; the length of the northern is 436 miles, and its medium breadth 60; the southern 360 long, and, at an average, 100 broad. These are situated about 400 miles to the eastward of Van Diemen's Land; and, from their excellent climate, have been long pointed out by geographers as most favourable for the establishment of European colonies. They were discovered by Tasman, a Dutch navigator, in 1642, and were visited by Cook in 1779, who ascertained them to be islands; and not, as had been previously supposed, part of a great southern continent. Owing to the great height of the mountains, some of which are covered with snow the whole year, and must therefore probably reach 15,000 feet, there is at all seasons an abundant supply of water in the rivers, and refreshing showers; so that, although it is in the same parallel of latitude as Port Jackson in Australia, when the country around that settlement is parched up, New Zealand is covered with the most luxuriant trees, crops,

and herbage. In the northern island, Cook did not find any frost in the middle of winter. The mountains abound in springs, and there are numerous rivers. The abundance of water so favourably contrasted with the aridity of Australia, is highly propitious to vegetation, and many of the vegetable productions of the islands are extremely valuable. The trees grow to an immense height and size, and are well adapted for ship building; potatoes, turnips, cabbage, Indian corn grow luxuriantly, and the climate seems very similar to that of Italy or Spain, with the incalculable advantage of greater moisture. The coast abounds with numerous sorts of fish—among which are to be found salmon, herring, mackarel, flounders, lobsters, mussels, and numerous other kinds of great value not known to Europeans. The natives are a fine, handsome, muscular race, with pleasing and intelligent countenances, and complexions little darker than those of Spaniards. They are most anxious for Europeans to settle among them, whose mechanical arts they are extremely anxious to learn. They are very tender and affectionate towards their relations, are exceedingly docile, shew considerable ingenuity, and their character altogether appears superior to that of any other barbarous tribe. When our government was first applied to give their concurrence to an act of Parliament for colonizing this interesting country, they encouraged the project; but, upon farther consideration, Ministers have changed their views, and the consequence has been that the bill was thrown out on the second reading by a majority of 92 to 32.

SCOTLAND.

CORONATION HONOURS.—The only Scotch Peers who have received dignities are Lord Dundas, who has been created Earl of Zetland, and the Earl of Kintore, who has obtained a British Peerage. We are not aware of the services which have entitled these noblemen to these honours. The Scotch Coronation Baronets are Mr MacPherson Grant, of Ballindalloch; Mr Dunlop, of Dunlop; Mr Forrest of Comiston, Lord Provost of this city; and Mr Stewart Menteith, of Closeburn.

CALEDONIAN CANAL.—After expending nearly a million and a quarter on this work, it has become a matter of serious consideration whether the navigation should not be discontinued altogether, and the work destroyed! On the 7th December last, the north-west recess wall of the lowest lock at Port Augustus gave way; and, though repaired in a temporary manner, is still in a state of great insecurity. Mr Walker, the engineer, has been employed by Government to examine the whole canal, and he has reported that, if the canal is to be kept open at all, there is "no doubt as to the propriety of doing the repairs and finishing, which will cost £129,317." But besides, as, at present, vessels take three, four, and five weeks to pass through the canal, which is only sixty miles long, five steam vessels to tug them would be needed, so that the total sum still required, is £150,000. The average tonnage of vessels passing through the canal is 25,000 tons per annum, being about 2½ per cent. of the whole trade going through the Pentland Frith, to avoid the navigation of which was the object in constructing the canal. It was intended to have been large enough for the navigation of frigates; but only the smallest class of merchantmen ever attempt the passage, only one so large as 240 tons burthen having passed through it within the last seven years. The gross annual receipts of the canal have not exceeded £2600, while the expense, repairs, and superintendence exceed £3000. If all the £150,000 were laid out on it, it seems very doubtful if the canal would be of much use; for it would still require some days to pass through it, even with the assistance of the five steam boats. On the other hand, it appears, that to destroy the works would require a sum which might equal the expense of a proper repair, from the precau-

tions which would be required to prevent the country being inundated; and for the same reason the canal cannot be allowed to continue in its present state. For example, the valley of the Lochy is much under the general level of the canal, and there is a loch of 6000 acres ready to burst out on it, unless immediate precautions are taken.

We believe that this canal was begun without any proper estimate. The first sum granted for it was £20,000, in 1803; in 1804, £50,000 more was voted; and so it has gone on from time to time, till upwards of a million has been expended; and now there can be little doubt it ought to be abandoned, could it be done with safety to the neighbouring country.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

Leeds.—The markets at the Cloth Halls have been brisk for some weeks; and, although the quantity of goods brought in from the country has been unusually large, nearly the whole has been disposed of. Business is rather improving in the warehouses generally; and prices are a shade higher, though still below what goods can be made for at the present prices of wools. **Huddersfield.**—There is a considerable activity in the markets, and a fair amount of business is doing; but the manufacturers have in vain struggled for a rise of prices to compensate the increased cost of wool. **Bradford.**—The increased demand for yarn continues, and prices are firm, but without any advance. The demand for wool, especially for the finer sorts, is brisk, with, in some instances, a small advance in price. We have similar accounts from the other manufacturing districts.

AGRICULTURE.

The prospect of the harvest is by no means flattering, and in many districts the crop can hardly now amount to an average. Barley appears everywhere a weak crop, many fields of potatoes have been ploughed up, and the continued rains have greatly injured the turnips. In Scotland, wheat, however, promises fair; but, we presume, from the rise of the price, the prospect in England is less favourable. Oats have been benefited by the copious showers, for there is never too much rain for them. Markets continue steadily to rise. During the last four weeks, wheat has risen 3s. 4d., barley 8d., rye 2s. 3d., and beans 1s., per quarter on the general average.

We beg to call the attention of agriculturists to the valuable qualities of the most noxious weed with which they are annoyed, and which costs them more expense than any other to keep down, for the most careful cultivation does not eradicate it—we mean "couch grass." We are indebted for the information to Colonel Maccaroni's "Memoirs." In Italy the roots are carefully gathered by the peasantry, who often pay the farmers for the privilege, not to be burned, but to be used either as a decoction, instead of sarsaparilla, to which many medical men consider it superior, or for food to their horses. After being gathered, it is well washed, and then tied into bundles, two feet long, and six inches in diameter, and is afterwards kept in, or well sprinkled with water. Of this root, or of carrot, the Italians always give their horses in spring and summer, a few bunches at mid-day. Upwards of £40,000 worth of this root is annually sold by the peasantry to the inhabitants of Naples alone; and the horses fed upon it are kept in much better condition than those fed on the ordinary food. Considering the great quantity of couch grass in the fields in this neighbourhood, it might be desirable to try it as food for horses; and, if it is found to succeed, its collection will not only be of great benefit to the farmer, but afford our labouring poor an additional source of healthy employment throughout the year.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1838.

CONGRATULATIONS AT THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION OF 1838.

THIS long and glorious Session has come to an end; and—thanks to Lord Brougham's "restlessness," Lord Durham's Ordinances, O'Connell's pressing necessity for "native air," but, above all, the grouse-shooting—somewhat abruptly at last. Her Majesty, in person, graciously pro-rogued the Parliament, and the wires were touched to eloquence in general felicitation and gratitude to the faithful, munificent Commons.

A few of the topics of congratulation, which could not easily be brought within the compass of the royal speech, still remain untouched; and upon them, until opportunity arrives for a more careful retrospect of the business of the Session, we propose to add our hasty congratulations, as a sort of postscript, if we may venture the presumption, or as *addenda*, to the Royal speech, or Ministerial promptings.

Were we to puzzle our brains until Parliament meet again, it were impossible to hit upon a more satisfactory ground of gratulation to the Government and its dependents, than that mentioned with singular naïveté in a Ministerial journal:—*"The same men who were in Downing Street at the opening of the Session, are in Downing Street still."* Let them laugh who win. Q. E. D.

There may have been a few petty triumphs—such as the making of the Coronation Peers and ordering that pageant, and a few secondary considerations, such as bets gained on the point, or excisemen and commissioners made; but the great end, the all in all, is embraced in "the same men," all their dangers past, being still in office. Upon this, then, we especially congratulate her Majesty's Ministers. They have been "dry-nursed" and whipped by Sir Robert Peel, coddled by the Duke of Wellington, buffeted by Lord Lyndhurst, schooled and cowed by the high Tories, trampled in the dirt by Lord Brougham, and held up by every party in turn, to the derision, contempt, or pity of the nation, as men without substantial power, without business capacity, without any one consistent or intelligible principle of policy or of conduct; divided among themselves; existing but from hand to mouth upon make-shifts and expedients; hateful to the great body of the people, from their desertion of Reform; and having no certain supporters among any class, save a small remnant of the hereditary Whig

aristocracy, and that increasing horde of dependents and expectants who ever cling to whatever men are still "in Downing Street," feeling it their dearest interest to keep them there. They are "still in office."

We have much more upon which to congratulate the Government; but, first, we would dutifully congratulate Mr O'Connell's "lovely little Queen," upon having; in the morn and dew of her youth, fallen upon such judicious guardians of her personal character, her crown and dignity, and the happiness of her subjects; upon men who have laboured so effectually, at the most delicate crisis of her life, to endear her to the affections of her people, and establish her in their loyal respect.

We would also respectfully congratulate her Majesty upon the zeal of her Ministers for the comfort and dignity of her "beloved" and "august" mother, whom they have made richer than any "mother of the Queen" ever before heard of in England, or even in Germany. But, especially, we would congratulate our youthful female sovereign upon that ample provision being secured by her devoted Ministers for the maintenance of her royal household, which makes her, at the age of nineteen, the envy of the oldest crowned heads in Europe—of those who, though they may have a good deal of their own way, have the handling of very little cash.

We heartily congratulate Lord Charles Fitzroy upon having been dismissed from his post in the Queen's household, for daring to vote according to his conscience, and against slavery; and the Messrs Buller, Mr Sheil, and other Liberals and patriots, English and Irish, whether they be the allies or only the kinsmen of Mr O'Connell, upon having obtained either a relishing foretaste of the sweets of office, or were it but a smell of the good things, and upon having, in consequence, grown with gourd-like rapidity in the saving virtue of political discretion.

We congratulate Ministers alike upon the courage which inspired them to dismiss Lord Charles Fitzroy, and the prudence which has all along guided them in retaining the Duke of Wellington's man at the head of the army.

We congratulate the whole empire upon getting rid of that egregious Whig humbug, the

Irish Tithe Bill; and Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, upon the Irish Patriots so ably assisting Ministers in driving that Tulcan lion out of the way of their return to office as soon as it may suit their convenience; or as soon as bland Lord Melbourne can prevail upon them by his fascinations and "winning ways."

Among many other lesser matters, we congratulate the Irish Church Reformers upon Mr O'Connell's return to his native air, laden like some rich argosie; or, at least, the harbinger of the booty wrung from the industry of the people of England, to solace the tithe-eaters of Ireland, and bolster up that monster Establishment which *he* and *we* have wanted words to paint black enough. We trust that, when the prey taken from us, Egyptians and Amalekites, the unrepresented or misrepresented people of Great Britain, comes to be divided, he may, at next Tribute-tide, feel the advantage. Without him, that million could not have been got; he, therefore, deserves a liberal per centage. That Appropriation *Clause*, which has helped so well to keep "the same men in Downing Street," and to turn out Sir Robert Peel and the Duke in 1833, is, we acknowledge, a mere shadowy thing, when compared with what his merry countrymen term "O'Connell's Appropriation *Claws*"—those which clutch a million of our taxes at a swoop, and for so holy a purpose. We also congratulate O'Connell upon the Tithe Bill on a private score:—

It may, at need, serve in his hands the purpose of the old *caubeen* of the roaring boy, the leader of a faction at a fair, who, when wishing to begin a fray, has only to toss it up. Upon the continued gullibility of his thinning audiences, we congratulate Mr O'Connell: though we would give him warning that the credulity and patience of his clever countrymen have been sorely tried of late; and that the actual dispensers of the loaves and fishes will ultimately obtain influence which they may not always choose to use by deputy. We cannot congratulate O'Connell upon his continued popularity in England and Scotland; his able slavery and tavern speeches notwithstanding. The four household votes of the O'Connells, right for once or twice in a session, while the Tail was permitted to whisk round, will scarcely do. We cannot congratulate him on voting against Mr Ward, or for mutilating the Municipal Bill, and fifty other things.

We must, above all, deeply condole with O'Connell for always finding these Whig Ministers so very "obstinate," while the Duke of Wellington and the Tories find them so complaisant and yielding. We very deeply condole with him upon having found the Whigs, as he told a meeting of anti-slavery delegates, invincible "to his screw." "He had tried the power of pressure himself, but they had always spurned at a threat." "*They would sacrifice their lives for a principle they believed to be a true one!!!*" We doubly condole with the "Liberator" in this predicament; as they yield fast enough to Lord Brougham's "screw," and when he threatens; and succumb at once to "that worst production of the Irish

soil," the "stunted Corporal." To conclude, we congratulate Mr O'Connell on the wisdom of still thinking it right to support these men of unyielding principle, who spurn at his threats, though they have given way on every Liberal Irish measure. Are they not still in Downing Street?

But who, alas! will condole with us on our deep disappointment, our bitter mortification, at the line of conduct followed, for these last two sessions, by Mr O'Connell. Whither has vanished that vantage ground for Ireland, on which he stood, three years since, alone and unfettered by Whiggery, amidst the Radicals of Newcastle—on the Calton Hill of Edinburgh—in the Green of Glasgow—surrounded by tens of thousands of men animated by the warmest sympathy for the sufferings of their Irish fellow-citizens, and eager to "turn the screw." That ground has crumbled from beneath his feet. He is shorn of his strength. He is becoming weak, and as any other mere Whigling. He is to send out two hundred emissaries to rouse Great Britain with the story of Ireland's wrongs. He might much better have done it himself. We shall welcome the Irish missionaries when they appear, but we shall ascertain that they bear national, and not Ministerial credentials, counter-signed by O'Connell.

To come nearer home: We would congratulate the faithful Commons upon their labours in a Session extending to the period of gestation in the human animal, and producing so much—a Session which opened with metamorphosing the plenipotentiary to the Muscovite Court into the Dictator of the Canadas, and endowing him with powers, vague, vast, arbitrary, and of most dangerous precedent—and closed in hurrying through a very doubtful Bill of Indemnity for the abuse of those ill-defined, insidious powers.

We congratulate Ministers upon the manly and dignified figure which they made in the eyes of the nation, while poor Lord John Russell, who can talk such big words in the breach, cried mercy, and came in Peel's will for the Canada Bill; and while bland Lord Melbourne, railing against the Brougham-framed Bill of Indemnity, appeared all the while in an agony of apprehension lest it should be opposed, and he lose his place. We shall congratulate them more heartily, if Lord Durham does not virtually throw it back in their double-faces, by the indignant surrender of the Dictatorship before the year be out. If he does not, we greatly mistake the man, and shall sincerely condole with him, involved in that labyrinth of intrigue which may render it impossible to follow the dictates of his spirit. We lately condoled with him on his chivalrous feelings sending him so far from Court at a critical time, and entangling him in a most difficult embassy; but, in the present circumstances, we should congratulate Lord Durham, and also his friends in the Home Government, upon his reappointment to St Petersburg. His place as a public character, is no longer either Canada or Britain. Lord Melbourne might find his presence inces-

venient at Court, and the Reformers can well spare him in Parliament, or in the country, for anything he has either said or done for some years. We shall, however, congratulate Lord Melbourne, in being able to keep off Lord Durham by any means, whether by the disgrace of Indemnity Bills, or honourable exile to Toronto, Lambton Castle, or Russia.*

We take leave to congratulate the Tories, and especially the House of Lords and the Duke of Wellington, upon their amended position in the country, in consequence of following the able and cautious policy—the Torres-Vedras tactics which we long since sagely predicted would be those followed by the Duke.—We congratulate them upon their sure, but steady advance to power, and on their successfully using the Whigs as cats-paws, to turn the chestnuts for them. We congratulate them, that, although the Court may be hostile, the Whig-Tories have so tarnished the lustre of the Crown, and so diminished its moral influence, that, though the People are as decidedly as ever opposed to Tory principles, they more and more despise their political rivals, and would not now move a finger to “keep out the Tories,” were there no better reason than “keeping in the Whigs.”

We, however, congratulate Lord Melbourne upon the decidedly favourable symptom, of her Majesty, both in proceeding to Westminster Abbey and in returning from it, turning the latter part of the royal person towards the Carlton Club House—a dignified mode of expressing contempt for the Tories and attachment to her Whig Ministers, worthy of a young Princess, the royal niece of that illustrious Prince, George IV., who first introduced the courtly practice of *rumping* into politics. This looks as if there were some solid foundation for Mr O’Connell’s assurance to the People of Dublin, that the Queen was with the Whigs—and, we doubt not, was an important fact, instantly communicated to country correspondents, by those maids of honour whose matrimonial prospects may be depending on “keeping in the Whigs.”

We congratulate Mr Spring Rice upon the court pensioners escaping almost uninjured through Mr Harvey’s intended fiery ordeal, by favour of his ingenious hocus-pocus and necromantic arts. Congratulations to him upon the Speakership might be somewhat premature.

We congratulate Sir John Campbell on excelling, at least in Parliament, in the proper functions of

his office of Attorney-General, any Tory lawyer that has filled it within our memory. To specify instances would be superfluous.

We congratulate Sir William Molesworth, Mr Grote, Mr Harvey, Mr Warburton, Mr Ward, and the small knot of Radical members who have kept their garments unspotted by Whig contact during this contaminating session; and sincerely condole with Mr Hume on having the misfortune to be, though an English Radical, an O’Connell Member. We congratulate Mr Roebuck and the other Liberal members ousted at the last election, upon having been kept apart from those Whig-Tory snares and temptations, before which so much flaming hustings-liberalism has fallen—though we have fears for them.

The Reformers, the consistent, steady, and independent Reformers, of whom numbers are to be found in all grades of society, we especially congratulate upon the rash and indiscreet, if not absolutely infatuated declarations made and confirmed by the Whig leader of the House of Commons, Lord John Russell, against any and all farther Reform—against amending the Reform Bill—against Ballot—against Extension of the Suffrage—against the extinction of that form of Slavery called Negro Apprenticeship—and against all Church Reform that is not a cheat or a shadow. Verily, for Lord John’s candour, we congratulate the Reformers.

The labouring poor, the struggling millions, we congratulate, upon wheat being at from 72s. to 86s. per quarter, the four pound loaf at 10½d., and every article of prime necessity proportionably dear; while Lord Melbourne informs them that he will countenance no change in the Corn Laws, and weeks afterwards receives the farewell compliments of the Duke of Wellington thereupon. We congratulate them on this, while Lord John Russell manfully avows that the Reform Bill was intended and contrived to strengthen the agricultural interest in Parliament—that interest which has always in Parliament been so feeble! If the people are contented with these things, let them. We shall congratulate them upon their meek submission to the will of their highly-privileged natural lords.

But they are not content; and their discontent is rapidly increasing. It breaks forth at Birmingham or Glasgow; but it is smouldering everywhere, ready, on the first breath of agitation, to burst into a flame. The symptoms were never more alarming than at present. Wrath is treasured up against the day of wrath; and it is not by either keeping the Tories out, or the Whigs in, that the storm is to be arrested, but by enthroning, in place of those selfish factions and class interests which have so long borne sway, the eternal principles of political wisdom and justice.

We warmly congratulate the People, and our brother Reformers, wheresoever they may be found, upon the increase of knowledge, and the improved morality of the masses; upon their mutual intelligence, their peaceableness in their political demonstrations, or the periodical *livinge*, by which they intimate their grievances and their desires.

* It was ostentatiously set forth in the newspapers, at the time of Lord Durham’s acceptance of the appointment of Governor-General of North America, that he had done so only from chivalrous acquiescence in the desire personally urged by “the lovely young Queen.” The integrity of the empire, the peace of the North American colonies, and probably of England and the United States, and the happiness of some millions of his fellow-subjects, were certainly very trivial considerations, and unworthy of biasing his purpose; but the wish of the Queen was imperative upon Canning’s haughty and knightly Earl. In requital, the Queen could not do less than order that his appointment should be on the same scale of magnificence as those of Lord Mulgrave, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Upon their discipline and unity of purpose, we congratulate them. We congratulate them, above all, upon the sound principles on which they have based their claims of justice; upon their National Petition—the scroll of that new Great Charter, emanating from a purer source than the field of Runymede—coming from the workshops and foundries of Birmingham, and eagerly adopted throughout all the populous districts of the kingdom.

Finally, we would counsel Lord Melbourne to pray mightily to Ceres, and call in the aid of such of the Court chaplains as are looking forwards to golden prebends, deaneries, and mitres from the Whigs. Venus and the Graces have done much for him; and so have Mercury and Mammon; but they will never bring him through the black, hungry winter in prospect, if that bounteous goddess shall continue to frown, whose smiles are at present quite as needful as those of the Court.

And while the Premier prays, let the People work. The temper and the urgent necessities of this season are singularly propitious for a strong pull at the bread-tax. Universal Suffrage is good; Ballot is good; Annual Parliaments are most excellent and desirable; and these three claims are the legitimate means to all future good. But people never work so well as when they are hungry, and, consequently, half-angry. One thing at a time, is the rule of all good business-men; and the hardy smiters of Sheffield and Birmingham well know the value of "striking while the iron is hot." They may now make a fair trial to obtain the food of their children at a just price. *If they are worth their salt, they will do it*; concentrating all their energies upon that single object, until it is accomplished. No matter whether the Melbourne Parliament, or our own, freely chosen by Extended Suffrage, shall carry this measure, so that it be speedily carried.

OBSERVATIONS ON IRISH POLICY, ADDRESSED TO BRITISH REFORMERS.

Perhaps we may have damaged our own right of blaming the conduct of Mr O'Connell, by acting so long, in relation to him as he has done in relation to the Whig-Tory Ministers. We have probably forbore too long, though not to the extent which satisfied him.

Last year, when our dissatisfaction at his Parliamentary conduct had been expressed only in the most delicate and gentle manner, O'Connell, both in speeches and letters, complained that, along with everything British, even *Tait's Magazine* had turned against him. Still we were silent. We resolved to try him, as he tries the Whigs—for one more Session; and this year also we have been silent, even while we felt forbearance with O'Connell, for the sake of his country, verging upon betrayal of the common cause of Reform in Great Britain and Ireland. We have a score of our own to clear with "The Liberator." This Magazine was among the first, if not the very first of the British periodicals, that unreservedly and warmly advocated the civil and religious rights of the Irish people. We were among the humble but disinterested and zealous instruments, who, for the sake of Ireland and Reform, paved the way for the triumphant progress of O'Connell through the north of England and Scotland, and gave him power and influence in Great Britain, which we fondly hoped he was to employ for very different purposes than abetting

or sheltering the Whigs in their desertion of Reform. Since then, Session after Session has passed, and we have looked with perplexity, apprehension, and, at length, with something of the suspicion avowed by all English Radicals, upon many parts of his public conduct. In this suspicion, many of his own countrymen participate. Yet we cannot go their length—we cannot doubt of O'Connell's fidelity to Ireland. He has been bred in a bad school. He finesses too much, he temporizes too much. What we consider far worse than his subservieney to the Whigs, is his obvious desire to keep asunder Irish and British Reformers; to keep alive distrust of us among the people of Ireland. For this there can be no good motive. He should remember Cobbett's lesson—"Ware this indifference and dislike even true—you, O'Connell, should be the last man to tell it." But we leave Mr O'Connell for the present in the hands of his patriotic countryman, Mr Sharman Crawford, to whose unimpeachable probity and singleness of mind, he has so often borne testimony. Having most reluctantly broken silence, we shall feel it a duty to continue to tell the Irish what the warmest friends of Ireland in Britain think of the conduct of O'Connell. To ourselves it is most painful and mortifying to think of him but as the firmest friend of his native land, and the able champion of liberty everywhere.

To the Editor of Tait's Magazine.

SIR,—At this important crisis in the cause of civil and religious freedom, not only as respects Ireland, but the British empire, I trust you will not deem me presumptuous in soliciting your permission to make use of your valuable and extensively-circulated periodical as the medium of addressing a few observations to the consideration of the Reformers of Great Britain.

The friends of liberty gained, by the Reform Act, the first outwork (but only the *first outwork*) of the intrenchments which political and religious monopolists had erected to secure the ascendancy of oligarchical power. Since that period, I ask, have they advanced one step? They have not; but, what is still worse, they are in danger of being forced to retreat from the position they had gained—desertion thins their ranks, and an active enemy steps in their front. How did they gain the first step? By bringing into play the power and energy of popular action, and depending upon that power as the

moving principle. How has their farther advance been impeded? Because they have placed their dependence on the manoeuvres of a party, and based their cause on the support of that party, instead of on a steady adherence to the principles for which they were contending.

Does it not appear like an infatuation to continue to rely for the advancement of popular rights on leaders who have declared that no advance beyond the Reform Act ought to be made? They joined you in taking possession of the advanced posts of the enemy, but now they say, "Here we stand. If you push forward one step, we will desert to that enemy." And yet these are the men under whose banners the Reformers of Britain are content to rest in the trenches, whilst their enemies insult them with the menace of defiance, and are throwing up new works for the strengthening of their citadel.

These premises can hardly be denied—but I shall be told that Ireland was the cause. Ireland claimed your

forbearance. I cannot deny that the Reformers of Britain have this plea, although I have the satisfaction of feeling that I never was a party to the call. But, as Ireland is made the plea, I shall solicit the attention of British Reformers, whilst I shall take a short review of the propositions, and the system of legislation, under which the Melbourne Ministry professed to do justice to Ireland.

The Charter principle by which the present Ministry expelled their predecessors, and obtained office for themselves, was that of the appropriation of the superfluous revenues of the Irish Established Church to national use—and the particular use pointed out by the resolution of the House of Commons, in 1835, was the education of the People, without distinction of religious persuasion.

Now, how did they propose to carry out this principle? I shall refer to their first bill, because the propositions of this bill may be considered the real index of their intentions, as they brought it forth unfettered by the excuse of former rejections. By a census made under the authority of Parliament, it appeared that the Established Church only amounted to about *one-tenth* of the population. The provisions of this bill professed to be founded on this census; and how did they abide by the census? The tithe composition amounted to about £515,000 yearly, and the surplus to be produced by the new system was only estimated at £58,000 yearly; and, in return for this partial appropriation to the People, a new security was to be given to the Church, by imposing the responsibility of the payment on the landlords, to whom *three-tenths* of the composition were to be remitted as a *bonus*. Thus the nation were to get about *one-tenth*, whilst the Church and the landlords together, were to get the other *nine-tenths*. The distribution of these revenues drawn from the People, was to be in the *inverse* proportion of the population—the *nine-tenths* of the people were only to get *one-tenth* of the revenue. This was the utmost extent of the justice proposed to Ireland, on this question, by the Melbourne Ministry, accompanied with the assertion of their determination to uphold the ascendancy of the Established Church. But it was to be accepted by Ireland as *instalment justice*!—so the O'Connellites said—whilst the Ministry offered it as a *final and satisfactory settlement*. This was rejected by the Lords—and what was the result? Did the Melbourne Ministry and the Irish leader give the Lords a practical lesson on the folly of resistance, by proposing a more extended measure of justice to the Irish people? No such thing. The next Session (1836) brought forth a proposition, which contained a more circumscribed *modification* of the *already modified* principle of appropriation. The Lords again resisted and rejected. The Bill of 1837 made further concessions; but this Bill, in consequence of the decease of the King, never reached the Lords. A new Parliament was afterwards summoned. The Melbourne Ministry boasted of retaining their majority. They boasted of enjoying the invigorating refreshment of the sunshine of royal favour. Did they then stand boldly on the ascription of religious liberty for Ireland? Did they stand upon the full and honest carrying out of the principle upon which their formation was based? No. This is the moment when they bring forth the project of a practical surrender of their own principle, and a full concession of ecclesiastical supremacy in all its disgusting integrity. They propose a measure, to give the new security to the Church, as already stated in my description of the first Bill, without one fragment of the appropriation principle; and, in this course, they were defended, supported, justified, and (I believe, I might say) prompted,—by whom? By O'Connell!—the Liberator of Ireland!—the Tithe-hater!—the Voluntary! Reformers of Britain! mark this winding up of the *instalment policy*!

When I pass to the Corporation Bill, I find this Ministry consistently pursuing their favourite system of delusion and concession. The first Bill was a good one—founded on the principle of British Legislation:—the subsequent Bills progressively deteriorated that principle, and diminished the number of towns eligible to corpora-

tions, till, in the last (that of 1838), the principle of British legislation could hardly be recognised, even if a five-pound franchise had been granted. Now, what is the real difference between the Whigs and Tories on this Bill?—It is not worth the value of one straw. The Whigs sent it up with a five-pound franchise—the Lords returned it with a nine-pound franchise—the Whigs conceded an eight-pound franchise—and the fact is, that either of these franchises, in the towns of Ireland, would annihilate popular representation, and secure the monopoly of oligarchical power; and yet, after the Whigs and the O'Connellites had virtually surrendered the substance, a sham-fight is to be kept up about a shadow, in order to continue in the hands of a faction a longer possession of the powers and emoluments of office! But good sometimes results from evil. By these conflicts of factions, the doom of Ireland may be respite—she may yet be saved!

Now, let me put it to British Reformers—(and I would wish also to Irish Reformers)—Who are the real promoters of resistance in the Lords? Who are the real insulters of Ireland? Will they not answer with me?—Those who have permitted the Lords to reap the benefit of resistance; those who permitted Ireland to be insulted, and then entered into a treaty with her insulters, compromised with her insulters, and surrendered to her insulters. Why are the Lords to be blamed, when we find the man who is the acknowledged leader of the Irish people—their paid advocate—himself voting, and bringing forward his party to vote, in the combined ranks of the Whigs and Tories, for the confirmation of compromises made in direct violation of declarations, of professions, of pledges, solemnly recognised both by the Ministry, and this leader, and the members of his party?—and yet this man turns round, not only upon the Lords, but he turns upon the British people, and says, You too are the refusers of justice to Ireland. It may be so; but I would say to him, First try the British people, by proving that the course which Ireland takes is worthy of British sympathy and British justice: and do not accuse the British people, to screen your own delinquencies.

I have now shortly reviewed the two clap-trap propositions; but there are other matters of no less importance to be noticed. British Reformers are not aware of the gigantic strides with which the power and patronage of the crown has been advanced in the local legislation of Ireland since the accession of the present Ministry. This has been the main object of every act which they have passed, or which they have attempted to pass. As one instance, I shall refer to the constabulary system, which has been newly organized by an act passed under the influence of the present Administration, with the aid of their O'Connell supporters. By this act, a new retinue of offices and officers is created. All control over the amount and regulation of the constabulary force is withdrawn from the fiscal bodies and magistracy of the counties, and vested solely in the executive. This body, under the *constitutional appellation* of constables, is armed, drilled, appointed, and disciplined as a *standing army*—not subject to the mutiny act—not subject to the control of Parliament—liable to be increased at the pleasure of the Lord Lieutenant, without any effective limitation on that power; and the pay of this body is to be drawn by the *warrant of the Lord Lieutenant*, half from the consolidated fund, and half by imperative warrant from the county taxation. By the same act, an unlimited power is given of appointing stipendiary magistrates with large salaries; and, by the *Coercion Act of the Melbourne Government*, which was passed after the expiration of the Grey Coercion Act, the most arbitrary powers of Curfew-Law Legislation can be enforced in any district which makes itself offensive to the executive. By the Grand Jury Bills, which this Ministry have passed and proposed to pass, the system of imperative presentments (by the order of the Crown) has been enlarged, and all these things have been done by the aid and with the assent of the Irish O'Connell patriots. They have been done under cover, first, of the mild and popular administration of the executive in the hands of the Marquis of Nor-

manby; and under cover, *secondly*, of the two fictitious and delusive measures, the Tithe and the Corporation Bills. The attention of the British public (and the Irish public) has been kept directed on these two *fictions*, as the *primum mobile* of every good to Ireland, whilst her leading patriots were setting themselves, or preparing to set themselves down, under the protection and emolument of those lucrative offices which this increased power and patronage of the Crown placed at the disposal of the executive.

British Reformers! I have endeavoured, in the preceding review of Irish policy, to rescue you from the claim—from the imputed obligation—to suspend your own efforts for freedom, to serve the purposes of a Ministry who have been represented to you as the saviours, as the guardian angels of Ireland, as the only instruments of justice to that ill-treated country; but, I trust, I have been able to shew you that no justice can be expected under a system of policy such as has been acted upon by that Ministry and their Irish adherents. If space permitted, I would desire to exhibit the various modes in which this policy has operated, and may operate to the detriment of the cause of political and religious liberty in the British empire; but I can only notice a few of them.

Previous to the time when the Irish leader and his party became the adherents of the Whig Ministry, you had the invariable and zealous support both of their voices and their votes in furtherance of the rights of the People—you are indebted to the Irish phalanx for some of your late noblest victories in the cause of British freedom: but can you now depend upon the support of the leader or his party, except that support can be given in consistence with the greater object of preserving the existence of the Melbourne Ministry? In proof of this position, I would refer to some of the divisions of the present session. Where was the Irish leader, and the Irish party which usually voted with him, when the liberties of Canada were to be contended for? Again, what was the position of those Irish members of the same class on that great question of liberty and humanity, on the occasion of Sir G. Strickland's and Sir E. Wilmot's motions for the Emancipation of the Negro Apprenticeship? There, indeed, we find Mr O'Connell voting in its favour, *but deserted by his usual followers*. Did he lose his influence over his party? Would they not hearken to the call of their black fellow-creatures? Did their leader make the call? Mark the excuse made by their leader on the day after Sir G. Strickland's motion:—"They abandoned the cause [why?] because they considered the resolutions of the delegates of the preceding day a *direct attack upon the Government*." Here is a pregnant sample of the operation of this policy. How did the Irish party divide on the Repeal of the Corn-Laws? Was the leader at his post? I do not find his name in the division, and only six Irish members in support of the motion. How did they divide on that question of *British* humanity, the Factory Question? O'Connell and his party are found voting in the Government majority. I could cite many other examples, if space permitted.

Again, do British Reformers apprehend no danger from the policy of increasing the arbitrary powers of the executive in Ireland by measures such as I have already described? May they not apprehend that those experiments, after being proved in Ireland, may be transferred to England and Scotland?—and that the Irish party, who sanctioned such measures for their own country, may be the ready assistants, at a future time, of this or some other administration, in giving the British people a sample of the infliction of curfew law and arbitrary Government?

If this system of compromise and submission is to be continued in Irish policy, will it not operate on the efforts of the British people for the advancement of their own rights? What is it that makes the Lords courageous and insolent? It is the courage and insolence produced by success. They find the House of Commons truckle to their resistance, and the British and Irish people tamely submit to the humiliation of their representatives; can it be expected, then, that this resistance,

will not be continued, in opposition to every effort for the advance of British liberty? But, independently of this, it damps the energy of the People—it destroys their confidence in public men—it shows them the futility of making those sacrifices which a people *must* make whenever they attempt to oppose the power of either a landed or a moneyed aristocracy.

British Reformers! you have been deluded—you have been deluded by the cant phrases of *Justice to Ireland, Justice by instalments, Justice by compromise*. British Reformers! be deluded no longer; but boldly assert the common cause of British and Irish rights. Depend upon it, that Britain cannot have security for freedom if Ireland be a slave. Acknowledge no leader—acknowledge no party as the friends of liberty, who temporise with that great cause. Let the nation declare what they demand; and let them tell their representatives, You must stand by us in these demands.


I know I shall be answered with the old objection—This will let the Tories in. I do not wish the Tories to be let in; but I do not fear them. I ask, if even a temporary admission to office should be the result, is it more dangerous to let them have that temporary but *responsible* possession of power, than to let them rise to popular favour upon the inconsistencies and tergiversations of the professors of liberty, and to permit them to convert those very men into an engine by which to hold *actual* but *irresponsible* power?

I assert that their holding of office, if attained, must be temporary; because then they would cease to have the power of covering the deformity of their own principles, by the falling back of their opponents. The People of Britain would then have undisguised enemies to contend against; their efforts would not be paralysed by traitors in their own camp; a vigorous effort would be made; the Whigs would be again compelled to connect themselves with the popular movement, as their only engine to regain that which they had lost—office; and the Tories must then submit to concede the demands of the People, or else to surrender that post which it would be impossible for them otherwise to hold.

I lay it down as a principle sustained by all the evidence of history, that the united voice of the great body of the British People cannot be resisted. Why is this *moral* power irresistible? Because rulers must know that a continued resistance to this *moral* power would lead to the ultimate and *effective* application of *physical* power. Therefore, where the great mass of the People are united in a common object, the application of physical power will seldom or never be necessary; and, *without this union*, the application of physical power would be as useless as it would be unjustifiable; and I maintain that this union can only be accomplished by a firm adherence to principles, and a rejection of all the manoeuvres of party tactics which are inconsistent with these principles. I do not mean to say that the different classes of the People ought not to concede to each other. They must mutually concede in order to form a fixed bond of union among themselves; they must concede in order to decide upon fixed principles of action; but I say they ought not to concede to factions, and temporise with principles to answer the objects of these factions.

I have taken the liberty of addressing these observations to the Reformers of Great Britain, (provided you, sir, shall be kind enough to give space for their insertion,) because I conceive many are not acquainted with the real workings of Irish politics; and because I am persuaded that an effort is intended to be made to continue this system for another session; and by declaiming against the insolence of the Lords and the Tories, to cloak the rottenness of Whig professions, and to give time for the more ample compensation of the services of Irish patriots.

I then respectfully call on the Reformers of Great Britain and Ireland, to raise their united voices against this policy—to cast off the trammels of faction—and to rely upon that strength which honesty of purpose and steadiness of execution can alone confer.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM SHARMAN CRAWFORD
CRAWFORDSBURN, August 15, 1838. 

THE PRINCIPLES OF PHRENOLOGY.*

BY SIDNEY SMITH.

MR SMITH, one of our Edinburgh phrenologists, and a popular lecturer on "the new science," has published a comprehensive treatise upon it, for the best of possible reasons—namely, that he is convinced "that there was both room and need for it." Phrenology has, he says, "left its original expounders at a great distance behind." The Institutes of Gall and Spurzheim, excellent as in many respects they are, have, their forward disciple thinks, "become, in many respects, almost obsolete." Mr Combe, it appears, differs materially, in many of his views, from those whom we had imagined his followers; or, what comes to nearly the same thing, they disagree with him. Mr Smith accordingly aims not only at expounding the faith that is in him, but at exposing what he considers the errors of the apostles of the sect. He differs from Spurzheim and Mr Combe as to the nature and functions of the organ of *conscientiousness*; and his work, indeed, displays a much larger endowment of this faculty than of No. 12. He speaks out what he believes to be the truth, and leaves phrenology to those inevitable ultimate consequences, foreseen, but concealed by the believers, of completely revolutionizing the entire system of society, and bringing in the reign of the *Big-headed* men. He attempts no compromise, and seeks no disguise. If phrenology should "teach materialism," what then? There is no help for it. If phrenology tend to fatalism, why, "Nature also is a fatalist;" and for this, likewise, there is no help. Our author neither blanches nor shirks; and we can approve his candour, without admiring his dogmatism.

Phrenology (says he) is an edge tool, which is not to be played with by a careless, any more than an unskilful artificer. Once recognised as a science—welded into the frame-work of human thought, and feeling, and action—registered in the chartulary of received and truth-fraught philosophy—it must overturn, or change, or reform the whole system of metaphysical inquiry—the entire statute-book of moral institutions—remodel the dogmata of theology—and substitute, in the whole theory and practice of legislation for an expediency which was only excusable on the ground of ignorance which could not be enlightened, the fixed standard of immutable truth, and that eternal justice which truth alone could ascertain.

To those who take interest in the investigation of phrenology, we would recommend the author's analysis of the faculties of the different organs, on which his views are in many respects different from those of former writers. He also takes an entirely original view of the doctrine of the Temperaments, and endeavours to prove, in opposition to Mr Combe, that the temperaments are the result of the *size* of particular organs; and that their modifications are determined entirely by the peculiar combinations in which the organs are developed. The exposition of the doctrine of the temperaments affords us this brief and abrupt specimen of the author's mode of

combating what he considers the errors of other phrenological writers; and, moreover—

CONSOLATION TO OUR "FAT FRIENDS."

The round soft form of body, stated as indicative of the lymphatic constitution, has more frequently than otherwise characterised the most active-minded, brilliant and laborious men. Gibbon, who has written more, studied more, thought more acutely and deeply, and written more eloquently and ably than any of his contemporaries, was enormously fat, fair, and clear in the skin; and so soft and overgrown, that a French lady, at whose feet he threw himself, had, it is said, to ring the bell for the servants to raise him up. Dr Johnson was called the fat philosopher, whose mind was never at rest, and never knew fatigue. Napoleon was remarked for the feminine softness of his person, and a corpulency which, at St Helena, became excessive. Montaigne also was very fat; and Fox, one of the most laborious and active spirits of the age, was like a tun. A merchant in Dundee was pointed out to us, nineteen stone weight, the most active man of business in the town; and we know a case nearly similar in Edinburgh.

Of what are flesh and fat made? The answer is extremely obvious to any ordinary mind. They are composed of the blood; and the greater the quantity of the blood, the greater the tendency to change food into flesh. What temperament is characterised by the superabundance of blood? Clearly the sanguine. What temperament is least so? The lymphatic. *Ergo*, the sanguine temperament is most disposed to obesity, and the lymphatic least. Dr Thomas notices the *herbivori* as examples of this latter temperament; but never was there a more self-evident contradiction. One cow has as much blood in it as a dozen lions. We will stake the heat of that of the one against that of the other; we will engage that the chest of a bull shall be as deep, in proportion to his size, as that of the *ourivori*; and, were we on the turf, would peril something on his clearing a five-barred gate. The truth is, the strength and muscular power of the bull is three times that of the lion; and the statements of Dr Thomas only shew how far theory will tempt writers to overlook the most palpable facts.

To have done full justice to the above, we ought to have previously quoted a passage from Dr Andrew Combe; and now, take only the Doctor's illustration of one modification of the *cranio-abdominal* temperament—

A large brain again, with a large abdomen, and strong powers of nutrition, will constitute another modification of temperament, in which the vivacity and permanency of the mental functions will be subdued still more than by a large thorax; and, although the cerebral energy will still be felt, it will appear much more in fits of exertion than as a durable state; and, in our conceptions of the man, the abdomen will constitute a large proportion of the figure, and the animal appetites will be felt to consume at least as much of the nervous energy as the purely human or intellectual powers. Of this effect, the late Sir John Leslie was a remarkable example."

We do not pretend to receive what follows for gospel, nor do we imagine that the individuals specified were not continually surrounded by hundreds of men, with heads, or rather brains, quite as large as their own, who never made any figure in the world, or in any way surpassed their smaller-headed compeers. How many strapping fellows in the Guards, and members of the Legion of Honour, must there have been with much larger heads than those of Napoleon or Wellington! Two of the largest heads of modern times

* Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin & Co., London.

were, it seems, those of the negro Toussaint L'Ouverture, and of the Hindoo Rammohun Roy, whose brain weighed nearly four pounds.

BIG-HEADED MEN.

All men whose greatness has stood the test of ages—who put their stamp and impress on society—who are the leaders of mankind, and “wield the fierce democracy”—or whose personal character truly changes or impels the progress of political history, or of the human mind—all these point themselves out at once by nature's mark of a large head, indicative of a great soul. Such a head is Napoleon's, Wellington's, Scott's, Franklin's, Fox's, Cuvier's, Cromwell's, Bacon's, King Robert Bruce's, Charlemagne's, Shakpeare's. Such is that of Washington, Jackson, Burns, and Hampden.

Daniel O'Connell, who, without any political influence, in spite of political power, placed in the midst of every disadvantage, and by a sheer, moral, personal, and intellectual force of character, has become, by the suffrages of the willing hearts of his countrymen, the virtual sovereign of seven millions of people—has been called the Member, not for Dublin, but for Ireland—who has seventy-three Members of Parliament willingly at his command, without a pension to promise, or a place to offer—without a farthing to bribe, or patronage to bestow—who has been said, by the Duke of Wellington, to possess more power than has been in the hands of any man since the revolution—and who has been the first statesman having those wonderful powers for effecting the easy operation of combined political masses of Irishmen, which no one before him had ever been enabled to accomplish—this Daniel O'Connell has the largest head of any man in sound health in the kingdom. Joseph Hume has also an enormous head; and his energy and influence have produced a greater effect on the government of the country, and on its political aspect, than has been caused by almost any other man. Yet Sheil is a far more accomplished orator than O'Connell; and Jeffrey, as a speaker and writer, outshines Hume by a thousand degrees. Why has the former “no place” in the political race? and why did the latter sink, in the House of Commons, to utter insignificance? Because, possessed in large endowment with the development of those intellectual organs which shine in literature, and make the accomplished speaker, these gentlemen had brains of not nearly the same size as those of their contemporaries; and, in particular, were not endowed with an equal amount of those passions and sentiments, the great force of which producing moral and intellectual momentum, is the true secret of moving the masses of the community. They could do nothing in the shape of permanent influence with a mob, or a nation. Dr Chalmers, who may be called the O'Connell of the Church of Scotland, has also an exceedingly large head. Swift, the Dean of Saint Patrick's, had almost as much influence with the common people in Ireland, as Saint Patrick himself. His brain was greatly above average. Dr Johnson was equally singular for his large head, and his power of character. So of Captains Parry, Franklin, &c.

Men in no situation will be found to submit implicitly to the dominion of persons with heads below an average size. A judge appointed from interest, and not from merit, has, on this account, actually confined some of the bar for contempt of court. It is the same in college, in the army, the navy, the church—everywhere. An insensible impression of insignificance obliterates that instinct of subordination which is at once felt, under the command of large-brained men. Hence it was that the English could never permanently subjugate the bigger-headed Scotch—or the Germans the Swiss; while thirty or forty thousand British, command one hundred millions of Hindoos, with heads one-fourth less than their own, with the most perfect ease, and assisted by a spirit of willing subjection and subordination. Nature, however, is ever consistent with herself. A Brahmin of this small-headed and enslaved nation, renounced idolatry, studied Christianity, became a profound Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic scholar, and obtained a mastery of the English language. In this tongue he has written seven

works, singular for their elegance of style, erudition, and power of argument. He has beaten the Bishop of Calcutta in Biblical criticism, and converted an English missionary to Unitarianism, who had been sent out expressly for the purpose of making him a Calvinist. This great man—the Rajah Rammohun Roy—had a head twenty-five inches in circumference, being larger than that of any man perhaps in England; and had India possessed many such, Europe would have had more cause to tremble for Oriental invasion, than to send her conquests into the East. While the head of the African slave is much less than that of his white master, the cranium of Toussaint L'Ouverture—who, for a time, bade defiance to the whole power of Napoleon, and that too with means which, in the hands of the latter, would have been totally inadequate—who was a model of wisdom, of heroism, of romantic generosity, and the most exalted virtue—is one of the largest and most beautifully developed that we ever beheld.

The Charibs, New Hollanders, and New Zealanders, whose cerebral mass is about as great as that of Europeans, although developed in a different direction, have never been subdued, and contemplate strangers with neither fear nor respect. They may be killed, butchered, betrayed; but no influence hitherto discovered, has had power to subdue their hearts to the yoke of men like themselves. The Caffres and Ashantees, further advanced in civilization, and with heads also of large dimensions, have been indomitable, and have uniformly maintained a not unequal warfare with the better skilled and civilized Dutch and British settlers. The Chinese, with heads still larger, have never been subdued, and view Europeans with contempt.

Cromwell and Peter the Great, with no powers of oratory or pen, became by far the greatest men of their time, by very large brains. Linn, the Irish partridge, had an enormous head, developed chiefly in the animal region, and he ruled the whole common people of Belfast with a rod of iron.

These sort of proofs are multiplied. Some readers may think that Mr Smith has been somewhat incautious in the adoption of his facts in the above, and indeed in manifold instances, which it would be more easy than agreeable to us to point out. Size being the measure of power, it must be pleasant to the aristocracy to learn that in hats—

“Commencing with London, a perceptible difference will be observed betwixt the higher and lower classes of society. In the former, the majority are above the medium, while among the latter it is very rare to find a large head.” “Establishments at the west end of the town, confined exclusively to the service of the higher circles, require more large hats, in proportion, than other hatters, whose trade is confined to the middle ranks.

Again, we learn that the ten-pounders, or “middle ranks,” require larger hats than the scot-and-lot folks. The wound inflicted upon our *Radical* feelings by these statements, is, however, saved by this propitiation of *national pride*—

“The scale of measurement in furnishing a Scotch regiment, is larger than that required for an English regiment.” “I met with the following order, from a correspondent in the north, for 220 yeomanry caps:—‘Pray be particular in the sizes—let the majority be large. Once more I must tell you, not to send hats 6½, or 6¾, without orders. I have now more than I can sell for twelve months.’ Then follows a list of sizes, all above the English medium.” “A manufacturer,” he continues, “at Manchester, received an order from a London house, to send off immediately a particular quality of hats. Having the same description of order ready packed for Scotland, he sent off that package promptly, to oblige his London correspondent, without any regard to the sizes, to the Metropolis. To the mortification of the individual to whom they were invoiced, they proved to be perfectly unsaleable, from the whole of them being

very large in size; the consequence has been, that nearly the number of hats sent from the extra size for the lower trade, remains to this day on hand." A Dundee wholesale dealer corroborates these statements; and another observes, "New blocks had to be made in France of a larger size for the British army; and it was some years after the peace, before Parisian hat-makers could fit English gentlemen who applied to them." A glance at the House of Commons, or the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the members of which are either chosen by the people, or have risen to be their teachers by superior force of character and might of mind, will convince the spectator of the fact, that their heads are far above the average size.

Gratified by national superiority of head, over both the English and French, we are proud to confess that the reverend members of our Assembly of the Kirk have indeed very respectable-looking craniums, with every other adjunct in comfortable proportion. Yet are we not sure but that a convocation of the Durham clergy, or those of York, would beat them. Again, does Mr Smith know who in the House of Commons shews the largest head and best phrenological development? We refer him to that learned work, *Random Recollections*. The head is neither that of O'Connell, nor Hume, nor Harvey, nor yet the learned Member for Edinburgh, nor Sir Robert Peel, nor Lord Stanley, nor Mr Rice, but an honest country gentleman, not at all remarkable for intellectual endowments. Now, we do not mean to say that—laying organs altogether aside—there is nothing in the size of the brain, which is an opinion nearly as old as human experience; but that the modern sect are prone to push their opinions into absurdity.

We meet with the following extraordinary avowal in a note of this volume, which we cite as another instance of the writer's candour; as we believe that the Materializing phrenologists have no dealings with the Spiritualizing or Transcendental Mesmerians.

We feel convinced, that the rudiments of the science of Phrenology will be defective, until the astonishing facts, recorded in the annals of Animal Magnetism, are more carefully investigated, and reduced to some great common principles. There are phenomena in the science which forms the subject of this work, altogether unaccounted for; and yet the existence of which, until solved, forms a barrier in the way of successful progress. The causes which make light and heat such powerful elements in increasing all our mental susceptibilities, it is evidently of vast importance to ascertain.

After the following curious speculation, our author again buds and bourgeons out in pure phrenology.

How is it that a man, to excite rage, or fear, or pity in others, must frown, and tremble, and weep himself—that he may use all the same words, and in the same manner; but if he want his enthusiasm, his exertions will be abortive? How is it, that a man of a small brain may say the same thing much better, and with as intense feeling as he can command, than a man with a large brain, and that the former will, in a few sentences, not be attended to; while the latter will rivet every eye and every mind, as was well exemplified at the O'Connell banquet in Edinburgh? We see no such extravagant impossibility in the idea, that all this action by one mind, and will, and voice, on another—in the same way as play is cured by the action of wonder, or some other organ on the nerves of the individual system—is produced by some cerebral emanation, only capable of exciting the analogous organs in others, by the operator being in

earnest himself; the larger his organs, the more intense being the shedding forth of the hidden principle. It may be thus that sympathy acts; and that the greater the number of brains animated by the same feeling, the greater will be the effect of their mutual action on the minds of each other. A man of small brain, however fine his language, his thoughts, his logic, may convince a being of larger brain; but will never, deposed upon it, carry him away and along with him in the tempest or whirlwind of passion, or the torrent of enthusiasm. A man of large brain, on the contrary, rules the passions of his more modern-headed audience with absolute sway, especially if there be plenty of light and sufficiency of heat, physical conditions of mental susceptibility, which only shew more powerfully the simple and material elements upon which the ideas and emotions depend. Electricity, magnetism, or whatever name that principle may assume, which pervades and animates all nature—which, in one shape, is seen in man and animals—in another, in plants—in a third, in the process of crystallization and stratification—and, in a fourth, in inorganic matter—is a wonder, which renders all things else credible and common.

We like this overleaping of the ring-fence of the organs, within which ordinary phrenologists would cramp and crib us. Mr Smith has collected many singular facts, without, we apprehend, taking much pains in sifting them, in support of the "plurality of organs and faculties." These he introduces, by this choice specimen of logic. "Partial insanity, or monomania, as it is called, is a phenomenon only to be solved by this doctrine [plurality of organs.] 'I am but mad,' says Hamlet, 'north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a heronshaw.' But," quoth our author, "had the brain been a single organ, he would have been mad at every point of the compass." Among the facts, are those—"A young physician, not remarkable for talents, whenever he became drunk, improvised Latin speeches, singular for elegance of diction and refinement of thought." We should have liked to see those speeches subjected to the test of a *Times* reporter. "A man remarkable for bad memory, fell from a considerable height on his head, and ever after could remember the most trifling circumstance." It would be desirable to know whereabouts this person's skull was struck, as also where the skull of Dr Priestley's son was fractured, which let in mental light upon a young man not before remarkable for lucidity. We do not, however, question this latter fact, but only its bearing upon the doctrine of the organs. With the truth of these doctrines, however, we have at present nothing to do; and of the organs—assuming their existence—we find the analysis exceedingly ingenious and interesting. Mr Combe finds veneration, (No. 14,) "large in the head of the genuine Tory"—not, we presume, the mere place-hunting Tory; "and smaller in that of the Whig or Republican;" while Mr Smith's observation leads him to infer—"That Radicalism, when a genuine feeling or sentiment, and not a mere philosophical principle, is always the result of only an average endowment of veneration with large self-esteem." Women, it seems, have a natural tendency to Toryism, from that superior concentrativeness (No. 3) "which seems the cause of the great constancy and solidness of female attachments." We would, there-

fore, advise every man to choose a wife with Tory tendencies—and, *apropos*, recur to Mr Smith for excellent counsel to young ladies in their choice of husbands. It would indeed have been desirable that he had previously made up his mind about *Vimont's* newly discovered organ of *Marriage*, which, if "*established*," will place a most useful test in the power of the ladies, and at once enable them, or their manipulating deputies, to distinguish the marrying men from the flirts and the danglers.

We say to every woman, never marry a rake. Let him be the most handsome, the richest, the most elegant, and pleasantest of men, he is a bad bargain, even with a coronet on his head, and a county in his rent-roll. After all, peace in the married state is only to be found in virtuous and healthy children; and if a wife would have exemplary sons, and happy, prudent, and heart-pure daughters, let her never look for that in the offspring of that man whose life, at the time when the mind, brain, and constitution are being formed, has been passed in the profligate debaucheries of modern society. Until women remember, when they are asked in marriage, that they are not only to become *wives* but *mothers*—that a poor, plain, sober, and virtuous man, possesses gifts which must produce far greater future happiness than all the wealth and rank of *Crossus* without these qualities, and that domestic felicity is to be found at the *fireside*, not in the carriage or ball-room, society will never advance in the direction best calculated to secure its ultimate improvement.

In all our former phrenological reading, we had never learned half so much of the newly discovered organ of *Alimentiveness*, (No. 0.) A formidable propensity it seems to be. *Alimentiveness* gives the desire of snuffing and smoking, and using opium, as well as of eating and drinking. *Vimont* found it in the skull of every child he examined, and enormous in the skulls of two women incurably addicted to drinking spirits. It is *Alimentiveness* acting upon its next-door neighbour *Secretiveness*, which, it seems, makes ladies, though not men, conceal their eating, and act the part of the "abstemious young lady." It is the self-same organ which leads one individual to devour any sort of garbage with inordinate voracity, and another to be particular only about the *quality* of his food and wine. *Alimentiveness* is thus alike the stimulant which makes the cad devour immense messes of cow-heel, and the gourmand at *Crockford's* pick daintily at one of *Ude's* most recondite made dishes; one man swill heavy-wet by gallons, and another be choise about his small glass of liqueur, or modicum of Port or Madeira. The aristocratic gourmand should insist for an organ to himself, for one of delicate *gourmanderie*, leaving another for vulgar brutal *gluttony*. The phrenologists often tax the organs too far, in condemning them to carry double, or even quadruple, and very heterogeneous loads. We are glad to find that Mr Smith entertains some small doubts, his brethren being in general so absolute in their conclusions, pronouncing the sweeping "*Established!*" as if there lay no appeal. He is not certain about either *weight* or *colour*, and he makes some very acute observations on the organ of

Locality, and on those of *Order* and *Time*. One of his most ingenious sections, is that on *Wit* or *Mirthfulness*.

By an "unkindest cut" in examining the controversy between Mr Combe and Mr Jeffrey, about the principle or theory of Beauty, our author brings proofs from Phrenology to demonstrate that the phrenologist is in the wrong, and the anti-phrenologist in the right. He also differs from Mr Combe about the functions of the Reflective Organs; and, in particular, pulls *Causality* from the high place in which it has been enthroned. Who, however, could have guessed that Dame Quickley's detailed appeal to Falstaff for matrimonial justice should be "advisedly adduced" by Mr Smith, as a specimen of active *Causality*? We pretend to no skill in the rather complex functions of the organs, but we should have imagined that, instead of the pathetic appeal of the widow arising from pure or simple *Causality*, three or four different organs at least were brought into play.

Falstaff.—What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hostess.—Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. (*Adhesiveness* and *Acquisitiveness*.) Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, (*Locality* and *Eventuality*,) on Wednesday in Whitsun Week, (*Time*,) when the Prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing man of Windsor. (*Eventuality*.) Thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. (*Love of Approbation*.) Canst thou deny it? (*Conscientiousness*.) Did not Goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me Gossip Quickly, (*Individuality*,) coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, (*Alimentiveness*;) whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound. (*Causality* and *Cautiousness*.) And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying, that ere long, they should call me Madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? (*Amativeness*.) I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst? (*Causality* and *Conscientiousness*.)

And Mr Smith would resolve all these complex feelings, agitating the bosom or brain of the injured Dame Quickly, into the simple operation of the ratiocinating faculty, or No. 36! Why, we should say in this case, that the whole citadel was in arms—that is, if we had pretension to understanding one iota of the subject. It seems the first condition of phrenology, that belief must precede understanding; hence our own and the general ignorance.

We fear that Mr Smith has injured his book with the fastidious, by its form and appearance, which are both ungainly, in consequence of his desire of cheaply diffusing the doctrines of Phrenology. This, however, ought to form a recommendation with all zealous phrenologists. The subject is illustrated by numerous heads of remarkable or eminent individuals, and, as the reader must perceive, even by our few extracts, is ingeniously handled.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

(Continued from our June number.)

New let me pass to a part of my London literary life, interesting in its circumstances; and a part it was which interested Charles Lamb, though I doubt whether he ever went so far in his interest as to look into the book which records my share in the affair. This affair had thus far a general interest, that it was undoubtedly the most complete hoax that ever can have been perpetrated. The circumstances are these:—After the Author of "Waverley" had for a considerable succession of years delighted the world with one or two novels annually, the demand for Waverley novels came to be felt as a periodical craving all over Europe; just as, in the case of Napoleon, some bloody battle by land or by sea was indispensable, after each few months' interval, to pacify the public taste for blood, long irritated by copious gratification. Now it happened in 1823 that no Waverley novel was in readiness, or likely to be in readiness for the Leipzig fair at Michaelmas. Upon which a cry arose amongst the German booksellers—*Forge one!* "Presumptuous enough that," the reader will say. Doubtless. However, the thing was done. A German, and (to better the case) a German of ultra-dulness, set to work upon a novel. He called it "Walladmor"—a name, by the way, to be accented not upon the penultimate, "Walládmor," but upon the antepenultimate or first syllable—viz., "Wálladmor," as appears from the old rhymes connected with the tale—*e. g.*

"When blackmen storm the outer door,
Grief shall be over at Walladmor!"

where all would be spoiled, if the accent were thrown on the penultimate. Well, this book—this "Walladmor"—made its appearance in the

German language, not as what it really was—a German novel, written by a German novelist—but as a translation from an English original of Sir Walter Scott. In this character it appeared at Leipzig; in this character it was instantly dispersed over the length and breadth of Germany; and in this character it crossed the sea to London. I must here stop to mention, that other tricks had been meditated upon Sir Walter: and I will venture to say, that, sooner or later, one of these tricks will be tried. In a country like England—where (by means of our exqu沿海 organization through newspapers, &c., and our consequent unity of feeling,) an author may acquire a more intense popularity, and more rapidly, than he ever can upon the continent—there will always be a motive for pirating such an author, or for counterfeiting him, beyond what is ever likely to exist upon the Continent. In Sir Walter Scott's case, it is true, there was a mystery which added greatly to the popularity. But still it strikes me, that, simply from the unifying powers at work amongst ourselves, more intense popularity will continually arise in this country than can elsewhere. The everlasting reverberation of a name from a dense population, furnished with the artificial means for prolonging and repeating the echoes, must lead to a result quite inconceivable amongst the non-conducting and frittered population of Germany. There will, therefore, arise in the course of the next century, continual temptations for repeating the trick of counterfeiting, and also that other trick meditated upon Sir Walter (or rather upon the house of Constable) which I am going to mention.—It had been much agitated* in Germany, and I believe also in France, whether—if a translation

* This was a question almost sure to be suggested, if it were only by the intense book-trade interest that had gradually connected itself with the priority of importation, and the priority of translation, on any occasion of a Waverley novel. Bribes were offered by commission for the furtive transmission of proof sheets from the Edinburgh press; expresses were kept sleeping in books and spurs, to forward the earliest copies; translators were preoccupied by retaining fees; for instance, Lindau, Methusalem, Muller, Dr Spiesker, Lots, Von Halem, and many others; and between these translators, the most furious races were run—all in order to ensure an earlier entrance into the market; for, though Leipzig, in its half-yearly fairs, was the general market, still, in a special call like this, there were extraordinary means of getting into circulation. Hence, and from a competition so burning, it may be readily supposed, that many errors would creep into the translations; and especially where imperfect parts of volumes happened to be transmitted; of which there is an amusing instance mentioned by the German author of "Walladmor," in his dedication to Sir Walter Scott—"Ah, Sir Walter! did you but know to what straits the poor German translator of a Walter-Scottish novel is reduced, you would pardon greater liberties than any I have taken. *Ecoutez.* First of all, comes the publisher, and cheapens a translator in the very cheapest market of translation-jobbers that can be supposed likely to do any justice to the work. Next come the sheets, dripping wet from the Edinburgh press, with or without sense and connexion, just as chance may order it. Nay, it happens not unfrequently that, if a sheet should chance to end with one or two syllables of an unfinished word, we Germans are obliged to translate this first instalment of a future meaning; and, by the time the next sheet arrives with the syllables in arrears, we first learn into what confounded scrapes we have fallen, by guessing and translating at hazard. *Nomina sunt odiosa:* else—but I shall content myself with reminding the public of the well-known and sad mishap which occurred in the translation of Kenilworth. This is sufficiently notorious. Another is more recent—I will relate it.—The sheet, as it was received from Edinburgh, closed unfortunately thus:—*To save himself from these disasters, he became an agent of Smith;* and we all translated.—*Um sich aus diesen trübseligkeiten zu erretten wurde er agent bei einem Schmiedemeister;* that is, he became foreman to a blacksmith.

were made of a Waverley novel into a foreign language, and afterwards that translation (German, suppose, or French) were translated back again into English by a person who had never seen the original, and who consequently would give a sufficient colouring of difference to the style—whether, I say, that retranslation might not be lawfully introduced into England, and lawfully sustain itself as a saleable commodity in the character of a foreign book.

Meantime, whilst this suggestion was under debate—a suggestion which applied entirely to the case of a true Waverley novel—one bookseller hit upon another more directly applying to the present case of September 1824, the unexpected case of no Waverley novel offering to appear. He, therefore—this enterprising bibliopole, Her Herbig of Berlin—resolved to have one forged; and without delay he hired the man that should forge it. Well, this forgery was perpetrated; and, the better to hoax the German public, in three volumes. London it reached on a certain day in the autumn of 1824, towards the close of September or of October—I really forget which; but this I remember, that there was barely a space of forty-eight hours for reading and reviewing the book, a book of a thousand pages, before the literary journals of the month would be closed of necessity against further contributions. One copy only had been received as yet in London; and this was bespoke for Sir Walter Scott. Somebody's interest, I know not whose, procured it for me, as a man who read German fluently: and within the time allowed, I had completed a tolerably long article for the *London Magazine*. It may be supposed that reading the book was quite out of the question, for one who had, in so brief a time, to write a long paper upon it. The course I pursued, therefore, was this:—I drew up a somewhat rhetorical account of the German hoax; explained the drift of it; and then gave a translation of such passages as had happened to strike me. To the best of my remembrance, I selected three: one, the opening chapter, which introduces the two heroes of the novel, as sole survivors of a steamer which had blown up in the Bristol Channel, swimming in company, then engaged in a murderous conflict for a barrel, and finally reconciled, by mutual acts of generosity, into giving each other all the assistance within their power. This was a truly German scene. The next was a snow storm amongst the mountains of Merionethshire, and not without some interest. The last described the committal of a principal person in the tale to an ancient castle, (Walladmor,) on a charge of treason. And, in this case, the incidents moved amongst picturesque circumstances of mountain

scenery, with the adjuncts of storm and moonlight, not ill described. How it could have happened, I do not know, but it *did* happen, that I had stumbled by pure accident upon almost every passage in the whole course of the thousand pages which could be considered tolerable. Naturally enough, the publishers of the *London Magazine* were encouraged by these specimens to hope well of the book; and, at their request, I undertook to translate it. Confident in my powers of rapid translation, I undertook even to keep up with the printer; three sheets, or forty-eight pages, I made sure of producing daily; at which rate, a volume would be finished in a week, and three weeks might see the whole work ready for the public. Never was there such a disappointment, or such a perplexity. Not until the printing had actually commenced, with arrangements for keeping several compositors at work, did I come to understand the hopeless task I had undertaken. Such rubbish—such “almighty” nonsense, (to speak *transatlantique*)—no eye has ever beheld as 960, to say the very least, of these thousand pages. To translate them was perfectly out of the question; the very devils and runners of the press would have mutinied against being parties to such atrocious absurdities. What was to be done? Had there been any ready means for making the publishers aware of the case in its whole extent, probably I should have declined the engagement; but, as this could not be accomplished without reading half a volume to them, I thought it better to pursue the task; mending and retouching into something like common sense wherever that was possible; but far more frequently forging new materials, in pure despair of mending the old; and reconstructing, very nearly, the whole edifice from the foundation upwards. And hence arose this singular result: that, without any original intention to do so, I had been gradually led by circumstances, to build upon this German hoax a second and equally complete English hoax. The German “Walladmor” professed to be a translation from the English of Sir Walter Scott—my “Walladmor” professed to be a translation from the German; but, for the reasons I have given, it was no more a translation from the German than the German from the English. It must be supposed that writing into the framework of another man's story fearfully cramped the freedom of my movements. There were absurdities in the very conduct of the story and the development of the plot, which could not always be removed without more time than the press allowed me; for I kept the press moving, though slowly—namely, at the rate of half-a-sheet (eight pages) a day. In some instances, I let the incidents stand, and contented myself with rewriting

Now, and it is to tell what followed. We had dashed at it, and we waited in trembling hope for the result. Next morning's post arrived, and showed that all Germany had been basely betrayed by a catch-word of Mr Constable's. For the next sheet took up the imperfect catch-word thus:—“*field matches*, (i. e. Smithfield matches,) or *marriages contracted for money*?” and the German sentence should have been cobbled and put to rights as follows:—“Er negocierte, um sich aufzuhehlen, die sogenannten Smithfields heirathen, &c. *Should* have been, I say; but, wo is me, for all Germany! it was too late; the translated sheet had been already finished off with the blacksmith in it—Heaven confound him! And the blacksmith is there to this day, and cannot be ejected.”

every word of the ridiculous narration, and the still more ridiculous dialogues. In others, I recomposed even the incidents. In particular, I was obliged to put in a new catastrophe. Upon this it struck me, that certain casuistical doubts might arise, as to the relation which I held to my German principal, which doubts I thus expressed, in a dedication to that person:—"Having some intention, sir, of speaking rather freely of you and your German translation, in a postscript to the second volume of my English one, I am shy of sending a presentation copy to Berlin. Neither you nor your publisher might relish all that I may take it into my head to say. Yet, as books sometimes travel far, if you should ever happen to meet with mine knocking about the world, in Germany, I would wish you to know that I have endeavoured to make you what amends I could, for any little affront which I meditate in that postscript, by dedicating my English translation to yourself. You will be surprised to observe that your three corpulent German volumes, have collapsed into two English ones, of rather consumptive appearance. The English climate, you see, does not agree with them; and they have lost flesh as rapidly as Captain le Harneis, in chapter the eighth. We have a story in England, trite enough here, and a sort of philosophic commonplace, like Buridan's ass, but possibly unknown in Germany; and, as it is pertinent to the case between us, I will tell it, the more so as it involves a metaphysical question, and such questions, you know, go up from all parts of Europe, to you people in Germany, as 'the courts above.' Sir John Cutler had a pair of silk stockings, which his housekeeper, Dolly, darned for a long term of years with worsted; at the end of which time, the last gleam of silk had vanished, and Sir John's *silk* stockings were found to have degenerated into *worsted*. Now, upon this, a question arose amongst the metaphysicians, whether Sir John's stockings retained (or, if not, at what precise period they lost) their personal identity. The moralists again were anxious to know, whether Sir John's stockings could be considered the same 'accountable' stockings from first to last. The lawyers put the same question in another shape, by demanding whether any felony which Sir John's stockings could be supposed to have committed in youth, might legally be the subject of indictment against the same stockings when superannuated; whether a legacy left to the stockings in their first year, could be claimed by them in their last; and whether the worsted stockings could be sued for the debts of the silk stockings. Some such questions will arise, I apprehend, upon your German 'Walladmor,' as darned by myself. But here, my good sir, stop a moment. I must not have you interpret the precedent of Sir John and Dolly too strictly. Sir John's stockings were originally of silk, and darned with worsted; but don't you conceit *that* to be the case here. No, no! I flatter myself the case between us is just the other way. Your *worsted* stockings it is that I have darned

with silk; and the relations which I and Dolly bear to you and Sir John are precisely inverted. What could induce you to dress good St. David in a threadbare suit, it passes my skill to guess—it is enough that I am sure it would give general disgust; and, therefore, I have not only made him a present of a new coat, but have also put a little embroidery upon it. And I really think I shall astonish the good folks in Merionethshire by my account of that saint's festival. In my young days, I wandered much in that beautiful shire, and other shires which lie contiguous; and many a kind thing was done to me in poor men's cottages, which, to my dying day, I shall never be able to repay individually. Hence, as occasions offer, I would seek to make my acknowledgments generally to the country. Upon Penmorfa sands, I once had an interesting adventure—and I have accordingly commemorated Penmorfa. To the little town of Machynleth, I am indebted for various hospitalities; and I think Machynleth will acknowledge itself indebted to me exclusively for its mayor and corporation. Others there are besides, in that neighbourhood, both towns and men, that, when they shall read my St. David's Day, will hardly know whether they are standing on their head or their heels. As to the Bishop of Bangor, of those same days, I owed his Lordship no particular favour, and, therefore, you will observe, I have now taken my vengeance on that see for ever, by making it do suit and service to the house of Walladmor. But enough of St David's Day. There are some other little changes which I have been obliged to make, in deference to the taste of this country. In the case of Captain le Harneis, it appears to me that, from imperfect knowledge of the English language, you have confounded the words 'sailor' and 'tailor'; for you make the Captain talk very much like the latter. There is, however, a great deal of difference in the habits of the two animals, according to our English naturalists; and, therefore, I have retouched the Captain, and curled his whiskers. I have also taken the liberty of curing Miss Walladmor of an hysterical affection. What purpose it answered, I believe you would find it hard to say; and I am sure she has enough to bear without that. Your geography, let me tell you, was none of the best, and I have brushed it up myself. Something the public will bear: topographical sins are venial in a romance; and no candid people look very sharply after the hydrography of a novel. But still, my dear sir, it *did* strike me, that the case of a man's swimming on his back from Bristol to the Isle of Anglesea, was a little beyond the privilege granted by the most *maternal* public. No, pardon me, that rather exceeds the public swallow. Besides, it would have exposed us both to illiberal attacks in the *Quarterly Review*, from Mr Barrow of the Admiralty, your weak point being his strong one; and particularly, because I had taken liberties with Mr Croker,* who is a

* I had called him *Ally Croker*, in allusion to an old joke of Mr Southey, Mr Croker having used the word

colleague and old crony of his. Your chronology, by the way, was also damaged; but that has gone to the watchmaker's, and it is now regulated, so as to go as well as the Horse-Guards. Now, finally, 'Mine dear sars,' could you not translate me back into German, and darn me as I have darned you? But you must not 'sweat' me down in the same ratio that I have 'sweated' you; for, if you do that, I fear that my 'dimensions will become invisible to any thick sight' in Germany, and I shall 'present no mark' to the critical enemy. Darn me into two portly volumes; and, then, perhaps, I will translate you back again into English, and darn you with silk so hyper-lustrous, that, were Dolly and Professor Kant to rise from the dead, Dolly should grow jealous of me, and the professor confess himself more thoroughly puzzled and confounded, as to the matter of personal identity, by the final 'Walladmor,' than ever he had been by the Cutlerian stockings. *Jusqu' au revoir*, my dear principal, hoping that you will soon invest me with that character, in relation to yourself; and that you will then sign, as it is now my turn to sign—Your obedient (but not very faithful) Translator."

It will be observed that, in this dedication, I have not ventured to state the nature of my alterations, in their whole extent. This I could not do in prudence; for, though I should really have made myself a party to a gross fraud upon the public purse, by smuggling into circulation a load of hideous trash, under the momentary attraction of its connexion with Sir Walter Scott, (an attraction which might have sold one edition before its nature was discovered)—though I could not do this, and therefore took the only honourable course open to me in so strange a dilemma,—viz., that of substituting a readable, and, at all events, not dull novel, for the abortion I had been betrayed into sanctioning; yet it might too much have repelled readers, if I had frankly stated beforehand, the extent to which I had been compelled to recompose this German hoax. In a postscript, however, when the reader might be supposed to have finished the book, I spoke a little more plainly. And, as there will be some amusement to many readers in what I said—which (owing to the very imperfect publication* of the book) is, in reality, nearly "as good as manuscript"—I shall here quote a part of it:—"E quovis illo non fit Mercurius," or, to express this Roman proverb by our own homely one—"You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's

ear.' Certainly it is difficult to do so, and none can speak to that more feelingly than myself: but not impossible, as I hope that my 'Walladmor' will shew compared with the original. This is a point which, on another account, demands a word or two of explanation, as the reader will also find it difficult to understand upon what principle of translation three thick-set German volumes can have shrunk into two English ones of somewhat meagre proportion."—I then went on to explain, that the German *pseudo-Scott* had chosen *three*, not because his matter naturally extended so far, but on the principle of exact imitation. "A Scotch novel from the Constable press, and *not* in three volumes, would have been detected in *limine* as a hoax and a counterfeit. Such a novel would be as ominous and prodigious as 'double Thebes;' as perverse as drinking a man's health *with two times two*, (which, in fact, would be an insult;) as palpably fraudulent as a subscription of £99:19s., (where it would be clear that some man had pocketed a shilling;) and as contrary to all natural history as that twenty-seven tailors should make either more or fewer than the cube-root of that number. What may be the occult law of the Constable press, which compels it into these three-headed births, might be hard to explain. Mr Kant himself, with all his subtlety, could never make up his mind in his Königsberg lectures on that subject—why it is that no man thinks of presenting a lady with a service of twenty-three cups and saucers, though evidently she is just as likely to have a party of twenty-three people as twenty-four. Nay, if the reader himself were to make such a present to an English grand jury, when the party never could be more than twenty-three, he would infallibly order a service of twenty-four, though he must, in his own conscience, be aware that the twenty-fourth cup and saucer was a mere Irish bull, and a disgusting pleonasm; a twenty-fourth grand-jury man being as entirely a chimera as the 'abstract lord mayor' of Scriblerus on a 30th of February. Not only without a reason therefore, but even against reason, people have a superstitious regard to certain numbers; and Mr Constable has a right to his superstition, which, after all, may be the classical one—that *threes* happens to be the number of the Graces." This compliment, by the way, was delicate enough to merit an acknowledgment from the Constable press. So much then being settled—that, as a *prima facie* step towards sustaining the hoax, *three* must be the number of the volumes—I then went on to say:—"But what if there was not time to complete so many volumes so as to appear at the Leipzig fair? In that case, two men must do what one could not. Yet, as the second man could not possibly know what his leader was about, he must, of necessity, produce his under stratum without the least earthly reference to the upper; his thorough bass without relation to the melody in the treble. This was awkward; and, to meet the difficulty, it appears to me, that the upper man said to the lower, 'Write me a huge

ally and *allies* in his poem of "Talavera," more *Hibernica*, with the accent on the first syllable.

* The system of quack-puffing, applied to books, and, above all, the artifice of seducing a reader into the reading of paragraphs which else he would shun, by holding out false expectation in the heading—all this, in common with other literary men, I deem disgraceful to literature. Such practices lower an honourable profession to the level of a mechanic trade. But the system of soliciting public attention by plain unvarnished advertisements—that is rendered indispensable to the publication of a book. That wanting, (as in "Walladmor") the book is not published.

heap of speeches upon politics and Welsh genealogy, write me loads of rubbish, astrological, cosmological 'and diabolical,' (as Mrs Malaprop has it :) have these ready. I meantime have two characters (Sir Morgan and Mr Dulberry the Radical) upon whom I can hang all that you write. You make hooks enough—I'll make eyes; and, what between my men and your speeches, my eyes and your hooks, it's odds but we make a very pretty novel.' Such I conceive to have been the pleasant arrangement upon which the machinery was worked, so as to fetch up the way before the Michaelmas Fair began. And thus were two (perhaps three) men's labours dovetailed into one German romance. *Aliter non fit, Avite, liber*. When the rest of the rigging was complete, the politics, genealogy, astrology, &c., were mounted as 'royals' and 'sky-scrappers,' the ship weighed, and soon after made Leipsic and London under a press of sail." Then, having protested that this trash was absolutely beyond hope, and that I should have made myself a party to the author's folly or his knavery by translating it, I offered, however, in the case of my reader's complaining of these large retrenchments, to translate the whole for a "consideration;" to cast it upon the complainant's premises, and to shovel it into the coal-cellar, or any more appropriate place. But thus, I explained, did in fact arise the difference in size, as well as quality, between the German and the English "Walladmor." And henceforwards I shall think the better of the German author as well as myself so long as I live: of him for an unrivalled artist of sows' ears, and of myself for a very respectable manufacturer of silk purses. Thus much to account for my omissions; which, however, some readers may facetiously regard, far from needing apology, as my only merits; and that would be as cruel as Lessing's suggestion to an author for his table of errata—"Apropos of errata, suppose you were to put your whole book into the list of errata." More candid readers, I am inclined to hope, will blame me for not having made even larger alterations in the book; and that would be a flattering critique, as it must presume that I could have improved it; and compliment never wears so delightful an aspect as when it takes the shape of blame. The truth is, I have altered; yes, altered and altered, until I became alarmed. The ghost of Sir John Cutler, of Sir John's stockings, of Sir Francis Drake's ship—nay, of Jason's ship, and older ghosts even than these—all illustrating the same perplexing question, began to haunt me. Metaphysical doubts fell upon me; and I came to fear that, if to a new beginning and a new catastrophe, I were to add a new middle, possibly there might come some evil-minded person who might say that I also was a hoaxer, an English hoaxer building upon a German hoaxer. Then I

paused. But still I have gone too far; for it is a most delicate operation to take work out of another man's loom and put work in; joinings and sections will sometimes appear; colours will not always match. In general I would request the reader to consider himself indebted to me for anything he may find particularly good; and, in any case, to load my unhappy "principal" with the blame of everything that is wrong. Coming upon any passage which he thinks superlatively bad, let him be assured that I had no hand in it. Should he change his opinion upon it, I may be disposed to reconsider whether I had not some hand in it. This will be the more reasonable in him, as the critics will "feel it their duty" (oh! of course, "their duty") to take the very opposite course. However, if he reads German, my German "Walladmor" is at his service, and he can judge for himself. Not reading German, let him take my word, when I apply to the English "Walladmor" the spirit of the old bull:—

"Had you seen but these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your eyes, and bless Marshal Wade."

Here closed my explanations; but, as a *l'envoy* or *quod bene vortat* to the whole concern, I added something—a *alediction* and an *ave* in the same breath—which, for the sake of the Spenserian allusion, many people will relish; and even yet I pique myself upon it as a felicitous passage. It began with a quotation; and this quotation, as pretty broadly I hinted, was from myself—myself as the reviewer in the *London Magazine*. Thus it was:—

"A friend of mine" (so we all say when we are looking out for some masquerade dress under which to praise ourselves, or to abuse some dear friend) "a friend of mine has written a very long review (or analysis rather) of the German 'Walladmor,' in a literary journal of the metropolis. He concludes with the following passage, which I choose to quote on account of the graceful allusion it contains, partly also because it gives me an opportunity for trying my hand at an allusion to the same romantic legend:—'Now, turning back from the hoaxer to the hoax,' we shall conclude with this proposition:—All readers of Spenser must know that the true Florimel lost her girdle, which, they will remember, was found by Sir Satyrane, and was adjudged by a whole assemblage of knights to the false Florimel, although it did not quite fit her. She—viz., the snowy or false Florimel—

"exceedingly did fret;
And, snatching from his hand half angrily
The belt again, about her body 'gan it tie.
Yet nathemore would it her body fit;
Yet nathless to her, as her due right,
It yielded was by them that judged it."

Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. 5.

PEEPS INTO PARIS.

BY GRIMGIBBER.

NO. II.—THE HOUSEHOLD HOSPITAL.

In the present Malthusianism of the social system, when paupers are compelled to eat, like hunger, through stone walls, in order to take a peep at their wives, there is some comfort in the contemplation of an establishment where human nature in rags is still admitted to participate in the impulses and sensibilities of human nature in purple and fine linen.

Among the most painful pictures traced by the iron pencil of Crabbe, is his sketch of the Almshouse. Yet the portrait, now of thirty years' celebrity, wants a single gloomy shade to render it a still truthful representation. The grief of those whom God hath joined, put asunder by the hand of man, hath a sound almost as doleful as that of Rachel weeping for her children; and the forced widowhood of the poor, if a salutary, is truly an afflicting measure of modern jurisprudence.

It happened that, after perusing, the other day, in a French newspaper, the details of a revolt in the workhouse of one of our great manufacturing towns, (embellished by the translator till it might have been mistaken for a description of the Rape of the Sabines,) I set forth upon one of those daily saunterings which initiate me into much of Parisian life and manners, unknown to those who put their trust in chariots or in horsemen.

I was retarded, however, unexpectedly, on the threshold of my attic. The most independent of men is, in some trifling particular or other, dependent upon the ministry of his fellow-creatures; and even I, Grimgibber, though as little sophisticated as most members of civilized society, have still a point or two to descend or ascend, before I can pronounce myself superior to social ceremony. My "pomp" is not altogether of the nature which Lear counsels to "take physic;" but it might not be the worse for a saline draught. This is a long preamble, to apologise to myself and the world for employing a shoeblack! Servant have I none. I cannot say to this or that fellow in livery, "do this, and he doeth it;" but there is an honest drudge of all work appertaining to the house wherein I am one of seven-and-twenty lodgers, to whom I sometimes say, "Clean my shoes," and he cleans them—i.e., when he hath nothing else to do. Yet, let me not wrong my friend Jacques. Not being a man of wit and fashion about town, I need not sacrifice my friend for the sake of a jest; but boldly admit that, for the small gratuity of forty sols, or one shilling and eightpence, per week, Jacques performs as many little offices in my household, as the same sum, with a guinea added to it for board wages, would not purchase of an accomplished flunky. It is true the poor fellow makes his breakfast upon the scanty residue of mine;

and succeeds to the poet's threadbare coats and darned hosen. But, as his customary suit is of blue *basane*, such as forms the costume in ordinary of the Auvergnat porters and water-carriers of Paris, his utmost gain from the Grimgibber *défroque* is the twopence-halfpenny he may be able to extort for them, from the *fripier*, or old-clothesman, at the door.

I dare not reflect upon the number of times per diem which, for this consideration, Jacques feels himself, in honour and duty, bound to mount five steep floors into my attic! 'Tis a good, affectionate creature—a florid, hard-featured young fellow of five-and-twenty—with iron muscles, a frame of adamant, and a heart—but the heart shall speak anon for itself. Though the slave of a dozen other individuals, at least as capricious and exacting as myself, Jacques never crosses my threshold out of humour. Like a lark, he wakes me with a song; and I could sometimes find it in my heart to break his head, when, in the act of delivering to my hand some "small account," the very sight of which sets my teeth on edge, he salutes my eyes and ears with his usual merry face and merry tune. One would think that care never came near him. Did he but know the gripe of such troubles, his sympathizing nature would render his countenance as glumphy as an undertaker's, when presenting me with these unwelcome missives.

It is now three years since I became the tenant of my aerial habitation, (which procures me the honour of being the first person to whom Phœbus makes his bow every morning when he rises upon Paris,) and, during the whole of the period, the assiduities of Jacques have been on the increase.

The grand apartments of the three lower stories of the house, probably furnish the drudge with greater gains; but in *them* he is bullied by upper servants, and exposed to the contumely of those jacks in office or in livery, who have no better mode of shewing their consequence than tyrannizing over their equals. In the Grimgibber garrets, on the contrary, he meets with small gains, but gentle entreatment. He comes with a sympathizing heart, to the abode of poverty; for he hath already learnt the secret, that in suffering persecution we learn mercy. He respects the poor author's threadbare coat, because it ensures consideration from the wearer towards his own *fustian jacket*; and, if the leathern straps of his porter's *crochet* have galled his own shoulders, he tacitly understands that the lodger in an attic, who breakfasts on a twopenny roll and a cup of milk, may have burthens of his own to bear, scarcely less galling.

Let it not be inferred that my friend Jacques presumes upon these philosophical speculations.

His address is as respectful to myself as to the rich Viscount who inhabits our ground-floor, or rather as to his valet-de-chambre, who is a far greater man than the Viscount. His "*Monsieur a-t-il quelques choses à commander ?*" is as deferentially phrased in the third person, as though "*Monsieur*" were one of those dainty Messieurs to whom Boivin charges five guineas for their cambric shirts, and Blin twice as much for their superfine coats. Sometimes when, of a winter's evening, he sees me coaxing up the embers of my seventy fire, and trying to throw as much light as possible from my solitary candle upon the sheet of paper I am scribbling, the poor fellow seems loath to leave me to my loneliness; makes excuses for lingering to turn down my bed, arrange my wardrobe, or place my *cafetière* of hot water on the hearth. Uneasy at seeing me so comfortless, it is only by increase of kindness he knows how to increase my stock of comforts.

With all this diligence, however, I have had occasion to regret, for some weeks past, that Jacques is beginning to be somewhat remiss in his duties. The *cafetière*, though still placed on the hearth, has sometimes been placed there without water; and a hole in the bottom (though mended without any appeal to my purse, by some tinkering Auvergnat cousin or friend of Jacques) bore a fatal accusation against the absence of mind of my poor errand-man. Though far from blind to his faults, my countenance towards him, on this trying occasion, was more in sorrow than in anger; for it was clear to me, that the poor fellow was in love; and, as I had more than once caught him philandering at the pump in the court-yard, or with his head inserted into the one-pane window of the lodge, discoursing with the porter's pretty daughter, Ma'mselle Effine, (an under nursery-maid in the neighbourhood, who visits her parents on Sundays and fête days,) I saw no hope of amendment, because no hope of a happy termination to his love affairs. A *sous bonne*, with wages of ten francs a month, and a *commissionnaire* gaining about four times as much by hard and incessant labour, have clearly no hope of laying by a sufficient provision for the fruits of an early marriage.

I sometimes longed to discuss the subject, and favour the young fellow with my advice. But when on the point of pronouncing the name of Mademoiselle Effine, or more properly "*Josephine*," (for Jacques alone is probably privileged to accost her by her pet-name of familiarity,) I found it impossible to proceed. I had not courage to hazard a lesson of prudence, which might, perhaps, put to silence those joyous songs upon his lips, or depress the cheerfulness of countenance, which gleams once or twice a-day, like sunshine, into my gloomy attic. I felt that it was my duty to speak, but it was my pleasure to forbear.

I once saw a superannuated pointer led out to be shot. Old Don, a splendid fellow in his day, was rheumatic in his loins, as well as infirm from age; and his master had begun to feel it an eyesore, when the faithful old beast trailed itself

across the lawn to bask in the sunshine. A groom was bidden, therefore, to proceed to execution. But no sooner did poor Don behold the Manton and powder-flask brought forth, than the stanchness of old times revived in him. Uttering a cry of pleasure, he dragged himself towards the man, leaped up, and licked his hands, and displayed such vivid tokens of delight, that the poor fellow flung down the gun, and begged his master to take the trouble of shooting the dog himself. In like wise, the moment I pronounced to poor Jacques the name of the porter's daughter, such a brightness of joy beamed in his eye, such a flush of pleasure deepened his ruddy complexion, that it was impossible to say to him—"Friend Jacques! if thou art wise, thou wilt eschew the damsel's company for evermore." I could as soon have shot old Don as broken the heart of the *commissionnaire*.

Nevertheless, when my friend's sins of omission arrived at the point of leaving muddy at my door, till one o'clock of the afternoon, the boots deposited there at six on the day preceding, I made up my mind to be angry—to give not only advice, but a reprimand. The day was, luckily, fine; the night preceding had been sultry; and, thanks to the calcareous particles of which the Parisian soil is composed, that which was mud on Wednesday had on Thursday pulverised to dust. I was able to betake myself to my chamois shoes, with the resignation of a man whose stock of boots never places him under the grammatical necessity of deciding whether the noun *pair* does or does not take an *s* in the plural. There would be time enough in the evening to seek out Jacques, and remonstrate, and admonish.

Meanwhile, I directed my wandering steps toward the Faubourg St Germain—that many-coloured quarter of Paris, where, peeping through the archways of successive *Portes Cochées*, you may detect at one step an aristocratic palace; at the next, the *atelier* of a bookbinder; at the third, the Hotel of one of the Ministers, Home or War department; fourthly, a convent; fifthly, an hospital; sixthly, perhaps the Hotel de Cluny, (nearly in the same condition as when the sister of Henry VIII. and widow of Louis XII. spent her honeymoon with the Duke of Brandon, within its walls;) or, seventhly, the Palais des Thermes, the Lutetian residence of the Emperor Julian!—I love the old dingy Rue St Jacques, with its peaked roofs and historical reminiscences; I love the dismantled Sorbonne, with its one instructive tomb; the Scotch College, with its Jacobinical associations; St Germain des Pres, where the marble effigy of a pious King still offers up the sacrifice of his crown and sceptre to the Almighty; the gloomy Abbaye; the gay and rose-embudded Luxembourg; the Abbaye-aux-bois, and its living lively old women; the Carmelites, with their legends of lovely penitents of the Court of Louis XII;—but, above all, I love the Rue de Sèvres, the street where Religion wears its fairest aspect, under the garb of Benevolence.

Traverse the Rue de Sévres at what hour you may, you are sure to meet one or more Sisters of Charity, in their coarse woollen gowns and clean white *guimpes*, gliding along with the noiseless step acquired by habitual ministry in the chambers of the sick; bent either upon some pious errand between one hospital and another, or carrying succour to the afflicted, or commissioned by their superiors to inquire into the authenticity of some tale of woe. If young, (and many a face both young and fair may be found under shadow of the *guimpe*), the nun's countenance is usually cast down as she moves along; and, as she passes, her lips may be seen murmuring a prayer or paternoster. But, if middle-aged or more, she looks straight before her, her spirit being too much engrossed by the cares and duties of life to need forcible estrangement from the scene around. Then comes the grave-looking priest, pale with vigils and fasting, about to convey to the pillow of the sick and needy those spiritual consolations of which health and opulence have yet to learn the value. Unlike his spruce snug Reverence of the English Church, his form is spare, his eye fixed with inward meditation. "Nothing can touch him further" of the vanities of life. He has but one thought, one hope, one care—the folding of the flock—whereof he must render an account to the Lord of all Christian shepherds.

To this conventual quarter of the city did I direct the steps which the misdoings of Jacques (if my gentle dulness may be excused the pun) had rendered bootless. As Wordsworth sings—

"I wandered lonely as a cloud"

along the Rue de Varennes, where a rich pursuer of the Yankee navy has usurped the place of royalty, by hiring from Madame Adelaide de France, the stately and historical Hotel de Biron, and where the splendid convent of the *Sacré cœur de Jésus*, with its hundreds of pretty *pensionnaires* of all nations, plays the part of the celebrated Panthéon of former times. When, lo! just as I had passed the lofty gateway of the convent, I was startled by a familiar sound—the voice of Jacques, expanding into the identical merry song with which it is his cruel practice to advise me of a morning that it is time to rise. The caitiff, after neglecting my boots, was doubtless on his road to the *Barrière du Maine*, that favoured domain of Bacchus, where some hundred or so of wine shops and public gardens attest the convenience of drinking your Burgundy or Bourdeaux, duty free, previous to its entrance within the boundary wall, sacred to the claims of the *Octroi*, of which, at the period of its erection, it was wittily written—

"*Le mur murant Paris rend Paris mur-murant !*"

A further examination of the case proved to me that I was mistaken. Instead of plodding along the causeway arm in arm with some boon companion, as I expected, I descried poor Jacques seated side by side with the driver of a small cart, loaded with a few articles of furniture, the plainish of a beggar's household—namely, a bed, two chairs, and a chest of drawers. The fellow

was singing and laughing so heartily with his companion, that his errand was plainly one of choice. He was doing his own business. He was supervising the removal of his own *mobilier*; nay, the hilarity of his department convinced me, no less than the dual number of the chairs, that it was to no bachelor home he was conveying his belongings. There was evidently matrimony in the wind! My advice would come too late; the pretty Effie, the charming *Ma'mselle* Josephine, was about to become Madame Jacques.

If greetings in the market place are bad things, expostulations on the king's highway are worse. I determined, therefore, to follow Maitre Jacques and his bedstead towards some secluded spot, where the still, small voice of wisdom might be more distinctly audible; and, in pursuance of this determination, traversed in all their length the streets of Varennes and La Planche, (traversing that noisy thoroughfare, the Rue de Bae,) till the cart and the song of the poor Auvergnat stopped suddenly at a doorway, forming the angle of the Rue de la Chaise, which I refrain from calling *porte cochère*; since the only coach which ever passes through, is the hearse conveying to its last abode the reliques of the dead. I knew the place at once. It was the asylum known by the name of Household Hospital, or *Hospice des Menages*. After all, then, I was mistaken. Jacques and Josephine, in all the plenitude of youth, health, and vigour, could have no pretension to admission into an establishment, of which the male inmates must have attained seventy, and the female sixty years of age! The errand man was only professionally engaged in removing the goods of some person about to enter the hospice.

"So far from home, Jacques!" cried I, accosting him as, with his cap cocked gallantly over one eye, he leaped down from the cart.

"*Dieu de dieu, Monsieur Graingibel !*" ejaculated he, in like surprise. "*Mon bon Monsieur*, who would ever have expected such goodness of you!"

"It is true the season is scarcely sufficiently advanced for summer shoes," said I, looking down significantly on my dust-coloured chamois, and fancying that the Auvergnat was praising my forbearance in not reprimanding the neglects of his blackening-brush. "But never mind; you will make up for it to-morrow."

"Don't let's talk of to-morrow, on the happiest day of my life!" cried Jacques, with a reckless joyousness of tone, which sounded cheering as a marriage bell. "*Aho ! not bourgeois*—why didn't you warn me of your intentions of doing me this signal honour! I would have told you that three o'clock was the hour for admission. They won't be here till three. As soon as I have deposited the furniture demanded by the rules of the Hospice—not very splendid you see, but it will be easy to change the deal for walnut-wood, or even mahogany, who knows? if ~~there~~ go smooth with us—I am to go back for the old folks. 'Tis a good distance you know" (to the Faubourg du Roule, even for you, who, without

compliment, step out like a mountaineer; and I shan't try more than a foot's pace over the rough pavement; for 'tis three years, you know, sir, since the old lady was over her threshold. But why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

Our mutual blunders were gradually cleared up; but, as it appeared that whatever might be the errand of Jacques, or whoever his employers, he was in a desperate hurry, I was careful not to be a hinderance to his movements; but waited patiently, while he and his companion, under sanction of the porter of the asylum, conveyed the furniture across the gardens, intersected by shady alleys of lofty trees, which occupy the vast area, once a lazaretto for sick children, next an hospital for insane persons and idiots, under the well-known name of "*les petites maisons*," and at present a refuge for the aged poor. While Jacques was carrying on his shoulders the wooden bedstead, I had leisure to remark that the small tenements surrounding the garden, from which arose the names of "*les petites maisons*" have given place to large, airy, uniform, buildings, well adapted to contain the eight hundred beds which form the complement of the establishment. The porter, during my poor *commissionnaire's* absence, took upon himself the task of explaining the rules, regulations, and system of the hospital; which, by the way, is one of the numerous public institutions for which France is indebted to the "*Republique une et indivisible*."

Not altogether eleemosynary in their condition, the inmates of the Household Hospital are admitted upon payment of a sum of £40, which secures them meat, drink, clothing, firing, pocket money, to the amount of seven shillings a-month, for the remainder of their days, and burial at the close. This payment, however, regards widows and widowers, and admits them only to the dormitories of the establishment. To obtain a double room, and set up a household apart, a further trifling gratuity is required; or rather, eighty of the best bed-rooms are thus appropriated, and the remaining eighty bestowed gratuitously on couples wholly destitute of resources. Nothing can be neater or cleaner than the chambers allotted to either class, opening from an airy corridor, several hundred feet long, having opposite to each door its locker, for wood and charcoal. The service of the whole establishment is conducted by forty nuns, *Sœurs de Charité*; and the exquisite and delicate neatness of their kitchens, laundry, and gallery of linen presses, do honour to their jurisdiction. Abundance of wholesome food—such as rice stewed in broth, meat, vegetables, and stewed fruit—are at all hours in preparation, in a *cuisine*, which has, nevertheless, the airiness and elegance of a varnished Dutch toy.

"Would Monsieur like to see the dormitories?" demanded the porter, perceiving how much I was interested in the details of the establishment; and immediately a door was opened into a ward containing more than one hundred clean white beds, beside which many of the female inmates sat knitting in their chairs, in groups

of two or three, beguiling the remnant of their numbered days with harmless reminiscient gossip, which so fully occupied their attention that they took no note of our entrance. A few of even the bedridden had knitting needles in their hands, while some charitable neighbour sat by, reading or chatting for their entertainment. As the light of a lofty window fell upon one of these venerable groups, throwing into strong relief their pale, puckered visages, I longed for the pencil of Wilkie or Denner to commemorate the curious scene.

"What are you doing here, sir—what are you doing here?" cried Jacques, putting in his rough head, as I stood engaged in conversation with a white-headed old soul, who told me, with much dignity, that she was an old woman at the time of the first Revolution, and who appeared to be an object of especial regard to the old nun who was gliding about the dormitory. "It is not here that I have settled them. This is only the women's ward. You don't suppose that I would part them in their old age? Come with me to the other wing, the *galerie des ménages*, and I will soon shew you their room—the second best in the *Hospice*—I have had my eye upon it these two years. Old Mathieu, by whom it was occupied, was given over two winters ago; and I knew that, whenever he dropped, his widow, not liking to stay in't alone, would move to the *dortoir des veuves*. Come along with me!"

Directing a significant smile towards me, as if compassionating the excitement of my companion, the porter accompanied us towards the main body of the building; where, having ascended the first flight of stairs, he opened with a *passé-partout* the first door, and begged me to take a peep at one of their household chambers. I know not whether an especial selection was made of the show-room of the *Hospice*; but the apartment I entered was a study for an artist. Beside the hearth, sat a reverend elder, nearly ninety years of age, cozily niched into his easy chair, while the old wife (who, being twenty years his junior, he seemed to regard as a frisky young thing) sat near him with a book in her hand, from which she was reading aloud when we entered. Snatching a glance at the book, which I concluded to be of a devotional tendency, I saw a volume of Voltaire's plays!

Nothing could be more comfortable than the instalment. The furniture, though plain, was bright and shining with care. Two uncouth-looking family pictures were appended to the wall; a branch of box consecrated on Palm Sunday, was stuck into the tester of the bed; and, beside it, a small china *benitier* containing holy water. A cage with a pair of bullfinches, whose dingy plumage announced them to be old in proportion to the age of their master, stood on the top of a small *secrétaire*; and, on the table below, a China rose-tree in a case, from which the usual market covering of white paper was not yet removed. Beside the second window, I perceived a neatly-dressed young girl, who blushed and curtsied as her eyes met mine.

She was evidently a visitor—evidently a grand-daughter, or grand-niece, by whom the rose-tree had been brought as a token of affection to the venerable couple.

Muttering apologies for an intrusion, which appeared, however, to be considered a compliment and a welcome intrusion by the old man, I now retired from the little sanctum; and was surprised to find, from the air and ejaculations of Jacques, that he was vexed and piqued by the inspection forced upon me by the porter.

"Of course, Monsieur will not expect our little *réduit* to look as cosy and comfortable the first day as a *ménage* that has been going on, without interruption, these ten years past!" cried he. "We shall have our quilt on the bed, and bird cages and rose trees in time, like others. But at first the main object was to secure the articles of furniture demanded by the rules of the hospital. *D'abord la stricte necessaire; la superflu viendra avec le temps.*"

So saying, he pressed me forward through an open door of the gallery into a chamber newly whitewashed, swept, and garnished, wherein was already arranged the little mobilier I had seen him remove from the cart. The place was neat and snug, though certainly displaying little of the *superflu* jealously adverted to by Jacques.

"I see to what Monsieur's eyes are directed!" cried the poor *commissionnaire*, glancing at an empty corner of the room. "Certainly that spot looks naked enough at present; but a couple of hours hence, matters will wear a very different aspect. That corner, sir, is kept for the two chests that contain their wearing apparel, and the rest of their little property. I have settled that father's shall stand next the window, and mother's next the door, because its a trifle smaller and will take less room."

"Your father's—your mother's?" cried I, in amazement. "Is it then for your parents, *mon garçon*, that you are taking all this trouble?"

"*Trouble?*" reiterated Jacques, in a stinging accent. "*Tudieu!* for five years past, the pleasure of fixing the old folks in peace and comfort for the rest of their lives, has been my dream by night, my care by day. "*Trouble*, sir?—ever since I chanced to be sent here on an errand by old Mathieu's grandson, I have kept saying to myself '*Jacques, mon gars!* yonder is the place for the old folks. Manage to scrape together as much as will secure their old age an asylum in the *Hospice des Ménages*, and you may henceforward sleep in peace.' With that end in view, I have toiled early and late. A thousand francs is a trifle, when one looks *back* on the earning of it; but, when one looks *forward*, the task seems hopeless. Twice, too, I have been cruelly thrown back. I was blockhead enough to lend three hundred francs, two winters back, to a countryman—a brother Auvergnat—who had drawn a bad number for the conscription; and though, by working hard, he might have paid me the money twice over, the fellow made off from Paris a few

weeks afterwards, and has been heard of no more—which was far from delicate of him, as the debt was a debt of honour, and regarded a brother-Auvergnat. Monsieur may, perhaps, recollect that he jeered me for being out of spirits the Carnival before last, and gave me a five-franc piece—*pour fêter le Mardi Gras?* That was the very time I lost my money; and that piece was the first I put, for lack's sake, into my new *tire-lire*.* And luck it brought me, sir—for the very next week, Monsieur le Vicomte threw me a double gold Napoleon, because he happened to drive his cabriolet over my foot, as I stood chopping wood in the courtyard. 'Tis true, I had a hard matter to hobble about for six weeks afterwards—the frost having got into the wound. But what was that to the good fortune of gaining forty francs at a stroke?"

"But, my good Jacques," cried I, much affected by the recollection of his hard labours, and their scanty reward, "why not apprise me of the object you had in view?"

"Because I knew Monsieur Graingibet's good heart might lead him to do more than was altogether convenient to him. You paid me well; sir, for my services; and to have hinted a wish for further gains would have been begging. And yet, about three months ago, sir, when I happened to meet Antoine, the great-grandson of old Mathieu, crying in the street, and heard from him that the *vieux bon homme* was not expected to get through the night; and I went straight home, and broke my *tire-lire*, and found only two hundred and thirty francs to add to the six hundred and forty registered to my name in the books of the *Caisse d'Epargne*, I own I had half a mind to implore of Monsieur the favour of a loan of the hundred and thirty wanting to make up my thousand, in case of poor old Mathieu being called away. By God's will, however, the old chap was spared to toddle on a few months longer, and, luckily, in the busiest time of the year! Bless your heart!—I have stayed up, night after night, this winter, calling coaches at the *bals masqués*, at the opera, or Musard's, till seven o'clock o' the morning; and seven o'clock in the morning is an ugly hour to look in the face when you've had no sight of a pillow, and the snow's too thick on the ground to admit of sleeping on one's *crochet*, at the corner of the street, during the daytime. However, there's an end to all things! All's over!—all's safe! Last night, my money was deposited, to the last halfpenny, with the *bureau de l'administration*; and there's yet left behind," quoth he, jingling his pockets, and glancing good-humouredly at the porter, "enough to afford a handsome *bonne main* to those who are about to have charge of the old folks."

My answer consisted in a hearty shake of the errandman's horny hand.

"Monsieur must perceive," faltered he, as if apologizing for not having appealed to my assistance, "that it will afford twice the pleasure,

* A savings' bank of earthenware, used by the poor.

both to the old people and myself, that this asylum is secured to them by my own industry, and not by the help of others. 'Tis a foolish thought, *mon bon Monsieur*, for the like of us; but, you see, poor as we are, and Christians, too, we're proud. This is not a common almshouse, sir. This *Hospice des Ménages* is a place where respectable folks are admitted for pay. I wouldn't have shovelled poor father and mother into the charity-ward any more than into St Lazare!—nor I wouldn't have liked to see them beholden to any but their own son, so long as he had arms to work for them. But all fear's at an end. Twenty cabriolets may drive over me now, or twenty choleras attack me. I've a right to be sick or sorry when I please. I've a right to sleep in my bed o' nights, and look the Vicomte's saucy chap of a groom in the face by day. The old folks are safe. Whatever may happen to me, here's their berth, with food, raiment, and pocket-money, so long as it pleases God to spare them. *Crê Dieu!*—'tis a mightier relief than people dream of, to be relieved from all further anxiety concerning one's father and mother." And Jacques wiped his forehead at the mere recollection of his past cares and present ease of mind.

"But all this time I'm forgetting the cart," cried Jacques. And having hurriedly arranged with the porter to meet him in the chamber at three o'clock, he entreated me to return at the same hour, and be witness of the old people's inauguration.

I was almost puzzled to decide in what manner to dispose of the hour and a half's leisure thus left upon my hands. I am familiar with the Faubourg St Germain as a devotee with her beads. I know its churches, its convents, its colleges, its *Pays Latin*, its debateable land, or *Chambre des Débats*. But, lo!—as I was about to quit the triangular garden of the Hospice, I noticed a hearse or *corbillard* standing at the gate; and, though there is nothing wonderful in such an appendage to an asylum containing eight hundred aged persons, I was glad that Jacques had already driven off. He might have construed it into a sinister omen.

The stone benches of the gardens were crowded with aged pensioners, who had tottered forth to bask in the sunshine; venerable and faded figures, all on the verge of the grave: and I was struck by the air of indifference with which they saw the deal coffin of their yesterday's comrade borne forth from the simple chapel, and placed in the hearse. The fall of one of the trees in the avenue would have created twice as great a sensation among the inmates of *Les Ménages*.

"Whom are they burying?" said I to an old man of intelligent countenance, who, propped on his crutch, stood gazing wistfully on the *croque morts* escorting the corpse.

"*Est ce que je sais?*" was his crabbed reply. "No doubt some one out of the infirmary. Since the influenza, they have been dying a dozen a-day in the infirmary. The *administration* had

its private ends in getting the influenza introduced into the *hospice*! Sixty beds vacant since March—ay, ay!—the *administration* knows what it is about."

Provoked to have stumbled upon a malcontent, I noticed, as I reached the wicket, that the coffin was followed, as far as the hearse, by one of the *Soeurs de Charité*, and that, till out of sight, the good woman stood gazing mournfully on the procession.

"They are not allowed to follow the dead to the churchyard," said the porter, whom I found standing at the wicket. "The service of the *hospice* would not allow of their absenting themselves so frequently; and, besides, it is not the custom in France for women to attend funerals. However, I can see plainly, by *Soeur Petronille's* countenance, that she is loath to take leave of the body. I don't know who they are burying. But *Soeur Pétronille* is one of the infirmity nuns, and the most tender-hearted of them all. See, sir! she's crying her eyes out! I warrant she'd give them for leave to follow the hearse to the churchyard. But 'tis against rules."

"*Ma Soeur*," said I, accosting the weeping woman, hat in hand, "if I could be of any service in shewing the last respect to the object of your affliction"—

"It is my father," murmured the nun, labouring to speak with composure; "and I am afraid that, as I have not wherewithal to pay for a *fosse à part*, and he is to be laid in the *fosse des pauvres*, I shall not be able hereafter to recognise his grave! But, if Monsieur would have the great kindness, the great charity, to place this paper in a cleft stick at the head of the grave, I shall be able to commission a *treillageur* to place a cross and *entourage*."

"Where is the interment to take place?" cried I, the procession having already moved off; and, having eagerly accepted the small card, inscribed with the name of "François Xavier de Réthel," I hastened towards the Boulevard de Mont Parnasse, the eastern cemetery being the one appropriated to the use of the hospitals of Paris. Not having calculated upon the leisurely pace of the *corbillard*, I found myself at the gates of the *cimetière* some time before its arrival.

"In what part of the churchyard are the poor of the hospices interred?" I inquired of the official porter, who, possessing under his charge the tombs of the Duchesse de Geavres (the last descendant of the Connétable Du Guesclin) and a few other defunct notabilities of the aristocratic Faubourg St Germain—evidently fancied himself a prodigiously great man. And the answer sufficed to remind me, for the fiftieth time, of the distinction between the words *hôpital* and *hospice*, which I am always forgetting—viz., the former is devoted to the sick poor, the latter to the infirm and aged.

"The Hospital de La Charité has the privilege of burying its dead in the *Cimetière du Mont Parnasse*, which is its parish," replied the man, fancying me, perhaps, ignorant, as a foreigner, that the felons of Paris (Fieschi and Alibaud, the

regicides, among the rest) are interred in the burying-ground of which he is so proud. "But the *Hospices* have a *part* of ground adjoining. The *Hospices*, sir, do not bury in our cemetery."

Following the direction of his finger, I passed, accordingly, through a turnstile, and a narrow walk overgrown with nettles, till I reached a spot enclosed by a range of shabby wooden palings, much resembling the melon ground or rubbish yard attached to a gentleman's kitchen garden. Lifting up the latch, the wicket opened, and I went in.

Most people who visit Paris, perform a pilgrimage to the fashionable cemetery of Pere la Chaise, a city of the dead, which comprises most of the illustrious of France, defunct during the last thirty years. Great names are there—fine monuments—rare exotics—all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the varieties of this world. For my own part, the sentimental inscriptions and fiddle-faddle flower-gardens of the place, so thoroughly at variance with the simple grandeur of its object—the depositing of the husk of the grave, sown for immortality—invariably excite my disgust. Yet, disgusts of a very different nature assailed me on entering the hospital burying-ground. I missed the herbage, the vegetation, the cool green trees! The earth there was too earthy. The ever-disturbed soil (the space being too small for the purpose to which it is devoted) scarcely allows two years to the tenant of the grave to moulder away, ere the *fosse des pauvres* is reopened; and to its mouldering deal planks, and mouldering human bodies, wrapt in rags of sackcloth by way of shroud, new deal coffins and fresh human bodies are thrown in! It is true, at the further extremity stands a multitude of black wooden crosses, to mark the graves of individuals luxurious enough to repose for the space of five years in a *fosse à part*; and within the wooden *entourages* of these, a few flowers are here and there coaxed up into sickly growth. But the soil, the atmosphere, are uncongenial! Flowers have no business on the graves of those whose living hours have been labour and sorrow. Their blossoms spring from an Eden of immortality, which eye hath not seen; and glorious indeed should their brightness be, to yield repayment for the thorns of earth!

As these thoughts passed painfully through my mind, a man stumbled towards me, bearing on his back, like a pedler's pack, a rough deal coffin, which was instantly lowered into the loose earth of an adjoining trench, a hundred feet long, which I conjectured to be the *fosse des pauvres*, or common grave, from the disorderly manner in which the deal boxes were thrown there, side by side, the two last being still uncovered with earth. I inquired of a shabby-looking man in rusty black, wearing a cocked hat, who appeared to be in official attendance, whether the body were that of *François*

Xavier de Bethel; but he knew nothing on the subject, and evidently cared as little. "Was it the body of a pauper from the *Hospice des Menages*?" "Oui, oui, Monsieur!—from the *Hospice*," he replied. I accordingly bestowed a trifling gratuity on the grave-digger to induce him to deal decently with the dead, and saw the earth trodden in as firmly as could be done till the next pauper interment. All that remained was to fulfil my commission by placing the claff-stick and inscription.

"Monsieur perhaps intends to bestow a cross upon the deceased?" demanded the sexton; and ere I could reply, a card was placed in my hand, intimating that "At 9, Boulevard du Mont Parnasse, Perinelle, traillasseur, keeps a flower-garden of *plantes funebres*, undertakes monuments, crosses, entourages, et tout ce qui concerne son état." The cost of a cross and inscription, the sexton informed me, was but four francs; and even I, Grimgibbar, am able to secure the satisfaction of a fellow-creature at so small a cost. I issued orders accordingly, that the name on the card should have a more durable inscription; and the pious wishes of Soeur Petronille were fulfilled.

All this, however, took time. It was three o'clock within three minutes, when I returned through the Rue de Regard. On attaining the corner of the Rue de Sevres, the empty cart of my friend Jacques stood at the gateway of the *Hospice*.

"The old people are arrived, then?" said I to the porter, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Arrived! and, I fear, in some trouble," he replied; "for my wife, who helped to escort them, was seen running from the house just now to the infirmary, to fetch one of the nuns and some ether."

The odour of that powerful restorative reached me the moment I entered the gallery containing the little household-chamber of the new *ménage*. The door was ajar, the opposite window open. I heard the ominous sound of human sobs within.

My heart sank in my bosom. The joy of the old people had been too much for them. One of poor Jacques' parents had, perhaps, fallen a victim to the agitation and hurry of removal. Peeping anxiously in, I prepared myself for the sad spectacle of expiring age.

"He is better now," were the first words that struck my ear as I entered the room. When lo!—wonder of wonders!—I descried poor Jacques, with his bronzed cheeks as white as ashes, sitting propped in a chair! while the poor nun, Soeur Petronille, and a venerable looking peasant couple, administered to his aid. It was the strong man who had fainted. Overcome by the exquisite delight of installing his parents in their long-wished abode, consciousness had been for some minutes suspended in the Herculean frame of *Jacques le Commissionnaire*!

STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.

For the last fifteen years, the British inhabitants of India have been making the most strenuous efforts to establish a communication with England by steam-vessels. These efforts have been seconded by the Indian governments; and, within the last five or six years, the subject has made such progress in this country that it has been taken up by, or rather forced on the consideration of Government and the Directors of the East India Company. In the infancy of steam navigation, it was a bold design, and perhaps premature, to attempt to carry steamers half the circumference of the globe, when the practicability of steam navigation had been demonstrated only for coasting voyages, or short trips of a few days, in Europe and America. Almost up to the present time, (though there is reason to hope it will not be the case longer,) there was no regular communication by steamers across the Atlantic, notwithstanding the vast amount of traffic with America, the skill and enterprise which exists on both sides, and the improvements which have been made in steam since the idea was first entertained of carrying steamers to the remote shores of India. This scheme was originally founded on the mistaken idea, that a single steam-vessel was capable of making the entire voyage to India without any further delay or hindrance than what would be required in calling at three or four intermediate ports for supplies of coals; and, with these trifling delays, it was supposed that the vessel would reach India by a direct course, at the usual rate of speed at which short trips were made in Europe. With these impressions, the British inhabitants of India entered into the scheme for establishing steam communication. Not aware of all the difficulties of the undertaking, they grasped at the immense advantages of conveying letters and passengers to and from England in the short space of two months, instead of five or six by sailing vessels. This was the grand object, and it was well worthy of their utmost exertions to secure; yet there were others connected with the introduction of steam-vessels to India, of scarcely inferior importance. The monsoons, or periodical winds, which prevail in the Indian sea, continuing for months together to blow from the same quarter, greatly impede navigation; and sailing vessels are frequently prevented from making their ports against these winds, or they are compelled to take a very circuitous course; the loss of time, and consequently the expense, being great in either case. Again, the navigation of the large rivers is impeded by the force of the stream; so that the usual way of ascending these rivers, for several hundred miles, is by the slow process of tracking, at the rate of ten or twelve miles a-day; and, at some seasons of the year, the current is so strong, even where the tides prevail, that ships are several weeks in getting from the mouth

of the Hooghly to Calcutta—a distance of about eighty miles—in attempting which they are frequently driven on shore and lost. The benefits of steam navigation in political affairs would also be great. Troops could be removed in a few days to distant points, which it would require weeks to arrive at by any other means; and they would be fit for action the moment of their arrival, instead of being fatigued by long marches. In those parts of the Indian seas which are infested by pirates, steamers would be infinitely more serviceable than sailing vessels; and in the interior, by river navigation, troops and stores could be moved with dispatch; and treasure, which is now always accompanied by a strong military escort, might be sent unguarded, with celerity, and much less liable to accident than in the rudely constructed boats in general use. Lord William Bentinck has expressed his opinion, that, if there had been an establishment of steamers during the Burmese war, “many thousand lives, prodigious individual suffering, and millions of money, would have been saved to the State;” and that, with such an establishment, one-fourth of the present military establishment of India would be more efficient than the whole without it. Under these circumstances, the introduction of steam-vessels into the seas and rivers of India would prove more beneficial than even in Europe, where similar impediments to communication do not exist. But when the subject was first agitated in India, the political and commercial advantages of steam were not so well understood or appreciated as at present. The great and primary object was then to establish steam communication with England, for the transmission of letters and passengers; and in this, all classes of the European population were equally interested. For some time, public opinion was divided with regard to the best line of communication. The route by the Red Sea and Egypt was much shorter than that round the Cape of Good Hope; but it was feared that there might be obstructions and delays from the Pacha or the plague; there was a desert, without water, to be crossed, of eighty to a hundred and twenty miles in length; there were plundering Arabs, rapacious governors, and thievish servants, to be encountered. The navigation of the Red Sea was considered dangerous, if, indeed, practicable, for steamers; it was sometimes infested by pirates; and no supply of coals could be obtained there, except by sending them from England or India at a heavy expense. For these reasons, (the invalidity of which has been proved by further experience,) the longer route—by the Cape of Good Hope—was generally preferred. It was, however, seen that the attempt must be commenced in England, not only because steamers could be best provided there, but also on account of the superior knowledge of steam navigation, and of the measures to be adopted to secure success

in this great and enterprising undertaking. To promote this object, it was considered that the best means would be to offer a handsome reward to those who should first accomplish the voyage to India by steam, leaving the parties at full liberty to make their own arrangements, and follow their own plans; and a subscription was accordingly opened, to raise the sum of £10,000 to be given to the first steam-vessel that should arrive at Calcutta within the space of seventy days after leaving England. The greater part of this sum was speedily contributed; the Bengal Government gave £2000; and subscriptions poured in so freely that the Government thought it necessary to warn the Committee against exceeding the above amount, lest the magnitude of the premium should lead to hasty and ill-arranged enterprises, which might occasion loss of property and lives. Captain Johnston, who had assisted in the plan formed at Calcutta, proceeded to England with the view of engaging with parties there to fit out a steamer, and secure the prize offered. On his arrival, a society was formed; and the *Enterprise*, a vessel of 470 tons, was purchased, and fitted out either for sailing or steaming, with engines of 120 horse power. She was loaded with coals for thirty-five or forty days' consumption, which is four times as much as she ought to have carried, and only one *dépôt* was provided—at the Cape of Good Hope—where she could obtain a farther supply, during the whole voyage. The consequence of these arrangements was, that, on leaving England, the *Enterprise* was brought so low in the water, that her progress was much retarded, and her coals were all expended long before she arrived at the Cape; the same thing happened again, on the passage from the Cape to the river Hooghly, where she arrived in December 1825, having been 113 days from England instead of 70. This was doing very little better than a sailing vessel; but one great point had been established—that the passage between England and India was quite safe and practicable for steamers; and the arrival of the *Enterprise* was therefore hailed with delight. The owners had failed in securing the prize of £10,000—the hopes of obtaining which had induced them to venture on the speculation—but, fortunately for them, the Burmese war was then carrying on, and Government, being desirous of having the means of communicating quickly with the army in the Burman empire, purchased the *Enterprise* for £40,000, which was about the amount she had cost, and dispatched her to Rangoon. Captain Johnston was rewarded by being continued in the command of the *Enterprise*; and, subsequently, he was otherwise employed by Government in promoting steam navigation in India; and he also received £2000 or £3000 from the steam fund, when it was found that no other claimant was likely to appear for the whole. The first voyage of the *Enterprise* to Rangoon and back to Calcutta, was performed in thirteen days, when she brought accounts of the treaty of peace several days previous to the arrival of H.M.S. *Champion*,

which had left Rangoon a week before her. By this speedy communication, Government was saved an expense of £40,000, by arresting the march of troops from the upper provinces, the execution of new contracts for stores and provisions, and the hiring of transports; and thus the whole cost of the *Enterprise* was made up to Government within a few weeks of the purchase of that vessel.

The first steam-vessel that ever appeared in India was the *Diana*, built at Calcutta in 1823, and used for pleasure trips on the river; the *Enterprise* arrived in December 1825; and in 1827, Government launched the *Irrawaddi* and the *Ganges*, each of eighty horse power, and armed with eight guns. In 1828, two small steamers, of fifty horse power each, were built by Government for river navigation; and these proving very useful, the number has been since increased, and some iron steamers have been sent out from England. Captain Johnston was sent to England, in 1830, by the Bengal Government, to forward their views of promoting steam navigation in the rivers of India; and, notwithstanding the increased number of these vessels, they are still inadequate to transport, from place to place, the number of passengers and goods which are offered for conveyance. Steam has also been applied to flour mills in Calcutta; and at Port Gloster, about fifteen miles below, an extensive manufactory has been erected for spinning cotton, on the most approved principle of the steam-power mills in England. To the cotton mills is attached a foundry capable of supplying all the requisite machinery; and a paper mill has been added, which works up the refuse from the cotton works. The whole concern is stated to have cost more than £200,000 to the original proprietors; but it has lately become the property of a joint-stock company at a valuation of £80,000.

In the meantime, many attempts were made to form an Indian Steam-Navigation Company in England, and to induce the East India Company to establish steam communication. The subject was repeatedly brought to the notice of the Court of Directors, by the Bengal and Bombay Governments; but little or no notice seems to have been taken of these communications. Amongst individual efforts, those of Mr Waghorn deserve to be particularly noticed. For the last ten or twelve years, he has been indefatigable in his exertions to establish steam communication with India, having passed and repassed several times between the two countries, and been five times up and down the Red Sea, exploring the different harbours and proposed stations; in all which he received not the least assistance from Government, or from the Court of Directors, until 1837, when he was appointed superintendent of mails at Alexandria, and some trifling compensation was granted for his former services. Mr Waghorn first proposed to take a single steamer, with letters only, round the Cape to Calcutta, in eighty days, and another person offered to do the same in sixty days; but it became evident that one steamer could never accomplish the work

satisfactorily, and that, to secure quick and regular communication, it would be necessary to have a line of steamers, each to perform a certain part of the voyage, from one thousand to two thousand miles. In 1829, Mr J. W. Taylor proceeded from England, by the way of Egypt and the Red Sea, to Bombay, for the purpose of engaging the Government there to sanction steam communication by that route. The Bombay Government did not consider itself authorized to comply with Mr Taylor's demands respecting the transmission of letters, and referred the business to the Court of Directors; at the same time expressing its decided opinion, that almost incalculable advantages might be anticipated from a well-established steam communication by the Red Sea. Early in 1830, Mr Waghorn arrived at Bombay from England, by the same route, and gave his opinion also that the route by the Red Sea was perfectly safe for steamers; that there was nothing to be apprehended in Egypt; and that, with steamers from Bombay to Suez, and others from Alexandria, the journey to England might be made in fifty to fifty-five days. About this time, the *Hugh Lindsay* steamer, of 400 tons, and 120 horse power, had been launched at Bombay; and her first voyage was to Suez, which she reached in thirty-three days—viz., twenty days' working, and thirteen days' stoppages for coals—the distance being above 3000 miles. These, with other corroborating circumstances, soon convinced most persons interested in the subject, that the route by the Red Sea and Egypt was the most eligible, and that every facility would be given to travellers by the Paoha, who was most anxious to draw the trade of India in transit through his dominions. It was thought that the Directors of the East India Company would have been the most cordial promoters of steam navigation, seeing the great benefits they would derive from quick communication at all times, and especially in times of war and other emergencies; and, for a considerable period, expectation was kept alive that an establishment of steamers would be formed, on public grounds, by the East India Company. As a department of the Post-Office, it is one of those few branches of trade which can be carried on more advantageously by a Government than by individuals; and, indeed, no individual or association could venture to establish steam communication with India without having the privilege of conveying the mail, from the profits of which a considerable part of the returns were calculated upon. The Directors, however, took no steps in the business; they gave no encouragement to the various plans which were, from time to time, laid before them; and, when the Bombay Government proposed to establish four steamers from thence to Suez, and an equal number to pass between England and Egypt, the Directors made no reply for two years, and then threw cold water on the plan, by exaggerating the expense and other difficulties. The President of the Board of Control having called their attention to this subject in 1831, the Directors contented themselves with

sending copies of the letter and enclosures to India, desiring further information; and it came now to be perfectly understood that, so far from promoting steam communication with India, the Directors were decidedly opposed to it, and that they looked upon such an event as a misfortune rather than a benefit. Mr Peacock, an officer in the India House, has been put forward to give his evidence before several Committees of the House of Commons; and he may, therefore, be considered as representing the opinions of the Directors, as far as they dare openly avow them. So recently as June 1837, he says he does not know that there will be any great good in quick communication; in ordinary times, the Government does not require it, and it is only in times of war that it is valuable. He thinks commercial men require regularity more than dispatch; that rapid communication with India will induce many Europeans to go out there, which is not desirable, as it will have a bad effect on the morals and domestic happiness of the natives, &c. &c.; and that it is feared there will be many appeals for redress of grievances to the Court of Directors, if the means of coming to England are facilitated. From the whole, it appears that the Directors do not wish Europeans to go to India, nor natives of India to come to England; and, to prevent these deplorable consequences of steam navigation, they are willing to forego all the advantages they themselves, as well as the people of both countries, might derive from it.

The *Hugh Lindsay* made several voyages to Suez; and a complete survey of the Red Sea was made, by orders of the Bombay Government, in the three years, 1820 to 1832. It became also a common route for travellers going to or returning from India; and the facilities for steam navigation by the Red Sea being now well ascertained, it required only to provide the necessary steamers to secure a constant and regular communication with England. By this time, however, the steam fund collected in 1823 was well nigh exhausted; all hopes of the business being taken up by the East India Company had vanished; and, to do anything effectual, it was necessary to provide funds to an amount that would enable the Steam Committee either to commence the undertaking by themselves, or in conjunction with other parties. A second subscription was, accordingly, opened at all the Presidencies; and, in a short time, about £30,000 was raised; and it is not a little remarkable, that about one-half of this amount was contributed by natives of India, who, having experienced the benefits of steam communication on the rivers of India, were now as desirous of extending it to England as were the Europeans. Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General, gave every encouragement to the Steam Committee of Calcutta, and was desirous of placing one of the Government steamers at their disposal for a certain time; but he did not think himself warranted to do this without the sanction of the Court of Directors. The Bishop of Calcutta was also most anxious to establish steam communication, which,

It was his opinion, would tend very much to the extension of Christianity; and the general improvement of India; and he took the chair at the public meetings for that purpose. The funds thus raised were under the directions of three separate committees, at the various Presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay; and they differed in their views as to their appropriation. The Bombay Committee wished the line of steamers to terminate there, and that all letters and passengers should go overland from that place to the other parts of India, as the expense of maintaining steamers to go round to Madras and Bengal would, in their opinion, be too great; but the other Committees, and particularly that of Bengal, strongly objected to this plan, which would reduce the benefits of steam communication, as it regarded them, to a mere transmission of letters, for passengers would seldom attempt to travel 1800 miles through a dangerous country, and by roads almost impassable, to join the steamers at Bombay. They contended also, that the conveyance of passengers would form the chief source of the profits of steamers; and, as there are but 600 passengers annually arriving at and departing from Bombay, while there are nearly 2500 from the other presidencies, besides those from Ceylon and ports to the eastward, it would be ruinous to the whole concern to stop the line at Bombay; and they therefore determined that it should be brought round Ceylon to Madras and Calcutta. In 1834, the Calcutta Committee fitted out the steamer *Forbes* to proceed to Suez with letters and passengers; but, unfortunately, her boiler cracked before she arrived at Madras, where it could not be repaired, and she was forced to return to Calcutta. In the same year a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into steam communication with India, which reported that, from the experiments already made, there was no doubt of its practicability, and that, by proper arrangements, the expense might be very materially reduced; the committee was also of opinion that the net charge of the establishment should be divided between his Majesty's Government and the East India Company, with whom it was left to determine whether the communication should be in the first instance from Bombay or Calcutta, or according to the combined plan suggested by the Bengal Steam Committee; and the committee resolved that it was expedient that measures should be immediately taken for the regular establishment of steam communication from India by the Red Sea.

These resolutions were passed in July, but nothing was done till November, when Wellington came into office; and he, instead of establishing steam communication by the Red Sea, as recommended by the Committee, and the practicability of which had been proved by numerous experiments, thought proper to try a new route by the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, which had also been recommended, though no Englishman had ever been the whole course of the Euphrates. The expedition, under the com-

mand of Colonel Chesney, with 4000 men, 1000 mules, and two iron steamers, left England on February 1835, and the debarkation began 6th April, on the coast of Syria, near to Antioch. From this place everything had to be carried overland to Bir, on the Euphrates, a distance of 120 miles, a work of extreme difficulty; and it was nearly twelve months before the steamers were fully equipped, and ready to commence the descent of the Euphrates. On the 16th March 1836, the vessels got under way; in two months they had not proceeded half-way to the mouth of the Euphrates, when, in a violent hurricane, one of the steamers was forced upon the bank, and upset, by which twenty persons were drowned. The other steamer was in danger of sharing the same fate, but happily escaped without any serious damage. After finding her way through a difficult navigation, and being engaged in hostilities with one of the Arabs, in which some lives were lost, she arrived at Basorah on the 19th June; but there being no facilities for naval repairs, of which she was much in want, she proceeded to Bushire, in the Persian Gulf, where they were with difficulty completed, and returned to Basorah on the 9th September. On the 15th September a mail arrived from Bombay, which the steamer took up the Tigris to Bagdad, where she arrived on the 30th, and from thence the mail was forwarded overland to England, the steamer returning to Korna, at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates. She left Korna again on the 18th October, with another mail from Bombay, ascending the Euphrates, and had proceeded about 150 miles in eleven days, when it was discovered that one of her engines was out of order, in consequence of which she returned to Basorah, the mail being forwarded over land. Colonel Chesney proceeded to Bombay, leaving Major Estcourt in charge of the expedition, who, in endeavouring to explore the channel of the Tigris, met with another accident; and before this could be repaired, the period allowed by Government for terminating the service (the 31st January) had nearly arrived. Major Estcourt, therefore, laid up the vessel, and, with his officers and crew, set out for Damascus, where they arrived in safety after a slight skirmish with some Arabs. Mr. Fitzjames, to whose charge the mail had been committed on the 30th October, was not so fortunate: two days after quitting the steamer, he and his party were plundered of everything except the mail, kept prisoners for a week, and were in danger of their lives. Quitting his companions, and travelling by stealth, he at length reached Damascus with the mail on the 18th December.

Such is the history of an expedition which has cost this country £40,000, and many valuable lives, several having fallen victims to fatigue and the climate, besides those who perished by the upsetting of the steamer. And what other result could have been anticipated from preferring an unknown line of communication, to one which had been for years passed over with ease and safety? Admitting

the navigation of the Euphrates to be free from difficulty, (and this is very far from being the case,) the neighbourhood of so many lawless tribes of Arabs will always deter the general mass of travellers from proceeding by that route; and, with regard to correspondence, it is much better to take a safe route, though accompanied by a few day's delay, than to run the risk of having one mail a-year lost or detained. Strange to say, notwithstanding all these untoward events, the expedition appears to be considered by Colonel Chesney and his officers as a decidedly successful one. It may be so in a military and naval point of view; but there is little hope of passengers or letters taking the route of the Euphrates in preference to Egypt, until very different results shall be produced. In stating these opinions, we are at the same time desirous of doing full justice to the merits of Colonel Chesney, and the officers and men who served under him on this expedition; and we are by no means averse to the project of establishing steamers on the Euphrates, if it be undertaken separately, and without prejudice to the route which experience has proved to be not only practicable, but as free from every inconvenience as could be desired. We are, therefore, gratified at hearing that the *Euphrates* steamer has been fitted out by the Bombay government, for the purpose of making another attempt to ascend the river Euphrates. Besides the actual loss of men and money occasioned by the Euphrates expedition, it is also to be regretted as having delayed for some years the establishment of a regular steam communication with India—an event which has been so long and so ardently desired. Some partial arrangements were, however, made, in consequence of the report of the Committee in 1834, to facilitate the communication to India by way of Egypt; but they were on too limited a scale to secure regularity, without which dispatch would be of little advantage. Thus, a steam packet was established by Government, in 1835, to proceed from Malta to Alexandria; and the Court of Directors gave orders that the Hugh Lindsay should go from Bombay to Suez at stated periods. In two years, the Hugh Lindsay had made only four voyages; yet even these occasional trips were encouraging, and letters were carried from London to Bombay in forty-five to sixty-four days—a more rapid communication than had ever before been known. The Directors also contracted for the building of two new steamers, of not less than 600 tons and 200 horse power each, to be sent out to India, and serve either as war steamers, or as packets between Bombay and Suez; but these vessels were not completed before the beginning of 1837. In the meantime, an Indian Steam Navigation Company was at last formed in London, under the auspices of Major Head, who had, for several years, directed his attention to the subject. It was to have a capital of £400,000; and the Company proposed to dispatch, monthly, from England a steam vessel of competent power and size, to touch at Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta,

and Alexandria, taking to those places his Majesty's mail-bags, &c., and engaging to convey the letters and passengers across the isthmus of Suez, to meet the Company's steamers from Bombay, which were also to be dispatched monthly from that place up the Red Sea. To meet their outlay, the Company required to have the exclusive privilege of conveying all letters to and from India, at fixed rates of postage; and, for the conveyance of the Government dispatches and messengers, and also those of the East India Company, the Steam Company demanded of the former an annual contribution of £40,000, and of the latter £25,000, for a certain period of years. These proposals it was thought inadvisable to agree to, both by his Majesty's Government and the Court of Directors; and they were equally unacceptable to the Bengal Steam Committee, who would listen to no plan which did not carry the line of communication to all the presidencies. This scheme having been dismissed, the Board of Control and the Court of Directors agreed, in February 1837, to establish a monthly communication with India by way of Egypt, the letters to and from Alexandria to be conveyed by his Majesty's packets, and the expense of the establishment beyond that place to be equally divided between Government and the East India Company. On further explanation, it appeared that the Directors did not contemplate carrying the line beyond Bombay, from whence the letters were to be dispatched overland to Madras and Calcutta; and though Sir John Hebbhouse was desirous of extending the line to all parts of India, he thought it prudent not to insist upon that point, lest it might occasion farther delay. The arrangement being thus concluded, the Directors sent orders, in June 1837, that the two new steamers, the *Atalanta* and the *Berenice*, which had lately been sent out to India, should, alternately with the Hugh Lindsay, be dispatched from Bombay to Suez, to keep up a monthly communication with Egypt; which has since been effected, though not with all the regularity that could be desired. In consequence of the numerous petitions from India and places in England, and the extraordinary interest the subject had excited, another Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, in June 1837, to inquire into the best means of establishing a communication by steam with India, by means of the Red Sea; and the proceedings of this Committee are extremely interesting, not only as connected with the immediate subject of their inquiries, but also with regard to steam navigation generally. With all the improvements that have been made up to the present time, it would appear that we are yet on the threshold of knowledge in steam navigation. The most experienced and scientific men differ in their opinions as to the proper size and build of steamers, the description of the machinery, and the proportion of power to tonnage; and there are some extraordinary results of increased velocity, by means which, on every approved calculation, ought to

produces the very contrary effect, and to account for which the most knowing are puzzled and non-plussed. Another fact worth recording is, that the French, who are generally considered to be far behind us in steam-navigation, have taken the start of us, and have obtained greater speed at sea than any we have to boast of. The French Government has an admirable organization of steam-packets, which leave Marseilles every ten days for Malta, Alexandria, and various ports in Turkey, Italy, and the Mediterranean; and, from the attention bestowed on this branch of the service, there can be no doubt that it is intended to promote steam-navigation as a political object of the first importance. Letters from England, by the way of Marseilles, will reach Alexandria from six to ten days sooner than by our own steam-packets. Passengers are conveyed at three different rates—viz., £7, £14, and £21; and there is less delay in performing quarantine, in consequence of the French steamers carrying a quarantine officer on board. These circumstances give an additional degree of importance to the scheme of establishing steam communication with India, and render it an object of national concern.

In alluding to the various plans which have been proposed for establishing a regular steam communication with India, it will be necessary only to give in detail that of Dr Lardner, which is drawn on the largest scale as to capacity of the vessels, and equally comprehensive with the others as to the line of communication. Dr Lardner recommends to have an establishment of three steamers, each of 800 to 700 tons burthen, and 160 to 200 horse power, to work between Falmouth and Alexandria; and six or seven steamers in India and the Red Sea, of 1000 tons burthen, and 250 horse power each, of which five would be constantly employed, and the other one or two kept in reserve. The first steamer would work between Calcutta, Madras, and Ceylon; the second would work between Ceylon and the island of Socotra; the third, between Bombay and Socotra, where she would meet the second; the fourth would carry on passengers and letters from Socotra to the island of Camaran in the Red Sea; and the fifth would work between Camaran and Suez; each steamer would thus have its own stage to perform, the longest of which would be, from Ceylon to Socotra, 1660 miles, and would occupy eight and a-half days. The most difficult part of this navigation is from Bombay to Socotra, during the south-west monsoon, from May to September, when the wind blows, with great violence, directly against a vessel making this passage. There is a vast difference of opinion amongst the witnesses as to the possibility of a steamer making the passage at this season of the year in anything like a direct course; and some consider that steamers of 600 to 700 tons would be better adapted for the undertaking than those of larger size; but Dr Lardner states, that it is the physical impediment of the south-west monsoon, that has mainly induced him to recommend vessels of larger

tonnage and power, which, from experience, he finds will go the greatest distance with the least proportionate consumption of coals. In smooth water, the greater power will propel the vessel with greater speed; but, to overcome an adverse sea and bad weather, the larger the vessel the greater the speed, the power being equal; this opinion was confirmed by Captain Oliver, R. N., who has found that a large vessel will make better progress in bad weather than a smaller one of equal power, which he attributes to the greater resistance offered by its specific gravity. Dr Lardner's plan is based upon the principle admitted by the East India Company and the Parliamentary Committee of 1834—that, "if the measure were undertaken, it ought to be executed on a large and efficient scale; and that between doing it efficiently and not doing it at all, there is no advisable medium;" and he accordingly recommends, that steamers of great power should be employed in India, to correspond with each other in every respect, so that each shall be able to assist, or to perform the work of another; with spare steamers to replace any that may be injured; and that the line of communication shall extend to all the Presidencies." Whether the description of steamers he has recommended are the best adapted for the purpose, remains to be proved; but he is perfectly correct in guarding against a short-sighted economy, which, for a comparatively small saving, would risk the success of the whole undertaking; and it is equally true, that no plan which excludes Bengal, the most valuable and important of the Presidencies, and the seat of the Supreme Government, would ever give a fair trial to steam communication. The use of large steamers will have the advantage of providing increased accommodation for passengers and goods; and there is reason to believe that, with these facilities, our trade in the Red Sea will increase, and that goods of value and of small bulk will be brought to Europe by this route. The islands of Socotra and Camaran seem better adapted for depôts than Mocha and the other towns on the mainland, which have been recommended by Mr Waghorn and others; the harbours are better; and one great advantage is, that the steamers and establishments would be free from the petty annoyances and delays which are sometimes experienced from the authorities on the coast. From Suez to Cairo and Alexandria, every facility is granted to passengers and goods. The journey across the Desert to Cairo, is performed in two or three days, on camels or donkeys; a railroad has been projected, the line surveyed, and materials prepared, by the Pacha, at an expense of £200,000; the whole will cost £800,000 to £900,000; and, when completed, the journey may be performed in three or four hours. Another railroad is intended to communicate between Cairo and Alexandria, when the whole journey from Suez to Alexandria may be effected in thirty hours; at present it is done in six days. As for the plague, it seldom prevails in Egypt, except in the spring of the year; and it disappears sometimes for eight or ten years.

together. Mr Turton, who came from India through Egypt, with his wife and six children, in 1887, states that they intermingled freely with the natives, without the slightest precaution, though there were occasional cases of plague, and the vessel in which he left Alexandria had a foul bill of health. He considers the plague a mere bugbear, except at certain seasons. He has passed several times round the Cape of Good Hope, and finds the route through Egypt infinitely preferable, especially for ladies and children; there is no more difficulty than that which must attend the removal of a family in any part of the world; the hire of camels and donkeys is exceedingly reasonable; provisions are readily obtained, with the exception of water, which you must carry with you a great part of the way; you travel slowly, but the road is perfectly good and level—it might be made as good a carriage road as any in England at a very trifling expense—and there is not a danger of any kind on the whole road. Mr Turton landed at Cosseir, and crossed to Genah—a longer route through the Desert than from Suez to Cairo; and of the two roads the latter is considered the best. The Pacha's government is so strict that robbery is unknown; and, if an article was lost by a traveller, it would be restored to him. Such is the account given of the journey through Egypt by all the witnesses on these points. It is calculated that the time in which a regular line of steamers would communicate between Bombay and Suez, including stoppages, would be nineteen days; from Suez to Alexandria, six days; from Alexandria to Falmouth, sixteen days; from Falmouth to London, one and a-half days—making the whole time from Bombay to London, forty-two and a-half days. The time between Calcutta and Suez would be thirty and a-half days; and the whole time between Calcutta and London would, accordingly, be fifty-four days. These are considered by Dr Lardner to be average calculations throughout the year, the time taken in each voyage being likely to vary a few days, according to the season; and, if anything approaching this rapid communication can be obtained, the advantages will indeed be incalculable. We come now to the expense of the undertaking, the main point of the business, and the grand obstacle which has hitherto prevented the execution of the scheme. The expense of the steamers to be employed between England and Alexandria, can be pretty well ascertained, but in India the case is different; there are not the same facilities for repairing damage, especially in the machinery, the cost of coals is more uncertain, and the various depôts must be attended with a considerable expense. With regard to the three steamers to go between England and Alexandria, Dr Lardner has calculated the expense, on the supposition that they were to be vessels of 800 tons burthen, and 200 horse power, though he afterwards thought that steamers of a smaller size would suit the purpose. The annual expense and maintenance of these three vessels, including capital sunk, he estimates at £34,000, and

the cost of 6,500 tons of coals at £4000, making the total £38,000. The steamers for India of 1000 tons burthen, and 250 horse power, complete for sea, would cost about £30,000 each, and would last about 15 years. For capital sunk, interest, and insurance, the annual expense of each would be £4,325; and for wages, provisions, stores, and repairs, about £6,500. The annual expense of six steam vessels would therefore be

£25,950

And the maintenance of five working vessels,

32,500

18,000 tons of coals, at from 25s. to 50s.

average 37s. 6d. per ton, 33,750

Total expense of six Indian steamers per annum,

£92,200

Expense of three steamers from England,

34,000

Agency in Egypt,

2,000

Total, £128,900

This is the annual expense of the whole establishment, by Dr Lardner's estimate, exclusive of the agencies in India and the Red Sea. The most doubtful item is the charge for coals. Mr Peacock states, that the coals for the Hugh Lindsay have cost £7 per ton, or £5000 for each voyage from Bombay to Suez and back; and, although the expense might be reduced, he does not think it could be brought under £8: 10s. per ton. But the occasional trips of the Hugh Lindsay form no criterion for estimating the expense of a large and regular line of steamers; the arrangements were imperfect, and there was also bad management in providing the coals. Thus, coals were sent up the Red Sea to Suez, at an expense of £6 to £7 per ton, when they might have been brought overland from Cairo at £3: 16s. to £3: per ton; and, though Colonel Campbell, the Consul-General, and agent for the East India Company, wrote repeatedly, to say that he could lay in any quantity of coals at this reduced cost, no attention whatever was paid to his letters. It appears, also, that the whole quantity of coals required in the Red Sea, and at Socotra, would not exceed 8000 to 9000 tons, and that, in the ports of India, coals would not cost above 25s. to 40s. per ton, which would make the cost very near Dr Lardner's estimate. The returns for this outlay would arise from the conveyance of passengers, letters, parcels, and goods of value. The number of persons who now make the voyage annually to India and back, is 3,200; of these about 2,400 could be accommodated in the steamers. The cost of a passage round the Cape of Good Hope, is from £100 to £150; at the average of which, the steamers could convey passengers, making a profit on each of above £80, which would produce a revenue of £196,000 per annum. From letters and parcels, Dr Lardner calculates a revenue of £17,000, which would make the total revenue £213,000, exclusive of freight of goods, and the conveyance of Government and East India Company's dispatches and messengers. Mr Peacock, of the India House, differs materially from Dr Lardner in all his

estimates. He considers that it will require five steamers to go between Bombay and Suez, with two additional steamers if the line is carried on to Bengal; that the expense of these vessels, of 600 tons and 200 horse power, would be £25,000 each in Europe, and considerably more in India. Allowing three more steamers to go between England and Alexandria, this would bring the expense of the whole line to at least £300,000 per annum, according to Mr Peacock's estimate. As for returns, he thinks that nothing whatever will be gained by passengers. He says that the Directors allowed the commanders of the *Atalanta* and *Berenice* to take out passengers on their own account, because they could not make any profit of them; that they had been annoyed by complaints of the passengers of the *Hugh Lindsay*; that it would not suit them to turn hotel-keepers, &c. But these are only additional proofs of bad management. In a country where provisions are cheap, passengers might be well provided for at ten shillings per diem each, which was the cost estimated by Major Head and other parties; and, allowing sixty days for the whole voyage, the cost of maintaining each passenger would amount only to £30, or, at the utmost, £40, and the greater part of the passage-money would therefore be clear profit. Passengers would not require to lay in those large stocks of linen, &c., which are requisite for a long voyage; and, besides the saving of time, there are few who would not choose the easy route of Egypt, in preference to the long and monotonous sea voyage round the Cape of Good Hope. It is a well established fact, that, whenever the facilities of communication are increased, even without a reduction of expense, there is always a corresponding increase of travellers and traffic; and it may safely be predicted, that a regular line of steamers to India will attract many persons there, who would not otherwise have undertaken the voyage. This line will also lead to the establishment of others to the Isle of France, and the Seychelles, to Singapore, the Eastern Islands, and China, and to New Holland. The merchants connected with Australia have, in anticipation, formed a Steam Company; and the steamers are already built, which it is intended shall work between New Holland and Ceylon, where they will meet the line of India steamers. Notwithstanding the vast outlay of money in establishing steam communication with India, there is therefore every reason to believe that it will yield an ample return, under proper management: to which may be added the benefits, political and commercial, it will bestow on our possessions in India and the East, and the rapidly increasing settlements in Australia. Lord William Bentinck is of opinion that the Bombay marine, the cost of which has lately been reduced from £180,000 to £100,000 a-year, might be advantageously converted into a steam establishment, consisting of five steamers, three of which would perform the duties of packets, and thus cover a great part of the expense. This is an important suggestion, and shews that the outlay for steamers would not be

all an increase of expenditure, as a corresponding diminution might be made in other departments; and the plan has now been adopted by the East India Company. The promotion of steam navigation is undoubtedly an object of great national concern; and the establishment of the proposed line of steamers to India would be a prodigious stride in advance. With the means of communicating quickly with India, England would laugh at the threat of a Russian invasion; for, in two months, troops could reach Bombay; and it is now ascertained that the *Indus* is capable of being navigated by steamers for 1,000 miles up, which would enable us to have an army of European troops ready to receive the Russians on any part of the northern frontier of India. The Pacha of Egypt is desirous of drawing closer his political relations with England, and it is evidently his interest so to do. He requires to be supported against the designs of Turkey and Russia; and, with the naval power of England in the Mediterranean on one side, and in the Red Sea on the other, he must always be desirous of keeping on good terms with us, were there no other motive to it. It is also the interest of England to support the Pacha's government against the encroachments of Russia. Turkey and Persia have not the means of resistance, and are being devoured piecemeal; and how soon might not the Russian fleet in the Black Sea be brought to act against Egypt?

Since the arrival in India of the *Atalanta* and *Berenice* steamers, there has been a pretty regular monthly communication between Bombay and Suez, by which means letters pass between Bombay and London in about two months, and occasionally in only forty-eight days, and the post from Bombay reaches Calcutta in twelve or fourteen days more. The means of conveying passengers from Calcutta and Madras are, however, still wanting; and so great is the desire to come home by way of Egypt, that, in the absence of steamers, sailing vessels have been engaged at Calcutta to take passengers to Coosair in the Red Sea, for which the charge to each passenger is from £90 to £200. Exertions are still being made to have the line of steamers extended to all the presidencies, either by Government and the East India Company, or through a joint-stock company; and, as passengers are so eager to proceed by the way of Egypt, it cannot be doubted that, ere long, steamers will be provided. In the meantime, a new India Steam Company has been set on foot, the plan of which is to provide steamers of 1200 tons burthen, and to send them round the Cape of Good Hope. They are to take 600 tons of cargo, as well as passengers; and it is expected that they will reach Ceylon in fifty-five days after leaving England, with only one stoppage, at the Cape, to replenish coals. The success of this plan seems to depend on the advantages to be derived from some newly-invented condensers; for, in other respects, it is very similar to that of the *Enterprise* in 1825, the result of which has already been mentioned.

THE FEAST OF THE POETS, FOR SEPTEMBER 1888.

AWARE of the genial custom "honoured in the observance" in *Tait's Magazine*, our poetical contributors, "friends, countrymen, and lovers," have lavishly enriched our repositories of rhyme, previous to the anticipated annual exhibition. Are there those who believed the spirit of poetry either dead or dormant in the bosom of the land?—let them turn to our pages. Are there those who fancy it sickly, dwindling, and declining?—we hasten to relieve their despondency.

Reflecting minds, although the gods may not have made them metrical, will prize the poetic faculty wheresoever it may appear, and in whatever limited degree it is manifested. If the blossom of the wayside wilding should haply never ripen into fruit, shall we for that refuse to inhale its fragrance, or to joy in its hues? Are not the haping syllables of the babe's imperfect speech, though not so precious, more endearing than the brilliant periods of the rhetorician, or the loftiest orations of the patriot? Well said the poet-philosopher—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

And in the rudest poetry there must be beauty. It is the one essential quality, the primary condition. Let it not, however, be imagined, that we wish to bespeak favour for our Poets. We think better of them, and more respect ourselves. Their works shall speak for them.

Have any of our readers seen a small volume published within the last three years, entitled "Oxford Prize Poems?"—the poems of our men of faculty and reputation for the last forty years—the productions of the "curled darlings" and lads of promise of that proud University; of the Peers and Ministers, and Judges and Bishops of the land. To these who have, and those who have not, we would fearlessly say, Examine, and compare the *Feast of the Poets* in our Magazine for three or four years, with this record of the University achievements for half-a-century, and let impartial judgment and taste award the victory. There is here no brag. We state a simple fact, and leave it to the proof. Let us now marshal a few of our proofs of the equality of the nameless or unregarded sons of song with the schoolmen, in the mere "accomplishment of verse." Their superiority in vigour and originality of thought, and depth, and tenderness, of sentiment, admit of no comparison.

Our first division shall consist of these:—

BREATHINGS OF THE YOUNG SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THOUGHTS ON THINGS.

If ya any one of fortune's slaves,
As many slaves there be
Who worship naught beneath the sun
But rank and pedigree—
Pardon I—my 'Thoughts' wait for thee,
With intellect so mean,
Who think beneath the cottar's roof
No sunny joy is seen.

But, should ye be of gentle blood,
And love all human-kind;
In reading o'er a poor man's thoughts,
Some pleasure ye may find.

In my poor home no paintings hang,
Nor sculptur'd forms you see,
Nor music from a thousand strings
Breathing sweet melody.
Yet pleasures rich and rare have I,
Spread wide o'er hill and plain;
All nature blooms to please my eye,
And glad my teeming brain.

What artist ever hewed in stone,
Or on the canvass drew,
Such forms as I can feast upon,
With rapture ever new?
My wife like a Madonna sits,
A child upon her knee,
Whilst round her merry, happy elves
Are laughing jocosely.
Their grouping tells the artist's skill,
Though art can pleasure give
Where Chantrey's chisel wakes the stone,
And bids it look and live.

Enchanting music breathes to please
Me wheresoe'er I rove:
The swinging trees, the humming bees,
Speak harmony and love;
The streamlet o'er its pebbly way
Hums many a pleasant air;
And countless birds, to gladden my ear,
Are singing everywhere:
The storm-lashed sea, with boisterous glee,
As bass to me is given,
When lightnings gleam, and thunders seem
To rive the dome of heaven.

Though I am poor, I'm still content,
Whilst health upon me smiles;
I'm richer far than prince or king,
Or lord of many isles.
I breathe the richness of the air,
And like its course I'm free;
My thoughts as heaven exalted are,
And boundless as the sea:

Proud men! your titles are as naught;
Your riches are a curse,
Whene'er your minions spread like thought
Corruption with your purse.
Proud men! when thus ye panders are
To vilest prostitution,
Remember that a day will come—
A day of retribution.

The prostitution of the frame
Breeds sorrow to mankind,
But, oh! 'tis worse a thousand times
To prostitute the mind—
Then why debate the soul of man,
And soil his honour'd name?
Learn justice ere a million tongues
Shout shame upon ye!—shame!

While poor men dare to think and speak,
They also dare to do—
Whene'er their country needs their aid,
She'll find their hearts are true.
For this the king might yield his crown,
The lord his wide domain:
What think ye of a poor man's thoughts?
Perhaps we'll meet again.

FRANK.

A PASSING QUESTION.

By Alexander Hume.

To whom place you a statue there,
That giant slab of stone?
Methinks the virtues somewhat base
That lack mouth not their own,
To note and tell
The tears that fell,
At great Sir Cipher's funeral knell.

To whom place you a statue there?
Who loved and taught his kind?—
If fell not full unto his share,
A grasp of heart and mind,
Pile stone on stone—
His name hath flown
Before the maggots reach the bone.

How many in cathedrals be,
And all of marble white,
Appropriate to the purity
Of actions great and bright?—
Yet there behold
The greatness told,
Of mem'ries rotten, rank, and old.

The man full of mind's nobleness,
Who yearns to all of good,
And raises, through scorn and distress,
The human multitude—
In mem'ry thrives,
Still fresh survives,
Though statueless, a world of lives.

A MODERN ECOLOGUE.

"What a lovely scene!—the noontide beam
Is sparking on mead and mountain stream;
On the ivied church and whitewashed cot:
How happy must here be the peasant's lot!
And how must he love that hallow'd pile,
And the pastor who greets him with ready smile
When the Sabbath bells have called him there,
To offer to heaven his humble prayer!—
Come hither, thou bright-hair'd peasant boy,
With the ruddy cheek of health and joy.
Say, hast thou seen that reverend sage?
Doubtless he pores o'er the pious page,
By some lonely brook, in commune mild
With his Maker's works—hast seen him, child?"
"Seen him! no," said the boy, as he leerd
At the stranger; "no, but methoat I hear'd
A voice like his'n a-singin, down
Next door to the church, at the Mitre and Crown."

"The mitre and crown!—what I raised he the song,
That those earthly blessings might flourish long,
To guard our religion and liberty,
And preserve us the boasted land of the free,
And raised he it too in that holy place
Where so oft he invoketh the blessings of grace?
Methinks the strain would be one of joy,
Pure, though earthly: say, was it so, boy?
The boy seem'd puzzled, but answered soon,
"He wur *musxy* at sign of the Mitre and Crown;
And the song was jolly, ye weel may say,
For it sounded like 'Drive dull care away.'"

W. L.

WHO WOULD BE A KING?

Oh, who would be a King?
How vainly he's deem'd great—
A powerless, paltry, tinsel'd thing
Trick'd out in robes of state.
He wears a golden crown;
A sceptre in his hand;
And sits upon a lofty throne,
While courtiers round him stand,
To flatter and caress,
And at his footstool bow;—
'Tis all unmeaning nothingness,
A vain and empty show.

He hath no friend sincere
On whom he may rely;
His minions false, when danger's near
They'll be the first to fly.
Oh, who would be a King?

Oh, who would be a King,
When the rabble, raging loud,
Hiss, hoot, and groan, and missiles fling
Whene'er he's seen abroad?
When his conduct risks his neck,
His Guards are his defence;
Their bayonets and sabres check
The mob's rude insolence.
In the hearts of his subjects, then,
He hath no confidence,
Tho' he doth live, and move, and reign,
Kept up at their expense.
The sophist's law, that says,
A King can do no wrong,
It cannot gull us now-a-days,
When truth is waxing strong.
Oh, who would be a King?

Oh, who would be a King,
When his People from him turn?
His crown, alas! that gaudy thing,
Is then a crown of thorns.
Ten thousand jealous eyes
His slightest movements watch;
Surrounded by false friends and spies,
His words and plans they catch;
And give them all to Fame,
Who wide the tidings blows,
Till fiercely the long-smothered flame
Of popular fury glows;
Which naught will quench but blood.
Lo! History supplies
Warnings, I ween, which might do good,
If aught will make Kings wise.
Oh, who would be a King?

Who takes the name of King,
Which was not meant for man?
Vain fool! aside that title fling,
There is no King but One—
One King who reigns alone,
The Universe to bless;
The bulwarks of whose mighty Throne,
Are truth and righteousness.
Though worms, by sin defil'd,
His attributes assume,
"Sacred," and "High," and "Mighty," styl'd,
They all shall meet their doom.
His Wisdom cannot err,
Unbounded is His power;
Mortals, of impious pride beware,
And in the dust adore
The Great and only King.

W. C.

MARENGO.

"Bonaparte se promenoit lentement a cheval, devant son troupier, penché, la tête baissée, courageux contre le danger plus que contre le malheur; n'essayant rien mais attendant la fortune."—*Madame de Staël*.

Why pauses he—why from his eye
Plucks now the glass away?
The Gallic eagle still bears high
His flight above the fray;
Against the breeze he struggles yet,
With eye of fire, and beak blood-red.

Why, therefore, checks the chief his steed,
Which, frantic to be free,
Flings the wild mane as rock-bound weed
Is by the chafing sea?
Why minks his head upon his breast,
The lightning of his eye suppress?

He sees the tide of battle set
Against his valiant van—
He sees the balance waver yet,
He knows what bravery can;
But, far beyond, his prescient eye
Doth yet unknown defeat descry.

Is't death he dreads—the man who stood
On Lodi's bridge of fire;
Who victory sought amid the blood
That drenched Arcola's mire;
Who braved the East's pest-laden air,
And daggers of the won Brumaire?

He fears—but death he does not fear;
He raises now his eye:—
"Wilt thou desert me, Fortune, here,
Beneath Italia's sky—
This sunny sky which looked upon
My many fields of battle won?"

What was it flashed before his gaze?
A momentary star,
Oft seen before, amid the blaze
And eddying smoke of war.
(It hung on his returning prow,
And beacons high St Bernard's brow.)

See now, he springs from rank to rank,
His courser frets no more,
Nor, buried in the bloody flank,
The spur is dabbled o'er;
His words are hurried, brief—but these
That thrones and sceptres win or lose.

The order of the field is changed—
Troop after troop wheels round;
Sees Austria not the battle ranged
Anew, on different ground?—
Beware! for now the sunbeams shine
Atheuwart yon bayoneted line.

She sees, too late—she hears the shout,
And coming heavy tread
Of eager thousands—now the rout
Of battle; and the dread
Dim smoke arises o'er the scene,
The sight from heaven's eye to screen.

They reel—recoil—the day is fixed!
See Kellerman the brave
Charge like a tempest—they are mixed
Together—naught can save;
They're scattered like the dust of June—
Marengo—Italy is won!

G.

SONNET.

On reading the following passage in Haslitt's "Notes of a Journey through France and Italy."

"Books are the corrosive sublimates that eat out despotism and priestcraft; the artillery that batter down castle and dungeon walls; the ferrets that ferret out abuses; the lynx-eyed guardians that tear off disguises; the scales that weigh right and wrong; the thumping make-weights thrown into the balance, that make force and fraud, the sword and the cow, kick the beam; the dread of knaves, the scoff of fools; the salt of the earth; the future rulers of the world!"

There flashed the soul of thought!—there genius shone,
Tempered with feeling that made all its own
His fellow's wrongs!—there spake the mind
Whose purest, clearest emanations throw
O'er Shakespeare's brightest page a brighter hue;
That, casting interest, prejudice behind,
Could scale unscared the dizzy heights of thought.
Crowns, sceptres, coronets, he held as naught!
Like the proud eagle, he aspired to gaze,
With eye undazzled, on Truth's cloudless rays,
Which, halo-like, still seem to flicker o'er
The matchless page that, rich in varied lore,
Ardent with soul, oft glowed beneath his pen,
Fitted to raise the good, and shame the base 'mongst men.

SONNET TO BOOKS.

Truth's torchlights are ye, casting aye your glare
Into each deep and cavernous recess
Of the human heart; time-ridden wickedness
Ye can unveil, and lay the hidden bare.

'Mongst freedom's bulwarks ye are dearest, best;
From mind to fellow-mind a prized bequest,
Unchecked by dull conventional control,
Soul, poured on paper, communes free with soul;
Free as the winds that wave the mountain flower,
Careless as they of fixed opinion's power!
Stern despot he! that ices o'er thought's streams,
Narrowing the world to the shrunk space it seems,
Thwarting hope's aspirations as they rise,
With wizard wand turning her smiles to sighs.

POET'S POEMS.

What follows is more purely poetical, and perhaps better calculated to gain the general favour. Each of the poems is the production of a different gifted and cultivated mind; of individuals far apart in country, in habits, and pursuits, but united in the all-comprehensive, universal bond of lettered brotherhood. *The Poet's Fatherland* is not, however, an original poem. It is imitated in English by a young Dane, from the German of Körner.

AN ODE TO THOUGHT.

Whether ye make futurity your home,
Spirits of Thought,
Or past eternity, come to me, come,
For you have long been sought;
I've looked to meet you in the morning's dawn,
Often in vain;
I've followed to her haunts the wild young fawn,
Through sunshine and through rain—
I've waited long and fondly; surely you will come,
Familiarly as doves returning to their home.

Oh, I have need of you!—if ye forsake
My troubled mind,
Whence can it strength and consolation take,
Or peace and pleasure find?
For the great sake of the eternal spring
Of all your might,
Unto me, desolate, some comfort bring,
Unto me, dark, some light!
Come crowdingly and swift, that I may see
Upon your wings their native radiancy.

I know that ye must have a glorious dwelling,
Whether it rise,
Past mortal ken, where the old winds are swelling
Unbroken harmonies,
Whether, like eagles on some lunar mountain,
Ye fold your wings,
Or sport beside that clear and tranquil fountain
Whence rosy daylight springs.

I know your home is beautiful—and this belief
Brings glowing sunshine through the cloudiness of grief.
Bring not the softened echoes of the song
That gushes in your land;
But, as ye hear it, undisturbed and strong,
Pour it where now I stand.

These hanging cliffs shall make a rolling echo
With this great sea;
However far it float, my soul shall follow,
Mnd with its melody.

Will it not lead where I may clearly see
Countries whose law is love and peaceful liberty?
There is a noise within this tranquil heaven;
This ocean has a voice;
Through these tall trees a mighty tone is driven
That bids me to rejoice;
In the clear greenness of these tumbling waters
I see a face,
Exceeding far the look of man's pale daughters—
Bright, un-descriptive grace
Breaks from the brow, proclaiming heavenly glory,
Lighting the waves with foam and whiteness hoary.
Bold Thoughts, ye come, like stars down the dark night,
Boldly leaping;
I hear the solemn rushing of your flight,
Loud music keeping.

The unconcealed splendour of your speed
Is not more great
Than the songs intermingled, that exceed
All Nature can create.
Fill me with strength, that I may nobly tell
The wonders of your speech, that men may love me well.
F. I. P.

THE POET'S EDUCATION.

Within a low mud village hut, one cold December morn,
Mid poverty, and want, and wo, poor Tom the bard
was born;
His mother, from her hollow eye, just looked a mother's
love,
Dropped a warm tear upon her babe, and then was called
above.

His father, worn with fell disease, soon followed to the
grave,
And Tom, in life's young morn, was left, life's bitter
blasts to brave;
But Martha o' the Whinnyburn, a spinner poor and
old,
Strove hard the little friendless boy to fend from want
and cold.

A wild untoward imp he was, but full of kindly wiles;
And when he saw old Martha weep, he kissed her into
smiles,
And up her aged knees would climb, to learn what she
had seen
Of witch and wizard, ghost and fay, in times that once
had been.

Tom's hose were sadly torn, yet he was blythe as blythe
could be;
His curly locks were bonnetless, but never care had he;
He loved all bright and beauteous things, and oft, with
bounding ball,
Would strive to catch the flickering beam that danced
along the wall.

He nightly watched the glowing moon, and doubted
much the tale,
That told, in that fair wandering isle, was prisoned wo
and wail.

He gazed upon the shining stars with love, and yet with
awe,
He wondered what they were—yet deemed his very
thoughts they saw.

But more he loved the orb of day, and hailed his early
beam
Come laughing o'er the eastern hill to gladden flower and
stream;
And lonely, in a happy mood, he'd scan, for hours to-
gether,
The little crimson-breasted flower, that bloomed amid
the heather.

And yet poor Tom was often sad, and Martha wondered
why—

'Twas when a dark cloud wandered o'er the brightness
of the sky,
That hung o'er all the happy life of earth a tint of
sadness,
And shadowed in his loving soul the sunny spots of
gladness.

But oh! with what fierce joy he'd climb old Martha's
window sill,
When rushed, with wrathful howl, the storm, along the
groaning hill,
And, when the fire-gleam arched the gloom, he raised
his little hand,
And felt strange mystic impulses to grasp heaven's burn-
ing brand.

When Tom had come to riper years, he learned the
weaving trade;
And in old Martha's garden-plot he wielded oft the
spade;
To ply the bounding shuttle's speed, he spent day's sunny
hour,
But early morn and dewy eve he'd dedicate to flowers.

He watched with joy the brightening tint upon the
rose's crest,
The rich blue deepening upon the violet's lovely breast,
The opening bosom of the pink, and Martha's favourite
lily,
And—sweetest pledge of summer hours—the smiling
daffodilly.

He gazed upon the dancing leaves as mute but living
things,
In breeze and sunshine fluttering with glorious glancing
wings;
For the pale snow-drop's early death he felt young
friendship's grief,
And mourned an old acquaintance in sore autumn's
faded leaf.

The Robin knew his gentle step, and feared no danger
nigh;
The grateful leveret looked on him with mild and fear-
less eye;
The blackbird and the linnet came obedient to his call—
He loved the bright, gay, fluttering things, and he was
loved by all.

Then woke the echoes of the heart, and impulse high and
strong
Burst from the fount of glorious thought in wild me-
lodious song,
He sung not—for he scarce had heard—of conquests and
of wars,
He sung of woods, and flowers, and streams, of sun-
shine, and of stars.

G. P.

THE POET'S HOME.

It is not where Italian skies
Spread their blue dome o'er land and wave,
Not where fresh dwellings proudly rise,
O'er fallen Pompeii's grave;
Yet many a lovely spot around
Invites the wanderer's steps to roam,
And bee and bird, with murmuring sound,
Float o'er the Poet's Home.

It is not in Chamouni's vale,
Where rifted pines swing in the blast;
And Alpine shepherds tell their tale
Of avalanches past;
No mountains raise their summits high,
Beside the spot we hold so dear;
Yet the free breeze comes rushing by,
And heath-clad hills are near.

The heath-clad hills! more beautiful,
Because their paths have often been
The resting-place of him, our Bard;
And many a dell between,
Where flowers their fragrant leaves enwreath,
And moss and lichens deck the sod,
Hath heard the Poet humbly breathe
His prayer to Nature's God!

What reck's he of the marble floor,
Or radiance of the gay saloon?
That little nook beside the door,
Where he can watch the moon,
And view the radiant stars on high,
All shining o'er his lowly home,
Is dearer to the Poet's eye
Than earthly monarch's dome!

Ah, though his thrilling voice is stern,
To rouse th' oppressed and stumbling crowd,
Though thoughts within his bosom burn
Of vengeance 'gainst the proud;
Go, mark, around his glad fireside,
Youth's blooming cheek and childhood fair;
Nor deem kind heaven hath denied
Love's dearest blessing there!

WHERE IS THE MINSTREL'S FATHERLAND?

Where is the minstrel's fatherland?
 Where valour in each breast was flowing,
 Where wreaths for beauty's brow were blowing,
 Where every noble heart was glowing
 With all that was holy and grand:
 There was my fatherland!

How, then, was named the minstrel's land?
 Now, o'er the graves where her offspring sleeps,
 Oppressed 'neath a foreign yoke, she weeps.
 Once did oaks round her their vigils keep,
 Their own—the free—the German land:
 This was my fatherland!

Why weeps the minstrel's fatherland?
 That to a fierce despot's tyranny
 Her princes trembling bow the knee,
 Deaf to the call of the brave and free,
 Unmindful of her high command:
 This mourns my fatherland!

Whom calls the minstrel's fatherland?
 To the unheeding gods she calls on high,
 In the thunders of her agony—
 For her champions—for her liberty—
 For retribution's vengeful hand:
 These call my fatherland!

What would the minstrel's fatherland?
 Her oppressors she would lowly lay,
 Drive the fell blood-hound from his prey,
 And free her children as ocean's spray,
 Or tomb'd her barren sand:
 This would my fatherland!

And hopes the minstrel's fatherland?
 Ay! she hopes in the fair cause of right;
 Hopes her sons will rouse them to the fight;
 Trusts in the power of God's vengeful might,
 And looks for aid from his just hand:
 Thence hopes my fatherland!

THE THRUSHES.

By Douglas Jerrold.

One eve, in balmy, budding May,
 A simple peasant stood,
 Beholding the declining day
 Fast sinking in the wood.

Yet oftentimes, with restless look,
 He eyed a neighb'ring cot,
 A homestead in a bright, green nook,
 A happy, flow'ring spot.

And as he gaz'd on that sweet place,
 That home of love and rest,
 His little boy, with laughing face
 Ran up with thrush's nest.

A nest with four bare little things,
 (It irks the heart to tell,)
 With not a feather on their wings—
 Scarce two days from the shell.

The father cried, and seiz'd the prize—
 "Are you a son of mine?"
 And then two tears of mod'rate size
 Did glisten in his eyne.

"And you would cage each little thrush,
 Its mother's hope and joy?
 I vow it almost makes me blush
 To own you for my boy!

"What! shut them from the sun and breeze,
 The greenwood and the glade?
 Far, far away from flow'rs and trees,
 Within a prison's shade?

"Now, Thomas, should some giant strong
 Put you in dungeon deep,
 Sure, sure, you'd think it very wrong,
 And droop, and waste, and weep?

"And, therefore, child, 'tis bitter grief
 Your father's breast assails—
 Run, run, John Doe, the varmint thief,
 Is getting 'crows the pales."

And down the parent flung the birds,
 Then tow'rd the cottage ran—
 And who shall tell the joyful words,
 With which *they* "took their man?"

Now, may the gentle reader know
 Who Christian Tom did vex—
 The feeling soul was Richard Roe,
 Bailiff of Middlesex.

When certain folks set up to teach,
 Their words by deeds we'd test;
 And always think, when'er they preach,
 Of Roe and Thrush's Nest.

MY BROTHER.

By Major Calder Campbell.

Wake! the lark is up on high,
 Paying homage to the sky;
 Flowerets shake their dewy heads;
 Leverets leave their rushy beds;
 Lambkins chase each other;
 From its cage upon the wall,
 Hear'st thou not thy linnets' call?
 Waken, gentle brother!

Wake! thy playmates are abroad,
 Comrades miss thee on the road,
 Where the merry pastime seems
 Lighter for thy lengthened dreams—
 They can find no other
 Half so fit for boyish fun,
 Agile leap, or manly run—
 Waken, gentle brother.

Thou shalt never waken more!
 Sadly o'er our cottage door
 Droops the now-neglected vine,
 Taught by thee to twist and twine
 'Midst encircling roses;
 Suns are bright, and skies are blue,
 But their joy comes not unto
 The grave, where thy repose is!

Thy gun is on the wall; beside,
 With reel unclasp'd and lines untied,
 Thy fishing-rod hangs idle; mute
 Is now the music of thy flute—
 There it lies neglected!
 Books and drawings, once thy pride,
 Are for ever thrown aside—
 DEATH hath all rejected!

In that ISLE, "where no man died,"
 Thou hadst been its hope and pride,
 For thy intellect was fraught
 With the symmetry of thought;
 And no guile could smother,
 In thy true and noble heart,
 That which is man's better part—
 Thy holy love, my brother!

Hadst thou dwelt in DELOS' isle,
 Thou hadst won fond Nature's smile
 As her fairest, brightest child,
 With no stain of earth defiled,
 To shame such glorious mother;
 But thou wert mortal, and to death
 Hast resigned thy early breath—
 So, fare-thee-well, my brother!

POMPEII.

Couched on a mossy bank—the western ray
 Paling in front—my thoughts with the days of Eld—
 I winged the past with fancy, and beheld
 A city of Old Time. 'Twas middle day.
 Temple and tenement—a proud array—
 Blazed in the earnest sun; a river, filled
 With throngs of ships, majestic sweeping held
 By stately structures on its beauteous way;
 And, doubled by the imitating wave,
 Religious fane and lofty battle tower

Crowded their splendours on the dazzled sight.
It was a time of joy; master and slave
Alike were gay; and multitudes did pour
Along the ringing streets, lend with delight.

A day rolled by, methought. I looked again:
The spacious amphitheatre was filled.
I saw the lively Greek, of classic build—
The swart Egyptian—the bold Roman, vain
Of haughty looks. The gladiator, slain,
Was lying on the sand, his heart's blood spilled
For cruel sport. I saw the victims killed
By savage beasts; their bodies rent in twain.
But, ah, that shriek!—that hurrying to and fro!
What meant they? What portend that sudden gloom—
Those earthquakes, cinders, and that overthrow
Of tenement and fane?—The city's doom!
Vesuvius had roused him from his slumber,
Her gay career to close, her glittering days to number.

Ages were added to the past. The sun,
As he had wont, blazed in the southern sky;
The violet breezes idly sauntered by;
The lavish vines did o'er the grey rocks run;
Th' exhausted fount was "quiet as a nun."
But where had vanished arrogant Pompeii?
Forum and temple! tower and column high!
Where had her mansions, arches, sculptors gone?
All, all were buried in the darksome earth!
No more I heard the bustle of her streets,
Her sounds of industry and noisy mirth;
I saw no more her merchants and her fleets,
Her triumphs, sports, processions, gaudery—
But over her still grave, the grass grew rapidly.

I looked again, when ages more had fled.
A serf had struck his spade upon a stone.
The stone was raised; to learned men was shown—
To men of wealth and power—who, curious, sped,
And cleared away the soil. Once more was shed
Day's light in hall and court; but there it shone
O'er walls unpeopled, columns overthrown!
And there she stands, the "City of the Dead!"
Her streets are desolate and silent now!
No more the lawyer's eloquence is cheered
Within the Forum walls; no more the vow
Of piety in holy fane is heard.
Her greatness has departed all; for aye her glory fled.
Pompeii evermore must be the City of the Dead!

W. K.

Our next division, is

SONNETS, AND OTHER SMALL, DAINTY
INDITINGS.

The spring and summer months of the sub-
joined charming and truly English *Rural Calen-*
der, kept in the midland counties, were published
in a former Number.

AUGUST.

Throned on some lawn's hillock or cool height,
With many-coloured mosses, and deep,
Bedding a spot where posy might keep
A holiday from care, in want's despite,
And nurse her darling fancies for the light;—
Oh, beautiful the picture, from that steep,
Of fields of yellow corn that, ripening, sleep
In the warm sun, all golden with his light!
Gaze—as the month advances—gaze again
Upon that glowing landscape, and the crowd
Of white skirts gleaming in the ruddy grain—
How beautiful the scene!—And, oh! the loud
And spirit-stirring shout of "Harvest home!"
That peals upon the breeze whichever way we roam!

SEPTEMBER.

'Tis nutting time!—off where the hazels grow,
With book and satchel, with a bounding tread!
Off to the quiet of the wood and mead,
And tear rich clusters from the lavish bough!
Shades of my boyhood's years! amid the glow
Of ripened fruits my longing footsteps lead!

Haste to some sunny orchard plot, and plead—
Plead there with care for my enjoyment. Now,
Autumn has swept her pencil o'er the trees,
And left a golden stain. Hedge-rows are fair
(Fringing old lanes—round green and "cotted loam")
With hip and haw, the blackberry and sloe.
Lovely the moon, with bright flowers everywhere.
Sweet the new song of redbreast warbling low.

OCTOBER.

The swallow leaves us for a sunnier sky,
And birds that quit more northern climes appear;
Stock-doves are heard amid the beechwoods rare,
Voicing their quietude enchantingly;
Rooks to their nest-trees in the rookery
Return again; and, on the shining air,
That tiny aeronaut—the gossamer—
Launches his web, and journeys merrily.
Stroll down the leaf-strewn lane, and on some stile,
Hacked with the rustic's knife, sent ye awhile,
And watch the husbandman diffuse his seed
Over the ruddy field;—'tis sweet to me!
The berried hedge-row and the yellow tree,
Have charms as yet, though flowers and leaves be dead.

Our next specimens shall be feminine. In-
deed, from the cheerful sweetness of the *Song of*
the Bees, and the pathos and elegance of *The*
Floweret, the reader will easily divine their
feminine origin.

SONG OF THE BEES.

Away! for the heath-flowers' pendent bells
Are heavy with honied dew;
And the cowslip buds, in their sunny dells,
Are bright with a golden hue.
We spread to the breeze our gossamer wings,
And a busy task is ours,
To hover around in airy rings,
And sip from the sweetest flowers.
When weary, we lie on the fragrant breast
Of the rose, ere its charms decay;
And, cradled in beauty, one moment rest,
Then spread our light wings, and away!
We climb up the clover-bud's slender stem,
And o'er its sweet blossoms linger;
For the honey-dew lies like a precious gem
On a fair girl's taper finger.
Drowsily humming our cheerful song,
Till the air echoes back the measure,
O'er meadow and mountain we speed along,
To gather the golden treasure.
Were man's life as useful and gay as ours,
Oh, he would be bless'd indeed;
But whilst we are sipping the sweetest flowers,
He rests on a noisome weed.

Clifton.

LAVINIA.

THE FLOWERET.

Beside a little crystal stream
That gurgled through a dell,
An humble floweret raised its head,
And, oh, I loved it well.
It ne'er had been where gorgeous flowers
Exposed themselves to view;
But all unknown to vulgar pomp,
The little floweret grew.
With fond delight I gazed, as spring
Breathed o'er its tender form;
And dreamed of summer suns and skies,
Nor thought of blight and storm.
I gave it shelter from the blast;
I watched its beauties spread;
I watered it with tender care;
Removed each noxious weed.
But, ah, my tender floweret drooped
Ere spring's last month had flown;
I loved it more while languishing,
And made it all my own.

This, too, was vain ; and so was hope,
 Though thinking on the best.
 Decay has done his work—and now
 My floweret is at rest.
 No mark betrays its resting-place ;
 Its fate is known to few ;
 But dear to me is still the spot
 Where once my floweret grew.

TO THE EARLY SPEEDWELL.

Sweet little flower ! with deepest grief oppress,
 I still can bind thee to my aching breast ;
 And, though my heart be agonized with care,
 Still thou wilt find a ready welcome there.
 Hope of the summer, pride of early spring,
 May genial breezes ever round thee fling
 Their fragrances ! Though unnoticed, unconfest,
 Thou seem'st to me a joyous, heaven-born guest,
 Or the bright offspring of some fairy clime
 That mocks the self-destroying flight of Time.
 When wintry winds have ceased their fierce career,
 And life revives with the reviving year,
 The sprightly lark, on dew-bespangled wings,
 Mounts upon ether's balmy breast, and sings.
 Thou seem'st to me a charm from on high,
 To woo the spring from yon bright-beaming sky,
 To tell how coming summer's genial reign
 Shall deck the forests in their pride again.

In lyrical and popular poetry, we have wares
 for all tastes. Our wallet is as diversely stored
 as that of Autolychus ; but, as Yarrow is a name
 long consecrated to song, we shall give it pre-
 cedence.

SONG.

Air—"The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow."

I've tried to sing the deeds o' war,
 Of Hieland feud and Border foray,
 And fain my feckless harp wad dare
 Sometimes to sound auld Scotland's glory.
 But Scotland needs nae harp like mine,
 To sing her houms and heights ae airy—
 Yet, grudge me not, you powers divine,
 One strain to please my artless Mary.

The corn waves rich on Lammas day ;
 Sweet flowers the thorn on Beltane morrow ;
 The rose bud scents the breeze o' May
 That sweeps the sunny dells o' Yarrow ;—
 But Mary's smile is sweeter far
 Than all that's fair, my muse can gather,
 Brighter than morning's dewy car,
 Or sunblink on the purple heather.

I pu'd the rose to deck her hair,
 The gleids o' dew shone on its blossom,
 I pu'd the snow-drop fresh and fair,
 To droop upon her heaving bosom.
 Oh, sing ! my harp, the charms o' love,
 While dreams o' bliss and youthie'd tarry !
 And grant me still, ye powers above,
 One strain to please my artless Mary !

J. MURRAY.

Here comes, next, a song of that plain, whole-
 some, unpretending English cast, which wont to
 gladden the hearts of our simple ancestors, in
 those middle ages after the old minstrel ballads
 had ceased to charm, and before Byron and
 Moore had smitten lyre and harp to loftier but
 not more natural or pathetic strains.

SONG.—MY OWN LITTLE OOT.

I have been in the field when the red blood was spilled,
 I have been at the feast when the red wine was filled ;
 But in camp and in hall I have never forgot
 The peaceful delights of my own little cot.

With my knapsack and gold I am hastening home,
 And deep thrilling thoughts o'er my glad bosom come ;
 For my heart still hath clung to that heaven-guarded spot,
 Like the woodbine that twines round my own little cot.

I have gazed on the dark eyes of southern climes ;
 But sweeter my Mary's blue melting eye shines ;
 And queens and queens' daughters I'll reckon as naught,
 When she welcomes me back to my own little cot.

And my children shall clasp me, and, lisping, implore,
 And I'll promise them too, that I'll wander no more ;
 And the meed of my perils, the gold I have brought,
 Will make the hearth smile in my own little cot.

D.

If our next song prove much less stirring than
 it might have done a quarter of a century since,
 it will, at least, to many give back an echo of
 what wont to set patriot hearts a-throbbing, and
 the table in a roar.

SONG.

Tune—"Lady Home's Jig."

CHORUS.

Oh, up wi' the thistle aae sturdy an' true,
 The harp o' green Erin, an' England's rose too,
 And ho ! for our lads wi' the kilts and cockades,
 And their braw plaided chiefs wi' their bonnets o' blue !

John Bull's a guld friend at your back ony day,
 Nane braver than Pat to encounter the fray,
 And Sawney gets dour when his back's at the wa',
 And Donald will fight while a plade she can traw.

Then up wi' the thistle, &c.

The Frenchmen thought weel to hae banged us laugeyne,
 And wee Bonapart's had made up his main'
 To treat us like slaves, and to cuff us at will ;
 But we drubbed his brigades, and we're free Britons still.

Then up wi' the thistle, &c.

The Bear o' the North wad right fain set his paw
 On our fine sugar plantins and islands aae braw,
 And Jonathan gins and throws jibes owre the main ;
 But we've cuffed them afore, and we'll cuff them again.

Then up wi' the thistle, &c.

The nations around us oft grumble awae,
 To see little Britain sit queen o' the sea ;
 But they daurna speak out—for they've tried us afore,
 And we proved ourselves victors the hale world o'er.

Then up wi' the thistle, &c.

The Frenchmen may sing owre their raisins and wine,
 The Germans may chant o' the Danube and Rhine,
 The Spaniards may snuff an' look proud as may be—
 But, oh, the blue bonnets o' Scotland for me !

Then up wi' the thistle aae sturdy and true,
 The harp o' green Erin, and England's rose too,
 And ho ! for our lads wi' the kilts and cockades,
 And their braw plaided chiefs wi' their bonnets o' blue !

JAMES MURRAY.

We cannot say much for the following song,
 save that it is in season. The author has, pro-
 bably, been spoiled for a popular bard, by read-
 ing Horace and Theocritus in the original.

A HARVEST SONG.

Crown my board with blooming posies !

Crown it, all ye powers above !

Deck it round with heaps of roses !

Crown it too with happy love !

Let the generous wine go round—

Fill it to the very brim !

Welcome each warm heart around—

Here's a flowing health to him !

Crown my board with fruits in season—

With the luscious peach and pear !

Flow of soul and feast of reason—

May no jealous heart be here !

Let the generous wine go round—

Fill it to the very brim !

Welcome each warm heart around—

Here's a flowing health to him !

Crown my board with smoking dishes—
Smoking from a beechen fire!
Now the year has crowned our wishes—
Given us all our hearts' desire.
Let the generous wine go round—
Fill it to the very brim!
Welcome each warm heart around—
Here's a flowing health to him!

Crown my board with smiles and glances—
Glances from the fair one's eyes!—
Sure these eyes are love's own lances,
Causing lover's pains and sighs.
Let the generous wine go round—
Fill it to the very brim!
Welcome each warm heart around—
Here's a flowing health to him!

B.

Our next lyrics belong to the school of Tanna-hill and the Etterick Shepherd. The author of the first song is a young hand-loom weaver in the country, who has had little more education than appears to come to all Scottish rustics from the atmosphere of their hills and glens, and the genial influences of their cottage firesides.

EVENING'S DEWY HOUR.

Air—"Roslin Castle."

When rosy day far in the west has vanish'd frae the scene,
And gloamin spreads her mantle grey owre lake and mountain green;
When yet the darklin' shades o' mirk but ha'fens seem to lower—
How dear to love and beauty is the e'ning's dewy hour!

When down the burnie's wimpling course, amid the hazel shade,
The robin chants his vesper sang, the cushat seeks the glade;
When bats their drowsy vigils wheel round eldrich tree and tower—
Be't mine to meet the lass I lee at e'ning's dewy hour.

When owre the flower-beespangled sward the flocks have ceased to stray,
And maulkin steals across the lawn beneath the twilight grey—
Then, oh! how dear, frae men apart, in glen or woodland bower,
To meet the lass we dearly lee at e'ning's dewy hour!

The roddy morn has charms 'snew, when from the glewin sky,
The sun on rival beauties smiles wi' gladness in his eye;
But, oh! the softer shaded scene has magic in its power,
Which cheers the youthful lover's heart at e'ning's dewy hour.

SONG.—MUIRLAND PEGGY.

My Peggy dwalt in yonder howe
Whar grows the birk sae bonny, O;
And whar the burnie rins unseen,
An' scarcely heard by ony, O.

My Peggy she was young an' fair,
An' meek as ony lammy, O;
An' aye she toil'd, an' aye she span,
To keep her puir auld mammy, O.
When wintry winds were roarin' loud,
An' days sae cauld an' cloudy, O;
My tartan plaid I owre me threw,
An' cross'd the hill to Peggy, O.

But lanely now I cross the hill,
An' dowie rins my doggie, O;
He kens his master's heart is sair,
An' mourns wi' him for Peggy, O.

The cauld grave now is Peggy's bed,
Her curtains are the willow, O;
The green grass now her coverlet,
The granite grey her pillow, O.

These waters may come back again,
An' jaw up owre the craigs, O;
But ne'er, until my heart be still,
Will I forget my Peggy, O.

A. B.

We shall close this division with

A JAMAICA CHANT.

Nigger was so berry glad
'Cos him de 'prentice;
Him tink him neber more make sad,
'Cos him de 'prentice.

Mama, him look berry glum,
'Cos make de 'prentice;
Say, no more tobac and rum,
'Cos he de 'prentice.

Den him soon great money come,
Pay for de 'prentice;
Mama laf; him cock him thoust,
Say teach de 'prentice.

Mama den make Sambo work,
'Cos him de 'prentice;
Call him scoundrel, say much lark,
Now him de 'prentice.

Make him do great, double ting,
'Cos him de 'prentice;
Give no eat, no dance, no sing,
'Cos him de 'prentice.

Ben him tlek, him leab him die,
'Cos him de prentice;
Dinah's pickaninies cry,
Now her de 'prentice.

Mama d—— em, him no care,
Dem not de 'prentice;
Dinah sorry; mama swear
No time de 'prentice.

Nigger come, him berry old,
Him learu de 'prentice.
Mama hate him, much him scold,
Send will' de prentice.

Nigger now him bow him down,
'Cos him de 'prentice;
Mama floggy, much him frown,
Make beas de 'prentice.

White man say, "Two year make free,"
Tell laf de 'prentice;
Nigger know him den dead be,
'Cos him de 'prentice.

It may be true, and we fervently trust it is, that negro-men will not need to sing to this tune much longer; but the above deserves to be recorded as a lay of the olden time, as we still keep in mind "the Jew's Daughter," though Jewesses no longer drown little Christian boys in draw-wells, or boil them in caldrons.

LOYAL POEMS; OR, CORONATION LAYS.

SONG.

Air—"Caledonia."

Scotland's hills are bonny hills, a' clad wi' heather bells,
And music warbles in the rills that sport adown her dells,
And there be glens in fair Scotland where foe hath never been,
And wild and free we'll keep them yet for our good Queen!

Oh, wad she cross the Tweed some day, our Scottish glens to view,
Our fairy lakes and streamlets grey, lone isles and mountains blue,
And see auld Scotland's goodly bands, wi' belt and buckle shen,
In proud array come forth to greet their fair young Queen!

* Treadwell.

For Scotland has her glensmen brave that bear the targe
and brand,
Who'd spend their dearest blood to save their own
romantic land;
And they would leave their hills of mist, and glens of
lovely green,
To form a living bulwark round their fair young Queen.

And Scotland has her yeomen leal, and stalwart loons
they be,
That whirl like willow wands their steel when mustered
on the lea;
And should a foe invade our soil, no braver band I ween
Would fight beneath the banners broad of our young
Queen.

And Scotland boasts her lovely ones—a beauteous train
are they;
But much she mourns her tuneful sons, young bards and
minstrels grey;
For those that waked her sweetest lyres sleep 'neath the
turfs so green—
We've few to sing the welcome now of our young Queen.

We've heard of merry England's scenes, and trusty souls
are there,
And Erin boasts her green demesnes, rich woods, and
prospects fair;
But Scotland boasts her rugged hills where freemen aye
have been—
Oh, come, and let us dote on thee, our fair young Queen.

MEPH. IN LONDON.

Mephistopheles perched on a pinnacle point,
On the 28th of June;

His cock-tail wriggled in every joint,
Like the wires of a fiddle in tune.

Half the point was enough for Meph;

A pickled-faced sprite on t'other half,

With a leering eye, and a sneering lip,

Stood side by side with his devilship.

And all around was a merry sound

Of laughter, shout, and singing;

The bells from a thousand spires around

Their joyous peals were flinging:

For the day when the Queen of our Isles was crowned,

Through time its flight was winging.

"Ha! Peri, my boy, d'ye hear, d'ye see,"

Quoth the fiend to the devil-eyed sprite,

"The buzz of a nation's mummery,

The waving bonnets, the looks of glee?"

Quoth the sprite—"Tis John Bull's loyalty—

"Twill pall on his stomach ere night."

The pomp is passing; the sunshine dancing

On stole, and plume, and diamond glancing;

And Peers from their well-bred eyes look out

With a gracious smile on the rabble rout;

And wondering Peereesses simper that thus

Such things as these can stare at "us;"

And aldermen smile that the lower class
Should ungrudgingly shout as their bellies pass;

And bishops smile such things to see

As the world's pomp wed to sanctity;

And ambassadors smile at Bull's meek eye,

As his bread-tax glitters in diamonds by.

Quoth Meph—"Now, shake your sides, my Lord,

Shade of the princely Perigord;"

"Yea lordling, beetle-browed, d'ye mark,

With an eye that looks, 'Let no dog bark!'

A legislator from the womb,

His dogs and he have common doom;

Though well his solemn bearing suits

With England's legislator grave,

One kennel might have served the brutes,

For all the difference Nature gave.

And mark yon round and gracious face,

Fat type of Oligarchic grace;

Lucullus of exhaustless board,

Vitellius of the greaning board;

He'd spurn the poor man shivering poor—
And never dried an orphan's tear;
Yet wears he condescension's smile
Upon his ready lip the while,
As myriads hail the bread-tax gold
Glistening amid his garments' fold;
And he, yon priest, incarnate God!
How meekly does he kiss the rod
That drives him, warm with holy love
And longings after worlds above,
To add one foam-bell to the tide
Of earthly pomp and heartless pride!"
Quoth Tally—"Oh, nothing can match his humility,
But his love for the poor, and mankind's gullibility."
The pomp hath passed. "Away, away,
To the chequered arch of the rich abbaye!
Where we may see, unscen the while,
The Bible and the holy oil,
And the saintly mummer, in mockery stand,
To pray amid the jewelled band,
And try, with solemn farce of face,
To make the Devil and God embrace."

CYRUS.

CORONATION SONNET.

The old roofs shook with the imperial peal
Of chant and music; and the haughty crowd
Of priests and peers in weakness rose up proud,
Shouting until the curved towers did reel.

I heeded not their feigned or frantic zeal:

The shade of Freedom o'er the pageant bow e'd

Blind with false glitter, deaf with uproar loud,

They saw not—but my inmost soul did feel

The beautiful contempt unflinchingly beaming

Over her pensive visage, when the air

Glistened, as all the coronets up-gleaming,

The nobles crowned themselves.—Oh, sad despair!

Paled the bright vision, vanishing at sight,

When the paid commoners base plaudits cried.

The materials of our varied Feast are still far
from being exhausted; but we must change our
hand and check our pride for the present. To
Pan we offer apology for withholding his sylvan
tribute. The Wood-god is, however, neither
forgotten nor unappreciated. We are also com-
pelled to defer some elegant and classic trans-
lations from the Italian and German, and also
several poems which the countrymen of Burns,
Allan Cunningham, and Sir Alexander Boswell,
will still prize, although we regret to see the
English public fast losing their Scottish tastes, no
longer sustained by Sir Walter Scott and the
temporary vogue of everything Caledonian. We
shall, however, venture to try them with this
production of the Scottish comic muse:—

HIGHLAND BIOGRAPHY.

NO. II.—BRUMMEL M'ROBY.

By David Vedder.

His honour the laird, in pursuit of an heiress,
Has squandered his money in London and Paris;
His creditors gloom, while the black-legs are laughin':
The Gauger's the mightiest man in the clachan!

Our worthy incumbent is wrinkled and auld,
And whiles takes a drapple to hand out the cauld;
Syne wraps himself round in his auld tartan rachan;
The Gauger's the mightiest man in the clachan!

The Dominie toils like a slave a' the week,
And, although he's a dungeon o' Latin an' Greek,
He hasna three stivers to clink in his splenchan:
The Gauger's the mightiest man in the clachan!

The Doctor's a generalman learned an' brow,
But his outlay is great, and his income is sma';
Disease is unknown in the parish of Strathgown:
The Gauger's the happiest man in the clachan!

* Our poet pronounces all French nouns as Charles Fox pro-
nounced them, like an Englishman.

Auld Johnnie M'Nab was a bien bonnet-laird,
Six acres he had, wi' a house and a yard;
But now he's a dyvor, wi' bairling and vauchin':
The Gauger's the wealthiest man in the clachan!

The weel-scented barber, wha mell'd wi' the gentry,
The walking gazette for the half o' the kintre—
His jokes have grown stale, for they ne'er excite laughin':
The Gauger's the wittiest man in the clachan!

The drouthy auld Smith, with his jest and his jeer,
Has shrunk into naught since the Gauger came here;
The lang-gabbit Tailor's as mute as a maukin':
The Gauger's the stang o' the trump in the clachan!

On Sunday, the Gauger's sae trig an' sae dashin',
The model, the pink, an' the mirror o' fashion;
He cleeks wi' the minister's daughter, I trow;
An' they smirk i' the laft in a green-cushioned pew.

At meetings, whenever the Bailie is preses,
He takes his opinion in difficult cases;
The grey-headed elders invariably greet him;
And brewster-wives beck when they happen to meet him.

The Bedral, wha howffs up the best in the land,
Aye cracks to the Gauger wi' bonnet in hand—
Tho' cauld, wi' his asthma, is sair to be dreaded,
He will, in his presence, continue bare-headed.

At dregdies an' weddings, he's sure to be there,
And either is in, or sits *near* to the chair;
At rouns an' house-heatings, presides at the toddy,
An' drives hame at night in the factor's auld noddy.

At Yule, when the daft-days are fairly set in,
A play without him wadna be worth a pin;
He opens ilk ball wi' the toast o' the parish,
An' trips, like Narcissus, sae gaudy an' galrish.

An' when he's defunct, an' is laid i' the yird,
His banes maunna mix wi' the mere vulgar herd,
In the common kirk-yard; but be carried in style,
An' buried deep, deep in the choir, or the aisle.

(*Critic*).—"Pray who is this rare one? The author's to blame—"

He should told us, long since, of his lineage and names!"

(*Author*).—"A truce with your strictures—don't mar my story;

If I must tell his name, it is Brummel M'Rory.

"An' as for his ancestors—sir, by your leave,
There were GRANTS in the garden wi' Adam an' Eve;
Now, Brummel held this an' apocryphal bore—
But he traced up his fathers to Malcolm Canmore."

An' they had been warriors, an' chieftains, an' lairds,
An' they had been reivers, an' robbers, an' cairds;
They had filled every grade, from a chief to a vassal;
But MAC had been Borriisdale's ain dunniwassel.

The chief an' M'Rory had hunted together,
They had dined i' the Ha'house, an' lunched on the heather;

M'Rory had shaved him, an' pouthered his wig—
My certie! no wonder M'Rory was big!

When Borriisdale sported his jests after dinner,
M'Rory guffaw'd like a laughing "hyenar,"
An' thundered applause, an' was ready to swear
"Such peaufitl jesting ahe neffer did haar."

When Borriisdale raised a young regiment called "local,"
An' pibrochs an' fife made the mountains seem vocal,
M'Rory was aye at his post i' the raw,
An' was captain, an' sergeant, an' corpal an' a!

An' he drilled the recruits wi' his braw yellow stick,
Wi' the flat o' his sword he gied mony a lick;
An' in dressing the ranks he had never been chidden;
An' he dined wi' the Cornel whene'er he was bidden.

On his patron's estate he was principal actor,
Gamekeeper an' forester, bailie an' factor;
An' mony a poacher he pu'd by the lug,
An' mony a hemple he set i' the jounge!

But Borriisdale gaed to the land o' the leal,
An' his country was bought by a nabob frae Keel;
So they made Rory a Gauger, sae trig an' sae galrish—
An' now he's the mightiest man i' the parish!

SPEECHES OF LORD BROUGHAM.

BEFORE the critics have closed their learned remarks upon the four large volumes already collected, Lord Brougham will have furnished rich and ample materials for a fifth volume—and one in season. He will then have concluded the most brilliant and powerful, and, as true reformers and philanthropists must emphatically feel, the most useful session of his Parliamentary career. In this memorable Session, memorable not more for the imbecility of the Government, than for the supineness or wavering of many of the professed Liberal leaders, he has done much to annihilate slavery in the west, while, in the east, he alone has strangled the monster in its cradle. In relation to Canada, Lord Brougham has maintained those free principles which give the British Constitution all its value, and which have not found one other advocate among those claiming to be the political descendants of Chatham and Fox.

A supplementary volume, or the publication of the important speeches delivered during the present Session, in some form, becomes the more needful, from some of the conductors of the Ministerial journals having, with equal good faith and respect to the public, omitted all notice of those of Lord Brougham's addresses which, in expos-

ing public evils, and denouncing whether the faults or the short-comings of Ministers, place their patrons or paymasters obviously in the wrong, and give the lie to their own predictions. The paltriness of this conduct in the guardians of the public press, surpasses, if possible, its dishonesty. Are orders issued from Downing Street that this or that speech or letter shall be smothered?—or is the matter quietly left to the servile instincts of those interested? It signifies little; Lord Brougham's voice in this country can no more be stifled than his intellect can be extinguished, or his good name and usefulness to the people whispered away, by pertinacious misrepresentation and calumny.

The chief object of our former article upon these speeches, was to shew in what manner, and upon what principle of difference, Lord Brougham had thrown down the gauntlet to his late official colleagues. His challenge to them to shew in what he had changed or swerved from his life-long opinions, has been, so far as we notice, prudently declined. The signal has probably been given, in some instances, to maintain a discreet silence; while we should hope that, in honest quarters, the advocates have thrown up the hopeless case. *The Ed.*

aminer alone has made a small nibble, with less than its accustomed ability, but, in compensation, with exceeding good-will to the office. Admitting that Lord Brougham were that inconsistent politician, that bitter-minded, vindictive man, wherever old principles abjured, and old friends deserted, are concerned, which *The Examiner* alleges, one would expect, at this particular juncture, and from that particular quarter, more sympathy, more congeniality, and, as it were, community of feeling, than is displayed towards a brother in change and in adversity. From the Government, or its openly accredited organs, the public did expect some attempt at vindication—some effort, either to explain, or, at all events, to deny, many of the preliminary statements in Lord Brougham's book. It would have stood the Ministry in good stead at this time to have been able to demonstrate to "the rude truculent democracy," that they were the same zealous Reformers in 1838, which they professed themselves to be, or allowed their heralds to proclaim them, in 1834; and that Lord Brougham, in deserting and opposing them throughout this, and partly in the last Session, had abandoned the cause of Reform and joined the Tories. The public conduct of Lord Brougham is, however, a matter of notoriety, of which every man who reads a newspaper can take cognizance; but upon the private transactions referred to in the prefaces to his speeches, the gratitude which he says was expressed to him by the Cabinet Ministers, while he either absented himself from Parliament in compliance with their request, or kept silence, where his speech would have been detection, exposure, contempt, and ruin—the public did expect explanation; a reason given, or a denial made. The fair assumption is, that no valid reason can be given; and, as denial is impossible, strict silence on those delicate Cabinet matters is the part of discretion, however repugnant it may be to the manly feelings of the noble parties concerned. We can also understand, that the Ministers have had their hands too full of Lord Brougham in Parliament, to have had opportunity or taste for adjusting old private scores. They may get time in a not improbably approaching season of leisure and retirement.

Lord Brougham's work, as we formerly intimated, opens rather abruptly with a short general preface, containing those valuable observations on the legitimate objects of party connexion quoted in our last Number. The first volume contains the speeches on the trials of the Hunts and Drakard; the whole of the speeches in the case of Queen Caroline, and those libel cases connected with it; those on Commerce and Manufactures, arising from Mr Brougham's opposition to the *Orders in Council*; and the speeches on Manufactures and Agricultural Distress, delivered in the severe times which followed the peace. The volume concludes with a History of the so-called Holy Alliance, and a sketch of Lord Castlereagh, and the Emperor Alexander, with which the speech against the unprincipled inter-

ference of the Holy Allies with the affairs of Spain is prefaced. Before coming to this remarkable oration, we shall take a short extract from a speech upon extravagant Army Estimates, made in support of an amendment moved by Mr Calcraft in 1816, to reduce the vote for the Household Troops, from the extravagant sum of £385,276 : 9 : 6 to £192,638 : 4 : 9.

I stand forward to take up the gauntlet which has thus been thrown down; and I affirm that the more minutely you scrutinize the several items of this bill brought in against the country, the more objectionable you will find them. I object, in the first place, altogether, to the large force of Guards which it is intended to keep up; and even protest, though that is a trifle in comparison, but I do protest against the new-fangled French name of Household Troops, under which they are designated—a name borrowed from countries where this portion of the national force is exclusively allotted to protect the Prince against a people in whom he cannot trust—is the appointed means given him to maintain his arbitrary power—is the very weapon put into his hands to arm him against the liberties of his country. However appropriate the appellation may be there, it cannot be endured in this nation, where the Sovereign ought never to have any reason for distrusting his subjects, and never can be entrusted with any force except that which the defence of his people requires. But the name is of far less importance than the thing. Has the noble Lord made out anything like a case for raising the amount of this force to more than double of what it was in 1791? It has indeed been said that 2400 of the Guards are destined for France, where I suppose the army of occupation is required, in order to demonstrate how tranquil our famous negotiators have left the whole Continent—how perfectly successful—how absolutely final—the grand settlement of all Europe is, upon which we so greatly plume ourselves, and upon which, above all, the political reputation of the noble Lord is built. But suppose I pass over this, and do not stop to ask what reason there can be for these 2400 men being Guards, and not simply troops of the line—those troops required to maintain our final and conclusive settlement, and enforce the profound tranquillity in which Europe is everywhere enwrapped; suppose I admit, for argument sake, and in my haste to get at the main question, that these 2400 Guards may be necessary—what is to be said of all the rest? There remain no less than 7600 to account for. What reason has been assigned, what attempt ever made by the noble Lord, to assign a reason why 3600 more Guards should be wanted more than in Mr Pitt's celebrated establishment in 1792? I desire, however, to have this explained—I demand the ground for this enormous augmentation of what you call your "Household Force"—I have a right to know why this increase is called for—I call for the reason of it, and the reason I will have. Deduct all you require, or say you require, for France; what has happened since Mr Pitt's time to justify you in nearly doubling the number of the Guards? That is the question, and it must be answered to Parliament and to the country—answered, not by vague generalities—by affected anxiety for discussion—by shallow pretences of desire to have the fullest investigation—by blustering defiance to us—and swaggering taunts that we dare not investigate. We do investigate—we do advance to the conflict—we do go into the details—we do enter upon the items one by one; and the first that meets us on the very threshold, and as soon as we have planted a foot upon it, is this doubling of the Guards. Then how do you defend that? Where is the ground for it? What is there to excuse it or to explain? Mr Pitt found 4000 enough in 1792—then what is there to make 7600 wanting now? Jacobinism, the bugbear of 1792, has for the past six years and more never been even named. I doubt if allusion to it has been made in this House, even in a debate upon a King's speech, since Mr Pitt's death. And to produce a Jacobin, or a specimen

* Lord Castlereagh.

of any other kindred tribe, would, I verily believe, at this time of day, baffle the skill and the perseverance of the most industrious and most zealous collector of political curiosities, to be found in the whole kingdom. What, then, is the danger—what the speculation upon some possible and expected, but non-existing risk—which makes it necessary at this time to augment the force applied to preserve the peace of the metropolis? But I fear there are far other designs in this measure, than merely to preserve a peace which no man living can have the boldness to contend in any danger of being broken, and no man living can have the weakness really to be apprehensive about. Empty show, vain parade, will account for the array being acceptable in some high quarters; in others, the force may be recommended by its tending to increase the powers of the executive government, and extend the influence of the prerogative. In either light, it is most disgusting, most hateful to the eye of every friend of his country, and every one who loves the Constitution—all who have any regard for public liberty, and all who reflect on the burthens imposed upon the people.

In allusion to an argument employed by Lord Castlereagh for maintaining the whole force, Mr Brougham said—

I am now speaking the language of the noble Lord's argument, and not of my own. He holds it to be unfair towards the Guards that they should be reduced, after eminently meritorious service—he connects merit with the military state—disgrace, or at least slight, with the loss of this station. He holds the soldier to be preferred, rewarded, and distinguished, who is retained in the army—him to be neglected or ill-used, if not stigmatized, who is discharged. His view of the Constitution is, that the capacity of the soldier is more honourable and more excellent than that of the citizen. According to his view, therefore, the whole army has the same right to complain with the Guards. But his view is not my view; it is not the view of the Constitution; it is not the view which I can ever consent to assume as just, and to inculcate into the army by acting as if it were just. I never will suffer it to be held out as the principle of our free and popular government, that a man is exalted by being made a soldier, and degraded by being restored to the rank of a citizen. I never will allow it to be said, that, in a country blessed by having a civil and not a military government, by enjoying the exalted station of a constitutional monarchy, and not being degraded to that of a military despotism, there is any pre-eminence whatever in the class of citizens which bears arms, over the class which cultivates the arts of peace. When it suits the purpose of some argument in behalf of a soldiery who have exceeded the bounds of the law in attacking some assembled force of the people, how often are we told from that bench of office, from the Crown side of the Bar, nay, from the Bench of justice itself, that, by becoming soldiers, men cease not to be citizens, and that this is a glorious peculiarity of our free Constitution? Then what right can the noble Lord have to consider that the retaining men under arms and in the pay of the State, is an exaltation and a distinction, which they cease to enjoy if restored to the status of ordinary citizens? I read the Constitution in the very opposite sense to the noble Lord's gloss. I have not sojourned in Congresses with the military representatives of military powers—I have not frequented the courts, any more than I have followed the camps of these potentates—I have not lived in the company of crowned soldiers, all whose ideas are fashioned upon the rules of the drill and the articles of the fifteen manœuvres—all whose estimates of a country's value are framed on the number of troops it will raise—and who can no more sever the idea of a subject from that of a soldier, than if men were born into this world in complete armour, as Minerva started from Jupiter's head. My ideas are more humble and more civic; and the only language I know, or can speak, or can understand in this House, is the mother tongue of the old English Constitution. I will speak none other—I will suffer none other to be

spoken in my presence. Addressing the soldier in that language—which alone above all other men, in the country he ought to know—to which alone it peculiarly behoves us that he, the armed man, should be accustomed—I tell him, "You have distinguished yourself—all that the noble Lord says of you is true—nay, under the truth—you have crowned yourself with the glories of the war. But chiefly you, the Guards, you have outshone all others, and won for yourselves a deathless fame. Now, then, advance and receive your reward. Partake of the benefits you have secured for your grateful country. None are better than you entitled to share in the blessings, the inestimable blessings of peace—than you whose valour has conquered it for us. Go back then to the rank of citizens, which, for a season, you quitted at the call of your country. Exalt her glory in peace whom you served in war; and enjoy the rich recompense of all your toils in the tranquil retreat from dangers, which her gratitude bestows upon you."—I know this to be the language of the Constitution, and time was when none other could be spoken, or would have been understood in this House. I still hope that no one will dare use any other in the country; and least of all can any other be endured as addressed to the soldiery in arms, treating them as if they were the hired partisans of the Prince, a caste set apart for his service, and distinguished from all the rest of their countrymen, not a class of the people devoting themselves for a season to carry arms in defence of the nation, and, when their services are wanted no more, retiring naturally to mix with and be lost in the mass of their fellow-citizens.

This oration, Lord Brougham mentions, obtained more applause than was then usually given to Parliamentary speeches. "Loud cheering from all sides of the House" was at that period rare. It is not, however, more entitled to applause than his late speech on the prodigal CIVIL LIST voted by the Melbourne Parliament to the young Queen. This, if not one of the worst acts of the Melbourne Government, is certainly the most indecent, and that which will the most effectually destroy whatever remaining degree of confidence the People placed in the Whigs. But some three short years since, the Whig-Tory ministers were out-bidding the Conservatives for the favour of the people; now, the two great factions are out-bidding each other for the smiles of the court. To Lord Brougham's twenty-two-years-old speech, it may be thought folly to recur, now when the country is familiarized with large standing armies, and when the wholesome old English jealousy of Household Troops—that device of the despotic Bourbons—is deemed a worn-out prejudice. Yet there are still many among us who have open ears and grateful hearts. The People will feel the force of this animated appeal.

The Estimate before you is £385,000, for the support of 8100 Guards. Adopt my honourable friend's amendment,* and you reduce them to about 4000, which is still somewhat above their number in the last peace.

Sir, I have done. I have discharged my duty to the country—I have accepted the challenge of the Ministers to discuss the question—I have met them fairly, and grappled with the body of the argument. I may very possibly have failed to convince the House that this establishment is enormous and unjustifiable, whether we regard the burthened condition of the country, or the tranquil state of its affairs at home, or the universal repose in which the world is lulled, or the experience of former times, or the mischievous tendency of large

* Mr. Gaskell. Mr. Gaskell. Mr. Gaskell. Mr. Gaskell. Mr. Gaskell.

standing armies in a constitutional point of view, or the dangerous nature of the arguments urged in their support upon the present occasion. All this I feel very deeply; and I am also very sensible how likely it is that, on taking another view, you should come to an opposite determination. Be it so—I have done my duty—I have entered my protest. It cannot be laid to my charge that a force is to be maintained in profound and general peace, twice as great as was formerly deemed sufficient when all Europe was involved in domestic troubles, and war raged in some parts and was about to spread over the whole. It is not my fault that peace will have returned without its accustomed blessings—that our burthens are to remain undiminished—that our liberties are to be menaced by a standing army, without the pretence of necessity in any quarter to justify its continuance. The blame is not mine that a brilliant and costly army of household troops, of unprecedented numbers, is allowed to the Crown, without the shadow of use, unless it be to pumper a vicious appetite for military show, to gratify a passion for parade, childish and contemptible, unless, indeed, that nothing can be an object of contempt which is at once dangerous to the Constitution of the country, and burthensome to the resources of the people. I shall further record my resistance to this system by my vote; and never did I give my voice to any proposition with more hearty satisfaction than I now do to the amendment of my honourable friend.

The HOLY ALLIANCE, that hypocritical confederacy of crowned heads against the liberties of mankind, consecrated by solemn, if not rather blasphemous mockeries, could not escape the vigilance of the ever-alert guardian of freedom. The *Holy Alliance* forms the most curious interlude in the drama of modern international diplomacy. The royal conspirators might, in some degree, be self-deluded; but their secret designs were not the less wicked, that the circumstances of the world have rendered them abortive. The high contracting parties, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, pledged themselves, not through their ministers, but personally, to this new apostleship, or brotherhood of Fathers of Nations.

Contrary to all the accustomed forms of diplomacy, the treaty was only signed by the three monarchs themselves, without any mention whatever being made of ambassadors, ministers, or other representatives, as engaged in the negotiation.

When this extraordinary transaction came to be known, it naturally excited great attention, and gave birth to many suspicions. That these powerful monarchs should make a treaty for no other purpose than to avow their religious fervour, and preach the Christian doctrine for the benefit of their subjects, and should form an alliance, having no other object than to profess together those doctrines, and in concert to practise them, seemed altogether unaccountable. This, of itself, would have been sufficient to awaken grave suspicions that much more was meant by this confederacy than met the eye. But to this was to be added the previous relations of alliance, offensive and defensive, which had subsisted between the same princes, and far from ending in sermons upon the duties of a Christian man, had brought into the field of battle above half a million of Christian men in full armour. There were indeed some parts of this curious document itself, which pointed pretty plainly at operations of the flesh rather than the spirit, and gave indications sufficiently manifest of the designs in which it originated, or, at any rate, of the proceedings to which it might lead. The first and fundamental article bound the parties to lead their armies in the spirit of fraternity, for the protection of religion, peace, and justice. Now, under a description so very vague and large as this, almost any objects might be comprehended; and men did not fail to remark, that

there had hardly ever been a war of the most unjust aggression begun without lavish professions that its only design was to see justice done, and obtain a secure and honourable peace.

Against these very natural suspicions, nothing could be set except the pious language of the treaty, which, of course, went for little, and the peculiar character of the Emperor Alexander, its chief promoter, which went for not much more. This Prince was said to have lately become a convert to some sect of religious enthusiasts, a distinguished professor among whom was a certain Madame Krudener, one of those mystical devotees, half evangelical, half metaphysical, with which Germany abounds. The Alliance was represented as the result of this holy female's inspirations, and the first fruits of her influence over the Autocratic neophyte. The phrase was, and Lord Castlereagh, when questioned in Parliament, gave the matter this turn, that the whole was a mere *innocent act*, an *amiable fancy* of his Imperial Majesty, in which England and France were only prevented from joining, by the forms of their diplomacy excluding direct negotiation and treating by the Sovereign, but which, as it could not possibly lead to any practical consequences, was not worth objecting to, or commenting upon.

A full-length portrait of the Emperor Alexander follows these remarks. It is far too striking in resemblance to leave a favourable impression of the royal personage depicted. We can borrow but a single trait:—

His shallow vanity was displayed during the visit of the Princes to England. When, among other party leaders, Lord Grenville was presented to him, he thought it was hitting on an excellent improvement in the conduct of party concerns, to recommend that, instead of urging objections in Parliament to the Ministerial measures, the Opposition should seek private audiences of their adversaries from time to time, and confidentially offer their objections, or propose their amendments. Nor was this vain and superficial Prince made at all sensible of the folly he had committed, by the somewhat peremptory negative which a few characteristic words and gestures of the veteran party man suddenly put upon his shallow and ignorant scheme.

His reputation for honesty stood extremely low, even among persons of his pre-eminent station. Napoleon, who knew his imperial brother thoroughly, applied to him the uncourtly, and indeed rather unceremonious description of "*faux, fin, et fourbe, comme un Grec du bas empire.*" His course was marked by no displays either of princely or of private virtues—of munificence, of magnanimity, of self-denial, of plain-dealing. Nor did the extraordinary pretences to religion, which marked his latter years, succeed in deceiving any one, but such as were, either from the adulation of the Court or the enthusiasm of the Conventicle, willing and even anxious to be deluded. Among such dupes he passed for somewhat more pious than his royal compeers; but few were, even in that class, found so charitable as to believe in his honesty, or to suppose that, under the professions of the Christian treaty, there lurked no hidden designs of a purely secular and strictly royal description.

Lord Castlereagh finds a niche in the same historical gallery. His few remaining admirers, and his friends, if ever he had one, will not, we think, quarrel with the truth of the likeness, especially when they find the fortuitous Premier placed, as he scarcely deserves, above later persons "of more obscure merit," who have since occupied the same high station.

Few men of more limited capacity, or more meagre acquirements than Lord Castlereagh possessed, had before his time ever risen to any station of eminence in our free country; fewer still have long retained it in a State where mere Court intrigue and princely favour have so little to do with men's advancement. But we have lived to see persons of more obscure merit than Lord Castlereagh rise to equal station in this country. Of sober and

industrious habits, and became possessed of business-like talents by long experience. he was a person of the most common-place abilities. He had a reasonable quickness of apprehension and clearness of understanding, but nothing brilliant or in any way admirable marked either his conceptions or his elocution. Nay, to judge of his intellect by his eloquence, we should certainly have formed a very unfair estimate of its perspicacity. For, though it was hardly possible to underrate its extent or comprehensiveness, it was very far from being confused and perplexed in the proportion of its sentences; and the listener who knew how distinctly the speaker could form his plans, and how clearly his ideas were known to himself, might, comparing small things with great, be reminded of the prodigious contrast between the distinctness of Oliver Cromwell's understanding, and the hopeless confusion and obscurity of his speech. No man, besides, ever attained the station of a regular debater in our Parliament with such an entire want of all classical accomplishment, or indeed of all literary provision whatsoever. While he never shewed the least symptoms of an information extending beyond the more recent volumes of the "Parliamentary Debates," or possibly the files of the newspapers only, his diction set all imitation, perhaps all description, at defiance. It was with some amusement to beguile the tedious hours of their unavoidable attendance upon the poor, tawdry, ravelled thread of his sorry discourse, to collect a kind of *ana* from the fragments of mixed, incongruous, and disjointed images, that frequently appeared in it. "The features of the clause"—"the ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation"—"sets of circumstances coming up and circumstances going down"—"men turning their backs upon themselves"—"the honourable and learned gentlemen's wedge getting into the loyal feelings of the manufacturing classes"—"the constitutional principle wound up in the bowels of the monarchical principle"—"the Herculean labour of the honourable and learned member, who will find himself quite disappointed when he has at last brought forth his Hercules"—(by a slight confounding of the mother's labour, who produced that here, with his own exploits which gained him immortality)—these are but a few, and not the richest samples, by any means, of a rhetoric which often baffled alike the gravity of the Treasury Bench and the reporter, and left the wondering audience at a loss to conjecture how any one could ever exist endowed with humbler pretensions to the name of orator. Wherefore, when the Tory party, "having a devil," preferred him to Mr Canning for their leader, all men naturally expected that he would entirely fail to command even the attendance of the House while he addressed it; and that the benches, empty during his time, would only be replenished when his highly gifted competitor rose. They were greatly deceived; they underrated the effect of place and power; they forgot that the representative of a government speaks "as one having authority, and not as the scribes." But they also forgot that Lord Castlereagh had some qualities well-fitted to conciliate favour, and even to provoke admiration, in the absence of everything like eloquence. He was a bold and fearless man; the very courage with which he exposed himself unabashed to the most critical audience in the world, while incapable of uttering two sentences of anything but the meanest matter, in the most wretched language; the gallantry with which he faced the greatest difficulties of a question; the unflinching perseverance with which he went through a whole subject, leaving untouched not one of its points, whether he could grapple with it or no, and not one of the adverse arguments, however forcibly and felicitously they had been urged, neither daunted by recollecting the impression just made by his antagonist's brilliant display, nor damped by the consciousness of the very rage in which he now presented himself—all this made him,

upon the whole, rather a favourite with the audience whose patience he was taxing mercilessly, and whose gravity he ever and anon put to a very severe trial. Nor can any one have forgotten the kind of pride that mounted on the fronts of the Tory phalanx, when, after being overwhelmed by the powerful fire of the Whig opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mount, sin, or harrassed by the splendid displays of Mr Canning, their chosen leader stood forth, and, presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung open his coat, displayed an azure ribbon traversing a snow-white chest, and declared "his high satisfaction that he could now meet the charges against him face to face, and repel with indignation all that his adversaries had been bold and rash enough to advance."

Such he was in debate; in council he certainly had far more resources. He possessed a considerable fund of plain sense, not to be misled by any refinement of speculation, or clouded by any fanciful notions. He went straight to his point. He was brave politically as well as personally. . . . The complaints made of his Irish administration were perfectly well grounded as regarded the corruption of the Parliament, by which he accomplished the Union; but they were entirely unfounded as regarded the cruelties practised during and after the Rebellion. Far from partaking in these atrocities, he uniformly and strenuously set his face against them. He was of a cold temperament and determined character, but not of a cruel disposition; and to him, more than perhaps to any one else, was owing the termination of the system stained with blood.

His foreign administration was as destitute of all merit as possible. No enlarged views guided his conduct; no liberal principles claimed his regard; no generous sympathies, no grateful feelings for the people whose sufferings and whose valour had accomplished the restoration of their national independence, prompted his tongue, when he carried forth from the land of liberty that influence which she had a right to exercise—she who had made such vast sacrifices, and was never in return to reap any, the least selfish advantage. . . . He flung himself at once and for ever into the arms of the [foreign] sovereigns—seemed to take a vulgar pride in being suffered to become their associate—appeared desirous, with the vanity of an upstart elevated unexpectedly into higher circles, of forgetting what he had been, and qualifying himself for the company he now kept, by assuming their habits—and never pronounced any of those words so familiar with the English nation and with English statesmen, in the mother tongue of a limited monarchy, for fear he might be deemed low-bred, and unsuited to the society of crowned heads, in which he was living, and to which they might prove as distasteful as they were unaccustomed. . . . It is little to be wondered at, that those potentates found him ready enough with his defence of their Holy Alliance.

To the boldness and fearlessness which Lord Brougham commemorates—and which was rather the consequence of obtuse feeling than of calm, undaunted effrontery, or that "intrepidity of face" for which some of Lord Castlereagh's countrymen are famed—a more qualified epithet should be applied, than manly fearlessness. Self-possession and courage, in men of shallow understanding, and narrow or bad principles, are among the most pernicious qualities which a minister can possess. Had Lord Castlereagh not a right to despise and trample upon a nation with its leaders which could, for one day, tolerate him at the head of its affairs? To illustrate our meaning, the waspishness and petulance of temper displayed by Lord John Russell, are far less mischievous than the courtly imperturbability and halcyon repose generally enjoyed by Lord Melbourne, who, not fearing the Queen, knows no other fear.

* Is not this a very happy Irishism, especially when used by an Irishman of Irish Members? "The constitutional principle wound up in the bowels of the monarchical principle," and strangled accordingly, is we think, equally felicitous. Strangulation must be the consequence of all such intertwinings.—E. T. M.

The characters of Alexander and Lord Castlereagh are prefixed, as was mentioned, to an oration breathing the loftiest spirit of liberty. In alluding to the insolent diplomatic notes addressed by Austria and Russia to Spain, whose institutions were not such as despotic monarchs could approve, the orator breaks forth—

Monstrous, and insolent, and utterly unbearable, as all of them are, I consider that of Russia to be more monstrous, more insolent, and more prodigiously beyond all endurance, than the rest. It is difficult to determine which most to admire—the marvellous incongruity of her language and conduct now, with her former most solemn treaties—or the incredible presumption of her standing forward to lead the aggression upon the independence of all free and polished states. Gracious God! Russia!—Russia!—a power that is only half civilized—which, with all her colossal mass of physical strength, is still quite as much Asiatic as European—whose principles of policy, foreign and domestic, are completely despotic, and whose practices are almost altogether oriental and barbarous! In all these precious documents, there is, with a mighty number of general remarks, mixed up a wondrous affectation of honest principles—a great many words covering ideas that are not altogether clear and intelligible; or, if they happen to be so, only placing their own deformity in a more hideous and detestable light: but, for argument, or anything like it, there is none to be found from the beginning to the end of them. They reason not, but speak one plain language to Spain and to Europe, and this is its sum and substance:—“We have hundreds of thousands of hired mercenaries, and we will not stoop to reason with those whom we would insult and enslave.” I admire the equal frankness with which this haughty language had been met by the Spanish Government: the papers which it had sent forth are plain and laconic; and, borrowing for liberty, the ancient privilege of tyrants—to let their will stand in the place of argument—they bluntly speak this language:—“We are millions of freemen, and will not stoop to reason with those who threaten to enslave us.” They hurl back the menace upon the head from which it issued, little caring whether it came from Goth, or Hun, or Calmuck; with a frankness that outwitted the craft of the Bohemian, and a spirit that defied the ferocity of the Tartar, and a firmness that mocks the obstinacy of the Vandal. If they find leaguers against them the tyrants by whom the world is infested, they may console themselves with this reflection, that wherever there is an Englishman, either of the Old World or of the New—wherever there is a Frenchman, with the miserable exception of that little band which now, for a moment, sways the destinies of France in opposition to the wishes and interests of its gallant and liberal people—a people which, after enduring the miseries of the Revolution, and wading through its long and bloody wars, are entitled, Heaven knows, if ever any people were, to a long enjoyment of peace and liberty, so dearly and so honourably purchased—wherever there breathes an Englishman or a true-born Frenchman—wherever there beats a free heart or exists a virtuous mind—there Spain has a natural ally and an inalienable friend.

To the Austrian sovereign, the following passage is directed. Every one will sympathize in the emphatic reference to Napoleon; and will—especially at this time, with the probable fate of Turkey and Circassia in melancholy prospect—enjoy the *knouting* bestowed on the Russian Emperor, who, though he has gone the way of all Russian emperors, has left the hereditary policy in active operation.

I wish to know what could have been more natural—nay, if the doctrine of interference in the internal concerns of neighbouring nations be at all admitted—what could have been more rightful, in a free people, than to have asked him how it happened that his dangers were

filled with all that was noble, and accomplished, and virtuous, and patriotic in the Milanese?—to have called on him to account for the innocent blood which he had shed in the north of Italy?—to have required at his hands satisfaction for the tortures inflicted in the vaults and caverns where the flower of his Italian subjects were now languishing?—to have demanded of him some explanation of that iron policy which has consigned fathers of families, the most virtuous and exalted in Europe, not to the relief of exile or death, but to a merciless imprisonment for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, nay, even for life, without a knowledge of the charge against them, or the crime for which they are punished? Even the Emperor Alexander himself, tender and sensitive as he is at the sight of blood flowing within the precincts of a royal palace—a sight so monstrous that, if his language could be credited, it had never before been seen in the history of the world—might have been reminded of passages in that history, calculated to lessen his astonishment at least, if not to soothe his feelings; for the Emperor Alexander, if the annals of Russian story may be trusted, however pure in himself, and however happy in always having agents equally innocent, is nevertheless descended from an illustrious line of ancestors, who have, with exemplary uniformity, dethroned, imprisoned, and slaughtered, husbands, brothers, and children. Not that I can dream of imputing those enormities to the parents, or sisters, or consorts; but it does happen that those exalted and near relations had never failed to reap the whole benefit of the atrocities, and had ever failed to bring the perpetrators to justice. In these circumstances, if I had had the honour of being in the confidence of his Majesty of all the Russias, I should have been the last person in the world to counsel my Imperial Master to touch upon so tender a topic—I should humbly have besought him to think twice or thrice, nay, even a third and a fourth time, before he ventured to allude to so delicate a subject—I should, with all imaginable deference, have requested him to meddle with any other topic—I should have directed him by preference to every other point of the compass—I should have implored him rather to try what he could say about Turkey, or Greece, or even Minorca, on which he has of late been casting many an amorous glance—in short, anything and everything, before he approached the subject of “blood flowing within the precincts of a royal palace,” and placed his allusion to it, like an artful rhetorician, upon the uppermost step of his climax. I find, likewise, in these self-same documents, a topic for which the Spanish Government had it been so inclined, might have administered to the Holy Alliance another severe lecture; I allude to the glib manner in which the three Potentates now talk of an individual, who, let his failings or even his crimes be what they may, must always be regarded as a great and a resplendent character—who, because he was now no longer either upon a throne or at liberty, or even in life, is described by them, not merely as an ambitious ruler, not merely as an arbitrary tyrant, but as an upstart and an usurper. This is not the language which those Potentates formerly employed, nor is it the language which they were now entitled to use regarding this astonishing individual. Whatever epithets England, for instance, or Spain, may have a right to apply to his conduct, the mouths of the allies at least are stopped: they can have no right to call him usurper—they who, in his usurpations, had been either most greedy accomplices or most willing tools. What entitles the King of Prussia to hold such language now?—he who followed his fortunes with the most shameless subserviency, after the thorough beating he received from him, when trampled upon and trodden down in the year 1806? Before he had risen again and recovered the upright attitude of a man, he fell upon his knees, and, still crouching before him who had made him crawl in the dust, kissed the blood-stained hand of Napoleon for leave to keep his Britannic Majesty’s foreign dominions, the Electorate of Hanover, which the Prussian had snatched off of while at peace with England. So the Emperor Alexander, after he had also undergone the like previous ceremony, did not disdain to lick up the crumbs which fell from the table of his more successful

rival in usurpation. Little, it is true, was left by the edge of Gallic appetite; but rather than have nothing—rather than desert the true Russian principle of getting something on every occasion, either in Europe or in Asia, (and of late years they had even laid claim to an almost indefinite naval dominion in America)—rather than forego the Calmuck policy for the last century and a half, of always adding something, be it ever so little, to what was already acquired, be it ever so great—he condescended to receive from the hand of Buonaparte a few square leagues of territory, with an additional population of some two or three thousand serfs. The object was trifling indeed, but it served to keep alive the principle. The tender heart of the father, overflowing, as his Imperial grandmother had phrased it, with the milk of human kindness for all his children, could not be satisfied without receiving a further addition to their numbers; and therefore it is not surprising, that, on the next occasion, he should be ready to seize, in more effectual exemplification of the principle, a share of the booty, large in proportion as his former one had been small. The Emperor of Austria, too, who had entered before the others into the race for plunder, and, never weary in ill-doing, had continued in it till the very end—he who, if not an accomplice with the Jacobins of France in the spoliation of Venice, was at least a receiver of the stolen property—a felony, of which it was well said at the time in the House, that the receiver was as bad as the thief—that magnanimous Prince, who, after twenty years' alternation of truckling and vapouring—now the feeble enemy of Buonaparte, now his willing accomplice—constantly punished for his resistance, by the discipline invariably applied to those mighty Princes in the tenderest places, their capitals, from which they were successively driven—as constantly, after punishment, joining the persecutor, like the rest of them, in attacking and plundering his allies—ended, by craving the honour of giving Buonaparte his favourite daughter in marriage.

The second volume contains the whole of the Slavery speeches, extending over a period of nearly thirty years, from Mr Brougham's first going into Parliament until the present summer. His great and elaborate speech on Law Reform, and that on the introduction of his Local Courts' Bill, occupy a considerable part of the volume, and are each appropriately prefixed with characters of the memorable persons who have been Lord Brougham's fellow-labourers in the cause of human improvement. His friends have generally confined their philanthropic efforts to one field. He has been great and successful in many. A great orator, an orator in the grand and true sense—the champion of truth, the enlightener and guide of opinion, the stirrer and director of the finest sympathies of the human breast to the noblest ends, must be a man of elevated feelings and warm affections. It is the fiat of nature. The kindness of Lord Brougham's feelings is shewn occasionally, somewhat in excess, in the lavish praise which he bestows on those whom he had either loved in youth, like Mr Ward, (Lord Dudley,) or those with whom he had fought side by side, in many a hard-won field, such as Romilly or Wilberforce. He is, we think, more discriminating, and, though of course less affectionate, more just to his old political opponents, who have no longer power to be opponents, than to his personal friends, or party allies, whom he views through the most indulgent and, perhaps, partial medium. The high intellectual qualities which he ascribes to Lord Dudley, a man of perverted and unhealthy mind, we do not pretend to under-

stand. It is enough that he was endeared to Lord Brougham by early friendship and long and intimate association. From his excessive eulogy upon Lord Rosalyn, whether as to his capacity or his public conduct, many will wholly dissent.

The character of Mr Huskisson we are led to select, not so much for its justice and exquisite discrimination, as for the clever back-handed blow which it gives to those sudden converts to Reform, of the Huskisson party, who held to their new faith exactly up to the period when the accession of Queen Victoria gave them the fairest opportunity to act upon it; and then publicly abjured it, doing open penance—though, “Marry, not in sackcloth and ashes, but in new satin and old sack.”

With these men was joined Mr Huskisson, than whom few have ever attained as great influence in this country, with so few of the advantages which are apt to captivate senates or to win popular applause, and, at the same time, with so few of the extrinsic qualities which in the noble and the wealthy can always make up for such natural deficiencies. He was not fluent of speech naturally, nor had much practice rendered him a ready speaker; he had none of the graces of diction, whether he prepared himself (if he ever did so) or trusted to the moment. His manner was peculiarly ungainly. His statements were calculated rather to excite distrust than to win confidence. Yet, with all this, he attained a station in the House of Commons, which made him as much listened to as the most consummate debaters; and upon the questions to which he, generally speaking, confined himself, the great matters of commerce and finance, he delivered himself with almost oracular certainty of effect. This success he owed to the thorough knowledge which he possessed of his subjects; the perfect clearness of his understanding; the keenness with which he could apply his information to the purpose of the debate; the acuteness with which he could unravel the argument, and expose an adversary's weakness, or expound his own doctrines. In respect of his political purity he did not stand very high with any party. He had the same intense love of office which was and is the vice of his whole party, and to which they have made such sacrifices, reducing indeed into a principle, what was only a most pernicious error, the source of all unworthy compliances, the cloak for every evil proceeding—that no one can effectually serve the State in a private station. One immediate result of this heresy was, to make Mr Huskisson, like his leader, mistake place for power, and cling to the possession of mere office when the authority to carry those measures which alone make office desirable to a patriot, was either withheld or removed for preferment's sake. Yet whoever has known either of these three great men, and casts his eye on those followers whom they have left behind, may be justified in heaving a sigh as he exclaims—“*Eheu! quam multo minus est cum reliquis versari, quam meminisse tui!*”

Such were the adversaries whom the Parliamentary Reformer had to contend with during the long struggle that began at the Walcheren vote, and only ended, if it indeed be yet ended, with the Bill of 1831-2. For, although Mr Canning's hostility to Reform had been the most often signalized, yet his death, in autumn 1827, in no degree relaxed the opposition of his surviving followers, all of whom remained united upon this point. They no doubt departed widely from his course, in other respects: and they so far deserted the ground which he had latterly taken, as even to join those with whom his hostility had become the most personal, evincing their habitual love of place by holding office with the Dukes of Wellington and Mr Peel, after their new Whig allies had been somewhat cavalierly ejected from office by the Court. Nor was it till the following summer that they received the reward due to such place-loving propensities.

by being rejected as unceremoniously as the Whigs had been before. Lord Dudley and Mr Huskisson, with the lesser members of the party, Lords Palmerston, Melbourne, and Glenelg, were once more in opposition, and gradually resumed the Whig connexion; but their hostility to Reform remained unabated. Nor is it one of the least remarkable events in their history, that to a Reform question they owed the last misfortune of losing their places in 1828. They had taken the long-headed, not to say crafty, view of their new leader, Mr Huskisson, that giving members to Birmingham on the disfranchisement of Retford for corruption, would tend more to prevent further mischief—that is, as he explained it—really effectual Reform, than merely opening the franchise to the adjoining hundreds. On this the Duke and Sir Robert Peel differed from them, possibly deeming it a poor stratagem, and conceiving it better to oppose Reform altogether in a fair and manly way, than by means of a trick. On this the parties quarrelled; and when the general question of Parliamentary Reform was debated in 1830, the remains of the Canning party gave it their unmitigated opposition, as they continued to do until, being in office with Lord Grey and other Reformers, they all at once became root-and-branch adversaries of the existing system, and wholesale proselytes to the Reforming creed.

The third volume commences with those speeches and writings which arose from Mr Brougham's memorable and most important inquiries into the abuses of charities, and the misappropriation of the large funds left in England for purposes of education. By that inquiry, Lord Brougham attacked many selfish small interests, and stirred up in a wide field that bitter animosity which is rankling against him to this hour. The Abuses in the Charities were advertised upon in a letter which he addressed to Sir Samuel Romilly. That letter gives occasion to introduce Romilly, and the most captivating of all Lord Brougham's historical pictures, whether we regard the beauty of the subject, or the delicacy and felicity of the masterly execution.

Few persons have ever attained celebrity of name and exalted station, in any country, or in any age, with such unsullied purity of character as this equally eminent and excellent person. His virtue was stern and inflexible—adjusted, indeed, rather to the rigorous standard of ancient morality than to the less ambitious and less elevated maxims of the modern code. But in this he very widely differed from the antique model upon which his character generally appeared to be framed, and also so very far surpassed it that there was nothing either affected or repulsive about him; and if ever a man existed who would, more than any other, have scorned the pitiful fopperies which disfigured the worth of Cato, or have shrunk from the harsher virtue of Brutus, Romilly was that man. He was, in truth, a person of the most natural and simple manners, and one in whom the kindest charities and warmest feelings of human nature were blended, in the largest measure, with that firmness of purpose and unrelaxed sincerity of principle, in almost all other men found to be little compatible with the attributes of a gentle nature and the feelings of a tender heart.

The observer who gazes upon the character of this great man is naturally struck, first of all, with its most prominent feature, and that is the rare excellence which we have now marked, so far above every gift of the understanding, and which throws the lustre of mere genius into the shade. But his capacity was of the highest order; an extraordinary reach of thought; great powers of attention, and of close reasoning; a memory quick and retentive; a fancy eminently brilliant, but kept in perfect discipline by his judgment and his taste, which was nice, cultivated, and severe, without any of the egotism which so fatal to vigour. These were the

qualities which, under the guidance of the most persevering industry, and with the stimulus of a lofty ambition, rendered him unquestionably the first advocate and the most profound lawyer of the age he flourished in; placed him high among the ornaments of the Senate; and would, in all likelihood, have given him the foremost place among them all, had not the occupations of his laborious profession necessarily engrossed a disproportionate share of his attention, and made political pursuits fill a subordinate place in the scheme of his life. *Jurisprudentiam disertissimus, disertorum vero jurisperitissimus.* As his practice, so his authority at the bar and with the bench was unexampled; and his success in Parliament was great and progressive. Some of his speeches, both forensic and Parliamentary, are nearly unrivalled in excellence. The reply, even as reported in *11 Vesey junior*, in the cause of *Hugonin v. Beasley*, where the legal matters chiefly were in question, may give no mean idea of his extraordinary powers. The last speech which he pronounced in the House of Commons, upon a bill respecting the law of naturalization, which gave him occasion to paint the misconduct of the expiring Parliament in severe and even dark colours, was generally regarded as unexampled among the efforts of his eloquence; nor can they who recollect its effects ever cease to lament, with tenfold bitterness of sorrow, the catastrophe which terminated his life, and extinguished his glory, when they reflect that the vast accession to his influence, from being chosen for Westminster, came at a time when his genius had reached its amplest display, and his authority in Parliament, unaided by station, had attained the highest eminence. The friend of public virtue, and the advocate of human improvement, will mourn still more sorrowfully over his urn than the admirers of genius, or those who are dazzled by political triumphs. For no one could know Romilly, and doubt that, as he only valued his own success and his own powers, in the belief that they might conduce to the good of mankind, so each augmentation of his authority, each step of his progress, must have been attended with some triumph in the cause of humanity and justice. True, he would at length, in the course of nature, have ceased to live; but then the bigot would have ceased to persecute—the despot to vex—the desolate poor to suffer—the slave to groan and tremble—the ignorant to commit crimes—and the ill-contrived law to engender criminality.

On these things all men are agreed; but, if a more distinct account be desired of his eloquence, it must be said that it united all the more severe graces of oratory, both as regards the manner and the substance. No man argued more closely when the understanding was to be addressed; no man declaimed more powerfully when indignation was to be aroused, or the feelings moved. His language was choice and pure; his powers of invective resembled rather the grave authority with which the judge puts down a contempt, or punishes an offender, than the attack of an advocate against his adversary and his equal. His imagination was the minister whose services were rarely required, and whose mastery was never for an instant admitted; his sarcasm was tremendous, nor always very sparingly employed; his manner was perfect, in voice, in figure, in a countenance of singular beauty and dignity; nor was anything in his oratory more striking or more effective than the heartfelt sincerity which it, throughout, displayed, in topic, in diction, in tone, in look, in gesture. “In Scauri oratione sapientis hourinis et recti, gravitas summa, et naturalis quædam inerat auctoritas, non ut causam, sed ut testimonium dicere putares. Significabat enim non prudentiam solum, sed, quod maxime rem continebat, fidem.”

Considering his exalted station at the bar, his pure and unsullied character, and the large space which he filled in the eye of the country, men naturally looked for his ascent to the highest station in the profession of which he was, during so many years, the ornament and the pride. Nor could any one question that he would have presented to the world the figure of a consummate judge. He alone felt any doubt upon the extent of his own judicial qualities; and he has recorded in his journal (the invaluable document in which he was wont to get down freely his

sentiments on men and things) a modest opinion, expressing his approbation, should he ever be so tried, that men would say of him—"dignus imperio nisi impotens!" With this single exception, offering so rare an instance of impartial self-judgment, and tending of itself to its own refutation, all who had no interest in the elevation of others, have held his exaltation from the supreme place in the law, as one of the heaviest items in the price paid for the stately structure of our practical government.

In his private life and personal habits he exhibited a model for imitation, and an object of unqualified esteem. All his severity was reserved for the forum and the senate, when vice was to be lashed, or justice vindicated, the public delinquent exposed, or the national oppressor over-awed. In his family and in society, where it was his delight, and the only reward of his unremitting labours, to unbend, he was amiable, simple, natural, cheerful. The vast resources of his memory—the astonishing economy of time, by which he was enabled to read almost every work of interest that came from the press of either his hereditary or his native country, either France or England—the perfect correctness of his taste, refined to such a pitch that his pencil was one of no ordinary power, and his verses, when once or twice only he wrote poetry, were of great merit—his freedom from affectation—the wisdom of not being above doing ordinary things in the ordinary way—all conspired to render his society peculiarly attractive, and would have made it courted even had his eminence in higher matters been far less conspicuous. While it was the saying of one political adversary, the most experienced and correct observer* among all the parliamentary men of his time, that he never was out of his place while Romilly spoke without finding that he had cause to lament his absence—it was the confession of all who were admitted to his private society, that they forgot the lawyer, the orator, the patriot, and had never been aware, while gazing on him with admiration, how much more he really deserved that tribute than he appeared to do when seen from afar.

If defects are required to be thrown into such a sketch, and are deemed as necessary as the shades in a picture, or, at least, as the more subdued tones of some parts for giving relief to others, this portraiture of Romilly must be content to remain imperfect. For what is there on which to dwell for blame, if it be not a proneness to prejudice in favour of opinions resembling his own, a blindness to the defects of those who held them, and a prepossession against those who held them not? While there is so very little to censure, there is unhappily much to deplore. A morbid sensibility embittered many hours of his earlier life; and, when deprived of the wife whom he most tenderly and justly loved, contributed to bring on an inflammatory fever, in the paroxysm of which he untimely met his end.

The letter here printed was communicated in manuscript to him while attending the sick-bed of that excellent person whose loss brought on his own. It tended to beguile some of those sorrowful hours, the subject having long deeply engaged his attention; and it was the last thing that he read. His estimate of its merits was exceedingly low; at least he said he was sure no tract had ever been published on a more dry subject, or was likely to excite less attention. The interest of the subject, however, was much undervalued by him; for the letter ran through eight editions in the month of October.

The injunction to his friends contained in his will, was truly characteristic of the man. He particularly desired them, in determining whether or not the manuscripts should be published, only to regard the prospect there was of their being in any degree serviceable to mankind, and by no means to throw away a thought upon any injury which the appearance of such unfinished works might do to his literary character. Whoever knew him, indeed, was well persuaded that in all his exertions his personal gratification never was for a moment consulted, unless as far as whatever he did, or whatever he witnessed in others, had a relish for him exactly proportioned to its tendency towards the establishment of the principles which formed, as it were, a part of his nature, and towards the promo-

tion of human happiness, the grand aim of all his views. This is that colleague and friend whose irreparable loss his surviving friends have had to deplore, through all their struggles for the good cause in which they had stood by his side; a loss which each succeeding day renders heavier; and harder to bear, when the misconduct of some, and the incapacity of others, so painfully recall the contrast of one whose premature end gave the first and the only pang that had ever come from him; and all his associates may justly exclaim, in the words of Tully regarding Hortensius—"Augebat etiam molestiam, quod magni sapientium civium bonorumque pœnariâ, vir egregius, conjunctissimusque mecum consiliorum omnium societas, alienatissimus reipublice tempore extinctus, et auctoritatis, et prudentiæ suæ triste nobis desiderium reliquerat: delehamque, quod non, ut plerique putabant, adversarium, aut obstrictorem laudum mearum, sed socium potius et consortem gloriæ laboris amiseram."

We have not ventured to mar the unity of this beautiful portrait, lengthened as the extract is. If in it there be anything either overdone or exaggerated, the sympathies of the reader are nevertheless disposed to go along with the artist; and we accept, with fit tenderness and homage, Romilly, as he appeared to the eyes of his affectionate friend—Romilly, the most perfect and estimable of men.

The speech on Scottish Burgh Reform—a measure which, with all its imperfections, now seen by himself, we owe to Lord Brougham—is prefaced with sketches of the more remarkable Scottish Reformers, in which he has done ample justice to one name, which may not have been heard of in the southern division of the Island, and which well deserved far wider fame. We are glad to see this just and hearty notice of the half-forgotten and ill-requited labours of Mr Fletcher, taking precedence of those of Lord Archibald Hamilton and others. It is quite as true among politicians as priests, that—

"A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;" or one reforming Lord, equal, at any time, to half a dozen reforming Commoners.

Among these eminent patriots, the first place is due to Archibald Fletcher, a learned, experienced, and industrious lawyer, one of the most upright men that ever adorned the profession, and a man of such stern and resolute firmness in public principle, as is very rarely found united with the amiable character which endeared him to private society. Devoted from his earliest youth to the cause of civil liberty, his mind had become deeply imbued with a sense of the corruption which had crept into our constitution, and disfigured its original excellence. His zeal for the maintenance of these principles, and his anxiety for the renovation of British liberty, were, if possible, still further excited by the matrimonial union which he entered into with a lady of Whig family in Yorkshire, one of the most accomplished of her sex, who, with the utmost purity of life that can dignify and enhance female charms, combined the inflexible principles and deep political feeling of a Hutcheson or a Roland; and he devoted to the great work of reforming the Scottish elective system, both as regarded its parliamentary and its municipal branches, every hour which could be spared from the claims of his clients. The proceedings in the Convention of Royal Burghs, the bills introduced by the Crown lawyers for reforming the scheme of their accounting, the motions for Scotch reform made by Mr Sheridan, were all intimately connected with his unceasing and most useful labours. Nor could any thing but the alarm raised by the deplorable turn of French affairs, have prevented some important measures, at least of Burgh Reform, from being adopted nearly thirty years ago. Although his life was protracted to the end

* Mr Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough.

trance period of the years of man, he was not permitted to see the triumph of the cause to which his best days had been devoted, and for which his latest prayers were offered. Nor, on the other hand, was he, while deprived of this solace to his declining age, doomed to witness the painful sight of his early coadjutors corrupted by the love of place and patronage, forgetting the principles which had alone recommended them to popular favour, and had enabled them to obtain that power, the mere retaining of which, on any terms, has become the only object of their exertion, and the sole guide of their conduct; as if the fate of empire was bound up in their official existence.

After a warm panegyric upon Lord Archibald Hamilton, of the extent of whose services young Reformers are probably not aware, and who, like Mr Fletcher, was called away, before he could rejoice in the final triumph of the cause—"if," as Lord Brougham says somewhere, "it be final"—some general remarks are made upon the great value of the unfinished labours of early and steady Reformers, ere he thus proceeds:—

No good measure of legislation, Lord Coke has well said, was ever proposed, however little effect the suggestion might make at the time, "that in the end some good did not come therefrom." But he might have added, had he lived to the times of the Romillys, the Horners, the Hamiltons, the Fletchers, that, when the harvest of improvement is reaped by puny hands, and its profits treasured up in their own individual garner, there is far too general a disposition among men, even among those who benefit the most by it, to sink in oblivion the names of those whose nervous arms and generous toils prepared the reluctant soil, subdued its ungrateful nature, and scattered over its rugged surface the precious seed which their genius had elaborated, and which, with little further pains from their feeble successors, has since made the desert smile with flowers, and the fields wave with fruit. A yet less satisfactory event than even this forgetfulness, has been witnessed in our time. Converts of the eleventh hour—enemies of all reform whatever, until their places depended on professing themselves its friends—advocates of all old abuses, until the moment when they could no longer hold by them and live—have alone become the professing supporters of improvement, alone reap its personal advantages, alone enjoy the fruits of their predecessors' and adversaries' disinterested and unrequited labours. And, as might well be expected, the cause of Reform being thus placed in the alien hands of those who stand in a perfectly false position, it has for some time ceased to make any progress under such pat-

ronage;—its advancement has been found no longer necessary for retaining its pretended friends in place; and men have been seen, who, with the words of freedom on their lips, shew, by each act of their lives, that the securing to themselves and their adherents, of patronage, and especially of provincial patronage, is the thing next their hearts. Whoever has the distribution of that patronage is sure of their adhesion; and not even a retrograde movement of Reform would now either detach those sordid supporters, or shake the power of their patrons.

We leave all consistent Reformers, and especially Scottish Reformers, "old Edinburgh Whigs and something more," to ponder the above melancholy passage. In the eulogium on Lord Rosslyn* which follows, we can at least acquiesce in the admiration expressed for his conscientious scruples about the extent of the proposed Reform. His party friends of the Whig persuasion, in commencing their labours, flourished a long and powerful lever, but they took care that it should snap before it had done half its work.

The speech upon English Municipal Reform, or more correctly in defence of the absent Commissioners, violently attacked by the Tories, has no preface. It was spoken in August 1838, when his former colleagues were again in office, and while—

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike"—

they must have been secretly planning how they could with most safety to themselves, get rid of an associate so obnoxious to the Court, and so unmanageable in the Cabinet. The introduction to the speech on the Scotch Marriage and Divorce Bill, affords room for a curious portrait of Lord Stowell, a man, however, about whom few persons, not lawyers, will long concern themselves. It embodies these diverting anecdotes.

To illustrate by examples his singularly refined and pungent wit in conversation, or the happy and unexpected quotations with which he embellished it, or the tersely told anecdotes with which he enlivened it, without for an instant fatiguing his audience, would be far less easy—because it is of the nature of the refined essence in which the spirit of the best society consists, not to keep. When some sudden and somewhat violent changes of opinion were imputed to a learned Judge, who was always jocosely termed Mrs —, "Varium et

* With some reluctance, we are compelled to protest against one of Lord Brougham's besetting, and perhaps "amiable weaknesses." He has a strong tendency, if not to the use of glistening words of courtesy, yet to *butteraceousness*. His estimate of the private or rather personal character of Lord Rosslyn, will not obtain the suffrages of the Radical weavers of Dymart, near neighbours and shrewd observers of him, whom, believing a political renegade, they scrupled not to call such. With these village Hampdens, the chivalrous Lord Rosslyn lived latterly in a succession of petty squabbles, originating in political animosity, which would have disgraced a man far meaner in station and in intellect. He might have received abundant provocation, but he should not have taken it. Conscience or consciousness daily sprinkled fresh fires over his Lordship's perpetual blister. Besides, the point of honour which compels a man to stick to a recent political ally, such as the Duke of Wellington was to Lord Rosslyn, at the expense of abandoning, with his old Whig associates, his professed Liberal principles, and the public interests bound up with them, is a point of honour which "operatives," "base mechanicals," do not understand, and we trust never will. That we may not need to recur to Lord Brougham's "amiable weakness," let us once for all own our *nationality*, be it no higher feeling, aggrieved by his clearing off the rich brush, as painter's say, applied to Peet Rogers, upon the back of our countryman, Mr Campbell. It is a matter of taste to be sure; but we think that Lord Brougham considerably lessens the value of his praise, when he speaks of an agreeable, a highly cultivated and elegant versifier, as "the greatest poet and finest prose writer this country has produced." It is certainly as rare as pleasing to learn, that, in the greatest of poets and prose-writers, "civil and religious liberty has one of the most uncompromising friends who have appeared in any age," though a misfortune that Mr Roger should hitherto so effectually have concealed his effulgence under mere Whig draperies. Campbell the whole world knows as the friend of Freedom in his lyrics and in his life. Nor can we think Lord Brougham happy in his specimen of "the finest prose writer," though the gem of Mr Roger may have been the admiration of the Whig coteries. On the whole, Lord Brougham is much more felicitous in a sharp hit than a delicately turned compliment, which he should leave to Mr Moore, (who can hit too,) and the ladies. When he follows his own warm and generous instincts, and heartily praises those whom he has loved and lost, then he is unarmoured. His praise of his juvenile friend Horner, for instance, touches the sympathies of those who may fancy this Whig-kid quite as truly characterised by Sir Walter Scott's clever, if somewhat indecent jests recorded by Mr Lockhart.

mutabile semper Femina," was Sir William Scott's remark. A celebrated physician having said, somewhat more flippantly than becometh the gravity of his cloth, "Oh, you know, Sir William, after forty a man is always either a fool or a physician!" "Mayn't he be both, Doctor?" was the arch rejoinder—with a most arch leer and insinuating voice half drawled out. "A vicar was once" (said his Lordship, presiding at the dinner of the Admiralty Sessions) "so wearied out with his parish-clerk confining himself entirely to the 100th Psalm, that he remonstrated, and insisted upon a variety, which the man promised; but, old habit proving too strong for him, the old words were as usual given out next Sunday, 'All people that on earth do dwell.' Upon this the vicar's temper could hold out no longer, and, jutting his head over the desk, he cried, 'Damn all people that on earth do dwell!'—a very compendious form of anathema!" added the learned chief of the Spiritual Court.

This eminent personage was in his opinions extremely narrow and confined; never seeming to have advanced beyond the times "before the flood" of light which the American War and the French Revolution had let in upon the world—times when he was a tutor in Oxford, and hoped to live and die in the unbroken quiet of her bowers, enjoying their shade variegated with no glare of importunate illumination. Of every change he was the enemy; of all improvement careless and even distrustful; of the least deviation from the most beaten track suspicious; of the remotest risks an acute prognosticator as by some natural instinct; of the slightest actual danger a terror-stricken spectator. As he could imagine nothing better than the existing state of any given thing, he could see only peril and hazard in the search for anything new; and with him it was quite enough, to characterise a measure as "a mere novelty," to deter him at once from entertaining it—a phrase of which Mr Speaker Abbot, with some humour, once took advantage to say, when asked by his friend what that mass of papers might be, pointing to the huge bundle of the acts of a single session—"Mere novelties, Sir William—mere novelties."

The anomalous state of the Marriage Laws in different parts of the empire, their bearing upon questions of legitimacy, and the rights and wrongs of both sexes, but especially those of women, are ably and acutely unfolded. They, however, excite little more interest than what arises from their inherent value. They are topics for the jurist and the moralist, rather than the orator. From the Poor-Law speeches, we shall take one brief extract, which can create no difference of opinion. On this most irritating subject, there have been on all sides more warmth, bad temper, misrepresentation, and prejudice, than on any other question lately discussed; nor has Lord Brougham, subjected to the natural provocation of the attacked party, kept free of the prevailing irritation. He cannot, however, be an out-and-out "cold-blooded economist" and "Malthusian," who laments the change of manners recorded below.

The evasion of the law of settlement began to be generally practised, I think, at the commencement of the French war, and it gradually led to the discontinuance of that laudable custom of boarding farm-servants in the house—a custom which was attended with the very best results, both to the moral character of the labourers, and to the comfort of the whole farm. They were on the kindest terms with the master; they formed part of the same family; the master was more like the head of a

patriarchal family, and the labourers were like his children; they were treated as such; they dined at the same table, and slept under the same roof; and they worked together in the same field. I have frequently seen them in these habits; I have partaken of their fare, and better no one could desire to have set before him, whose appetites were unpampered and unvitiating. The whole household lived more comfortably, because better cheer could be afforded where so many were entertained together. There was a certain degree of domestic control; there was the parental superintendence exercised by the master over the men, and there was the moral sanction of the matron of the family over her maids. The master was the friend and counsellor of the men; the dame of the women. If one of either sex was about to contract an improvident marriage, their advice would be interposed. Although they never heard of the prudential check, nor knew anything of political economists even by name, yet, as the doctrines of those philosophers are only the dictates of prudence and common honesty, the farmer and his good wife would set before the young folks the imprudence and dishonesty of a man contracting a marriage before he could maintain a wife and children; she would tell him that which Mr Malthus is so much abused for saying at all, "Who would ever buy more horses than he could afford to pay for, or afford to keep? Then why should you marry when you have scarcely the means of supporting yourself, for the mere purpose of bringing into the world a number of miserable wretches for whom you have no bread." I will venture to say, that in those happier times, bastardy was not one-twentieth part so common as it is now.

The celebrated Liverpool Speech, delivered upwards of three years since, ought of itself to exonerate Lord Brougham from the senseless charge of inconsistency, and desertion of those who have themselves been the deserters. No human being, not even himself, can tell, what in office Lord Brougham might have done;—but we know what he has done; we note what he is doing; and see that his conduct and professions have been and are in strict harmony. Of the men of Liverpool, in July 1835, he inquired—

Have I not now, when out of office, practised exactly what I preached when in power? Have I confined my consistency to using the same language in and out? No such thing. I have acted towards this Government, whom these silly persons are endeavouring to serve, precisely as I asked others to act by myself last year. What were the measures I was then most anxious to see carried? The Local Courts Bill, to bring cheap justice home to every dwelling; and the Bill for at once abolishing the Pluralities and Non-residence of the Clergy. These great measures were ready prepared; they were, after infinite pains, digested in bills; those bills were even printed; all was ready for carrying them through Parliament; and my belief was, that this Government, which professed to approve them, could have passed them into laws. But I have carefully abstained from urging them forward, because I knew it would embarrass them in some quarters. I have never pressed the subject in any way, because I was satisfied with what the Ministers are now engaged in doing, or endeavouring to do; and which, backed by the people, and relying only on their support, I trust they will succeed in accomplishing—I mean Municipal Reform and the reformation of the Irish Church. Is not this demonstrative of the silly falsehood of that charge? Can anything more be wanting to show that my conduct in 1835, out of office, is exactly what I recommended while a Minister, in 1834? No, no, gentlemen; trust me, it is because my principles do not so very easily bend to circumstances and take their hue from situations, that we now meet on the same level, and that I no longer am in the service of the State.

"Sir William Scott was, during the latter years of his long-extended life, created a peer, by the title of Lord Stowell; but it is by his former name that he is known to the profession and to the world.

Moreover, I will fairly own that it must be, a very good and active Government which I will ever consent to join. Unless I see a prospect of governing with the

power of really serving the people—unless I can find a Government strong to do so, and willing, my present position of absolute independence suits me best. It must be a Ministry of that kind, and which will do much, much, to relieve the intolerable burdens of this nation, and bless it with a very, very, very cheap Government, that shall tempt me to abandon my post with and in front of that people. Digest your measures well—be not rash, be not precipitate—be not impatient whilst you see that honest men have hold of the helm of the State, and that important measures are in progress under their auspices. Such now is and always was my advice. I, too, shall get impatient if I find that they flag—I, too, shall get suspicious if I find that they flinch; but, in the meantime, I shall be one of the humblest, perhaps the most superfluous, but certainly the most zealous of their defenders, in a House where defenders do not superabound. In the country, I happen to be better acquainted with the people than any of them; and I shall be, as I have been, their supporter out of doors as well as in Parliament, where I never decline to appear on any occasion, in office or in opposition. In all places I shall be their defender, till they give me cause to leave them; and when I do leave them, I believe I shall not alone quit them—I believe that, when I abandon them, it will be because they have abandoned the people; and whether the people will cling by me or cling by them, is a question which I will not delay a moment to ask or have answered.

I trust I have given offence to no one by stating that my opinions are now what they always were. But I never grudged any man the credit he might get by altering his opinions for the better; and I think it truly unfortunate that a disposition has lately sprung up among us to turn our backs on those men who were our adversaries, but are now willing to range themselves in the great class of Reformers. For my part, if any man, be his name what it will—Melbourne, Grey, Russell, Althorpe, Wellington, or Peel—will change bad opinions for good ones, coming over to us not for the lust of power, not to bolster up a falling Administration, but to help forward good measures, and give the people a chance of good government—I am the last man in the world to inquire what he did before. I say, "What do you now?" "God forbid that I should twit you with ever having been worse than you are now disposed to be." This has been, right or wrong, my constant principle. I am reminded of it by Liverpool, and all I see around me. Did I not here conflict for weeks with Mr Canning, in 1812? Yet did I not, after fifteen years, support a Cabinet at the head of which was Mr Canning, because he had taken up liberal opinions on foreign questions, as well as on matters of domestic policy? I said then—"You have changed to liberal politics; I should not have gone over to you, but you have come over to me, and I will support you." Did I not, in 1830, and did not Earl Grey and Lord Althorpe with me, do the self-same thing? Lord Melbourne, Lord Glenelg, then Mr Grant, Lord Goderich, formerly Mr Robinson, the Duke of Richmond, the enemy of Catholic emancipation, but one of the most honest, conscientious, and enlightened men, nevertheless, that I know—Lord Palmerston; every one of these five were supporters of Lord Castlereagh's Six Acts. Yet I sat in the same Cabinet with them, and I support three of them who are now in office, because they, in conformity with the improving spirit of the age, have come to be liberal.

We should like to learn from those persons who fancy that they may best befriend the Government, by calumniating Lord Brougham, what is the date of his desertion of Liberal principles, or of any Ministry that acted upon a Liberal policy? His creed of 1835, as revealed before the mechanics of Liverpool, we have just read in part. In what does it differ from that professed with equal eloquence but the other night in the House of Lords, when discussing that perennial Irish Tithe Bill, which takes some

new form of efflorescence every year, but which never bears fruit. Lord Brougham, after speaking of the bitter feelings of the Irish people about this ill-starred Bill, and citing a happy and apposite historical anecdote, concluded with this splendid burst of eloquence and patriotism, which certain Ministerial journals have tried to burke.

These are my sentiments, and they have always been the guide of my conduct. The affections of the people I will never court at the expense of their interests; their delusions, their passing delusions, I will never share, though by thwarting their wishes I may incur their displeasure. But their deliberate opinions, their well-considered principles, those judgments which they form after long observation and much experience, we are bound to regard with profound respect; and I never will be deterred from supporting their sober and reasonable prayers by any senseless apprehension of wild and urgent demands succeeding. *Never fear the people. Believe me, the safest rule is—trust that you may be trusted. The more you confide in them the more they will have confidence in you; the more you listen to their prayers, the less they will vex you with greedy encroachments and unreasonable demands.* I now give you the result of all my observations—all my experience—all my intercourse with them—I have never feared them—citizen, senator, statesman, minister, I never for an instant feared the people. Why should I now? Liberty and popular rights are mixed up with our whole Constitution. Oppression, exclusive monopoly, oligarchy—any sacrifice of the many to the few, whether in State or in Church—is utterly alien to its whole nature. How often have we seen popular rights and liberal principles of Government almost prostrated, and oppression and intolerance bearing an unnatural sway! Even then I never despaired of the good old cause—I never turned away from the cap of Liberty, even when it hung upon a bush, or was nailed to the scaffold. Surely I will not now, when it should surmount the Crown—the Crown that was fabricated for its support and maintenance. I may stand alone, but I stand undimmed; I have honestly and fearlessly delivered my opinions, the opinions of my whole life, and upon which the public conduct of thirty years has been invariably framed. I stand among the ephemeral supporters of an ephemeral, though an enormous abuse. But the day is fast approaching, when their eyes will be unveiled; and my principles bear away—when truth, because it is truth, will prevail—and right, because it is right, triumph; for the principles which I have declared are founded in eternal justice, and adopted by the understandings, and engraved upon the hearts of twelve millions of the people.

The speech on NEUTRAL RIGHTS, delivered in the House of Lords only a few weeks back, finishes the third volume of the collection. In a note, Lord Brougham notices the singular dilemma from which a Government, seemingly divided against itself, was extricated by the Duke of Wellington, with much humanity, but little of that discretion or even fairness upon which Lord Brougham so often seeks occasion to compliment his Grace. The speech, however, carried its object. The rash and illegal instruction or Order of Lord Minto, disclaimed by his colleagues, and which might have led to such serious results, is, thanks to Lord Brougham's vigilance, as much

a dead letter as that other quiet Order in Council, granted, with blameable facility, though we cannot believe with evil intention, for the accommodation of Mr Gladstone and those of his co-mates of Guiana, who require a market to be opened in the East, whence the human commodity might be obtained abundantly, and at a very cheap rate. The closing volume of the collected speeches opens with *Irish Questions*—those questions whose nature Lord Brougham, in his late tithe-bill speech, very happily illustrated by this lively quotation—"I recollect meeting in my reading a phrase which was used by Charles the First, which is most applicable to the present case. That monarch, in writing to his favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, said, 'Ireland is the only egg we have been sitting on for some years; but the shell of it is so hard that we have not hatched anything yet.'" Those diligent hatches who cackle so much and sit so little, are likely to find the egg addle as well as hard in the shell. It is becoming a moot point whether the Whig-Tory Ministry were not on the eve of doubling up O'Connell and his Tail,

instead of the wily agitator being able, for his country's good, to coerce them. There can be no question that those who, as their adherents boast, fairly jockeyed the English Radicals in Parliament, are well disposed to try the same game with persons of as flexible honesty.

The stopping of the Irish Municipal Bill may give a temporary respite to those who wish to protract the delusion; but it cannot longer deceive the Irish nation. Fertile as Mr O'Connell is in expedients, daring and successful in the use of party tactics and popular arts, and strong as is the hold which he once had, and richly deserves to hold on the gratitude of his countrymen, there is a perplexing path before him. The fund of ignorance and prejudice, which subsists on both sides of the Channel, and that alienation of feeling, that jealousy and suspicion between the countries, which the native Irish leaders studiously inflame, cannot much longer delude the Irish people. If they do not make common cause with Great Britain, they at least warmly sympathise with Canada in the hour of extremity, deserted by, of all men—O'Connell!*

* The coldness and supineness of the British people towards Canada—for the indifference of the British Parliament does not surprise us, that being a matter of course—we consider one of the most untoward and discouraging symptoms of this sullen stagnant period. It is to be attributed, we believe, in no small degree, to the pressure of distress at home. Fretting under a load of taxation which cramps the enterprise of the middle class, and renders the utmost industry of the working class quite inadequate to the comfortable maintenance of their families, both descriptions of persons tacitly acquiesce in political injustice and the violation of law in the Colonies, with an indifference which the cause renders doubly lamentable. They believe that the grumbling colonists are relatively in a much better condition than themselves. They are better endowed with the vulgar, but most precious essentials of life—food and raiment. They are free from an intolerable burden of taxation; they know nothing of a grinding corn-law, nothing of tithes. They have an easy outlet for their superfluous numbers, and are thus relieved from the miseries of a bitter competition, descending to the lowest grades of society. Seeing the people in the colonies in so much better a social condition, they either fancy they ought to be contented, or in their misery can feel only for themselves, and the stern necessities of our common nature. Chill penury represses noble rage; a long-sighted view of the case is not taken, and deeper sympathy is felt, and not unnaturally, for the oppressed millions on the other side of St George's Channel, continually on the verge of poverty, and often suffering under absolute famine, than for the colonists, with their fantastic wrongs. The same sullen feeling extends to the black race. The Helots of England, those in the lowest depth, feel, and often express, indignant surprise, that so much interest should be taken about Negroes and Hindoos, Caffres and New Zealanders, while their sufferings beget no sympathy—that those who stir Heaven and earth to obtain fitting rations for the labourers of Guiana and Jamaica, never think of their taxed loaf and their half-starved children. Though Freedom is a noble thing, it is not all happiness. It may be the means of all, but that is a distant view, and hunger is near and pressing. We regret the apathy felt about the measures of the Government with respect to Canada, but are not surprised at it. "I watch their Irish policy," said an old Reformer, at a time when Ireland appeared as far off as Canada does now, and of a Government professing to be Liberal—"I watch their Irish policy, as mountaineers do the western hills, to see if the sun has risen." In this spirit should Reformers watch the policy of the Government in Canada, as well as in Ireland. Those who would violate the fundamental principles of all liberty, the security of life, the freedom of limb in Canada, would not hesitate to do the same in England if they durst. And why, by the way does Mr O'Connell, who is so fond of replying to everybody and nobody, never deign to answer Mr Roebuck's letters? The task might be difficult; but, unless he has entirely given up his old friends, the Radicals of Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, it is needful. Does he no longer care for the sympathy, or wish the co-operation of the hundreds of thousands of British Radical Reformers, who, three years since, for the sake of his country, and that alone, hailed the Representative of Ireland, the redresser of her wrongs, and the champion of her rights? These Whig-Tory ministers, are fatal to whoever places faith in them. The degree of Mr O'Connell's faith may not have been great; and he may have imagined that those who have tricked their own friends, and outwitted the English Radicals in Parliament, were yet no match for himself. That remains to be seen. They have already damaged O'Connell in Ireland, and nearly ruined his influence in Great Britain and America. Their last triumphant labour would be the destruction of his power in Ireland. This they seek in the new Poor-Law—in the project already put forth as a feeler, of taking the Catholic clergy into the pay of the State, and in studiously exhibiting the old denouncer of the "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," as playing into their hands, at the expense of the cause of Reform, and to his own degradation. We repeat, the last triumphant labour of the Melbourne Government; after which, Lord Melbourne may say to himself, "Soul, take thine ease, peace and peace are laid up for thee for, at least, good five years: we have jockeyed the Radicals, won the Duke, and subverted the power of O'Connell. We have out-witted the Liberator."

Mr O'Connell will probably now try to be before-hand with his Whig friends, and to drown reflection upon his singular conduct in the renewed cry of the *Repeal*; or he may hope to be received in Ireland like an old Border chief, who was not troubled with impertinent questions, so that he returned from the enemy's land with a good prey. But this cannot last always. Mr O'Connell must feel that he is lowered in Ireland by truckling to the Ministers; that he occupies a very inferior position, even in strength, to that which he held when he returned, three years since, from his triumphant progress through Great Britain, the champion of his own country, but also the uncompromising friend of Reform in ours. The remainder of his life, though well employed, will scarcely redeem the damage which Whig contact has done his reputation and influence.

By Lord Brougham, Grattan is regarded as the most accomplished of Irish orators, the greatest of Irish statesmen, and, above all, the purest and most useful of Irish patriots. At a very critical time in the history of Ireland, Mr Grattan, and the leaders of the opposition party in the Irish Parliament, took a part which it remains for the leaders of the Radical party in the Imperial Parliament, including O'Connell and all those of his countrymen who vote with him, to consider now. They vacated their seats, finding they could do no good in Parliament, and left their constituents free to choose other delegates. Of Grattan, after many flattering remarks on his oratorical powers, Lord Brougham says—

From the faults of his country's eloquence he was, generally speaking, free. Occasionally an over fondness for vehement expression, an exaggeration of passion, or an offensive appeal to Heaven, might be noted; very rarely a loaded use of figures, and, more rarely still, of figures broken and mixed. But the perpetual striving after far-fetched quaintness; the disdaining to say any one thing in an easy and natural style; the contempt of that rule, as true in rhetoric as in conduct, that it is wise to do common things in the common way; the affectation of excessive feeling upon all things, without regard to their relative importance; the making any occasion, even the most fitted to rouse genuine and natural feeling, a mere matter of theatrical display—all these failings, by which so many oratorical reputations have been blighted among a people famous for their almost universal oratorical genius, were looked for in vain when Mr Grattan rose, whether in the senate of his native country, or in that to which he was transferred by the Union. And if he had some peculiarity of outward appearance, as a low and awkward person, in which he resembled the first of orators, and even of manner, in which he had not like him made the defects of nature yield to severe culture; so had he one excellence of the very highest order, in which he may be truly said to have left all the orators of modern times behind—the severe abstinence which rests satisfied with striking the decisive blow in a word or two, not weakening its effects by repetition and expansion—and another excellence higher still, in which no orator of any age is his equal, the easy and copious flow of most profound, sagacious, and original principles, enumerated in terse and striking, but appropriate language. To give a sample of this latter peculiarity would be less easy, and would occupy more space; but of the former, it may be truly said that Dante himself never conjured up a striking, a pathetic, and an appropriate image in fewer words than Mr Grattan employed to describe his relation towards Irish independence, when, alluding to its rise in 1782, and its fall twenty years later, he said, “I sat by its cradle—I followed its hearse.”

In private life he was without a stain, whether of temper or of principle; singularly amiable, as well as of unblemished purity in all the relations of family and of society; of manners as full of generosity as they were free from affectation; of conversation as much seasoned with spirit and impregnated with knowledge, as it was void of all harshness and gall.

Next in honour to Mr Grattan, as the deliverer of Ireland, Lord Brougham places Lord Grenville. The plan of the work forbids any direct reference to living statesmen; and perhaps it is quite as well—at least so far as Earl Grey is concerned. It is not easy to guess what may have been “the transcendent services and ample sacrifices which this nobleman made during the greater part of his political life to the rights and the interests of the Irish people.” Lord Grenville's services to Ireland are indeed

great and intelligible, and fully warrant Lord Brougham in contrasting him with living Ministers. “Nor,” says he, after noticing that Lord Grenville had retired from power rather than bind himself not to press Catholic Emancipation—

Nor can it be doubted that the perseverance with which he abided by his declared opinions in favour of the Catholic Question alone prevented him from presiding over the councils of his country, during, at the least, twenty years of his life. They who have come to the aid of the liberal cause only when its success made an adhesion to it the road to Court favour, with all its accompaniments of profit and of power, have a very different account of mutual obligations to settle with their country from that which Lord Grenville could, at any time since his retirement, have presented, but disdained ever even to hint at. But they who—after his powerful advocacy, his inflexible integrity, his heavy sacrifices had all but carried the Irish question—have come forward to finish the good work, and have reaped every kind of gratification from doing their duty, instead of making a sacrifice of their interests, like him, would do well, while they usurp all the glory of these successes, to recollect the men whose labours, requited with proscription, led the way to comparatively insignificant exertions, still more beneficial to the individuals than advantageous to the community.

The speech to which these observations on Grattan and Grenville is prefixed, was delivered in 1823. It was upon *The Administration of the Law in Ireland*; of which kingdom, its own Lord Chancellor Redesdale had said, only a few weeks before—“I have been intimately connected with this ill-fated country for the last twenty years; and, I am sorry to say, that there exists in it two sorts of justice—the one for the rich, the other for the poor, both equally ill-administered.” Many singular facts regarding the mal-administration of justice are recorded in this speech; and many abuses are noticed which still remain to be removed full three years after Lord Mulgrave had, according to one party, introduced a millennial period. Every one has heard that the King's writ will not run in Connaught—that the law has never got across the Shannon; but when Lord Brougham delivered this speech, every Irish gentleman, save in Dublin and Cork, could ensure to himself the most valuable privilege of a member of Parliament, and set his creditors at defiance, by a payment to the Sheriff of a trifle a-year. The writ was issued—for that brought a fee; but the debtor was duly warned beforehand, in terms of the righteous covenant. As to poor debtors, the Sheriff not being paid for favour, shewed them none. Availing himself of the legitimate privilege of Parliament, Mr Brougham denounced, in forcible terms, those political judges with which Ireland was then cursed, and of which that unfortunate country has not yet got entirely free. It is indeed to be earnestly wished, that, in getting rid of this pest, the reverse of wrong may never be mistaken for right. If party is always to triumph over law and justice in Ireland, we really see little to choose in the long run between one faction and the other. After pointing out many of the existing abuses, and specifying facts, the revelation of which created as much indignation as was expressed by

Lord Minto the other day, when his secret Orders were betrayed, Mr Brougham thus reverted to the general state of Ireland—

I can only go so much farther as to beg the House would remember, that matters in Ireland cannot rest as they are for ever. One day or other the time must come, and the House will have to give an account of its stewardship of that country. England possessing Ireland, is in the possession of that which ought to be her security in peace, and her sinew in war; and yet, in war, what has Ireland been but a strength to our enemies; what in peace but an eternal source of revolt, and rebellion, and strife with ourselves? Ireland, with a territory of immense extent, with a soil of almost unrivalled fertility, with a climate more genial than our own, with an immense population of strong-built hardy labourers—men suited alike to fill up the ranks of our armies in war, or for employment at home in the works of agriculture or manufactures;—Ireland, with all these blessings which Providence has so profusely showered into her lap, has been under our stewardship for the last hundred and twenty years; but our solicitude for her has appeared only in those hours of danger when we apprehended the possibility of her joining our enemies; or when, having no enemy abroad to contend with, she raised her standard, perhaps in despair, and we trembled for our own existence. It cannot be denied that the sole object of England has been to render Ireland a safe neighbour. We have been stewards over her for this long period of time. I repeat, that we shall one day have to give an account of our stewardship—a black account it will be, but it must be forthcoming. What have we done for the country which we are bound to aid, to protect, and to cherish? In our hands, her population seems a curse to her rather than a blessing. They are a wretched, suffering, degraded race—without a motive for exertion—starving in the midst of plenty. But, wretched as they are, they will not be content to remain so. They now demand justice. They call for it at your hands; and they are ready to prove their grievances. In fact, they have proved already the scandalous and unequal administration of the laws. In England, justice is delayed; but, thank Heaven, it can never be sold. In Ireland, it is sold to the rich, refused to the poor, delayed to all. It is in vain to disguise the fact; it is in vain to shun the disclosure of the truth. We stand, as regards Ireland, upon the brink of a precipice. Things cannot remain as they are. They must either get better or get worse. I hope—I trust—that such an interval may yet be granted, as will allow time for measures—and they must be sweeping ones—of reformation; but, if that interval is neglected, frightful indeed are the consequences which will ensue. I may be wrong in this prediction. But, if I am wrong, I do not stand alone. I am backed in what I say by the spirit of the wisest laws—by the opinions of the most famous men of former ages. If I err, I err in company with the best judgments of our own time; I err with the common sense of the whole world, with the very decrees of Providence to support me. We are driving six millions of people to despair, to madness. What results can reasonably be expected from such blind obstinacy and injustice? It will not do for honourable gentlemen to meet this case with their old flimsy defences and evasions. Excuse after excuse we have had, for refusing to do that unhappy country justice; but the old excuses will not do—they will apply no longer—they cannot any more be even tried. . . . To attempt any course with Ireland short of a complete redress of grievances, will be a mockery of the evils under which she is suffering; but the greatest mockery of all—the most intolerable insult—the course of peculiar exasperation—against which I chiefly caution the House, is the undertaking to cure the distress under which she labours, by anything in the shape of new penal enactments. It is in these enactments alone that we have shewn our liberality to Ireland. She has received penal laws from the hands of England, almost as plentifully as she has received blessings from the hands of Providence. What have these laws done? Checked her turbulence, but not

stified it. The grievance remaining perpetual, the complaint can only be postponed. We may break her chains, but in doing so we shall not better her condition. By coercion, we may goad her on to fury, but by coercion we shall never break her spirit. She will rise up and break the fetters we impose, and arm herself for deadly violence with their fragments.

In the reply which followed the debate on Mr Brougham's motion, introduced by the above speech, he retorted, with great felicity, the charge of an unwarrantable use of private documents, and, by travelling out of the exact record, went deeper into the real heart of the matter. The memory of the trial of the Queen was still burning in the bosom of her fearless advocate; and the Irish people had made themselves nationally despicable in the eyes of the British people, by their frantic reception of that monarch, the first act of whose power, as Regent, had been the abandonment of the Catholic cause, with his desertion of the Whigs, and the destruction of the long-cherished hopes of the friends of emancipation. The extract which we make from this reply exemplifies a mode of Lord Brougham's power as a debater, quite distinct from anything shewn in our former extracts from his speeches. It is that species of sarcasm and invective which springs as much from the heart as the brain, and which has its source in the keen perception of injustice, in generous feelings, and a quick temperament. After noticing Mr Peel's remarks in his speech, Mr Brougham proceeded—

I have to return my thanks personally to the honourable Member for Galway,* for the exceedingly jocose notice which he was pleased to take of my former address to you. I never remember to have noticed a more successful piece of mimicry, if I may be allowed, technically speaking, to say so, "on these or any other boards;" and I cannot help congratulating the Right Honourable Secretary,† our new manager, on having been enabled to close his theatrical career for his first season, with presenting to the favour of an indulgent and discriminating public, so very eminent a performer as this actor from the Irish stage proves to be.

The Right Honourable gentleman,‡ in answering my statements respecting Lord Manners, has impeached my credit as an historian of facts, without attempting to discredit my reasonings. Let us see how this matter stands. I had stated the number of his Lordship's judgments reversed to be fifty in the hundred. He states them as eleven in twenty-two. Now, this is precisely, and to a unit, the same proportion with mine; being one-half of the whole number brought under review of the Superior Tribunal. If, indeed, I had seriously inferred from this statement, that, on an application to the Irish Court of Chancery, there was only an even chance of obtaining a right decision, I should have been guilty of exaggeration. This, however, is matter of inference from the admitted facts, not of controverted statement; as far as it required or admitted of exposure, it had been exposed on a former evening by the Solicitor-General; and I have now demonstrated irrefragably, that, in my account of the fact, which the right honourable gentleman thought fit, from an entire disregard of the particulars, to charge with inaccuracy, there was not the very slightest variation from his own statement. I might, with infinitely better reason, charge him with being ignorant of the most ordinary rules of arithmetic; but I content myself with accusing him of a total inattention to the argument he was handling, and an over anxiety to bring charges against his adversaries. I must, however, add, that, if I admit the inference against Irish justice to be somewhat exaggerated, from the equal number of affirmances and reversals, I

* Mr Martin. † Mr Conning. ‡ Mr Peel.

can by no means allow that inferences in favour of Lord Mansfield's judicial capacity, which the right honourable gentleman draws from the equal proportion of right and of wrong judgments, when tried by the Court of Appeal. I freely acknowledge that I do not entertain the same profound respect for the noble Lord which he professes to feel. I speak the general opinion of the English bar, at least, when I say, that as a lawyer he was unknown among us before his elevation to the Bench. I have since heard him distinguish himself as a judge, a lawyer, and a politician, combined in one—a union always most inauspicious; and I confess, that if I testify so much less respect for him than I could wish, or than any kinsman of yours, sir, might have justly been deemed entitled to, it is from my recollection of his conduct on that great occasion, the Queen's case—conduct which excited indignation and disgust. Alone of all the assembled Peers, he thought it becoming to call that illustrious person "that woman," and in a tone, too, not easy to be forgotten. He followed up this treatment by delivering an opinion which exhibited him as a lawyer in colours not much more favourable, which raised the wonder and moved the pity of all the profession, and which drew from the learned and venerable Keeper of the Great Seal, a remark felt by every one present as a correction and a rebuke.*

There follows a defence of his severe remarks upon certain of the Irish Judges, and then he comes to Colonel Hutchinson, the member for Cork, one of the many Irish Tory members who had taken part in this debate.

Then comes the honourable Member for Cork, who has got into the most laudatory mood ever man was in, and has praised the whole administration of Irish justice in all its branches. He eulogized the twelve judges, the grand juries, the petty juries, the justices, the assistant barristers, in short, all the authorities connected with this portion of the civil government of Ireland. All were alike pure, and wise, and impartial, and just. Praise so wholesale, so unqualified, so indiscriminate, reminded me of a passage related in Mr Hargrave's life, when he was appointed Recorder of Liverpool. That extremely learned person was so pleased with his elevation, and so satisfied with his reception by the good people of the town when he went there to exercise his judicial functions, that he was flung into a fit of praise, like that of my honourable and gallant friend, and on his return he could never cease in his panegyrics. As for the magistrates, "Oh!" he would say, "they were all that could be desired, so kind, so humane, so considerate, so active, too, seeming to delight only in seizing every opportunity of being useful." Then the attorneys who practised before the worshipful bench, they, too, were a most worthy and respectable set of persons, deserving of a better fate, and well fitted to do honour to the wig and the gown. The juries, too—both grand and petty, (as the Member for Cork has it) they were most kind, attentive, and intelligent. And as for the suitors, they were so civil, and so candid—so grateful for the smallest portion of justice, that it really was a pleasure to administer it to them. "But the prisoners?" said one who had been listening to this laudatory statement. "What of them?" "Why, really," said Mr Hargrave, "for men in their situation, they were as worthy a set of people as I ever met with." Just so it is now in Cork, we find. The gallant representative of that community vies with the learned recorder of the other place, and exempts from his praise nor judge, nor juror, grand or petty, nor recorder, nor assessor, nor justice—all are sacred to panegyric in Cork and its neighbourhood. To be sure, there was one expression that crept into this eulogy, meant to be unqualified, which rather detracted from its value, and in a somewhat material part. "The twelve Judges," says my honourable friend, "are generally pure." In England, we are ac-

customed to think, quite as a matter of course, that all our twelve Judges are, without any exception, pure and incorrupt.

The one sarcasm which has to-night been resorted to, in allusion to some condemned tragedy* of a supposed party to the composition of this document, will rouse six millions of Catholics to rally round their two thousand leaders. I would advise this House not to criticise the petition with too severe a nicety. I would bid them look at the state of Ireland—such as now to raise fears in those who never feared before—such that, while yet I speak, she may be involved in serious peril.

Some notes on Irish affairs follow this speech, in which Lord Brougham broaches the ticklish subject of the State paying the Catholic clergy—a proposition which, we have no doubt, the Melbourne Government will be inclined to look upon with a favourable eye; and which the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and all sensible moderate politicians, would regard with equal favour, were they untrammelled. Nor are we sure that a majority of the Established clergy might not in time be won to suffer the public to pay an annual premium to the Romish priests, to ensure their own quiet possession of tithes and church property. Lord Brougham mentions, that, among other good Irish measures, he had pointed out the abolition of the Lord Lieutenantancy—in other words, the annihilation of that pestilent little court, held in Dublin, which has ever been the nucleus of faction and intrigue, and ever will be. This was a measure contemplated by Mr Pitt, together with that of making provision by law for the Romish clergy; with which Catholic Emancipation ought perhaps to have been accompanied, thus consolidating the union of the kingdoms. It is too late now. Lord Brougham, however, confidently believes, that the Catholic clergy would cheerfully and thankfully acquiesce in any arrangement which was to secure them a comfortable well-paid provision. There is, we fear, no question of it. There would be some few, and probably, at the first, a very considerable number of recusants who would disdain state hire, especially as they are unburdened with those "tender pledges given to society" which operate among a marrying clergy. Yet we cannot before-hand presume a much higher average of virtue and disinterestedness among the parish priests of Munster than the Presbyterian ministers of Ulster. Lord Brougham states, that—

A story is current upon this subject, and of its truth there is no manner of doubt. One of the Catholic prelates being asked by a distinguished minister what the Romish clergy would do, were such a measure to be propounded, answered, "All without one exception would oppose it to the uttermost and to the last." But, upon a second question being put, "What would they do, were it carried?" the answer was as ready. "All without one exception would take the benefit of it, and be thankful."

Lord Brougham held even this to be insufficient. The grand abuse of the Irish Established Church—so incommensurate to the benefits it rendered the State—so grinding to those millions who disented from its worship—this master evil he regarded as the source of perennial

* Lord Mansfield laid it down as a matter quite of course, that "agent or not agent, is always a question of law." Lord Eldon said, "he thought everybody had known that it is always a question of fact."

* Mr Peel having likened the composition of the petition to "the declamatory style of a condemned tragedy, rather than a grave representation to the Legislature," was supposed to refer to some dramatic efforts of Mr Shiel, a party concerned in its preparation.

discord, and as a thing of impossible duration. Nay, he foretold that hardly any who heard him were so aged that they might not expect to outlive so enormous an abuse as the gross disparity universally complained of.

We believe the prelate referred to is the late excellent and enlightened Dr Murray, who, with all the Romish Prelates, and nearly all the Romish clergy, was the strenuous advocate of a Poor-Law, which Lord Brougham, we know not on what grounds, says, "has been strenuously resisted by all parties and all sects in Ireland." There certainly have been just objections taken to many of the provisions of the law about to be introduced, and which promises to be quite as inefficacious as Mr O'Connell or its opponents could desire; but, if ever there was a single measure universally popular in Ireland, it was the introduction of well-considered Poor-Laws. Widely as the Irish must, on religious and political grounds, differ on the point of enrolling so numerous, active, and influential a body of clergy among the existing Black Household troops, an Poor-Laws there was never any difference of opinion, save with Mr O'Connell, and a few interested land-owners.

On the soil of Ireland fresh abuses have hitherto sprung up as fast as those existing were extirpated. The peculiar abuse complained of is not, however, of new growth, though it has been as zealously cultivated by the present Irish rulers as by their Tory or Orange predecessors. It is thus noticed, and we should not be in the least surprised if many persons in Ireland, fancying themselves Liberals, were as indignant at Lord Brougham wishing to set the law above the Executive as at Lord Lyndhurst's interference:—

There has occurred a disclosure upon the course pursued by the Irish Government in naming the Sheriffs of Counties, which any one interested in the great subject of the Irish judicial administration, must feel to be most important, and which connects itself closely with the topics discussed in the foregoing speech of 1823. It appears that the executive government habitually interferes with the choice of those important Ministers of the Law; does not, as in England, consider the lists given in by the judges to be at all binding; displaces without any scruple all the names so selected; and frequently appoints others without any communication from the Bench. This course of making pocket-sheriffs, or sheriffs without any judicial authority for their nomination, is found to have been followed no less than twenty-two or twenty-three times in three years. So grave a matter unavoidably called for the attention of Parliament, and it was ably and temperately submitted by Lord Lyndhurst to the House of Lords, as the especial guardian of the purity of our Judicial Establishment. A Committee was in consequence appointed to investigate the whole of this subject; and a more important inquiry has, perhaps, never been undertaken by either branch of the Legislature. It is hardly possible that results favourable to the cause of good government and popular rights should not follow from the Committee's labours. Certainly, had the things now known been disclosed before the debate in 1823, it would have been wholly impossible to resist the motion then made and rejected. For an habitual interference of the Crown with the appointment of an officer upon whom depends both the execution of all judicial orders and the return of all members to serve in Parliament, must at any rate be put a stop to, in whatever misapprehension of the law such an abuse may have had its origin.

One of the ablest of Lord Brougham's party

speeches, if we may so term any of them, was made upon moving the address of thanks to the King soon after Sir Robert Peel's accession to the government at the opening of the session of 1835. After expounding the constitutional doctrine that every new Ministry is responsible for the removal of that which preceded it, and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel consequently responsible for turning out the Melbourne Government, he sarcastically animadverts upon the sudden conversion of ex-Tories and Conservatives to the liberal policy professed by their predecessors in office, and exclaims—

When, I ask, did the reforming spirit come upon this Government? They are now for reform in Corporations—in the law—in the Church—in the State—in Tithes—and in the Law of Marriages. They are going to make marriage a civil contract, and to abolish all banns, for the sake of the Dissenters. All these things we are to have from those who, a few months ago, would not listen to any reform—who told us that, in proposing it, we were pulling down the Church about our ears—who inveighed against us as revolutionists—who challenged us as rebels—who exclaimed that we had either fools' heads on our shoulders, or traitors' hearts in our bosoms. Since when, I repeat, has this miraculous conversion taken place?—whence has it been derived? My Lords, I hope that my experience of men has not made me too distrustful of their good intentions, or induced me to entertain a worse opinion of the honesty of my fellow-creatures than I ought to cherish. I hope that, having lived so long in the world as I unfortunately have, I have not therefore arrived at an unkindly or uncharitable estimate of their honesty. It is, however, a result not more perhaps of reason and experience, than of a sort of instinct which I have in me—an instinct which I believe to be a property of our common nature—that I feel an invincible mistrust of sudden, unaccountable, miraculous conversions. . . .

. . . . In 1828, I was proceeding to say, I well recollect the speeches of two noble Lords against emancipation. The noble Duke's was far less violent against the measure; the noble and learned Lord was, in point of vehemence, complete: that both had equal success I will not assert. There is nothing of which I retain a livelier recollection than the inferior impression made by the noble and learned Lord. The opinions he then urged—the alarms he expressed—the fate he foretold to our Protestant Establishment from the grant of toleration, I well remember, drew forth the deepest expression of astonishment, unmingled with admiration, from all who heard him, and who had been taught to expect so different a result of his former liberal and enlightened principles. Even as samples of speaking and of reasoning, neither being remarkably excellent in argument, the Duke so entirely eclipsed the Chancellor, that I felt for the credit of our common profession at seeing the soldier outdo the lawyer in his own line. But whatever might be the relative success in resisting the question then, their conversion to it was equally complete a few months after. The noble and learned Lord was among the most nimble in that quick movement of a sudden transition. He vaulted in good company—a Right Honourable Baronet,* the nominal head of the present Ministry, as the noble Duke is its real chief, and a distinguished friend of his and of the Establishment,† had with others been long known for their unremitting efforts against the measure, proportioned to their ardent zeal in behalf of the Protestant cause, whose great champions they were admitted to be, and by whose support they had risen to power—all of them, noble dukes, learned lords, worthy barons, and honourable gentlemen—all came round, or rather rushed over at once, and not only agreed to the measure of Emancipation, not only withdrew their opposition, but tendered their services to carry it through, and very actually the men who did it. Now, this passage of their

* Sir Robert Peel. † Mr Goulburn.

lives is what their friends appeal to with exultation and pride upon the present occasion, crying out—"Only see what men they are! Can you doubt they will reform by wholesale? What avail all their professions and pledges? True it is that no politicians ever pledged themselves so solemnly against all reform—true, that none ever so deeply committed themselves against all change—true, that none, at all times since the dawn of their public lives, ever thwarted so habitually, so pertinaciously, each measure of improvement, until beaten by majorities of the Commons. But never mind—don't doubt them—they are capable of doing again what they did before—by deserting all their old supporters, abandoning all their former principles, becoming converts in four-and-twenty hours to the faith of their adversaries, and carrying into execution, with the proverbial zeal of recent conversion, all the measures to resist which they had devoted their past lives."

It is always suspicious when people change their principles and gain something—although, certainly, it may be a proof, in some cases, of magnanimity and honest devotion to the public wellbeing. But that is a case which should occur only once in a statesman's life. A man may once get himself into that false position—he may once expose himself with impunity to such a load of suspicion; but he must beware of trying such an experiment a second time; for assuredly, no weight of reputation, no amount of public service, would ever enable any one with impunity to play the same game twice."

We have next a plain, sensible, business-like speech on the business of Parliament, delivered last year, and which in the House of Peers has led to manifest improvement. It does not, however, require any particular notice here; and, as to the series of powerful orations and pleadings on Canadian affairs, they seem only in the commencement. We cull from them but one passage, a commentary on certain gracious phrases in the despatch of the colonial secretary, who was charged with improperly delaying the vigorous measures necessary to restore the tranquillity of Canada:—

Are these things no matter of regret, when deep regret is expressed at merely continuing in the new reign the measures resolved upon towards the end of the old? The rose leaves on the Royal couch of the Young Queen must not, it seems, be ruffled by the discharge of painful, though necessary duties. But then was the death-bed of the aged monarch to be studded with thorns? If the mind of the successor must not be disturbed with the more painful cares of royalty, was the dying Prince to have his last moments harassed and vexed by measures of a severe and harsh aspect? Such, I presume, is the reason assigned for nothing having been done after the resolutions were passed in the beginning of May. My Lords, this is a delicate—a perilous argument. We are here treading slippery ground—we are dealing with very high matters. I affirm that I speak the language of the Constitution when I absolutely refuse my ear to all such reasons. They are resorted to for the defence of the Ministers at the expense of the Monarchy. I know nothing of the last hours of one reign—or the dawn of another—nothing in the change of Sovereigns which can lessen the responsibility of their servants, or excuse them from performing their duty to the Crown, be it of a stern and

harsh nature, or be it gentle and kind. Beware, I say, how you give any countenance, ay, or any quarter, to topics of defence like these. They are so many arguments against a Monarchical Constitution, and in favour of some other form of Government. This is no discourse of mine. It is not I who am to blame for breaching this matter. You are they (*to the Ministers*)—you are they who have forced it into debate—and this dispatch—this dispatch is the text upon which, trust me, commentators will not be wanting!

The unqualified denial which Lord Brougham gives, in the introduction to these speeches, to the perpetual babble that he has deserted his party, was fully noticed in our last number. At the close of the above debate, the complaint made by Lord Melbourne on the "acerbity" of "his noble and learned friend's remarks," drew forth this unanswerable defence:—

Has he forgotten, can he have forgotten, that last May, (May 1837,) I both urged the same charges and recorded them on your Journals? I even pursued the self-same course of argument which has, I observe, to-night given him so great offence. He speaks of "acerbity." A person supposed to have used bitter remarks is perhaps not a judge of the comparative "acerbity" of his different observations—nor is that person possibly, against whom they have been employed. But I venture to say, that of all I said this night, the portion which he felt the most bitter, and to which, be it observed in passing, he made not the least allusion, was my comparison of his conduct towards unrepresented Canada and well-represented Ireland. Well—last May I drew the very same comparison, and nearly in the same terms—made the same quotations from the Ministerial speeches in the Commons—and recorded the substance of the comparison in my protest. My Lords, I indignantly and peremptorily deny that the motive or principle of my conduct is changed. But I know that the changed conduct of others has compelled me to oppose them, in order that I may not change my own principles. Do the Ministers desire to know what will restore me to their support, and make me once more fight zealously in their ranks, as I once fought with them against the majority of your Lordships? I will tell them at once! Let them retract their declaration against Reform, delivered the first night of this session, and their second declaration—by which (to use the Noble Viscount's phrase) they *exacerbated* the first; or let them, without any retraction, only bring forward liberal and constitutional measures—they will have no more zealous supporter than myself. But, in the meantime, I now hurl my defiance at his head—I repeat it—I hurl at his head this defiance—I defy him to point out any, the slightest, indication of any one part of my public conduct having, even for one instant, been affected, in any manner of way, by feelings of a private and personal nature, or been regulated by any one consideration, except the sense of what I owe to my own principles, and to the interests of the country!

Upon this occasion Lord Brougham seems to have been not a little nettled by Lord Melbourne, certainly in sheer ignorance and with no disrespectful meaning, designating Robertson the historian, that kinsman of whom Lord Brougham has so much reason to be proud, "a florid and fanciful writer."*

• Upon another very recent occasion, the third reading of the Slave Vessels' Bill, Lord Minto took occasion to wander from the coast of Africa to the woolsack, and to attack Lord Brougham as a disappointed man, actuated by selfish motives in his opposition. This was in presence of Lord Melbourne and of the other Ministers who are Peers, and upon, we think, the 26th of July last. Lord Brougham thus attacked, defended himself face to face with those *quidam friends* of his, not one of whom replied one word to his statements. They sat dumb; but it is not a little remarkable, that his speech, or personal defence, call it as we will, which had been found unanswerable in the House of Peers, is not to be found in any London journal, save *The Sun*; though, after special notice had been drawn to it, it did appear in at least one provincial paper. We can give but a small specimen; but, until that be satisfactorily answered it may suffice." He admitted that the Great Seal was an object of ambition to honourable minds, but then

An admirable argumentative introduction to a speech on the *Privileges of Parliament*, which Lord Brougham delivered when, as Lord Chancellor, he pronounced judgment in the case of *Wellesley v. the Duke of Beaufort*, carries complete conviction. Jealous, as every liberal man must be, of the infringement of the constitutional and necessary privileges of Members of Parliament—even when, as at present, we have a Parliament not worth caring a pin about—the monstrous doctrines promulgated, and the pretensions lately set up, required to be exposed. We only wish that our worthy representatives would make use of the unquestionable privileges guaranteed to them by

the laws of Parliament, the privileges akin to those which Lord Brougham employed in condemning the Irish judges.

The "Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients," some brief illustrative specimens of modern eloquence, and an Appendix containing critical remarks on the orations of the ancients, with a translation of Demosthenes' oration upon the affairs of the Chersonese, and of the peroration of the second philippic of Cicero against Mark Anthony, together with numerous notes and different readings—conclude this memorable work. This latter section, though intimately connected with the studies and pursuits of the greatest of

if his object was to let in the Tories, Lord Lyndhurst must be their Chancellor, which could not particularly gratify him:—He recommended Lord Cottenham, for he (Lord Brougham) conceived that he made an excellent Judge in Equity, and gave general satisfaction. Why, then, should he, (Lord Brougham,) having set up the nine-pin, be so anxious to knock it down again? All this the noble Earl (Minto) passed over, in the wit of the lightsome and merry mood he was in. Possibly, indeed, he was not in the secret. But this was not his only omission as to facts—and facts which he must be aware of—though he might not be acquainted with the one he (Lord Brougham) had just adverted to. If his (Lord Brougham's) quarrel with the Government had anything at all to do with the Great Seal, why did he not oppose them in 1835 when the Ministry was formed? Why not, in 1836, when the Seal was given to its present holder? Why not in 1837? These were known facts and dates, which there was no getting over—and the retail dealers in falsehood who defend the Government through the press, wilfully shut their eyes to these well-known things. But till this evening, he had never known any Minister who deemed it becoming or discreet to take the same line. Yet, surely the Noble Earl must know that the quarrel, if quarrel there had been, on account of office, and the Great Seal, was complete in May 1835; and yet how had he (Lord Brougham) acted? If his opposition to the Government had any connexion whatever with his not being Chancellor, how did it happen, that, in the whole session of 1835, he had stood by the Government helping them at every turn—lifting them whenever he could out of the mire—keeping their heads above water to the best of his small means—saving, as far as his utmost exertions could, their existence for some months, during which they were fluttering between life and death; defending them at a moment when the least attack must have tumbled them down from their slippery position? Had he not, at the end of a laborious session of judicial business, in which he had presided voluntarily in the House, notoriously sacrificed his own health, by undertaking the defence of the Government, during the laborious month's combat on the English Municipal Bill? Had he not fought that bill through all its stages, for and with the Government, whose whole existence depended upon the measure? Then, in 1836, though absent at first for three months through illness, brought on by his support of the Government the autumn before, yet for the last two months of the session, he (Lord Brougham) was quite recovered, and announced to the Government his ability to attend Parliament; but he did not—and why? Because on two important Reform questions he was compelled to differ from the Ministry; and he was informed by them that his opposition might be fatal, as they were then circumstanced. All this was probably new to the Noble Earl, (Minto.) He was not in the secret. His colleagues told him what they liked about navy matters, and gave him their opinion about quadruple treaties, setting him down somewhat bluntly and unceremoniously—but this, which happened in 1836, they had not told him; yet certain it was that he, (Lord Brougham,) at their desire, had kept away, in order to keep them in their places. And yet the noble Earl, not being in the secret, supposed, with some of the Government newspapers, that, his (Lord Brougham's) not being in office was the cause of his differing with the Ministers, and made him wish to turn them out, in order that he might again seize the Great Seal. Those newspaper authorities, however, from which the noble Earl took his facts, should have known, and so should the noble Earl, that his (Lord Brougham's) opposition, even in 1837, was confined to entering a reluctant protest against the Canada Bill, which had produced a civil war, and that in all other measures he had, during that session, supported the Ministry. His opposition only began, as every man in the country knew, and as these slanderous assailants alone wilfully forget, when in November last the Government took a new line against reform of Parliament, and other reforms; and when, on that, and on their extravagant Civil List, and their Canada Bills, and the Slave Question, they had compelled him to oppose them, if he (Lord B.) did not mean to abandon all his most sacred and most constantly avowed principles and feelings upon the whole policy of the State. These things were quite notorious—they were facts, and even had dates, which at once dispelled the whole charges made by wilful fabrications out of doors, and at length, with an indiscreetness which great wits, like the noble Earl, are too subject, brought forward by a Cabinet Minister of that House.

It would have been obliging if the Ministers themselves, in whose presence Lord Brougham spoke as above, had cleared up the mysteries referred to, and which, it would seem, were secrets even to the Earl of Minto. But they were mute; and that man must be either devoid of understanding or of common candour, who will ever again listen to their mouth-pieces upon a subject which they themselves have been again and again openly challenged to explain in their place. Let Lord Melbourne or Lord John Russell answer the statements of this one speech, and then will their defenders have something like a case.

modern orators, is so much a thing apart, and is, though most precious to classic statesmen and to all scholars, so comparatively little adapted to the taste of the *men of the time*, that we make no apology for postponing notice of it to a more convenient season.

Having already endeavoured to give our readers an idea and foretaste of these volumes, we consider it worse than superfluous to attempt any idle panegyric upon the author or his writings, the orator or his orations. To readers whose object is truth, we would recommend a very homely, but a true test of the utility of the work. Let them examine the mere index, and say what other body of writings indicates so many of those

topics most interesting to the happiness, and the moral and social progress of the human race, in its most magnificent as well as in its most important private relations; so many topics that bear practically on the affairs of every man's business and bosom, and which go so directly towards raising and improving the entire social edifice. It is enough to add, that these topics are treated with that solidity of judgment, that largeness and justness of view, that self-reliance, indomitable energy of purpose, and affluence of the Knowledge which is Power, which his bitterest enemies allow to distinguish Lord Brougham.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE DURHAM AND BULLER ORDINANCES, IN THE CASE OF SIR THOMAS ARMSTRONG, TRIED BY LORD CHIEF JUSTICE JEFFERIES.

Clerk of the Crown.—*Thomas Armstrong*, Hold up thy hand. Thou hast been indicted in *London*, &c. &c. What hast thou to say for thyself, why execution should not be awarded against thee upon that attainder, according to law?

Sir Thomas Armstrong.—My Lord, I was beyond the sea, at the time of my outlawry; I beg I may be tried.

Lord Chief Justice (Jefferies).—That is not material at all to us; we have here a record of outlawry against you, Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas Armstrong.—I desire to be put upon my trial, my Lord.

Lord Chief Justice.—We cannot allow any such thing; we have nothing to do upon this record before us, but to award execution. Captain *Richardson*, what are your usual days of execution?

Captain Richardson.—*Wednesdays and Fridays*, my Lord.

Mrs Matthews.—Here is a statute, my Lord.

Lord Chief Justice.—What is the matter with that gentleman?

Sir Thomas Armstrong.—Hold your tongue. My Lord, there is a statute made in the sixth year of Edward the Sixth, which I desire may be read.

[Stat. 5 & 6 Edw. 6, c. 11, read.]

Mr Attorney-General.—Sir Thomas, I suppose, will now shew he yielded himself to your Lordship.

Lord Chief Justice.—This is the first time I have seen Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas Armstrong.—My Lord, I have been a prisoner, and the year is not yet out; I now render myself.

Mr Attorney-General.—Before he went out of *England* he might have rendered himself and been tried, if he pleased.

Sir Thomas Armstrong.—I am within the benefit of the statute, I conceive, my Lord.

Lord Chief Justice.—We think otherwise, Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas Armstrong.—My Lord, I beg I may have counsel to plead for me in this case.

Lord Chief Justice.—For what reason? We are of opinion it is not a matter of any doubt. For you must not go under the apprehension that we deny you anything that is right; there is no doubt nor difficulty at all in the thing.

Sir Thomas Armstrong.—Methinks, my Lord, the statute is plain.

Lord Chief Justice.—So it is very plain that you can have no advantage by it. Captain Richardson, you shall have a rule for execution on Friday next.

Sir Thomas Armstrong.—A little while ago there was one in this place had the benefit of a trial offered him, if he would accept of it; that is the thing I desire now, and I thank God, my case is quite another thing than his—I know my own innocence; and I desire to make it appear by a trial.

Mrs Matthews.—I hope you will not murder my father; this is murdering a man.

Lord Chief Justice.—Who is this woman? Marshal, take her into custody.—Why, how now? Because your relation is attainted for high treason, must you take upon you to tax the courts of justice for murder, when we grant the execution according to law? Take her away.

Sir Thomas Armstrong.—I ought to have the benefit of the law, and I demand no more.

Lord Chief Justice.—That you shall have by the grace of God. See that execution be done on Friday next, according to law. You shall have the full benefit of the law.

He was accordingly executed on that day.

In *The King and Johnston*, Mich. 2 Geo. 2, K. B., the prisoner was allowed to be within the benefit of the proviso; and, though he had escaped out of prison and was retaken in England, was admitted to prove himself beyond sea at the time of the outlawry, which, being therefore reversed, he was admitted to a trial, and acquitted. *Armstrong's case* was declared a precedent not fit to be followed.—*State Trials*.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Hammer's Correspondence.

SIR HENRY BUNBURY, in searching his family archives, has discovered a number of letters and other writings of a very miscellaneous character, from which he has selected the contents of a goodly volume, containing a considerable quantity of really curious matter, and a more moderate infusion of papers of some interest and value. Amongst the latter, are an epistle sent by Wordsworth to Fox, with the "Lyrical Ballads," touching beautifully upon the condition, or rather the melancholy transition in the condition of the rural population; the rapid disappearance of the old English yeomen and small proprietors; and the weakening of the bonds of the domestic affections, in consequence of these changes. We do not know whether Mr Wordsworth will be delighted with the re-appearance, after nearly forty years, of a letter so complimentary to the great chief of the party whose policy he has long disapproved; but yet there is much in it to be proud of, and which is more forcibly true now than on the day it was written. Complaining of the rapid decay of the domestic affections among the lower orders of society, he remarks, that the rulers of the country disregard it.

By the spreading of manufactures, the heavy taxes on postage.—[Mark that, Mr Rowland Hill!—]—by work-houses, houses of industry, soup-shops, &c. &c., super-added to the increasing disproportion between the price of labour and that of the necessities of life, the bonds of domestic feeling among the poor, as far as the influence of these things has extended, have been weakened, and, in innumerable instances, entirely destroyed. Parents are separated from their children, and children from their parents; the wife no longer prepares with her own hands a meal for her husband, the produce of his labour; there is little doing in his house in which his affections can be interested, and but little in it which he can love.

Mr Wordsworth tells the story of an aged couple, in his neighbourhood, in Westmoreland, long supported by their parish, but living decently under their own roof, where the old matron fell into an agony of mind, from the idea that, in consequence of their increasing infirmities, they must be boarded out among the other poor. He said, "It was hard, having kept house together so long, to come to this. *It would burst her heart.*"—"I mention," says the poet to Mr Fox, "this fact, to shew how deeply the spirit of independence is, even yet, rooted in some parts of the country. These people could not express themselves this way, without an almost sublime conviction of the blessings of independent domestic life."

He then refers to his poems, "The Brothers," and "Michael," as a picture of the domestic affections as they exist—must we say as they did exist?—among his neighbours the Dalesmen—

Small independent proprietors of land, here called statesmen, men of respectable education, who daily labour on their own little properties. The domestic affections will always be strong amongst men who live in a country not crowded with population, if these men are placed above poverty. But, if they are proprietors of small estates, which have descended to them from their ancestors, the power which those affections will acquire amongst such men, is inconvertible by those who have only had an opportunity, in observing hired labourers, farmers, and the manufacturing poor. Their little tract of land serves as a kind of permanent rallying point for their domestic feelings, as tablets upon which they are written, which makes them objects of memory, in a thousand instances in which they

would be otherwise forgotten. This class of men is rapidly disappearing. You, sir, have a conscientiousness, upon which every good man will congratulate you, that the whole of your public conduct has, in one way or other, been directed to the preservation of this class of men, and those who hold similar situations. You have felt that the most sacred of all property is the property of the poor. The two poems which I have mentioned, I have written with a view to shew that men who do not wear fine clothes can feel deeply.

This is a lesson which, we apprehend, the great world, and also the middle world, still require to be taught—those who speak of "the great unwashed," "the mob," "the horny-handed," with "shocking bad taste," &c. &c. &c. Mr Wordsworth, by the way, ought to forgive the French Revolution, which, in place of a handful of corrupted nobles and churchmen, has created small proprietors, by tens and hundreds of thousands. One of the most interesting portions of the volume, is a long autobiographical letter from Czarbe to Burke, which will form a valuable appendage to the one given by the poet's sons, in their recent memoirs of their eminent father. The letter had, with many others, fallen into the hands of the late Sir Charles Bunbury. There is also a letter from poor Bloomfield to the Baronet, describing his fortunes and adventures, when engaged—wretched, degrading trade!—in soliciting the patronage of the great and fashionable in London, to whom Sir Charles, it would seem, had given him letters of introduction.

Mr Windham was too much engaged to see me. The Earl of Carlisle sent a message to the same effect, but added, that, if I would call any morning next week, he would be glad to speak to me. Accordingly, I took a charming walk in Hyde Park, and called a second time, when his Lordship sent down for my address, and said he should see Sir Charles Bunbury. On the same day, at half-past one, I met with a civil reception from the servants at Devonshire House. But the Duchess was not up; I therefore left your letter and the book.

Had all along a great desire to see Mr Fox, &c. &c. &c. No one need condemn the great ones thus assailed. The true blame rests with the rhyming botes and their injudicious introducers. But these things make us forget the volume before us. It contains a Memoir of Sir Thomas Hammer, who, if not the most amiable of men, nor, indeed, remarkably eminent in any way, occupied a pre-eminent station in public affairs at an important crisis in modern English history. The Memoir occupies the first hundred pages of the volume. The correspondence of Hammer follows it, and contains a few sprightly letters from Frim, one or two from Bolingbroke, Harley Earl of Oxford, and other statesmen with whom Hammer had been connected by office or party feelings. A curious letter, purporting to be written from Rome, by a young traveller to his father, and giving a minute account of the original Pretender and his little court, would be of value were it authentic, which the editor doubts. At an early age, Sir Thomas Hammer married the widow of the first Duke of Grafton, a connexion which brought him a great accession of fortune and worldly acquaintance. The lady was considerably older than her second husband. Though one of the most celebrated beauties of her time, and, in at least one point, of irreproachable character, she does not appear to be a favourite with the editors. Her innocent childish years, as traced by Kipling, and the old age of cards succeeding a youth of folly, indicated by the notices in this work, form a singular contrast. She was the only child and heiress of the Earl of Arling-

ton, and was betrothed to Henry Fitzroy, the second son of the Duchess of Cleveland, created at his birth Baron Sudbury, Viscount Ipswich, Earl of Euston, and Duke of Grafton. The bride, at her betrothal, was only five years of age, the bridegroom nine. Evelyn says, though Sir Henry Bunbury does not deign to notice it—

1672. August 1.—I was at the marriage of Lord Arlington's lovely daughter (a sweet child if ever there was any) to the Duke of Grafton; the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, the King and all the grantees of the court being present.

The infant pair were married again some years afterwards—

"I confess," says Evelyn, "I would give my Lady Arlington little joy, and so I plainly told her; but she said the King would have it so, and there was no going back. Thus, this sweetest, hopefulest, most beautiful child, and most virtuous, too, was sacrificed to a boy that has been rudely bred, without anything to encourage them but his majesty's pleasure. I pray God the sweet child may find it to her advantage! who, if my sugary deceive me not, will, in a few years, be such a paragon as were fit to make a wife to the greatest prince in Europe."

1683. I went to compliment the Duchess of Grafton, now lying-in of her first child, a son, which she called for, that I might see it. She was become more beautiful (if it were possible) than before, and full of virtue and sweetness."

She was then not much more than fifteen. The death of her husband, who was killed at the siege of Cork in 1690, left her a youthful widow, which she remained for eight years, when she gave her hand to Sir Thomas Heames, then a handsome youth of twenty-one. The editor, Sir Henry Bunbury, views the highly-connected and celebrated beauty, flattered by so many wits and poets, with eyes much less partial than those of the venerable Evelyn. Among the other papers in Sir Henry Bunbury's possession, is the private account book of the Duchess, from 1708, ten years after her second marriage, and when she was beginning "to fall into the mere and yellow leaf," until the time of her death, in 1723. On the cover is written, "Isabella Grafton is my name."

Good spelling, (the editor remarks,) was far from universal in those days among men of rank; and the sample here afforded by the only child of a noble statesman, and daughter-in-law of King Charles II., is not calculated to give us a favourable impression as to the education of ladies of high birth.

The Duchess had £500 a-year of pin-money from her husband, Sir Thomas, which would now be considered a miserable allowance for a woman of her rank, and, moreover, of independent fortune. She seems to have been a great frequenter of operas and card parties, expensive in her dress, and apt to lose money at play. The sums paid at operas, playhouses, and to chairmen, are minutely entered. Entrance money was then paid at the door of the opera house, and, in the latter years of the Duchess, varied from 8s. to 10s. 9d. Her regular presents to celebrated actors and the box-keepers was £1:1:6. Betterton, Mrs Barry, Cibber, Nicolini, &c. &c., are all down in turn at £1:1:6 a-head. The London season in those days began in November, and lasted almost as late as now. The entries of money given to the servants of the houses where the Duchess visited shew *valde* at their final point of enormity. People of fashion would then seem to have nursed their children by a contribution levied upon their acquaintances at every christening:—"To my Lady Harvey's christening, £10:15s.; to my Lady Rebecca Holland's christening, £10:15s." A few of the items of her Grace's disbursement will be curious to modern ladies:—"To Lady Jersey's woman, for a French gown, £30."—"For a stinkirk, £1:12s."—"A green embroidered steenkirk, £1:1:6."—"To Mrs Lilly, for

two pound green tea, £2:8s."—"To a man for cleaning my teeth, 10s." This is a frequent item. "Paid to Lady Charlotte de Rouse, for a black laced scarf, £16."—"Paid for paint, £60."—"Three yards and a quarter of muslin, £1:6s."—"For cutting my hair, £1:1s."—"An embroidered apron, £2:10s."—"For stockings, £1:7s."—"Paid for four peaces of Turkey taby," (her Grace's autograph,) "£5." We find such entries occasionally as, "Given to the mob, 2s. 6d., or 5s.;" "To the poor people, 8d." These, we presume, were her Grace's charities. Her largesses were upon a more liberal footing:—"To the Duke of Grafton's [her son] cook, £2:3s."—"To a gentleman of my Lord Bolingbroke's, £2:3s."—"To a fan, £2:10s."—"Paid for two quarts of usquebae, 14s."—"Lost to Sir Thomas Hammar [her husband] at cards, £7:10:6."—"Lost at cards this month, £17:4s." We find "A pound of bohea tea for Mrs Manley" in one place, probably the authoress; and once, "To the *Tailor*, £2:3s," which it is not easy to make out. The frequent purchase of "orange butter," which the editor cannot understand, and £3:3s. for "a baby," probable mean orange marmalade and a doll. As her Grace waxed in years, the nature of her expenditure varied. She began to give 10s. 6d. a-year "to ye bills of mortality," and to purchase brandy and Brazil snuff. Her bookseller's account must at all times have been very moderate, though she latterly purchased "Atterbury's Sermons" for 6s., and "Nelson's Festivals and Fasts" for 5s. 6d., and sometimes *The Flying or Evening Post* at 1½d. each. Six quires of paper, such as a Duchess might use, were then bought for 3s. 10d. "A hackney coach for your Grace" cost 1s., and "two saddle horses to Windsor," 12s.; a quart of brandy, 1s. 3d.

Among the letters to Sir Charles Bunbury there is one from Goldsmith, who, from his previous connexion with the Homecks, visited the Bunbury family; and there are two or three from Garrick, of no particular interest. One might have expected to meet with some scribbles by Mrs Inchbald among these family papers; but none appear. A memoir of the American General Lee, who was by birth an Englishman, and a near connexion of the Bunbury family, finishes a volume which the ancient literary loungers will find pleasure in turning over.

Recollections of Caulincourt, Duke of Vicenza.

How far these Recollections are authentic, it is not easy to say; but, if not unimpeachable as history, they are at least amusing as historical romance, full of the striking incidents of history, and having, for their scenes and characters, the principal courts of the Tuilleries and St Petersburg, and the most distinguished men of the era of Napoleon's downfall. There seems a good deal of truth in the work, and not a little bolstering. While the others were in Paris, and after Napoleon had signed his abdication, the following scene is alleged to have taken place, and is related by the Duke of Vicenza to the fair compiler of his "Recollections," in the same manner as the whole materials of the book are said to have been communicated, in friendly conversation. Caulincourt, the reader is to know, had left Napoleon on the previous evening in a dreadful state of despondency.

"I had not been long in bed when Pelard or Constant, I now forget which, knocked loudly at my door, telling me to come with all speed to the Emperor, who wished to see me. A fearful presentiment shot through my heart; and before five minutes elapsed I was by the bed on which the Emperor, a prey to frightful convulsions, seemed on the point of expiring. It was a horrible sight! His face was of a livid paleness, his lips were contracted, his hair matted to his forehead by a cold perspiration, his eyes

dull and fixed. Oh, the rigidity of that look made me shudder!"—(and the Duke, by an involuntary movement, covered his face with his hands, as if to avoid a fearful vision.)

"Racked by a horrible suspicion," continued the Duke, "I wished, but I dared not, I could not, question him."

"Duke," said Ivan to me, in a low voice, "he is lost if he do not drink; he refuses everything; but he must drink—he must vomit. In the name of Heaven, persuade him to drink."

"I snatched the cup from the hands of Ivan; it contained tea, I believe. I presented it to the Emperor, who pushed it from him. 'I die, Caulincourt—to you I commend my wife and son; defend my memory—I can no longer support life.'"

"I was choking; I could not speak. I presented again and again the cup: he again and again pushed it aside: this struggle drove me mad.—'Leave me alone!—leave me alone!' said he, in a dying voice."

"Sire," said I, exclaiming by my grief, "in the name of your glory, in the name of France, renounce a death unworthy of you."

"A deep sigh escaped from his heaving breast. 'Sire, cannot Caulincourt obtain this favour of you?'"

"I was bending over the bed, my tears fell upon his face; he fixed his eyes upon me with an undefinable expression. I held the cup to him; at length he drank. A vomiting, accompanied with violent spasms, threw all of us into a mortal fear. Exhausted, he fell back almost lifeless on his pillow."

"Ivan, with a distracted air, said, 'He must, he must drink again!—he is lost—he is lost if he do not drink.'"

"I again commenced my entreaties, and he resisted them. At length, by dint of supplications and prayers, he drank at intervals, and repeated vomitings brought some relief. The cramp in the stomach became less violent, his limbs became more supple, the contraction of his features ceased by degrees. He was saved!"

"During the two hours that this alarming crisis lasted, not a single complaint escaped his lips. He smothered the cries which his agony drew from him, by grinding a handkerchief between his teeth. What fortitude that man possessed!"

"The interior of this chamber of death, this agony, by the pale light of the tapers, cannot be described. The silence was uninterrupted but by the sobbings of those present. There was no witness of this terrible scene present who would not have given his own life to have saved that of Napoleon, who, in his domestic retirement, was the best of men, the most indulgent of masters. The regrets of all who served him survive him."

"A short calm succeeded. He slept for half an hour. During that interval, Constant told me that, whilst he was in bed in the entresol beneath, he had heard a noise in the chamber of the Emperor. He ran to him, and found him in violent convulsions, his face turned upon the pillow to stifle his cries. He refused all the assistance poor Constant strove to give him. Ivan was called. When the Emperor saw him, he said, 'Ivan, the dose was not strong enough.' Then it was they acquired the sad certainty, that he had taken poison. 'Let the Duke de Vicoenza,' added he, in a voice scarcely intelligible, 'be called.' The fearful crisis seized him, and at that moment I arrived."

"Alarmed for the result of the action of the poison upon the health of the Emperor, I turned to consult Ivan, whom I thought to be still in the chamber. He had disappeared. I sent in search of him; he was nowhere to be found. This disappearance at such a moment was inexplicable. I learned at length that Ivan, alarmed at the responsibility which the words of the Emperor—'the dose was not strong enough'—might bring upon him, had taken the first horse he found in the court-yard of the Castle, and set off for Paris. We saw no more of him."

"The Emperor awoke. I drew towards his bed; the attendants retired—we were alone."

"His eyes, sunk and dull, seemed seeking to recognise the persons by whom he was surrounded; a world of tortures was revealed in his expression."

"Heaven has forbidden it," said he, as if applying to some innermost thought; 'I could not die.'"

"Sire, your son—France, in which your name will live for ever, impose upon you the duty of supporting adversity."

"My son!—my son!—What a sad inheritance I leave him—a child born a king to-day without a country! Why did they not let me die?"

"Sire," replied I, "you must not die thus. France must deplore you living!"

"France? She has abandoned me; and you, Caulincourt—you, in my place, would have done what I did. When fortune smiled on me, have I not often faced death in the field of battle?"

"Ah, the circumstances in which your Majesty is placed are deplorable; but—"

"It is not the loss of the throne," interrupted he, with vehemence, "which renders my existence insupportable. My military career is sufficient for the glory of a man; and," added he with emphasis, raising himself on his side, "a crown of laurel is less fragile than the jewelled diadem which encircles the brows of the most powerful monarch. . . . But do you know what is more hard to bear than the reverses of fortune? Do you know what it is that pierces the heart most deeply? It is the baseness, the hideous ingratitude of man. I turn my head in disgust from their cowardice and selfishness. I hold life in horror; death is repose—repose at last. What I have suffered for the last twenty days cannot be comprehended."

"Whilst he spoke, I regarded him with an inexpressible regret. Exile was about to hide the meteor which then shone so brightly. Its first rays enlightened, vivified France; and France suffered it to disappear."

"At this moment the clock struck five; the rays of the sun, shining through the red curtains, coloured with a deep tint the serene and expressive face of Napoleon. There was so much grandeur, so much power, in this man, that it seemed he could be destroyed but by a phenomenon."

It is not necessary to place implicit faith in this part of the Duke's "Recollections." Yet there were many virtuous well-thinking Britons, who considered it a great blot on the character of Napoleon, that he outlived these scenes, and especially Waterloo.

The Book of Roses, or Rose Fancier's Manual. By Mrs Gore. Colburn.

France, the country in which Mrs Gore has for several years resided, is the first country in the world for the culture of roses. Though the rose be the national flower of England, which excels in the cultivation of many other flowers, and of all tender exotics, large quantities of new roses are annually imported from France; and standards, and even stocks, form a regular article of commerce. The French horticulturists allow, however, that, though roses are easier of propagation in France, it is in England that they attain their highest perfection, and that the roses of Rivers of Sawbridgeworth are the finest in the world. Mrs Gore accounts for the general superiority of the French rose-growers in a very satisfactory manner. The high price of fuel places the cultivation of tender exotics out of the question; and the attention of the French floriculturist is, therefore, almost exclusively absorbed by roses. The higher orders in France, unlike the English, live at their country-seats in the summer season, leaving them at the beginning of winter, and thus prize the most highly those plants which flower out of doors and in the summer. The Empress Josephine gave a strong impulse to the cultivation of roses, and formed a collection of the rarest plants at Malmaison. For many years the garden of the Luxembourg was exclusively devoted to the cultivation of roses, under the superintendence of the late Empress's gardener. And now there are many private nurserymen at Paris, and in other large towns, whose sole business is to raise roses. By their cultivation, one family, the *Noisettes*, who have given their name to a beautiful and prolific variety, have amassed a large fortune. The *Noisettes* Rose was, however, originally obtained at Charlestown, South Carolina, by Philip Noisette. From the most celebrated nurseries of France, large quantities are, as we have stated yearly exported to England. We read with

chance—that one fine collection, that of Descemet, at St Denis, “was cut up by the English troops in 1814.” The injured rose-grower failed to obtain indemnification for the outrage of the Goths; and he proceeded to Russia, and re-established himself there with honour and success. Scotch roses are much prized on the Continent, as well as many of the rarer varieties obtained in England. From Ragland, France originally obtained the *China* or *Bengal* rose, and other natives of China. We cannot think meanly of British rose-growers, when we learn that the varieties cultivated by Messrs Loddige, at Hackney, are two thousand five hundred! In the gardens of the Luxembourg, eighteen hundred kinds are cultivated; but the French rose-growers are generally of opinion, that only the trifling number of twelve hundred sorts are worthy of attention. They are probably not under the mark, though new and beautiful varieties are obtained every year. Owing to the mere extent of culture, the plants are much cheaper in France than with us, even of the rare varieties; and hence a greater variety is found in the humblest cottage and farm gardens. “Vandael of Vangirard, for instance, produces annually, from slips, in a very small forcing house, fifty thousand plants of fine varieties;” nor can this be an ill-paying trade, though these fine varieties be sold at sixpence a plant, or even less. Beautiful noxels are obtained in France at that price, and consequently such roses as our nursery-men would sell at from five shillings to half-a-guinea, or perhaps higher.

The Book of Roses opens with the geography of that lovely plant, which is found in all parts of the world—for the author concludes, that, though still undiscovered in South America, the rose must exist there. Roses are found in all parts of North America. With the deep-red blossoms of the *Rosa nitida*, the Esquimaux love to decorate their hair, and the skins in which they are clothed; while the Creoles of Georgia adorn their dark tresses with the large white blossoms of the *Rosa lavigata*, a climbing plant, which winds its tendrils round the most majestic forest trees. But Asia alone boasts a greater number of species than all the other quarters of the globe. China possesses fifteen native species, already ascertained, all of great beauty, and capable of producing the finest varieties. Roses are found in Siberia and Kamschatka, and beyond the Ural Mountains, on to the shores of the Frozen Ocean. Africa boasts that charming species, the *Rosa Moschata*, whose tufts of white flowers give out a musky odour. The Musk Rose is found in Egypt, Morocco, Mogadore, and the Island of Madeira. It abounds in the plains around Tunis, and on the borders of the vast desert of Sahara. The *Rosa Mailas*, small, sweet, and of a brilliant hue, is seen blooming almost under the snows of Lapland; and the same lovely species is found in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. England has six native roses; and, in addition to these, in Scotland, is found the *Rosa involuta*, an Alpine rose. The Swiss mountains and the Alpine chain in general, are rich in native roses; and Italy and Spain have some distinct species. The Musk Rose, common to Africa, is also found in Spain.

Mrs Gore's volume contains brief and clear directions for the culture of the rose-tree, according to the best methods practised in France and England; and whether the plants are raised from seed, (the only way to obtain new varieties,) or are propagated by *grafting*, *layering*, or from suckers or slips. We are tempted to extract her modes of retarding the flowering of the rose-trees, of

obtaining flowers in winter, and of training espalier roses, but must refer amateurs to the book, merely copying out this favourite mode of training the *boursault*, and the *multiflora* roses in the rosaries of France: To effect the purpose, let the trees “attain a considerable height from the ground; and, in the month of October, unite the young shoots of several trees into a large hollow sphere, which, in the course of the following summer, forms a ball of verdure, adorned with several varieties of flowers.”

The second part of the work is devoted to the *Monography* of the Rose, in its numerous species, and endless varieties and sub-varieties. A strictly scientific arrangement is adopted. We should fear that this section of the work is out of proportion to the wants or tastes of popular readers. But then the book is intended exclusively for rose-growers; and they may wish to know minutely as much as can be known of the habits and character of their favourite plants. In the present season, Cels, a floriculturist of Paris, has obtained four new and beautiful varieties; Joly of Wissons has recently obtained ten kinds; and, in the year 1836, Vibert, who has written a valuable “*Essai sur les Roses*,” obtained no fewer than forty varieties. Mrs Gore's elegant book must be a desideratum to all who either admire or wish to cultivate “the Queen of Flowers.”

Sartor Resartus.—The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh, &c. &c.

By what fatality was it that the most radically Radical speculation upon men and things, which has appeared for many years, should have first come abroad in a violent Tory periodical? This work, which was, but cannot always be, neglected in England, has been reprinted in America, in which land we have the authority of the late traveller Miss Martineau for saying, that the prophet has found the honour and acceptance not at first awarded in his own country. A collected edition of the papers, which went through several numbers of *Fraser's Magazine*, has, however, at length appeared in London; and we are farther promised Mr Carlyle's Miscellaneous Works, which, we presume, must include his editorial labours also, or “The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh,” that true philosopher of the Radical school, and original expounder of “the Philosophy of Clothes.” He is a somewhat mysterious personage this said Professor Teufelsdröckh—“a Voice publishing tidings of the Philosophy of Clothes; undoubtedly a spirit addressing spirits.” His English editor cannot promise the *Discloser* “a paramount popularity in England.” Apart from the choice of the subject, the manner of treating it “betokens rusticity and academic seclusion, unblamable, indeed inevitable in a German, but fatal to success with our public.”

He speaks out with a strange plainness; calls many things by their mere dictionary names. To him, the upholsterer is no pontiff, neither is any drawing-room a temple; were it never so begirt and overhung, “a whole immensity of Brussels carpets, and pier-glasses, and ormolu,” as himself expresses it, “cannot hide from me that such drawing-room is simply a section of infinite space, where so many god-created souls do for the time meet together.” To Teufelsdröckh, the highest Duchess is reputable, is venerable, but nowise for her pearl bracelets and Malines laces; in his eyes, the star of a Lord is little less and little more than the broad button of Birmingham spelter in a clown's smock. “Each is an implement,” he says, “in its kind, a tag for hooking together, and, for the rest, was dug from the earth together, and hammered on a anvil before smiths' fingers.” Thus does the Professor look in men's faces with a strange impartiality, a strange scientific freedom, like a man unwarped in the higher circles; like a man “dropped thither from the moon.” To thinkers of our British nation, the *Editor* ventures to recommend the work, and he imagines that even among the

Unfathomable sinks too, it'll be true, as Teufelsdröckh maintains, that "within the most starched crust, there passes a windpipe and a weasand, and under the thickest-embroidered waistcoat, beats a heart," the force of that rapt earnestness may be felt, and here and there an arrow of the soul pierces through. In our wild sea, shaggy, unkempt-like, a Baptist living on locusts and wild honey, there is an untutored energy, a silent, as it were unconscionous strength, which, except in the higher walks of literature, must be rare. Many a deep glance, and often with unspeakable precision, has he cast into mysterious Nature, and the still more mysterious life of man. Wonderful it is with what cutting words now and then he severs asunder the confusion, shears down, were it furthest deep, into the true centre of the matter; and there not only hits the nail on the head, but, with crushing force, smites it home and buries it. On the other hand, let us be free to admit he is the most unequal writer breathing. Often, after some such feat, he will play truant, and so dawdling and dreaming, and mumbling and maundering the merest common-place, as if he were asleep with his eyes open, which indeed he is. Occasionally we find consummate vigour, a true inspiration: his humming thoughts step forth in fit being—words like so many full-formed Minervas issuing amid flame and splendour from Jove's head; a rich idiomatic diction, picturesque allusions, story, poetic emphasis, or quaint tricky turns; all the graces and terrors of a wild imagination wedded to the clearest intellect, alternate in beautiful vicissitude, were it not that sheer sleeping and soporific passages, circumlocutions, repetitions, tautologies of pure and doing jargon, so often intervene! On the whole, Professor Teufelsdröckh is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences, perhaps not more than nineteen stand straight on their legs. . . . Nevertheless, in almost his very worst moods, there lies in him a singular attraction; a wild tone pervades the whole utterance of the man, like its key-note and regulator, now averting itself aloft, as into the song of spirits, or else the shrill mockery of fiends; now sinking in cadences, not without melodious heartiness, though sometimes abrupt enough, into the common pitch, when we hear it only as a monotonous hum; or gleams of an ethereal love burst forth from him, soft washings of infinite pity; he could clasp the whole universe into his bosom, and keep it warm; it seems as if, under that rude exterior, there dwelt a very seraph. Then again he is so sly, and still, so imperturbably satiric; shows such indifference, malign coolness towards all that men strive after, and ever with some half visible wrinkle of a bitter sardonic humour, if indeed it be not stolid callousness, that you look on him almost with a shudder, as on some incarnate Mephistopheles, to whom this great celestial and terrestrial round, after all, were but some huge foolish whirligig, where kings and beggars, and angels and demons, and stars and street-sweepings, were chaotically whirled, in which only children would take interest. . . . Certainly a most self-enclosed, altogether enigmatic nature this of Teufelsdröckh!

We must, however, leave the reader to discover how these singular characteristics of the Professor are unfolded in the course of his lucubrations on the Philosophy of Clothes. These lucubrations have puzzled both the Old and the New World. Editors and Booksellers' Tasters have been at a loss what to make of them, or even to determine whether the affair presented as a translation from the German, was not what the English call a *hoax*, and the Yankees a *hoax*. The *North American Reviewer* had been nearly fairly bitten, though his rare sagacity finally discovered that Professor Teufelsdröckh is about as real a personage as Tristram Shandy's father, Captain Gulliver, or Don Quixote. We can, no more than the English translator, promise the Professor's discursive, light, profound, quaint, and humorous disquisitions, a permanent popularity in England; but this we promise: those who can *taste* him, will not easily forget his race.

The Hebrew Wife; or, The Laws of Marriage Examined.

This is a reprint of a treatise by S. E. DWIGHT, an acute American lawyer, which has been warmly recommended by Dr Wardlaw of Glasgow, and printed in

consequence. There is no one of these writings now, we believe, legitimated by the legislature of the United States, to which the reverend Doctor feels strong repugnance; and, as we conceive, not without grave reasons. His remarks—"There are cases of affinity, respecting which doubts have been entertained whether they are within or without the line drawn by the Divine law in regard to matrimonial union; and, in not a few instances, as might have been anticipated, such doubts have given way before the strength of inclination. I need not shrink from saying that I refer especially to marriages on the part of widowers with the sisters of their former wives. In the volume before us, ('The Hebrew Wife,') these doubts are settled in the only way that is consistent with the safety of either the virtue or the happiness of domestic life; both of which would, in many ways, be endangered by such an extension of that sacred boundary as some have pleaded for: and the decisions of the inspired Volume are satisfactorily shown to be in full harmony with the secure maintenance of that

Only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the Fall."

Mr Dwight complains that the American Legislatures have unsettled a law which subsisted undisturbed under the Israelitish church for fifteen centuries, and under the Christian church for more than seventeen.

"The Hebrew Wife" is, from the nature of the subject, a very learned and curious work. Dr Wardlaw expresses the highest admiration for the scholar-like style in which it is executed. We shall cite but one passage relating to the marriage *law-makers*:—"The curious reader, in examining some of our statute books, will be struck with sundry nice distinctions made between lawful and unlawful marriages. In various instances he will find that a man is allowed to marry his wife's sister or niece, while a woman is forbidden to marry her husband's brother or nephew. In endeavouring to account for these distinctions, he may perhaps imagine that the law-makers were guided by the modern notion—that a woman is more nearly related to her husband than a man to his wife. This, however, could not have occasioned them; for the statutes in which they are found were made before the publication of the pamphlet in which this notion was first promulgated. Their real origin is to be traced to the following facts:—The law-makers were *exclusively* men; men usually wish to marry women who are younger than themselves; men commonly prefer maids to widows. A brother's wife and an uncle's wife must, of course, be widows, and the latter is usually older than her co-relative, a husband's nephew; but this is not the case with a wife's sister or a wife's niece. Had the law-makers been women, as ladies are willing to marry men older than themselves, and do not refuse widowers when they cannot get bachelors, the popular feeling in the legislatures would probably have been in favour of all four of the exemptions, and would, doubtless, have required a brother's wife and an uncle's wife to be placed on as high ground as a wife's sister and a wife's niece. This operation of female views and sympathies on our marriage acts, would have brushed away several odious distinctions without a difference, and would have put widows and widowers on a level." The work is well worth the attention of those whose opinions are fluctuating upon the subject of which it treats.

The Scottish Endowment Question, Ecclesiastical and Educational. By the Rev. John Skinner, of Perth.

Here is a large volume put forth by an able advocate of Voluntaryism, which exhausts the whole subject, spiritual and secular, political and statistical. The author draws attention to the insidious advances made by the *Compulsory* party in their demands for Church Extension. Five or six years ago, when the cry began, 100 new churches, and £10,000 a-year to endow them, was the very modest demand; but, at a Church-Extension breakfast in Edinburgh, a few months back, "Dr Chalmers, from the Chair, and in the hearing of three hundred zealous partisans, declared that, instead of a 100, they would require at least 700 churches—nay, he would not consider the object attained till they had got 1000 of these new churches; and that, instead of a paltry £100 a-year, the ministers of these churches should receive, at the very least, the *minimum* stipend of the poorest parochial clergy—that is, £300 each. Nay, says he, we must have a church for every 700 of the population—that is, 1428 new churches, and £300 for the minister of each—that is, £285,600; and all to be drawn annually from the taxes of the nation. Now what," says Mr Skinner, "does this imply, but that dissenting ministers must be expelled from the field, and dissenting churches shut up, as being nuisances at present, and as doomed to be tolerated no more?" The reverend author warmly approves the extension of education to the Highlanders, and at the national expense; but he contends that this should be done in a national and Christian, and not in a narrow, sectarian, and exclusive spirit. The excessive and arbitrary power over schoolmasters granted to the parochial clergy, and to Presbyteries, by the act 43, George III., is most justly reprobated. By these regulations, "no dissenter who does not sacrifice his convictions to his secular interests, can fill the petty office of a parish schoolmaster. Whatever may be his talents and learning, his skill and enthusiasm as an instructor of youth, the door is shut against him by this act." Concerning the parochial schoolmasters, it is inquired, "How often do they assume in the public eye but little more than the ignoble aspect of truckling serfs and scavengers to the kirk minister; gathering and serving up to him the parish gossip, and seconding and promoting all his little darling and pettifogging projects!" And what wonder, when, at the nod of the minister and his clerical allies, these functionaries hold their little benefices?

Lockhart versus Ballantynes.

The trustees and family of the late Mr James Ballantyne of Edinburgh, have published a pamphlet in refutation of "The mis-statements and calumnies contained in Mr Lockhart's life of Sir Walter Scott, respecting the Messrs Ballantynes." These gentlemen were Sir Walter's friends from boyhood, and his partners in printing and publishing. We reserve our notice of the "Refutation" until we shall have seen what Mr Lockhart has to say in explanation, vindication, or palliation; for it is impossible that he can permit grave and serious charges, supported by documents and tables of figures, which so deeply implicate his character as a man, as well as his fidelity as the biographer of Scott, to pass unnoticed. If he shall, there is but one inference to be drawn.

Poems and Songs. By Alexander Rodger.

This west-country popular bard, has collected his poetical pieces, many of which are already well known and much admired, and dedicated the volume

to the "Master Mind of the Age." If we cannot promise the Bowerer of Glasgow and Paisley, a great fame on the south side of the Tweed, we may safely predict, that the better he is understood, the more he will be admired. Now, this does not by any means hold, save of the greatest and most original poets. *Radicals* as we are, we fear that "Sandy Rodger" has rather overshot the mark, not in the pungent quality, but in the quantity of his political squibs, satires, and *bons*. Were it not that the chosen specimens of Rodger's muse are already in every body's mouth, we might be disposed to cite "Sanct Mungo," or, "Behave yourself before folk." As fine, in their peculiar mood of cheerful laughing sagacity and humour, are "Baith Sides o' the Picture" and "Jamie Macnab;" or, better still, "Marry for love, and Work for Stiller."

A True Treatise on the Art of Fly-Fishing, Trolling, &c., as practised on the Dove, and the principal Streams of the Midland Counties.

We take this to be a really good practical treatise. The author, William Shipley of Ashborne, is an angler himself of course; but his father was also a famous angler, who lived, man and boy, in Ashborne to a great age, and was for fifty years accounted the best fly-fisher that appeared on the banks of the classic Dove. Nay, more, he was acknowledged to be such by both gentle and simple among the jealous "brothers of the angle." William I. left, together with the knowledge of his art, several memoranda to William II, upon the pastime to which his life had been dedicated; and those precious relics, after long solicitation, he has been induced to arrange and publish. In this task, he has been aided by a certain Edward Fitzgibbon, Esq., who is not needed; and who perhaps may be mere moonshine in water. The book is, however, well worth the attention of practical anglers, for Mr Fitzgibbon's garnishings and condiments have not spoiled its native flavour. It will be valuable to those especially whose fishing head-quarters may be Ashborne, Bakewell, or any place in the midland stations. The "gentle brethren of the angle" are well known to be—indeed above any other class of sportsmen; save those who shoot flying—addicted to the use of another tool, which wags term the Long Bow. Of this amiable weakness in amateur and literary anglers, Mr Shipley gives some amusing instances.

Medical Portrait Gallery.

Fisher & Son are publishing, in monthly parts, the portraits of the most celebrated physicians and surgeons, with biographical memoirs, written by Mr Pettigrew. The work begins with Esculapius, who is immediately followed by Sir Henry Hallard. Of the modern country physician, there is a very good portrait. The memoirs, though necessarily brief, are comprehensive and well executed. The Parts already published give a fair selection of the most eminent medical men of different countries, though those of England properly preponderate. There is a very striking head of Akenhead, and fair portraits of Sir Charles Clarke, Dr Blundell, and the late eminent Richat of Paris. Sir Astley Cooper, engraved from a painting by Lawrence, is one of the best pictures in a series which must have peculiar interest for all medical men. To them the Medical Portrait Gallery has indeed double interest, from the memoirs containing an account of the discoveries of the different physicians, and of whatever was peculiar in their professional practice.

Ireland not a Conquered Country.

An English clergyman, of the Whig persuasion, has

put himself to the trouble of proving that the Irish are neither a conquered nation nor yet aliens, and that they have the same civil and religious rights as the British people. His learned labour is somewhat superfluous. The Liberals require no argument on the subject; and the high Tories are far above conviction.

Astronomy Simplified. By F. B. Burton.

This very small elementary treatise is the composition of the authoress of "Distant Glimpses, or Astronomical Sketches," another popular treatise on the science. The compilation will be found useful to the young, and to those who have not leisure or taste for the study of more elaborate works.

The Invalid's Book.

Every one has his book of amusement, and why not the invalid? The "Invalid's Book" is a series of tales, essays, and sketches in prose and verse, generally of a serious character, and not very remarkable for anything, save a good design.

Hints on Study and the Employment of Time.

By a late Member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple.

This is a grave and didactic treatise, conveying much good advice to the young. Will the lads heed it?

Scriptural Studies on the Creation, the Christian Scheme, and the Inner Sense, by the Rev. William Hill Turner, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge,

Is another new theological work, which appears worthy of the attention of theological students.

Esther Copely, authoress of "Cottage Comforts," has bestowed "A Word to Parents, Nurses, and Teachers," upon physical education. She seems a sensible enough though commonplace directress.

PAMPHLETS.

Among those on our table is a *Letter to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria*, on the irreligion, not of Operas, but of Oaths, by a member of the Church of England. Oaths he considers the greatest existing abuse, and that, if they were abolished, the Church would no longer need to blush for its connexion with the State. The writer, who is a sincere and earnest man, goes the whole length of the Quakers.

Lectures of W. J. Fox.

The lectures last published will attract particular attention, from the late coronation heathen mummeries being discussed in a grave manner, as if they were understood to be anything more than an idle, expensive, and worthless pageant, got up to gratify the vanity of one class, and to gull another.

Popular Control over Party Legislation.

By W. S. Sankey.

This pamphlet, by a thorough and intelligent Radical, would occupy nearly as much space in the description as it does in the original. Let those who wish to know Mr Sankey's views on an important subject, buy his groat's worth.

"* We must entreat the forbearance of the poets, whether actual or amateur. There is a pile of volumes on our tables, of which "Attila, King of the Huns," and "Italy," a poem, form the base, and Miss Barrett's "Seraphim" the apex; and which bids fair soon to rival a dwarf Parnassus; which "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." To the lady in particular, in whom, at a first glance, we think we recognise the sister-spirit of Crawshaw, our especial apologies are due; but we would not have her jostled in the promiscuous crowd.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE PARLIAMENT was prorogued on the 16th August, by the Queen in person. The speech laments the civil war in Spain, states that the disturbances in Canada have been suppressed, rejoices at the progress which has been made in the Abolition of Negro Apprenticeship, alludes to the Abolition of the Imprisonment for Debt, the Church Plurality, the Irish Poor Law, and Composition of Tithe Bills, and cannot "sufficiently thank" the Commons for the extravagant Civil List. Thus has ended a Session of unexampled length, and in the proceedings of which, the people have taken less interest than in those of any Session since 1830. It sat 173 days, and 1,134 hours were devoted to public business. The principal Bills which have been passed are those on the Civil List, Canada Coercion, Canada Indemnity, Irish Poor, Irish Tithes, Imprisonment for Debt, Slavery Act Amendment, and Benefices and Pluralities. The measures affecting Scotland chiefly relate to some alterations on the administration of the law. The result of the Session has been to sink the Commons and raise the Lords in public estimation. Nowhere do we hear of any proposal to swamp the Lords, or to remove the Bishops from the Upper House; but the remonstrances against the proceedings of the Lower House, and assertions that the Reform Act has proved a complete failure, are both loud and general. Many people imagine that, at their next meeting, there will be less cause to complain. We are not among the number. It is our firm belief that next Session will be much the same as the last, and that there is no immediate prospect of those measures which it was supposed the Reform Act would ensure being attained, within any definite period. If not worse than the rotten-burgh Parliaments, the pre-

sent is no better; but perhaps the deficient revenue, high price of food, and the obvious discontent of a great portion of the working classes, may bring relief sooner than we anticipate.

ENGLAND.

CRIMINAL CONVICTIONS.—The writers on the English law and constitution laud, almost to nausea, the institution of trial by jury, and the efficiency of their criminal code. But, if we are to judge of it by its results, there appears little ground for laudation. In the year ending Michaelmas 1837, there were in England, exclusive of persons fined, no fewer than 59,364 persons convicted without a jury, while 16,684 were convicted by jury, out of 27,469 committed for trial; of these 4682 were acquitted, against 1498 no bills were found, 1243 were not prosecuted, and the remainder were disposed of, either on account of insanity, being admitted King's evidence, or their trials delayed. If we compare these results with those of our criminal law of Scotland, we shall see the superiority of the latter. In 1830, 2063 persons were committed, of whom 1429 were tried, 1282 convicted, and only 142 acquitted, the remainder being found to be insane. Thus, in England, one person in five tried is acquitted; while in Scotland the proportion is only one in ten. It must be presumed that all those acquitted were innocent, and that they were unjustly accused and imprisoned. We thus see the necessity of speed and dispatch in the administration of criminal justice; for, it would appear, from the above returns, that there are annually between 7000 and 8000 persons accused, and most of them kept longer or shorter time in our jails, for crimes of which they are innocent.

SCOTLAND.

HIGHLAND DESTITUTION.—We predicted last year, when the appeal of the Highland lairds and clergy was so well responded to by the people of England and the south of Scotland, that it would not be long before another attempt on their pockets would be made; and now this year we have demands from Shetland for charity equally clamant as those of last year from the Highlands; and so it will always be as long as the lairds can contrive to extract from others what they ought to give from their own rentals. As long as any money is given, it will be sure to be asked for. We therefore beg to inform the people of England, that there are perfectly efficient Poor-Laws in Scotland, and that they are in operation in two or three hundred of the midland and southern parishes; but that the lairds of the Highlands and Islands have never chosen to put the law fairly in operation in the northern parts of the kingdom, and hence the continual outcry about destitution. But the best part of the matter is to come. From £12,000 to £15,000 of the money collected last year remains in the hands of the Committee, and, instead of applying it for the purpose for which it was collected, relieving the present distress, the Committee have announced their intention of applying the surplus in their hands in building and endowing at Strathpeffer an hospital, and in the promotion of Scriptural education; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of a great proportion of the subscribers, they seem determined to carry their resolutions into effect. If this does not prevent the success of any future appeal of the Highland lairds, we do not know what ought.

THE CORN LAWS.—The high and rapidly increasing price of wheat—it having sprung up 8s. in one day at Wakefield, and the highest quality approaching the war price of £5 per quarter—the late and unfavourable harvest, and the accounts of deficient crops in foreign countries, have caused much alarm throughout the country. Anti-Corn-Law Associations have been organized in many places, and numerous persons are giving lectures throughout the manufacturing districts on the iniquity of the Starvation Laws. One of the most efficient of these lecturers is Mr W. A. Poulton, who has recently given a course at Bolton to crowded audiences. He shewed the injustice of the proceedings of the legislature on this subject, the selfishness of the landed interest, and the hollowness of their claims for protection. One of the first grounds set up for this claim, is the amount of our taxation, caused by our heavy national debt. But it is plain that the Corn-Laws have been the cause of the great amount of the national debt, and that a great proportion of it must have found its way into the pockets of the landowners. The high price of corn during the war necessarily raised wages and the price of every commodity purchased by the government; and as rents, in consequence of the high price of grain, increased three or fourfold, the landed interest were the chief, if not the only party who derived any benefit from the high prices. In the shape of rents, the landed interest must, therefore, have received a great part of the money which was borrowed, and of the taxes which were raised, for the greater part of both were expended within the country; the sums remitted abroad for payment of the troops, and for other purposes, being quite inconsiderable when the total amount is regarded. In other countries, the land pays, by a direct tax, a large proportion of the taxes. In France, the proportion is one-fourth. In Prussia, rent pays a tax of twenty-five per cent. In Great Britain, little more than a million, out of nearly fifty of taxes, is raised by a land-tax; and it has not been increased since the time of William III., 150 years ago, although rents have been augmented during that time from ten to fifteen fold.

As to the argument, that a free trade in corn would make us dependent on foreigners, and that they, by withholding the supply, could starve us at pleasure, it is a perfect chimera. In 1810, in the heat of the war, with the full knowledge and concurrence of Buonaparte, we received 300,000 quarters of wheat direct from France. On the other hand, all his efforts to depress the manufactures of this country, by prohibiting their importation into the Continent, equally failed. Notwithstanding the Milan

and Berlin decrees, our export of manufactures was hardly sensibly diminished. They reached their former destinations on the Continent as surely and in nearly as great quantities as ever; the only effect of the prohibition being, to raise the price to the consumers. It is singular it never occurs to those who are continually talking about the danger of being dependent on foreigners, that we are already dependent on them for many of the first necessities of life, and yet that, even during war, we never wanted a regular supply. For example, we get a large proportion of our tallow, and nearly the whole of our tar and hemp, from one country alone—Russia. The raw material of our cotton manufacture—now the most important in the country—we procure almost entirely from foreigners. Yet these articles are raised in a few countries only; corn, on the other hand, is produced, in more or less quantity, all over the face of the earth; and it could only be by a universal combination of all nations, such as the world never saw, that the importation of grain into Britain could be stopped.

The effect of restricting the import of the raw materials of our manufactures, which corn may essentially be considered, is strikingly shewn by the history of the wool trade. Down to 1802, the importation of foreign wool was free. In 1802, however, a duty of 5s. 3d. was laid on; in 1813, it was raised to 6s. 8d.; and, in 1813, Mr Vansittart, having the consummate folly to yield to the interested clamours of the landowners, raised it to 56s. a-cwt., or 6d. per lb. The consequence was, that it occasioned a great decline of the woollen manufacture, from which it has hardly yet recovered. The absurdity of the proceeding was perhaps unequalled; for there are a great many kinds of cloth which cannot be made at all from British wool; and the demand for the fine wools coming abroad, the price fell, and foreigners were enabled to compete with us in markets which we had previously exclusively supplied. Without, therefore, in any degree raising the price of British wool, or putting more money into the hands of the landlords, it injured essentially one of our staple manufactures. On the duty being reduced to 4d. per lb. on wool, under the value of 1s., and to 1d. on wool of higher value, the manufacture began to revive; and, so far from depressing the price of British wool, it rose, in the year 1834, to a higher price than ever it had been before, and the price still continues much higher than it had been during the high duty, and this in face of a continually increasing import of wool. In 1800, the imports amounted only to nine millions of pounds weight; now they exceed thirty millions of pounds; and yet the English wool-grower suffers nothing, while all the rest of the community are benefited.

The subject is so important, that we need not apologise for again bringing before our readers the precarious situation in which our manufactures are placed by the high price of food, and the retaliatory measures adopted by foreign states in consequence of our obstinate adherence to the prohibitory system. In 1820, we sent five-and-a-half million yards of cotton cloth to Prussia; in 1837, not one yard. In the same period, our export to Germany has fallen off by ten millions of yards. Instead of exporting cloth on which 10d. per lb. is expended on weavers' wages alone, we send twist, on which only 5d. per lb. is expended on wages altogether. It is thus that the Corn-Laws have depressed the hand-loom weaver down to his present state of wretchedness. Between 1820 and 1837 the exports of twist increased sixfold—a proof of the rapidity with which the foreign cotton manufacture is advancing. America now consumes as much raw cotton as Britain did in 1816. Before 1808, the whole cotton spun in the United States did not exceed 100 bales; in 1826, it was 100,000; and in 1836, 237,000 bales. From 1828 to 1833, the consumption of cotton increased 65 per cent, in America, but only 40 per cent in Britain. Switzerland, notwithstanding numerous disadvantages from her inland situation, is competing with us in the markets of Italy, North and South America, and even of the East Indies. In France the consumption of cotton was, in 1833, 262,719 bales; in 1836, 353,000; and, in the last-mentioned year, 60

new mills were in the course of erection. In Austria, Bohemia, the Tyrol, Lombardy, and in Italy generally, the most rapid strides are making in this very important manufacture.

We hope, in the struggle for the repeal of the Corn-Laws, it will not be forgotten that not only the importation of grain, but of food of all sorts, is either placed under severe restrictions, or altogether prohibited. Here we have a few of these duties:—Bacon, 28s. per cwt. Beef, (salted,) 12s. per do. Hams, 28s. per do. Spirits, 22s. 6d. per gallon. Coals, 40s. per ton. Butter, £1 per cwt. Cheese, 16s. 6d. per do. Potatoes, 2s. per cwt., that is 3d. per peck. Soap, 90s. a cwt. Eggs, 1d. a dozen. *Fresh beef, mutton, pork, cattle, sheep, lambs, and swine, prohibited to be imported.*

This certainly is the only country which ever existed, whose rulers maintain that it is advantageous to a country to starve its inhabitants!

IRELAND.

- RAILWAY COMMISSION.—Commissioners were appointed in 1836, to examine on the spot the various localities in Ireland, for the formation of Railways, for which bills had been brought into Parliament. The report of the Commissioners has lately been published; and they have come to the rather unexpected conclusion, that no line of railway in all Ireland will pay the shareholders more than four per cent; and, consequently, that none should be allowed to be made by private enterprise; but that the Government should take the railway system into its management. If it do, it will become a fertile source of jobbing; and, after all, the thing will be a failure. The Caledonian Canal must not be forgotten. Mr O'Connell has stated, and we think with truth, that he looked upon the labours of this commission as having done incalculable mischief to Ireland; for they had not contented themselves with reporting proper lines of railway, but they had utterly condemned and forbidden the introduction of railways into Ireland. It is fortunate that no such commission was issued for England, before the great lines of railway now completed or framing, were undertaken; for we believe the result would have been the same, and that capitalists would have been deterred from engaging in these useful and hitherto generally successful undertakings.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts of the crops are very contradictory; but from all that we have seen and read, we have come to the conclusion, that, even with fine weather, there is no probability of the crop reaching an average. In this neighbourhood, the wheat and oats are middling crops, but the barley is the worst we remember. The early turnips, planted for the use of the cowfeeders, who generally begin to consume them by the end of September, promise fair on light soils; but the later crops, particularly where the ground is stiff, must turn out very deficient. The potato crop has greatly improved, but the numerous blanks by failure of the seed will greatly diminish the produce. We have heard nothing in Scotland of the maggot which appears to have attacked the wheat crop in England. We subjoin abridged accounts of the state of the crop in various districts.

Dumfriesshire.—Wheat is a complete failure. Oats, on dry and well-cultivated soils, are most luxuriant; on poor soils quite the reverse. The same may be said of barley, except that there are fewer poor crops. Potatoes are very unpromising.

East Lothian.—Winter wheat is well planted on dry leamy soils; but on strong heavy soils, thin, and likely to produce grain of an inferior quality. Spring-sown wheat is short in the ear. Oats and barley, on good dry

soils, will be a full average crop; but on stiff heavy soils the crop is indifferent. Potatoes are weakly; and it is only on fine dry soils that an abundant crop of turnips can be expected.

Renfrewshire.—The rains threaten injury to the crops, and will render the harvest late. The hay crop has suffered severely by the wet.

Aberdeen.—The crops of all kinds are luxuriant.

Between Forfar and Crief the crops are generally very late. The grain crops are above an average; and on the banks of the Tay every crop looks exceedingly well. The turnip crop is in general bad, and in some places an entire failure.

Ireland.—In the west of Ireland the wheat and oats will be a full crop. The potatoes are an average crop; hay and flax scanty. In Meath and Louth, the crops are most luxuriant. The potatoes are abundant, though late; but all the grain crops have been much laid with the late rains.

England.—In the western and middle counties, wheat is very backward, and much complaint is made of injury by maggots. In the eastern counties, and particularly in Norfolk and Suffolk, the crops are excellent. In the south, the wheat crop is said never to have looked better. In the north, the produce will fall short of the harvest of last year. Barley is represented as an abundant crop, but it is feared the quality will be injured by late rains.

In Wales, on good land, well cultivated, the wheat is a fair crop, and also barley on light soils; but, in the inland valleys, the crop will be very late, and a great part of it will never be reaped at all.

The rise in the price of wheat of late has almost been unprecedented. Two years ago, the general average was 36s.; in the end of December last, 53s.; and the general average of the week, ending 3d August 1838, was, wheat, 70s.; barley, 32s. 9d.; oats, 23s.; beans, 30s.; peas, 35s. 2d. The aggregate average of the six weeks which regulates the duty, was, wheat, 68s. 5d.; barley, 31s. 11d.; oats, 22s. 10d.; beans, 37s. 8d.; peas 35s. 7d.—showing a considerable rise on every species of grain except peas. The duty on wheat has sunk to 16s. 8d.; barley, 16s. 4d.; oats, 13s. 9d.; beans, 14s.; peas, 16s. 9d. Wheat has been sold in the Edinburgh market as high as 90s. The average at Haddington on 10th August was 80s.

At the first Falkirk tryst for the season, held on the 18th August, about 4000 head of black cattle were exposed. Angusshire stots, four years old, brought from £14 to £14 10s.; three-year olds, £9 10s. to £10; two-year olds, £7 to £7 10s.; Highland stots, four years old, from £4 to £5; two-year olds, £3 15s. to £3 5s. At the great Doncaster wool fair, held on the 6th of August, prices exceeded those of last year by 4s. per stone on the average. The averages were, hog, 19s.; hog and ewe, 17s. 6d.; ewe, 16s. per stone.

COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

The increased circulation of the Joint Stock and Private Banks, the average of the three months ending the 30th June, exceeding by £818,992 that of the three months ending 30th March, appears to have stimulated trade; and the accounts from the manufacturing districts are more favourable than they have been for some time past. At Leeds, the cloth trade is very brisk, and large quantities of goods have of late been exposed at the cloth halls. At Huddersfield, much business is doing in every description of heavy woollens, though complaints are made that prices have not risen in proportion to the rise in the price of the raw material. The accounts from America are also favourable. Business is perceptibly improving; the crops are abundant, and orders for British manufactures are expected to increase during the autumn.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1838.

PEEPS POLITICAL, FROM THE LOOP-HOLES OF RETREAT.

" 'Tis pleasant from the loop-holes of retreat
To peep on such a world."

THE recess of Parliament brings pleasures of a kind that must be highly prized, but which are not often spoken of. How pleasant it must be, for example, to the wearied politician to lie quietly by for a time, and coolly overlook the game in which he was but lately keenly engaged! How interesting the employment of watching, from a distance, the complicated movements of the great political and social machine; from the strong throbbing of its mighty heart in London, to the distant but vigorous vibrations which may be marked in its farthest ramifications—at the Government House of Quebec, at Darrynane, at a Sheffield Radical meeting; or be it no more than in the humble parsonage of Knockany, where an obscure parish priest may give an impulse to the machine which is felt to the extremities.

The mere State machine is at present little attended to. It is known to be laid up, dreadfully damaged and quite unfit for farther operations; and attention is riveted upon the more intelligent of those persons who, having an interest in the concern, are earnestly engaged in attempting to tinker it up, and to cajole the public anew into the belief that, if not quite sound in all its parts, yet, if one rusty lever is taken away, and a new screw supplied—one wheel greased, and another hitched over an obstruction—the crazy, old, worthless thing may hobble on through the tear and wear of another year. To lay aside these bald figures:—the more able of those professed Liberals who, if they saw any chance of the Melbourne Government holding together, might not be at all troublesome with their remonstrances or complaints, perceive that its salvation, even for one session, is impossible without a change of measures. They perceive that the country can no longer be deceived. Even Ireland is opening its eyes, and the case is become alarming. From indications not to be mistaken, and which are quite as marked in Ireland as in England, there is a strong and, on this one point, we believe, a very sincere desire to get rid of a part of the Cabinet, in order to save the rest, and protract Lord Melbourne's reign, with all its concomitant blessings and advantages, for as long a

period as possible. The "Irish Chiefs," as the Irish Ministerial supporters now delight to be called, would, in general, be content to sacrifice Lord John Russell, who possesses some little nerve; Mr Spring Rice, and probably the noble Secretary for the Colonies, so that the Melbourne Administration might be kept together for certain remaining "Irish objects," which are anything but the objects upon which the Irish people have set their hearts. No one will now say that it is for Church Reform, whether in England or Ireland, that a Melbourne Government should be supported by Ireland; nor yet for Corporation Reform in that unfortunate country, always oppressed by its open enemies, and betrayed by its treacherous friends. Although neither the "Irish Chiefs" nor the English Melbourne adherents would care one pin about the fate of the three Jonahs of the Cabinet, they might have no great objection to get rid of them handsomely—to Lord Glenelg being shipped off for India, Lord John Russell being kicked up stairs, and, if better might not be, to giving the Chancellor of the Exchequer the Speaker's chair, as an honourable retreat. By this purgation, and such an accession of strength as the Chiefs should sanction, if not prescribe, Mr O'Connell might again try his skill in cajoling the Irish with better success than has attended his Precursory exhibitions. It is obvious that Lord Melbourne's *personal* adherents, those backsliding Radicals of the press who are tied to support not the Ministry, but the Minister, vehemently desire the same thing. The forlorn hope is, getting rid of the more obnoxious Members of the Cabinet, and projecting either some good measure, or, at need, some delusion of mock liberalism. It is not that one of them can seriously expect greater liberality, or more firmness or statesman-like policy from Lord Melbourne, and any new staff that would consent to serve under his tarnished banner; but the plan might suffice to keep him in office for a while, and realize their own hopes of good things by and through him.

Lord Melbourne has the Court by the ear, and is therefore to be preferred; and the non-

chalant Lord is also composed of more malleable material than little John; more impressible to the Irish screw. O'Connell's organ, *The Dublin Pilot*, has accordingly opened a hot fire upon the denounced portion of the Government, while a cross-fire is poured in by Lord Melbourne's small engines in London. Far be it from us to defend the individuals marked out as scape-goats; but we hold the entire Cabinet guilty alike, art and part, and believe that any intrigue to maintain one section in power at the expense of another, can have none other than selfish objects, and the continuance of delusion under a new guise. In O'Connell's Dublin journal, *The Pilot*, of the 5th September, we find the following passage from *The Examiner*, Lord Melbourne's personal London organ:—

None will rejoice more sincerely than ourselves, in seeing Lord Melbourne's Ministry occupying a higher and a stronger popular ground, as we are sure they may yet do, than that from which they have so unfortunately descended. But for this, as for any other purpose, be it for better or for worse, it is certain that the government must undergo some repairs, some renovation; for, constituted as it is, it cannot go through the first stage of the next Session. A deplorable deficiency of the faculties of business has lately been observable in Parliament. This must be cured, for it most certainly will not be endured.

Upon this, *The Pilot*, well-knowing the quarter whence the threat proceeds, remarks—

Now, this we take to be a very distinct and audible beating up for ministerial recruits; and this is the point on which we wish to fasten the attention of the clergy and the Irish people.

We do not remember to have read in English, or indeed European history, of any ministry that possessed equal advantages and powers for serving their country as the Melbourne Ministry possessed, on the assumption of the sceptre last year by the present monarch. But, unluckily, on the very first night of the assembling of parliament, Lord J. Russell, the leader of the reform movement and of the House of Commons, suddenly came out with a declaration against the ballot and all further reform! This at once had its effect on the people; and the Tory lords were not slow in perceiving the advantages it gave them. It was a similar declaration against reform that unhinged the Duke of Wellington in 1830, and produced his downfall. The Tory Peers, we say, immediately on the declaration of Lord J. Russell, saw that the Melbourne Ministry was overthrown; and they accordingly assumed the duties and powers of government in both houses, and even the forms of address, appertaining from time immemorial to ministers of the crown. For it not unfrequently happened that Lord J. Russell, the successful leader of the British people against the Tory benches, would find himself constrained to "ask the right honourable baronet (Sir R. Peel) what course he meant to pursue on Thursday night with respect to the Irish municipal bill?"

Accordingly, this ministry and their measures were kicked unceremoniously by the Tory leaders in the Lords and Commons, and they were driven to the miserable position of eating up their own declarations. They are now beaten to the earth, and must either resign their clumsily-wielded power into the hands of the Tories, or else come back again to their insulted and disgusted constituents. But it is useless for them to come, unless identified with great measures, and accompanied by men drawn from the ranks of the people to represent these measures. Upon this there cannot, and there shall not, be any mistake. The office, for instance, of Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is notorious, is at present filled by incapacity, if not by something worse. Ireland, at least, will not long endure that man and his crochets.

There is much more of it; and abundant abuse

of a proscribed few of the individual members of a Government every member of which is to be held equally guilty, and which the Irish Chiefs disgraced themselves by supporting in all their worst measures. But this shallow intrigue—the forlorn hope of the exclusive supporters of Melbourne; those who care not who perishes, so that the Premier is saved—cannot succeed.

The Whig-Tory Ministers must stand or fall together. The Tories, like men of sense, shun and disdain alliance with persons so hopelessly damaged; and no acute, forecasting Liberal, who is merely wise in his generation, and has any little character to risk, would take office in so rickety a Cabinet. Nor can any rational Reformer see one whit to choose between Lord John Russell and Lord Melbourne, save that most fickle of all earthly possessions, the favour of a young Queen held by an elderly courtier who chances to be her Minister, and for the endurance of which he must tremble every day that he rises. If there be any difference, it is rather in favour of Lord John Russell. He occasionally shews some power of resistance in a right direction. So much for this incipient intrigue, which can never ripen. Mr Spring Rice and Lord Glenelg might be got rid of to their own satisfaction; but what is to be made of the hope of the house of Russell?—And could Melbourne do without him and his collateral advantages?

The more moderate portion of the Liberal Ministerial supporters—those who, though they cannot defend the policy or measures of the Government, still, for some vague reason and more vague hope, desire to keep in the Whigs, but at the same time to make some progress in Reform—perceive as clearly as *The Examiner* or *The Pilot*, that, without actually doing something, as well as making vast professions, the Melbourne Ministry cannot longer exist. They, however, dread a disruption in the Cabinet. They try to keep it united, coax it to eat in its words, to hang out some fresh device, and to get up a new "principle."

The Melbournites are great men for "a principle." They can do nothing without one. It was on "a principle"—that, namely, indicated in the Appropriation Clause—upon which they proclaimed that their Government was based! The new principle recommended for their adoption is Ballot, which has the additional recommendation of giving them a chance of salvation, however small, at the next election; or, if not Ballot, which Lord John cannot in decency now countenance, then something else, to conciliate, and, if possible, pacify the grumbling Reformers. Will they do this? And, if they should promise, how far are these men of principle to be depended upon? It is not for us to laugh at the sanguine expectations of sincere Reformers, and much less to laugh derisively. Shortly after the formation of the second Melbourne Administration, we gave up all hopes of the Whig-Tories; yet, no longer ago than the accession of the new Sovereign, we were again willing to be deceived, to hope the best of them, even when we saw no sure

foundation of hope. Thanks to Lord John Russell, he did not protract the delusion.* That energetic Little Finality probably outwitted himself, for it appears that he actually resigned—the most remarkable phenomenon, by the way, of the late Session;—but he effectually opened the eyes of the nation. There is, however, charity to be extended to those who, like Mr Ward, are willing to hope still, even against the tendencies of the Whig-Tory policy so glaringly manifested, and with not the substantial difference of a hairbreadth between the principles and objects of the two factions who have hitherto alternately made the people their spoil. But we wrong the Tories. They have something like a fixed creed, withering as are its dogmas; some comprehensible and consistent principles of action, bad as they are. To those real, though very, very moderate Reformers who persist in going over the old ground, and using the old language of superstitious dread of the Tories, rather than of rational dislike of Tory and of Whig-Tory principles, we speak more in sorrow than in anger, when we inquire how they vindicate their farther trust, or place any hope of good in men, who, imbecile to a proverb, have also shewn a reckless profrigality in their abandonment of their principles, unparalleled since the Revolution. Tory Governments, the worst of them, at least possessed the vigour which placed them above the necessity of practising such manifold deceptions, ending in the shameful desertion of the measures to which they were solemnly pledged.

How does it sound to hear, in this extremity, the Ministerial advocates, hired or voluntary, bid them stand forth like men, and save themselves by the adoption of some new principle of reform, such as Ballot; or—more futile still from *snakity* men—the reform of the Reform Bill! The matter can only be reconciled in the view, that, to keep their offices, it is imagined by such men as Mr Ward, Ministers will at need do anything:—and hence, in the eyes of Reformers, their superiority to the Tories. They will do anything to which they can be compelled; while the Tories would probably have the honesty and manliness to resign, as Sir Robert Peel did, to make way for Lord Melbourne and his “principle.”

To take but this one example of the good faith of Whig-Tories, and the depraving example they are setting to future Administrations:—If ever any government, and every individual member of that government, was solemnly pledged to

a measure, it was Lord Melbourne's second Administration, to the great principle involved in the Appropriation Clause. That clause was their Palladium. Session after session, while Reformers cheered their spirit, they renewed the tokens of their allegiance to the principle of all church property being public property, and, as such, liable to be dealt with as the wisdom of Parliament thought fit. It was the thing upon which the *Finality Ministers* were fairly at issue with the Tories, and upon which there could be no concession, no compromise. They were pledged as gentlemen, as well as in their official capacity. Lord Melbourne, in particular, the chief of the Cabinet, roused himself from his ordinary complacent mood of pleasant drowsiness, and displayed energy foreign to his disposition, when the cause is merely public and not personally annoying. And how could he do less in that question upon which he said his Government was based? Great pains were taken by Ministers individually, to proclaim, that, on the carrying their Irish bill, “their existence as a Government depended;” and we have all seen how much they will peril and sacrifice in that dear cause—their official existence! Accordingly, when Lord Lyndhurst moved the destruction of the grand palladium, up got Lord Melbourne, in huge wrath. The proposition was almost a personal affront, in his peculiar circumstances. He declared that “*He would not accept the bill when deprived of THE PRINCIPLE to which he was pledged.*” He and his colleagues stood on that principle. They stood on that to which they were pledged; and—[now mark the noble Viscount's stalwart determination]—if they were no longer sustained in the maintenance of that principle, **THEY WERE READY TO RESIGN THE OFFICES THEY HELD!!!**

How we all crowed—poor simpletons, as the Tories called us, and as the Whigs thought us—at this brave declaration of the Premier! Here was a manly Minister! Here was a vigorous Government!

“Not only in point of honour, but in point of feeling, and in point of every regard which they would consider binding upon themselves as public men, he [our heroic and immovable Premier!] and his colleagues felt bound to adhere to the principle and to the letter of the resolution.”

And is it for the men who so lately made these studiously energetic declarations, and have so shamelessly, and with such sacrifice of personal and of public character, abandoned the cause they

* There is a delectable passage in O'Connell's second letter of the season to the “Hereditary bondsmen.” On the night when Lord John Russell solemnly confirmed his petulant declaration against the Ballot, on the fatal 21st of November last, poor Mr O'Connell went home to bed, and wept bitter tears all night! So, at least, he says; while, with Moore, in his melody of the “Bright Sword of Erin,” we say—

“For each soft eye of Dan that John wakened a tear in,
A drop of his heart's blood shall reek on the blade.”

Instead of going home to bed, and blubbering, why did not Mr O'Connell go to rest with a clear and quiet conscience, after having discharged his duty in warning the Cabinet Minister, as did Harrey, Leader, and Buller?—or act like Mr Ward, who, on the instant, told the testy Conservative Secretary that, by that declaration, he “*had signed his own death-warrant, and chalked out the graves of his colleagues.*” But, no! Mr O'Connell had no thunder-bolts to launch that evening. It was all drizzling rain. And what a picture of the pathetic!—

“The big, round tears coursing each other down his innocent nose
In piteous chase!”

had sworn to maintain, that the member for Sheffield now challenges the farther reliance of the People?—that is, if they, and especially *Finality John*, can only be coaxed into hanging out some other Reform principle. A principle is a *sine qua non* with their advocates. A Principle seems as necessary to their existence as was a *Moral* to the character of Joseph Surface. We use Mr Ward's name, as the representative of a class of Reformers which we desire to respect though we cannot understand why they should encourage the delusion of continuing faith in the *Finality* Ministers—men of whom even Mr Ward was compelled to tell this disgraceful tale to his constituents:—

On the Irish Church I did suppose that the Government had given such distinct pledges to the country as to the policy they would pursue, that any departure from them was impossible. They have departed from them; and I have no hesitation in saying, that I consider the conduct of the Government on this question *one of the grossest instances of political tergiversation that ever occurred*. When we remember the fact, that, in 1835, this question was the Ministry's stepping-stone to office; that Lord John Russell then said, the principle of Appropriation was one of so much importance, that, if Sir Robert Peel's Government could only exist by succeeding against the principle, it were better that the principle should succeed and the Government should fall—that Mr Spring Rice said that the attempt to settle the question without this principle was one of those impossibilities which no man in his senses could contemplate—that Lord Melbourne said he considered himself *pledged as a gentleman, to adhere to the principle*—remembering all this, I confess it is with grief and pain I have seen the course which the Government have pursued on this question.

And yet Mr Ward would not abandon these men to their fate, lest a more Conservative Government might be put in their place! It is a strange state of a country when its rulers have no recommendation save their weakness and incapacity, and not daring to be so Conservative as the present Ministry are plainly inclined to be, ever since they gained the Court. Mr Ward, with many acute persons, believes that, though the Administration has been of no advantage to England, it has been a great blessing to Ireland. Even this is very questionable. A lull has been obtained for that poor country; but the permanent advantages remain to be proved. To pull down one vile and detestable faction only to rear up another, which would soon become as bad, will be found no enduring advantage. How many lulls, and respites, and highly popular Lord Lieutenants has Ireland had?—And in what have they all ended? Mr O'Connell represents Ireland as more volcanic than ever, and loud complaints are now made by his organs, of abuse of patronage by the paragon Irish Government. The best symptom of the national feeling of Ireland is, that, being as hostile as ever to Tory and Orange domination,

the People begin to think for themselves. The vessel no longer answers so promptly as in times past to the helm, while the helmsman steered in which direction soever best suited his interest or inclination.

To come back to the heroic adherence of the *Finality Ministers* to their "principle:"—the very cream of the thing is, that some blabbers upon our side the Channel, charge O'Connell and the Irish Liberal Members with having forced poor Lord Melbourne upon the course which friends and enemies alike feel so humiliating and injurious; upon the abandonment of that single principle, which he could the worse spare, as he has not another liberal one left with which to shift himself. It is not surprising that his friends should seek to lay the blame on the Irish members; but can anything so monstrous and incredible as their accusation be really true? This extraordinary statement appeared first in *The Examiner*, when that print found it necessary to plead, in extenuation of the unprincipled abandonment of "*the principle*," that the Irish Members, not the Tory Irish, but the O'Connellites, had coerced the unhappy Premier, placed between the Devil and the deep sea, into the act which Mr Ward leniently describes as "*an instance of the grossest tergiversation that ever occurred*." The same extraordinary assertion, as to the Irish Chiefs, has been made in other quarters; and thus the mystery of iniquity deepens, and every man forms his own hypothesis as to the alleged conduct of O'Connell. Is it then true, as the Tories declare, that the Irish Chiefs make the British Minister yield to the screw as often as they have a mind? But, above all, is it true that the Irish chiefs forced Lord Melbourne to give up the Appropriation Clause, and carried that infamous Tithe Bill which the Irish nation spurns? O'Connell's choicest flowers of blarney, and his direct denials of a fact so incredible, cannot blind his countrymen to the part he so openly acted in Parliament in support of that bill, and its pleasant collateral, the million; which last, however, more nearly affects us than the Irish. But, if it be true that he was the instrument of compelling the Government to disgrace itself, and abandon whatever was of value in the bill—namely, the assertion of the great principle, that Church property is public property, and to be dealt with as such—what then shall we say? The thing appears monstrous:—and yet it cannot be denied. The fact is reiterated; and O'Connell takes no notice of it. It passes with Mr Roebuck's, and now Mr Sharman Crawford's letters; and is, like them and Mr Davern's epistles, cushioned by all the Irish papers that are under O'Connell's influence.* According to one con-

* Mr O'Brien Davern, a Catholic priest at Knockany, in the County of Limerick, and an unfeigned seeker of "Justice to Ireland," has addressed two very able letters to the "*Liberator*" upon his policy since he became an ally of the Whigs, which Mr O'Connell has not yet noticed, and with which the Irish Liberal press has, according to the *Northern Whig*, one of the few independent liberal journals in Ireland, dealt in the same way.

Mr Davern tells the simple truth, when he assures Mr O'Connell, that the people feel "*humiliating sorrow*," that he, of all men on earth, should not only have lured them into dependence on the Ministry, but actually assisted in the manufacture of those bonds with which their worn manacles were to be strengthened." He also states, that they feel " *vexation*," that, as a people, they should have been so hoodwinked, so foolish, so guilty, as to com-

jecture, the Irish Liberal Members and their friends were anxious for any sort of adjustment which might stop the course of those rude messengers, Exchequer writs, to their doors, now when their personal liabilities were to be fixed; but, in the special instance of O'Connell and one or two more of the Irish leaders, some suspicious persons go much farther. Their uncharitable hypothesis is, that the reason of O'Connell and the other Catholic chiefs favouring a Bill for perpetuating tithes, is that the tithes may in due time be handed over to the Catholic Church! Now, this of O'Connell the *Voluntary*!—of O'Connell pledged to the Voluntary principle a hundred and a hundred times; and more deeply, if that be possible, than was Lord Melbourne to the Appropriation Clause—is much too bad. Still the difficulty remains; and Mr O'Connell is placed in a dilemma, from which he will find it difficult to extricate himself with credit. This very remarkable fact is stated in the *Northern Whig* of the 8th September, in relation to O'Connell's stanchness to Voluntaryism:—

It cannot be forgotten that, when Mr Sharman Crawford endeavoured to pledge the National Association, two years ago, to stand by the principle of total extinction or total appropriation, and to admit of no compromise that would favour or sanction the continued collection of tithes for the Church, he was strenuously resisted by Mr O'Connell; and that, though the latter gentleman, in the end, assented to a general declaration in favour of the principle, he managed to get a resolution added, which he afterwards used as an excuse for continuing the miserable instalment policy—that is, the policy which he has followed out to the extent of accepting the humiliating and coercive Tithe Bill, which has just become law. Mr Crawford mentioned to us, at that time, a circumstance which we considered very extraordinary, and which has not, as far as we know, been hitherto published. When Mr Crawford's resolutions were proposed in the Association, they were referred to a Committee. In that Committee, Mr O'Connell, to the surprise of Mr Crawford, opposed the proposition of extinction; and, among the reasons which he assigned for doing so, was this—that he thought there were many of the Catholic Clergy who would not be in favour of it! The matter, however, was finally arranged, in the way we have above stated. Mr Crawford thought, indeed, that he had got the Association pledged against the unfortunate compromising, and fatal instalment doctrine; but Mr O'Connell, as it appeared, had out-manœuvred him.

The above fact, which was mentioned to us at the time, greatly surprised us. As to Mr O'Connell, we ceased from that moment to believe that he had the least notion of struggling for tithe extinction. It was subsequently stated, as a matter of fact, by *The Examiner*, of London, that Mr O'Connell was the very individual who urged Ministers to abandon even that small advance on the road to justice, the Appropriation Clause! The same assertion has been reiterated, over and over again, and never denied; and, only a few days ago, *The Examiner* ascribed the abandonment of the principle, on the part of the Ministry, to this, as “the true cause,” that “the parties mainly concerned, the Irish Chiefs, were clamouring for a surrender.”

Irishmen will not believe this of O'Connell. *The Examiner*, they will say, is labouring to

vindicate its patron; *The Northern Whig* must be mistaken. But Mr Ward, the Radical Member for Sheffield, and the friend of the Administration fully as far as any honest Reformer can be their friend, told his constituents, the other day, the self-same tale:—that O'Connell and Sheil were the real authors of the Tithe-Bill.

“I know,” said Mr Ward, “that these views have been forced upon the Government (and this is their only excuse) by the Irish Members.”

The *Northern Whig* acquits the Catholic clergy of the secret design of preserving tithes, which might so soon become their own again; and we hope this may be so.

To return to Mr Ward, or to that intelligent and moderately Liberal party which his opinions may be held to represent—to those who are either committed in opposition to the Tories, on personal grounds, or are anxiously desirous to maintain the Melbourne Ministry, because it is the least bad that can be found.—If the Cabinet hold together at all, it can, in the judgment of Mr Ward, only do so by an immediate change of measures. But can he or any man lay his hand upon his heart, and say that the same Ministers who, in the first flush of hope and power last session, advisedly and solemnly declared against all good measures, are to return, and place their strength in them now? Were they capable of such conduct, the nation would accept the benefit, though it must despise the givers. But they have neither the wisdom nor the courage to retrace their course. They are doomed men; doomed by their inherent weakness, and by their ingratitude and perfidy to those who gave them power. O'Connell can help them no farther than he has done; and they have deeply damaged him. No reflecting Reformer can longer flatter himself that Lord Durham is qualified, either by intellect, temper, or inclination, to strengthen the tottering Whig Government, where it most needs strength, even although Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell could conquer their suspicions of the noble Earl, and although he were persuaded to pocket his late affronts, and come to the rescue. Much less is Durham the man to accomplish the hopes of Reformers. But, supposing that Lord John were sunk, as he deserves, with *Ballot* and *Finality* tied round his neck, how could the Melbournites go on without him? The case is hopeless: the members of the frail concern must stand or fall together. O'Connell can do no more—and he will not longer sacrifice himself; and Lord Durham must be left to play the only parts for which nature has fitted him—the *Small Czar* or the *Sulky Boy*; while the mysterious “Durham policy,” of which so much was heard, remains an enigma for future antiquarian research. But the Whigs are now, it seems, favourable to some change in

the achievement of their freedom, and their children's freedom, to any one living creature, when they felt the growing invincibility of their own power.” This is noble. “What faith,” says this honest priest, “can the people any longer feel in the leader who, on Wednesday, wrote a letter from London, denouncing the Ministerial bill ‘as worse than ever was imposed by Mahomedan sword on Grecian vassals,’ and on the following evening, and with protests from five Irish counties in his pocket, made a speech in support of it; and recorded a vote in its favour? Oh, sir, believe me the people are sick of this blowing hot and cold.”

the Corn-Laws, some modification of the Food-Tax—and Mr Ward seems to place a lingering hope in that direction. This is a gross delusion. There will be no change in those laws that the People do not force. It was upon this very text that Lord Melbourne took occasion to profess his universal Conservatism—his hatred of change; and he was as explicit on this point as ever was Lord John Russell on *Finality* or *Ballot*. To pin the Premier down to his declaration against change of all kinds, but especially in the Corn-Laws, the Duke of Wellington, at the very close of the session, and when Lord Brougham was speaking against the Food-Tax, paid “the noble Viscount at the head of the government” compliments, which were taken in gracious part. Far was Lord Melbourne from hinting, “I do not deserve the praise of the noble Duke on this point, as I am rather favourable to a revial of the Corn-laws. I consider this an open question.” By putting the most convenient gloss on Lord Melbourne’s equivocal language, Mr Ward properly encourages the people of Sheffield to persevere in bombarding upon the Corn-laws. The Premier, according to Mr Ward, is like the girl in the farce, with her brisk lover—“I will never consent unless you ravish me.” The People are worn-out, sickened, and contemptuous of these hollow pretexts—these refuges of lies, which Ministerial advocates and supporters have, from year to year, erected, by putting flattering and glozing constructions upon a few double-handed words, used by Ministers once or twice in a session.

What hope the issue of the registrations gives the Whig-Tories, we cannot tell. Both factions claim the victory; and, though the Government influence and patronage must have their weight, Tory activity, and Tory confidence in the accession to office of the party whenever they please, more than counterbalance the temporary distribution of the loaves and fishes. In the wholesale and

infamous corruption of the county constituencies by the manufacture of *fagot-votes*, it is impossible to say which party deserves the palm. Both have been alike indefatigable; though the Tories, at least in Scotland, have been the most successful. Indeed, from the example of Lord Melbourne and his “principle,” downward through Mr O’Connell and his *Tithe-Bill* to the principal *fagot-manufacturers* and their *raw* material, we are constrained to believe that public morality was never at a lower ebb than now, under the working of the Reform Bill.

On the main question, and after the volumes of speculation and speechification that have been expended since the recess, it is clear that the Ministry know no more of the course they are to steer than the man in the moon. They have the young Queen, they have the means of corruption, and the will to employ them. They have considerable patronage, and, as usual, the Chapter of Accidents. They might turn the Corn-Law agitation to some account, could so pressing a matter be protracted and nothing done. Now that “Justice to Ireland” is *shelved*, a running fight might be got up between Churchmen, and Liberals and Dissenters, by prostituting to so vile a purpose the sacred question of National Education:—this, of course, after the old fashion of playing fast and loose for as many years as the people can be gulled, to have the matter settled in the old way, by yielding it to the Tories and the Church.

Our lucubrations have been confined to the Ministry and its props; but what shall be said of the Parliament, and, in particular, of many of the men sent to it by large reforming constituencies? Have they played their parts well? Or is there any good hope that in the next session there will be a better understanding and stricter union among those who ought to constitute the Radical Opposition? We see none.

PROFESSOR NICHOL'S PHENOMENA AND ORDER OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

ANY popular exposition of the science of astronomy can be little more than a history of the successive discoveries of those eminent men who have made the nature and the laws of the heavenly bodies the subject of their investigations. The chief aim of Professor Nichol’s work is, accordingly, to familiarize the most important of these discoveries; and, by presenting them in a striking light, to lead captive the imagination, and to raise the young student or the general reader from the dead letter to the living spirit of the most sublime of the physical sciences. The work, therefore, is not to be considered a mere elementary treatise or grammar of solar astronomy; and, indeed, its plan presupposes that the student shall be previously conversant with the routine of names and numbers, and with the leading outlines of the system. Even those “*beggarly elements*” may be acquired here, but certainly

not in the way best suited to “the lowest capacity.” The author appeals at every step to the understanding; and, not contented with asserting that such things are, demonstrates why they must be so. He must have been aware that there is no want of elementary works; and he appears to feel that horror of the trite and the commonplace, which, if not kept in check by the well-defined boundaries of science, might become fatal to simplicity. This tendency co-exists with a faculty for clearness and perspicuity in demonstration, to which we shall afterwards have occasion to advert.

It is mentioned, in a prefatory note, that the present volume should be regarded as the first of a series, of which the author’s “*Views of the Architecture of the Heavens*” forms the second link. He requests that the volumes may be taken in this more natural order; rising from the

great to the greater—from the contemplation of the harmony and beauty of our own little system, to the majesty and grandeur of the Universal Heaven—to the sublimity of the *Infinite*, which formed the lofty and awful subject of the preceding work.

In the present view of the Solar System, astronomy is traced from its birthplace, in the plains of Chaldaea, to the latest discoveries of Sir John Herschel, and the contemporary German astronomers, where these bear upon the subject. The Professor displays not a little enthusiasm in expatiating upon the memory of the philosophers and heroes, we might say martyrs, of his favourite science; and an astronomer without enthusiasm would, indeed, be little more than a mere calculating machine. The Treatise is, accordingly, filled with aspirations after the Infinite, the Eternal Source of light and love; with symptoms of that instinctive longing of the human heart, whether in sage or savage, emphatically alluded to in our author's reference to the origin of judicial astrology, as "that first and most daring expression of the human mind of its belief in the existence of a wide and permanent sympathy through all things, and also the first outburst of the ambition of man—a wild but grand effort to break from the bondage of disorder, and to unite his destiny and being with these far and noble orbs."

Long periods of obscurity and ignorance intervening in the progress of discovery, or absolute retrogression, are among these mortifying facts in the history of the human race, to which astronomy has been more subjected than any other of the popular sciences. Dr Nichol justly imputes these benumbing pauses or retrograde motions to causes which, we fear, are not yet wholly conquered: to that cowardly, unquestioning, slavish subjection to the authority of great names and to received opinions, which made the technicalities of the Ptolemaic system be regarded by the disciples of Ptolemy as more sacred than its essence, and rendered them more desirous of obtaining distinction as his followers, than imitating his high love of truth. The evil deplored is not peculiar to astronomy. In philosophy, how long was Aristotle a kind of Old Man of the Sea; though the fault was not in the philosopher, but in those who, having voluntarily bent their necks to the burden, to which they became so firmly yoked by authority and custom that they could not move save under it. From such considerations, the rapid sketch of the persecutions endured by Copernicus and Galileo, presented in this volume, has a reflex moral value, independent of the history of Astronomical discovery, by exhibiting the pitiable weaknesses and wickedness into which bigotry, and intolerance, and slavish submission to creeds and names, may precipitate the very men who assume to be the lights and guides of their age. Conceive the principal professor of philosophy at Padua obstinately refusing to look at the planets and their satellites through Galileo's newly-framed powerful telescope, lest he should be compelled to be-

come the convert of his own eyes!—or the blind and venerable Galileo himself on his knees before the Sacred College, renouncing the Damnable Heresy of the motion of the Earth, while the secret heart of the crushed and persecuted sage clung firmly as ever to the wicked belief which he declared that he "abjured, cursed, and detested!" Persecution, whether for Truth or Error,—and against Truth persecution has ever been the most rancorous,—cannot now be carried quite so far; but has it ceased to annoy, injure, and ruin its victims? Now the heresy may be connected with astronomy, now with geology, and again with something else, or with merely speculative opinion; but that principle of intolerance which is branded by our author as the essence of malignity, and which would seem something demonic rather than human, is ever active, and ever relentless.

The second chapter of the work opens grandly and solemnly with the downfall of those fallacies, bolstered up for centuries by the authority of names, and fenced with the flaming sword of intolerance; and with the reform, or, it might be said, the regeneration of astronomy. It is remarked—

When logic has done its uttermost, and ingenuity made successful use of every artifice to prove that natural which is not so, some remote or obscure mind, less than usual under the shroud of custom, and, it may be, gifted by the Divinity with a nearer view of himself, sends forth from its retirement some bold thought, some quiet reclamation on behalf of common sense, or some sincere appeal to the general reason of mankind, at which the surly logician, amid all their security, cannot help being angry and amazed, and in presence of whose silent majesty—albeit in the mere commencements of its power—their cumbersome and imposing superstitious tremble in ominous presentiment of their fate. Even at such a moment—the moment of the seeming triumph of the Ptolemaic machinery—in the hour of its glory and pride—this still small voice was heard, issuing from the solitude of an unknown Polish ecclesiastic, promising to lighten us on the true way towards celestial truths, to open prospects of the Heavens new, vast, and inapprehensible, and to reveal a more exalted knowledge concerning the power and wisdom of God? The promise was bold, but to the very letter has it been kept. By the word of this Pole, the curtain of the outward senses was rolled up, and the Universe exhibited in its own majestic attributes.

The obscurity of the times in which he lived rests over the early character of Copernicus. We do not know how far favourable circumstances contributed to the development of his genius, or whether, without peculiar advantages, he owes all to an inborn energy. But whatever his mental culture, the greatness of his mind he could borrow from no one, as of all who had yet lived, he was the first to accomplish a task most difficult for man. Feeling, with the intuitive force of the highest genius, that those popular systems of the Heavens could not be true, and at the same time recognising that the logic which sustained them was impregnable, he threw from him the weight of the belief of ages, and quietly asked whether that fundamental tenet, which asserts that the Earth is motionless, might not be false. The mental effort required, even to hesitate on a point which all mankind had up to that moment undoubtedly believed, and which had now interwoven itself with all their modes of thought, was an achievement for the highest order of genius; the question being put, it required only superior but not uncommon talent, to follow it to its conclusions. . . Modesty—a characteristic of the finest minds—indeed Copernicus, after he had obtained sight of this great idea, as search through the ancient philosophies, lest perchance there might be precious relics buried there, which

could confirm and encourage him; and accordingly he did find certain hints, touching apparently on a simpler order of things—hints which his correct and discriminating intellect speedily methodized into that system which, in the somewhat hyperbolic language of his successor Tycho, “moved the earth from its foundations, stopped the revolution of the firmament, made the sun stand still, and subverted the whole ancient order of the Universe.”

The discoveries—or, to call them by a more modest name, the bold ideas and grand speculations of Copernicus—are next briefly elucidated, and also the nature of his positive discoveries, and with that clearness, brevity, and simplicity, which we consider one of Professor Nichol's best characteristics as a popular instructor, and which he may probably have perfected by his previous experience as a lecturer and private teacher: the closest alone could never give this valuable faculty. But an exemplification of this useful power would be difficult, without the plates and diagrams employed; and, besides, the eloquent general speculations and reflections—the moral results, as it were—are better adapted to our purpose. In these we can bring forward the author, speaking in his own person, and unfolding the wonders and sublimities of creation, and the powers and excellencies of those sages who may be called the first-born of human intelligence. The demonstrations are for private study. The faculty most apparent in them, perspicuity, was prominent in the illustrative demonstrations of Dr Nichol's work on the Sideral astronomy; but, in our Lilliputian home-system, the expositor treads upon ground more familiar to most of his readers. We are not so helplessly bewildered and overwhelmed with the vast and infinite of the Universe which is opened up there; with multitudinous starry systems in all stages of progression—with that mighty maze, which, if not without a plan, yet so far transcends our limited powers, as to mock our boldest conceptions, and cast down the imaginations of the most profound sage, almost to the level of him who, prostrate, wonders and adores.

In prosecuting the course of discovery in the Planetary Astronomy, or rather in the Solar System, “The wisdom of our ancestors” is amusingly illustrated by the prejudices and notions of those who brought the whole force of logic to the refutation of the damnable heresies of Copernicus and Galileo. What they alleged ought not to be true, it was not convenient, not according to propriety, to have true, and therefore it was not true. Upon the discovery of the satellites by the instruments of Galileo, a discovery which threw Conservative astronomers into so much trepidation, and especially upon the whisper or avowal of that awful innovation upon the settled constitution of the Heavens—

Francesco Sizzi, an astronomer of no mean note, and a townsman of Galileo's, thus gravely and impressively delivered himself:—“There are seven windows given to animals in the domicile of the head, through which the air is admitted to the tabernacle of the body, to enlighten, to warm, and nourish it; which windows are the principal parts of the microcosm or little world—two nostrils, two eyes, two ears, and one mouth; so in the heavens, as in a macrocosm or great world, there are two favourable stars (Jupiter and Venus), two malignities (Mars and

Saturn), two luminaries (the Sun and Moon), and Mercury alone undecided and indifferent. From which and many other phenomena of Nature, such as the seven metals, &c., which it were tedious to enumerate, we gather that the number of planets is necessarily seven. Moreover, the Satellites are invisible to the naked eye, and therefore can exercise no influence over the Earth, and therefore would be useless, and therefore do not exist. Besides, as well the Jews and other ancient nations as modern Europeans have adopted the division of the week into seven days, and have named them from the seven planets; now, if we increase the number of planets, this whole system falls to the ground!!!” Reader! in judging of Sizzi's logic, beware of *one* inference—Sizzi was as sane as yourself? There is much emphasis in that last paragraph—“If the new planets were acknowledged, what a chaos would ensue!” Repose-loving man cares not to be disturbed by discoveries—he prefers old opinions, somehow as Selden liked his old allipers—because they were easiest for his feet. The *spirit* as distinguished from the mere *opinions* of these times, will be tolerably apprehended by an expression of another astronomer, a young German, Martin Horky. “I will never,” says he, “concede his four new planets to that Italian, though I die for it.” Horky was very valorous, but the suspicion is, he would rather have made Galileo die for it.

Dr Nichol becomes almost romantic about Tycho Brahe, the doughty and noble Dane, and even about his princely castle, for it was an Observatory, and the best the world had seen. Uraniburg, or “The Castle of the Heavens,” stood on the small island of Huen, a spot between Sweden and Zealand, which had been bestowed upon Tycho by the munificent patronage of the King, who, to induce the noble-born astronomer to settle in his native kingdom, promised him an Observatory to his taste. The Castle of the Heavens, reared on this petty islet, was filled with noble instruments, and, for twenty years, was the scene of the splendid discoveries of him who is emphatically termed, and in contradistinction to Kepler, “the Observer.” Dr Nichol, we have alleged, is enthusiastic about the heroes of astronomy, and he makes his apology, at least, very gracefully:—“I introduce no discordant consideration, for *they* also are Stars; and we are drawn nearer the *ETERNAL* by the memory of their greatness.” He embellishes his volume with several engravings of the sculptured effigies of Tycho, and of the armorial, and, as it seems to us, sedical decorations of Uraniburg. Among its finer interior ornaments, was a globe upon an immense scale, constructed by Tycho, and upon which he had fixed the positions of a thousand stars. This precious relic has an interesting history. Fickle is the favour of princes: after above twenty years of devotion to scientific pursuits in his beloved island, Tycho, by the intrigues of a court favourite, whom his high spirit had offended, was banished from Huen, the royal grant resumed, and “the best observatory the world had ever seen, destroyed.” He found another royal protector in the Emperor Rodolphus, and an asylum at Prague, where, after languishing for some years in exile, pining for his beloved solitude, he died prematurely at the age of fifty-five—repeating, in his last moments, “I have not lived in vain!”

An estimate is made of the value of his discoveries, and an able analysis given of the peculiar

ties of his genius, which we must leave to the leisurely reader, contenting ourselves with the parallel between "the noble Dane" and his young friend Kepler, who, by the way, was not the least important of his discoveries. The origin of the friendship between the illustrious Dane and the young, obscure, and, as a superficial man might have too hastily concluded, the fantastic and unpromising Kepler, is a beautiful trait in the history of science, disfigured by so many of the petty squabbles and jealousies of its most distinguished professors. To return to the parallel—

It appears almost as if the minds of this admirable observer and John Kepler, were one mind almost perfect—split into two—each half constituted not by a share or portion of all the faculties, but by the whole of one set of faculties, which subsequently operated in it alone. Tycho's genius lay exclusively with observation; Kepler panted after analogies and relations: Tycho had no power to theorize, and when he attempted it, the failure was miserable; Kepler's enthusiasm made his whole life that of a theorist, divided between the pursuit of mystical relations, and the discovery of some of the noblest truths in the science of Astronomy;—an enthusiasm, however, most diverse from that of the common theorist, who usually seeks not after truth but distinction, and is pleased no better with a great discovery, than a startling and noisy paradox: for, springing from the finest genius, it prompted him ever to search out *real* relations, and until those relations were discovered, never to be at rest. If this ardent, speculative, and often erring mind, had been truly in union, in the same person, with the faculties of the calm, observant, and unphilosophical Tycho, it could not have otherwise beheld it, than to be an instrument of importance scarce calculable towards the reformation of all science: and the truth is, the imperfect union which did take place—the happy association until Tycho's death of the two persons, and Kepler's subsequent and most pious devotion to the memory of his patron and master—has produced an epoch second to none in the importance of the truths it revealed, and which therefore will always be accounted famous.

An account of the mighty discoveries of Kepler follows the relation of those results of Tycho's persevering and unwearied observations which cleared the way for them. As a single specimen of Dr Nichol's clearness and precision in conveying knowledge, we shall cite his detail of Kepler's discovery; the nature of the first of what are often termed Kepler's Three Laws. Of course the reader must imagine the simple diagram—

Tycho had devoted great attention to the planet Mars; and without delay Kepler threw himself, with unbounded enthusiasm, into the effort to find from these facts the path in which the planet moved. They alone who know the state of practical astronomy in those days, can be aware of the difficulty of this task, of the genius, fine discrimination, and infinite labour, required to evolve it; but no reader can fail to apprehend the value of the truth thereby brought out. There is a curve of an oval shape termed an *ellipse*, whose description is easy. Take a thread, and fix its two ends on a card, so that it may hang very loose between them, and a pencil carried round by the loop of that thread will describe an ellipse. The points A and B, are termed the *foci* of the ellipse—each one being a *focus*. Now Kepler demonstrated that no system—no demonstrable complex scheme of circles or circles—would correspond with the motions of Mars, which could only be explained by supposing it to revolve around the Sun in an *ellipse*—the Sun being not in the centre, but in one of the *foci*: and on applying this idea to the case of the other planets, he found—after Tycho was no

more, and could not be gladdened by this triumph of Uraniburg—that he had alighted on a GENERAL LAW—that the orbit of every planet was precisely such a curve—and that now, the simplicity of the system—having arisen above cycles and epicycles—for the first time emphatically appeared! The work on Mars, in which this great discovery is unfolded, is perhaps the most remarkable in the whole library of science.

The discovery of the law of the velocities and that of the relation of orbits follow; but Kepler's exultation at the successful completion of one discovery, which evinces the warmth and simplicity of his nature, is more attractive than demonstrations, mighty as are their results. In the introduction to one of the books of his "Harmonics," the most fanciful of scientific men thus breaks forth—

"It is now eighteen months since I got the first glimpse of light, three months since the dawn, very few days since the unveiled Sun, most admirable to gaze on, burst out upon me. Nothing holds me: I will indulge in my sacred fury: I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession, that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians, to build up a tabernacle for my God—far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it: the die is cast, the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity—I care not which; it may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited 6000 years for an observer!"

The music of the spheres, the mystic dance, "not without song," was no longer the dream, the fantasy, which still, even in its wildest moods, and in the very noon of the night, of the long eclipse of philosophy, was heaven-born and tending heavenward.

In a brief chapter, closing the first part of the Treatise, the subordinate or supplementary laws of planetary phenomena are unfolded, and then the author is free to proceed to that branch of his subject which, properly speaking, ought to come last, although some readers may find it useful to glance over the V., VI., and perhaps the VII. chapters in the first place, and thus gain more intimate acquaintance with the personal character, so to speak, and relative condition of those mighty orbs of which philosophers can discourse familiar as their garter, before entering upon the considerations of the laws by which their order and movements are sustained and regulated. The demonstration of Kepler's laws is wound up by this striking suggestion—

That three laws like these can result from *chance*, were a supposition too monstrous for belief. Considering the relation of the phenomena they include to the Sun's Rotation and his Equator—for all the motions are in the direction of his Rotation, the orbits are nearly in the plane of his Equator, and almost as circular as the path of a point on his vast surface—the suspicion obtrudes itself that some profound secret of Nature is before us in dim shadow—probably a first hint of the parentage of these subservient orbs.

And Dr Nichol's rule in philosophic investigation seems ever

"Be bold, be bold—be not too bold."

The laws of the solar system having been discussed, the leading characteristics of the different orbs of which it consists come next in order. The motions of the planetary bodies are indeed noticed at the very outset, but only as they must strike the untaught observer, and lead from wonder on to inquiry. The aid of telescopes

is disheartened; and we can speak by experience in asserting that they more frequently, like many other helps, lead to confusion of ideas than to distinctness in apprehending the motions of the planets, and the relative distances of their orbits. An orrery, to give just ideas of the motions of the eleven constituents of our little system, with their nineteen satellites already ascertained, and their primary orb the sun, would require a wider surface than Tycho's island of Huen, and a mechanism on a scale which it is difficult to conceive. Dr Nichol's ideal orrery—of which the idea is in substance, as he states, taken from Sir John Herschel—conveys a tolerably clear notion of the movements of the planets and their moons, and one which it does not seem difficult to realize by the mind's eye. The effort will, at all events, form a pleasant exercise to youthful fancy:—

Conceive the Sun represented by a globe two feet in diameter;—at eighty-two feet distance, put down a *grain of mustard seed*, and you have the size and place of the planet MERCURY, that bright silvery point which is generally enveloped in the solar rays: at the distance of one hundred and forty-two feet, lay down a *pea*—it will be the similitude of VENUS, our dazzling Evening and Morning Star. Two hundred and fifteen feet from the central globe, place another *pea*, only imperceptibly larger—*that is Man's WORLD*—(once the centre of the Universe!)—the theatre of our terrestrial destinies—the birth-place of most of our thoughts! MARS is smaller still—a good *pin's head* being his proper representative, at the distance of three hundred and twenty-seven feet: the four small planets, VESTA, JUNO, CERES, and PALLAS, seem as the least possible *grains of sand*, about five hundred feet from the Sun; JUPITER as a middle-sized *orange*, distant about a quarter of a mile; SATURN with his ring, a *lesser orange* at the remoteness of two-fifths of a mile; and the far URANUS dwindles into a *cherry*, moving in a circle three quarters of a mile in radius. Such is the system of which our puny Earth was once accounted the chief constituent—a system whose real or absolute dimensions are stupendous, as may be gathered from the size of the SUN himself—the glorious globe around which these orbs obediently circle; which has a diameter nearly four times larger than the immense interval which separates the MOON from the EARTH. Compare this mighty diameter, or the space of *nine hundred thousand miles*, with the assumed diameter of *two feet*, and the proportion will tell by how many times the supposititious orbit of Uranus should be enlarged! The dimensions of the system surpass all effort to conceive or embody them;—and yet a wider knowledge of the Universe shows that they belong only to our first or smallest order of INFINITIES.

Our author delights to indulge in fanciful speculations upon what may be the conditions of being in the different planets; going upon analogies taken from “the dear, green earth,” which, speck and ant-hill as it is in illimitable space, is yet so important to its own inmates, that they occupy themselves much more about its single attendant than with all the other planets. Our moon's proximity is, no doubt, partly the cause of the attention its various phenomena and its internal structure receive; and Dr Nichol has gratified this taste by discoursing largely on lunar affairs. Our great vaasal, the “*arbitress of tides*,” who is even assumed to influence the flux and reflux of our wits, and to perform more functions, and exercise more frequent interference in sublunary matters than is at all proper, or than it is easy to enumerate, is so

much our next-door though humble neighbour, that her motions must ever continue to be closely watched. Her distance is, in the first place, so trifling, that, were everything else conformable, the journey might be made by a Liverpool locomotive carriage in a fourth of the time that was consumed by the early navigators in circumnavigating the globe. Philosophers have raised plenty of Castles in the Air, as baiting-places; and it is as feasible that part of that *debris* which, some conclude, has been falling ever since the frightful irruption of that conjectural planet conjecturally split into the tiny orbs of *Vesta*, *Juno*, *Ceres*, and *Pallas*, might be caught or intercepted, and converted into fuel, as many of the guesses of theorists. To resume—Dr Nichol has bestowed great pains in gratifying a rational curiosity about our satellite, by telling all that philosophers have really discovered; though he gravely abstains from those more diverting things which they have guessed and devised, and especially their serious plans of opening a direct communication with the lunars; which plain folks, not logicians, might fancy quite in time when it has been deemed probable that there were any Men in the Moon. The truth is sufficiently attractive in this case without the stimulant of absurdity. For ourselves, we were never half so well acquainted with the Moon as to-night, in consequence of Dr Nichol's particular introduction; though perhaps, as is sometimes the case with other ladies, we might have loved her quite as well when we less understood her true character, when she was only “the beauty of the heavens, the glory of the stars, an ornament giving light in the high places of the Lord.” Such was the Son of Sirach's moon; and there is the *poet's* moon, the *lover's* moon, or the Yeung May Moon; and the Moon as she notes the progressive stages of civilized man—namely, the *hunter's* moon; the *harvest* moon, which we gaze on now, and which will shine for ever; and, lastly, the *thieves'* moon, which makes up the sum of her changeful characters, as indicative of social progress. But our proper business is with the astronomer's moon, with which, after reading Dr Nichol's book, and examining his maps, we find ourselves much better acquainted. One of these maps is a miniature of the magnificent map of Baer and Madler of Berlin, which is three feet in diameter, and, we are told, vastly more accurate than any map of the earth we can yet produce. This is not complimentary to our sublunary mathematicians and practical surveyors; but it must be remembered, that the *seleographists* have the Moon much at vantage. The end of a telescope is a far more convenient station than that traverse of wide oceans, “*antres vast and deserts idle*,” to which our map-makers are condemned. By parity of reasoning, the lunar geographers and mathematicians ought to have more accurate maps of the Earth than we can shew; though they have but a distant view, they can take in an immense surface. Dr Nichol has illustrated his account of the

moon; with a number of sectional maps of its mountain chains and ridges—its soaring peaks and summits, all of which have been christened by astronomers; and of which many bear honoured and time-hallowed names. But these lofty conical peaks and sugar-loaf mountains, springing directly from the plain, and attaining an immense height, are not the most *original* or characteristic feature of the moon's mountain scenery. That feature is *craters* of varying size, which occupy nearly two-fifths of the moon's whole visible surface, either pressing huddled together, or inosculating each other.

On the steep interior declivities of the walls which surround them—walls all serrated on the tops, although the fractures are by no means deep—terraces are sometimes seen going round the whole ring, not unlike the terraces of Glenroy; at other times, as in Tycho, ranges of concentric mountains encircle the inner foot of the wall, leaving intermediate valleys; again, we have a few ridges of low mountains stretching through the circle contained by the wall, but oftener conical peaks start up, isolated like the Puy de Griou, and very frequently small craters having on an inferior scale every attribute of the large one.

It is demonstrated that there cannot be a drop of water in the moon, and consequently not a cloud can be in its shallow atmosphere; and it is a problem with philosophers, whether its epoch of stidity be past, or yet to come—whether, in short, the moon has reached the age of Mother Earth, or that at which the earth was fit for the reception of the beings we see around us. These are curious and difficult speculations, which must be left to moon-explorers, and those whom Dr Nichol's significant hints may tempt to become such—and the moon has become as interesting to geologists as to astronomers. His intimations and *soundings* about the great Upheaving Cause, that grand energy the agency of which is visible in every planet whose surface is submitted to the telescope, scarcely take a definite shape. It is enough, that the Professor concludes, that, if his conjectures approach the truth, and they are not his alone, then “the crater-form is the chief or primary manner in which the upheaving cause manifests its energy.” With the speculations we cannot here intermeddle.

The sun comes after the moon in the volume; and the discoveries of Dr Alexander Wilson, Professor Nichol's predecessor in the Astronomical Chair of the Glasgow University, about the spots of the sun, discoveries afterwards perfected by the first Herschel, are narrated, and lead to conjectures very eloquently expressed. After adverting to Sir John Herschel's observation of remarkable changes in the South Star, our author thus concludes of our own Star.

Many other stars have altered slowly in magnitude, also preserving rigorous invariability of place; and some, as *SIAUS*, have changed colour—this star having turned from the fiery dog-star of old times, red and fiery as *MARS*, into the brilliantly white orb now adorning our skies. Is it not likely then, that the intrinsic energies to whose development these phenomena must be owing, act also in our Sun—that, in short, he also may pass through phases, filling up myriads of centuries—once it may be shining on Uranus with a lustre as burning as that which now dazzles Mercury? How vast are the effects involved in such a change! The *reign* of the Sun

are not merely light-giving; for, combined with these, in the same beam or pencil, there are rays whose function is heat-giving, and others equally distinct, which are productive of chemical influences. Now, in the probable march of our Luminary, how great a variety in the relations of these three systems of rays may be involved; and, of course, what diversities in his action on his dependents! Imagination clinging to such conjectures, passes to the august conception of this Master of surrounding worlds, this majestic globe—himself organized—progressing slowly through his destiny, ever acting as he moves onward, on the inner and proper principle of each planet, drawing from it (which also may itself vary, according to some intrinsic energy or law) every form and manifestation of which it is capable, and conducting them all through a long and wondrous history. How emphatically does even this guess inform us, that we see only *sketches* of the History of Things—that a leaf or two of the Mystic Volume is all that ever will be read by Man!

The idea above referred to—shadowy though it is—may be supposed true of the whole Universe. Conceive it, also, a Unity—a scheme through which a common life runs; wherein larger parts involve, modify, and exalt inferior ones, without hurting their individuality; all going on indestructibly, and in interminable progress. IMMORTALITY! that grandest of those dim conceptions which lie looming around the outer circumference of the region of positive knowledge, and to which misdeeds of human structure are only opening—a conception whose reality we recognise, although we cannot fully grapple with it or define it—what indeed is it, but such indestructibility, such progress—the FACT that every organism has a life of its own, which cannot depart from it, or be absorbed by the life which rushes through all things? This wonderful truth is stamped on the minutest pebble; and, lo! it is also emblazoned by the radiance of the STARS.

The nature of comets, and Newton's discovery of gravitation, and the wondrous results, conclude the work, with a few notes on subjects too abstruse to be embodied in the text. If the reader is not acquainted with the nature of Newton's researches, this is not the place to trace the discovery of gravitation; but the general reflections which follow are too weighty and essential to be passed over. They are highly indicative of the spirit of Dr Nichol's astronomical treatises; and they concern us, one and all.

With the real philosopher, want of devotion is impossible; and the great but simple Newton, feeling more than some of his followers the bearing of the truths he had revealed, seems in this respect, even in the pride and fame of his immortal discovery, possessed and sometimes overcome by the emotions of a thankful child, bending in reverential gratitude that he had been enabled to look into the ways of the beneficent Fashioner and Father of All!

It is recorded, that towards the close of his work—when it seemed that the results were coming in accordance with his surmise—when he felt on the verge of obtaining one of the most important laws ever revealed to man—when, in short, he was recognising that which for ever more would bind the heavens to the earth, and constitute himself the first of philosophers—the nerves of the great man quivered, and he could not finish his task. He called in the aid of a friend, pacing his room in tumultuous agitation, while the few last arithmetical operations were being concluded, and perhaps as fearful at the moment lest his conjecture might be true as that it should prove fallacious! It is difficult now to conceive the intensity of Newton's feelings when the result was finally announced to him. By effect of familiarity it has become common; but revert back to the revolution it made in man's knowledge of the universe. No order or connection among events had then been discovered save what lay in Kepler's laws—which, limited as they are, it had required the intellect of the previous world

to elaborate; but here was a revelation not merely tracing some farther small analogy, not binding together more closely the character of the planetary orbits, but uniting them in all their majesty, with the simplest of terrestrial phenomena, and demonstrating that over a drop of spray, tossed in an apparently random course through the gulf of a cataract, or across the rocky barriers of a raging ocean, is dominant the same regulating power which retains the great planets with their moons in their sweep around the sun. Knowing how trifling a novelty may agitate the firmest minds, no wonder that Newton was affected by an uncontrollable tremor.

It is such contemplations as the above which, pervading all Dr Nichol's scientific Discourses on Astronomy, give them the added value of works on Astro-Theology. While they address and exercise the intellect, they appeal to the moral sentiments, and, by heaping up so many stupendous proofs of the wisdom and power of the Great First Cause, exalt devotional emotions into intelligent worship.

CLARKSON'S STRICTURES ON THE LIFE OF WILBERFORCE.

EVERY one who read the "Life of Wilberforce," that had any previous acquaintance with the history and personal character of Thomas Clarkson, must have felt that great injustice, and that of a paltry and invidious kind, was done to the venerable Apostle of Abolition. This, we believe, is so generally the impression, that Mr Clarkson's "Strictures," and the commentaries and explanations of his friend and editor, Mr Robinson, were scarcely called for, in vindication of the noble character and the high claims of "THOMAS CLARKSON." Public opinion had done him justice, and the press has revenged him upon his detractors—if, in relation to Clarkson, we may in any shape employ the word revenge. Even the Edinburgh Reviewer of the "Life of Wilberforce"—who, by that novel and most unfair practice which has crept into periodical literature, was permitted to give an improper bias to readers before the work appeared—seems conscious of wherein it offended against truth and Clarkson, and he even deprecates the publication of certain private letters.

In *Tait's Magazine* for June last, in which the "Life of Wilberforce," written by his sons, was reviewed, the whole merits are noticed in the statement, That the biographers of Mr Wilberforce had raised an injudicious controversy about the relative claims of their father in the glorious work of abolition; and attempted to give him a predominance over Clarkson and others, to which he never pretended. It is said, "In arrogating too much for their venerable father, and detracting from the merits and unequalled services of Clarkson, the biographers will, we should imagine, neither increase his true glory, nor raise the reputation of their own work." And if this was true before the appearance of "Clarkson's Strictures," the case for the Messrs Wilberforce is now much worse, when it is seen that the sons of Mr Wilberforce must have made their invidious statements less in ignorance than under feelings which it is painful to see indulged by the sons of their excellent father, and especially against his old friend and fellow-labourer.

So early as 1834, Mr Robert Wilberforce had been in correspondence with Mr Clarkson upon the subject of the "Life," and had given him warning of what the biographers were to say, "from regard to truth, and the claims of filial duty," but which they hoped to "express in

a manner as free as possible from all insult and unkindly feeling." Mr Clarkson was naturally surprised at this announcement; and he immediately wrote a long explanatory letter, which appears in the "Strictures," in his own defence. The Messrs Wilberforce, nevertheless, persisted in their purpose.

Clarkson, in his "History of the Abolition," had given their father his true and honourable place among the body of active abolitionists; but this did not satisfy those who would have him handed down to posterity as the Alpha and Omega, the originator, the main instrument, and sole director of that vast and complicated movement; and Thomas Clarkson as one of his hired agents, and far from faultless in this subordinate capacity. The attempt has failed so signally that it is now scarcely worth advertisement. The case was always bad, and the facts and letters in the "Strictures" have, as we have said, made it much worse. Wilberforce is lessened in the eyes of the world by the officious and ill-advised zeal of his sons, and by their unfairness, and, it would seem, studied misrepresentation of the motives, and conduct, and character of Mr Clarkson. Clarkson is, however, too deeply-rooted in the esteem and enthusiastic affection and admiration of his countrymen, and we may say of the whole civilized world, not to render such an attempt quite futile, or only dangerous to the experimenters. Mr Wilberforce will ever be remembered and admired for his eminent services in the cause of humanity, at a period when devotion to objects of philanthropy was comparatively a rare virtue among men in prominent stations; but Thomas Clarkson will be loved, and honoured, and revered, for that entire and enthusiastic devotion of the whole man to one grand object; for the sacrifice of health, fortune, and every worldly hope, to one cause, and that from the first hour of his entrance upon active life. He came abroad into the world to abolish slavery. This was his duty, his task, his delight, to which every faculty was bent. It were not more unwise than stupid and ungrateful, were mankind to keep their apostles and missionaries upon the same level with those who become the leaders and auxiliaries of a great cause among legislative bodies and in public assemblies; or, in other words, their CLARKSONS in the same rank with their WILBERFORCES. Of the latter class, there is

now always a respectable, though small number ; of the former, not even one appears in an age. There was but one Clarkson concerned in the Abolition of Slavery ; though, among so many active members of Parliament, there might have been other Wilberforces, had the ground not been occupied. There is seldom want of champions to fill the vanguard, never any want of officers—of those who, with much less labour or danger, are to have far greater honour and distinction. Universal feeling has for ever settled this particular question ; and sympathy, now cooled down and corrected by thirty years' experience, should be regarded as all but infallible in its decisions. The chief honour devolves on Clarkson and Granville Sharp ; and this without underrating, much less denying, the meritorious services of Wilberforce, Stephens, Macaulay, Smith, Brougham, and many others. With this natural and right judgment, no one seems discontented, save the sons of Mr Wilberforce. The *first* place has long been assigned to Clarkson by the *first* minds of his age. The Edinburgh Reviewer complains that Mr Talfourd, in his "Life of Charles Lamb," appears to put Clarkson *first* among the annihilators of slavery ; but Mr Talfourd has done no more than Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, Hazlitt, and all the world—the dull with the brilliant, the illustrious with the obscure—had done before him. Human instincts are rarely at fault in matters interesting to universal humanity, when there is no selfish opposing interest to give a false bias. Had the biographers of Wilberforce not been his sons, men less distinguished than their father, and perhaps requiring reflected lustre, they would most probably have been of the common opinion, and, like Sergeant Talfourd, have pronounced Clarkson "the true annihilator of Slavery," without in the smallest depreciating the services of Mr Wilberforce.

A letter addressed by Mr Clarkson to Lord Brougham, one of the few surviving individuals who may be held cognizant of the private history of the Abolition movement, from its commencement, from his after intimacy with the actors, has drawn forth a reply which does great honour to the generous and genial feelings of the writer—him whose intellect could nicely appreciate their different excellencies, while his heart could find room for both Wilberforce and Clarkson, and for every fellow-labourer in the common cause. This letter must have been written during the greatest heat and pressure of Lord Brougham's late memorable Session. It is dated 29th July 1838. We take a very few sentences :—

DEAR THOMAS CLARKSON,—Our friend, H. C. Robinson, has communicated to me your letter, which you propose prefixing to your statement ; and I feel bound to give you my testimony on this occasion. This I do with great willingness ; while I most sincerely lament that, in discharging what they deemed a duty to their father's memory, the sons of our venerated friend Wilberforce should have given you any pain. I have repeatedly heard him speak of you, both before and after the publication of your history, and I never remember any expression on his part but that of the greatest kindness and affection towards you. I have frequently heard him, in per-

fect good humour, allude to things which he considered as defects, though of a trivial nature, as your sanguine temper, &c. ; but I never heard him utter a word of disapprobation upon anything connected with your work.

Lord Brougham then shews, that Wilberforce must have read Clarkson's "History of the Abolition," which the sons say he threw aside ; and he makes an acute cross-examining lawyer's remark, shewing that the biographers who deny their father having done so, elsewhere admit that he had read and that fully. What follows is more important.

It was he (Wilberforce) who first introduced me to your acquaintance ; and I distinctly recollect his telling me at the time how much he rejoiced that I had done you justice in my book upon the Colonies ; he added—*"for Thomas took the field before any of us."* I have heard him say the same thing in public, I think in the House of Commons ; but that he said so at a public meeting, a few years before his death, I am quite certain. Although Granville Sharp had attacked slavery generally, and on one question connected with it had gained an important victory, and although Mr Ramsay, and one or two others, had denounced the horrors of the West India system, I certainly had always heard you admitted to be the person who substantially began the controversy—who first brought the question forward. That this was Wilberforce's view of the matter also, I really never had any more doubt than that he knew your name was Thomas Clarkson. But I need not add, that this never, for one moment, made me question or undervalue the services of that great and good man, under whom, as our leader, we were all proud to avow that we fought the good fight, which has at last been crowned with victory.

How unfortunate that the sons of Wilberforce had not been able to take the same true view of the question, and that they have placed Mr Clarkson in the painful position which he thus describes—

I did not expect, in the seventy-ninth year of my age, to be called upon to defend the correctness of every part of my "History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade," published thirty years ago, against any one, and least of all against the two sons of my late revered friend Mr Wilberforce, his biographers. My history was in his hands for twenty-five years before his death ; and he, who was well acquainted with all the material facts recorded in it as they occurred, never himself intimated that it contained any mis-statements.

Besides the decided letter of Lord Brougham, Mr Clarkson has brought forward the testimony of other abolitionists of the olden time, which, if they come from less distinguished quarters, are of equal authority. To shew the small spirit in which the Messrs Wilberforce have proceeded, we may only state that, in noticing the public meeting referred to by Lord Brougham, at which, a few years before his death, Wilberforce declared that Clarkson had taken the field first, the fact is pitifully suppressed that Mr Clarkson was also present, and had moved that Mr Wilberforce should take the chair. We have said that this is a question upon which no one, not wishing to be deceived, can be deceived ; that the world has made up its mind, and for ever fixed the place in its esteem, which shall be held by Mr Wilberforce and by Mr Clarkson ; but from respect to Mr Clarkson, since he has thought it necessary to take his vindication into his own hands, and out of that jurisdiction where we think he was certain of full justice—the breast, namely, of every intelligent reader of the "Life

of Wilberforce"—we shall quote this one passage from his *Strictures*. Mr Clarkson refers to his History for the time and manner of his first acquaintances with Mr Wilberforce, and proceeds:—

If this be not a wilfully false statement, it was I who sought Mr Wilberforce, not he who sought me. And therefore it is certain, that, at least at the commencement of our connexion, it was I who implored his aid, he being a man of fortune and in Parliament—not he who retained me in his services as an agent.

In this light, the Messrs Wilberforce throughout labour to represent Mr Clarkson—an agent employed, paid, and directed by their father; while the fact, as indeed the whole world knows, is very opposite. Mr Clarkson states—

By the advice of my friend Richard Phillips, [a young Quaker gentleman, studying law, with whom Clarkson, also a young man, was very intimate,] I visited personally those members of both Houses of Parliament, who at that time were reputed to bear the fairest characters. I took my Essay in my hand, and presented it to each, and implored him to peruse it, that he might become acquainted with this great subject. It was to be hoped that some of those might, by means of my book, be brought over to sympathise with the injured African, and that some one might spring up out of those, who would advocate his cause in Parliament. Among those whom I thus visited was Mr Wilberforce.

And what was then the relative position of those two eminent abolitionists? Clarkson, an enthusiastic young man, who had spontaneously at his college forsaken all, to devote himself, soul and body, to the cause, and immediately from college entered the world as the apostle of Abolition; and Wilberforce, a young man of fortune, and in Parliament, the friend of the minister, strangely divided, as his *Diary* shows, between "serious impressions" and fashionable frivolities; who, when the question was presented to him, was struck, and finally consented to become a leader in it, but not until Mr Pitt gave his sanction to the step, and recommended it as a fit subject for his friend to introduce and manage. As the member for Yorkshire, it became not more the interest of Wilberforce to be the leader in the Abolition of Slavery, than it was the glory of Clarkson to have been its dedicated missionary, with no possible motive of personal interest or ambition, with no selfish view, and with the willing sacrifice of every merely worldly prospect. Well is he entitled to say—

I was introduced by no man to Mr Wilberforce. I went to his door alone, with no other introducer than my book. . . . I found the subjects of slavery and the slave-trade, deeply impressed on his heart, but of the slave-trade especially, he had very little knowledge in detail. We had already learned from Mr Ramsay and Mr Latrobe, more concerning the treatment of the slaves in the West Indies; but he knew very little of the African department of the subject. . . . I state not this to depreciate Mr Wilberforce's knowledge, nor to claim merit for being the accidental instrument of communicating it to him; but it will be found to have an important bearing on some of the allegations of his sons. Now, in all these assertions concerning anything that passed between Mr Wilberforce and myself, I shall obtain full credit from all who knew me. Nor will that credit be shaken, because the Messrs Wilberforce haughtily decline to point out mis-statements, which they say would be easily enumerated.

Mr Clarkson does not, however, "haughtily decline" to produce his witnesses, safely as he might have rested his case upon his character.

He concludes with the testimony of Wilberforce himself, given at the public anti-slavery meeting above referred to, and held in Freeman's Tavern, in May 1830. There, on the motion of Clarkson, Wilberforce took the Chair. It was his last appearance in public; and almost his last public words were—

When I see those by whom I am surrounded—when I again meet my esteemed friend, Mr Clarkson, in this cause, I cannot but look back to these happy days when we began our labours together, or rather, when we worked together—for he began before me.

After all, it is not as Mr Clarkson says, the question whose benevolent feelings were first excited, but who first put his shoulders to the wheel—who first conceived the object and acted upon it, of rousing a whole nation to a sense of the national iniquity, and, by means of an organized committee, paved the way for a legislative abolition of the trade. *That man was not Wilberforce.* His biographers dare not say it, while they insinuate that he held back, taking no prominent part, while secretly directing the operations of the committee, which is proved to have been in action a considerable time before he had in any way declared himself. He was, in fact, so far from rash, that he was tardy; though, having once put his hand to the plough, and being cheered and encouraged in his efforts, he never drew back. It is, therefore, worse than idle to contrast his labours with those of Clarkson, whose labours would, indeed, have been impossible to almost any other man. If any one save the sons of Mr Wilberforce had instituted the comparison, it would have seemed invidious and disparaging, and done of set purpose to dwarf Mr Wilberforce by placing him in juxtaposition with his illustrious forerunner.

In his editor, Mr Robinson, the venerable Clarkson has found such an advocate as so truly good a man deserves, but does not always obtain. Mr Robinson, however, says nothing for his friend, that the whole world will not confirm, nor more than the intelligent already know—than a cloud of illustrious witnesses have testified both in prose and verse. Who will dispute—not now, we should imagine, the sons of Wilberforce—

*That many a pious prayer had been breathed, and many a benevolent wish secretly nourished, but no one public act had been done, when Mr Clarkson left his college with his prize essay in his pocket, and came to London in 1784, to perform the vow he had uttered, and devote his life to the abolition of the Slave Trade? He combined with zeal an intelligence and a power of endurance seldom found in one man. He immediately took the best, the only means to effect his purpose. He looked out for friends and associates. The first he found were Quakers, some half dozen who united in a little society. He joined them, and infused practical vigour into their otherwise acquiescent society. He joined with these few, other mercantile friends; and, by mere solicitation, going from house to house, and from man to man, he brought together the original committee, who were all collected in the city of London. But, at the same time, he waited upon peers, bishops, and members of the House of Commons; and his book was a master-key to open both doors and hearts. *It was in this way that he met with Mr Wilberforce.**

It would be mere impertinence to proceed.

We may say, with Mr Fowell Buxton, in a letter written to Mr Robinson upon this controversy in July last—"What need has he (Clarkson) of vindication? He must know that there is more true glory in such achievements than in all the victories of the heroes and conquerors who have slaughtered mankind."

We are not sorry that this unfortunate controversy, unfortunate for the Messrs Wilberforce, gives us an opportunity of bringing forward a humble, but heart-felt tribute to CLARKSON, which, but for this circumstance, might never have seen the light. The verses we subjoin were written by the late lamented Robert Nicoll, editor of the *Leeds Times*, and sent by him to a friend in Edinburgh, a day or two after another friend, a warm admirer of Clarkson's, had related to Nicoll the following anecdote, found in the "Letters and Recollections of Coleridge," then just published. This was a considerable time before Nicoll went to England.

"I once asked Tom Clarkson," said Coleridge, "whether he ever thought of his probable fate in the next world? To which he replied—'How can I? I think only of the slaves in Barbadoes!' Does Mr Wilberforce care a farthing for the slaves in the West Indies, or if they were all at the Devil, so that his soul was saved? As there is a worldliness, or the *too-much* of this life, so there is *another worldliness*, or rather *other-worldliness*, equally hateful and selfish with this worldliness." Elsewhere, Coleridge styles Clarkson a moral steam-engine. The opinion of Coleridge is thus added to those of Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, and Hazlitt, who finishes a brief notice of Clarkson's character in nearly, we think, these words:—"His hair divides on his forehead as we see in paintings of the apostles. He was worthy to have been one of the Twelve."

The mind of young Nicoll dwelt more upon the beauty of Clarkson's nature and the grandeur of his mission, than upon the corroding severity of Coleridge's remark upon Wilberforce, or his species of religionists. Nicoll wrote—

Dear Sir,—The foregoing lines were suggested by the story Mrs J—— told me on Saturday of Clarkson. When Coleridge asked him if ever he thought of the welfare of his soul, he answered—"I can think of nothing save those poor slaves in the West Indies."

THOMAS CLARKSON.

Man of the bold, brave heart!
God gifted thee with stemless will to dare
And to achieve. Men ne'er successful were
Who, with thy great endeavour, joined a pure,
High, holy heart like thine, that could endure
Hated, and scorn, and tell that would have crushed
A weak, despairing spirit to the dust.

And now!

Time tells thy name unto Eternity;—

A noble man revealed,
Thy soul of light unsealed,
Thy life a battle-field,

Where fearless manhood set a race from bondage free!

Man of the dauntless soul!

Great in restless goodness as was He
Who came like summer forth of Galilee!
Who saves one living thing is ever blessed;
Good actions soothe, like angel songs, his rest;
And good men worship round the hero's grave,
Who lived and died one land of earth to save.

But thou!

Found a whole race of God-created men
Slaves, bound and scourged, and vile with every stain—

And now!

They tell what one soul-strengthened man can do!

That race is fettered

Thou pitiedst in distress;

Thee, saviour, they bless,

Great, Christ-like, pure and holy, good and true!

Man of the stainless life!

True hearts adore thy faithful Earnestness,
Thy Hope, that 'midst all trials ne'er grew less,
Thy thoughtful Love, that hatred never quenched,
And Perseverance;—power that would have wrenched
Aught good thy heart desired from Fortune's hand.
Chance, Fate, and Change, determined men command.

But thou!

Hadst nobler aims than these the foolish prize;
Loved mightier deeds than little men devise!

And now!

Giver of Freedom! who shall stand with thee?

Greater than throned kings,

Time e'er thy memory sings

Glorious imaginings!

A countless race arise and say, *He made us free!*

Robert Nicoll wrote under the common idea, that Clarkson, who had been labouring for Abolition fifty years before, had finished his course. But the kindred-hearted, youthful poet was to drop at his own honourable post, before the patriarch of Negre Freedom closed his career. When a herd-boy, some few years before, on the braes of Lowland Perthshire, the self-educated Nicoll had probably first heard or read of Clarkson; nor could this have been without a responsive chord being struck in his fervid bosom. At a very early age for such a task, he became the editor of the *Leeds Times*, and at once acquired an influence among the manufacturers and handicraftsmen of the West Riding, which, to those unacquainted with the sympathetic influence of mind over congenial minds, must have appeared unaccountable. We have sometimes wished that the valuable lesson, both for encouragement and warning, which might be drawn from Robert Nicoll's brief history, were given to the young men of his class—now a numerous and most important one. His genius, of which Ebenezer Elliott, the head of that noble class, has said, "Burns, at his age, had done nothing like him," was, all circumstances considered, less remarkable than the purity of his life, and the fortitude and energy of his character. A few specimens of his verse are, we believe, preserved, and an account of a volume, and a very remarkable one, of his juvenile poems, appeared in this Magazine.* At the time of his death, there was an impression that he had been a frequent contributor to *Tait's Magazine*, and to other Liberal periodicals. This was altogether a mistake, but one hardly worth rectifying. His only contributions were a very few poetical pieces to our columns, which bore his name; and one or two prose trifles in the *Monthly Repository*, while it was conducted by Mr Fox. A time seemed coming, when any publication might have been proud of his contributions. As it was, he was prized for the purity and singleness, and the ardour of his mind—for the bright

* *Tait's Magazine* for November 1835.

promise of that dawn too soon overcast, and for enthusiastic devotion to what he considered the good and the true. Robert Nicoll emerged in life in almost the same circumstances of self-privation and rigorous self-denial, with Garrison of Boston, and with the same apostolic zeal for freedom, and missionary devotion attributed to that remarkable person; but with more splendour of poetic genius. From unacquaintance with the world, or with the habits of society, and ignorance, and perhaps unwise contempt of its conventionalities, he was, as a journalist, occasionally chargeable with the same faults as Garrison—intemperance of language, and what are usually called personalities; nor is it easy for those who would denounce abuse and iniquity, and rouse masses of men to the assertion of their rights, to be always bird-mouthed or choice in their expressions. But all his verse is remarkable for tenderness and sweetness; and for simplicity, without rusticity; shewing nothing of that stanch uncompromising Democrat, who, reared in and among "the huts where poor men lie," gave all his love, all his sympathy, and probably all his esteem to the virtuous poor.

For two or three years before his death, which took place at the age of twenty-three, Nicoll's physical strength had been literally consuming in the fires of his sleepless mind. He had contrived to subsist upon the pittance of about 2s. 6d. a-week; burning with the thirst of knowledge, and giving day and night to study and composition. When he went to Leeds as a journalist, aware of the deficiency of his education, or of his non-education, his anxiety "to do his best" as he termed it, and a high and sustaining consciousness of his real powers, made him doubly task himself. The consequence was the rapid popularity of the newspaper, whose editor was known only by the fervour of his writings, and by that resistless sympathy with the feelings and wants of the People which obtained him their confidence and admiration. He struggled on, until he literally dropped at his post; though his last breath was drawn in that native land which he loved so dearly, and to which so much of his sweetest verse is dedicated.

We rejoice that this desultory reference to Robert Nicoll, gives us a fit opportunity of mentioning a circumstance which ought to be made known to all the world, and especially to the Radicals of Leeds and the West Riding. When his days were evidently drawing to a close, Mr Tait wrote Sir William Molesworth to the effect that young Nicoll of the *Leeds Times* had been induced to leave his post, in the last stage of a decline, aggravated by the prospect of destitution, rendered much more bitter by the distress of those who looked to him for daily bread. But his wants were few, his time, in all probability, to be short in this world, and little would suffice. Sir William, without an hour's delay, transmitted an order for fifty pounds, in a most kind and delicate letter. It would be a sin to conceal this unostentatious deed of benevolence in their Member to their late Editor, from the Radicals of Leeds.

Some idea may be formed of the character of the youth who wrote the above lines to Clarkson, from the primitive and emphatic farewell which he took of his readers, when about to return to die at home. This letter and paragraph, which we copy from *The Spectator* of 4th November 1837, was the last thing connected with politics which he could have written, and almost the last thing of any kind, for he died early in December. But, even after his arrival in Scotland, it was impossible to win his excitable spirit from the cause of the People. His last denunciations, while the fires of consumption glowed in his eyes, and hectic flushed his cheeks, were of "that man Durham, who has deceived us all."

The Spectator says—"We learn with regret from the following letter, that Mr Robert Nicoll has been compelled by ill health to give up the Editorship of *The Leeds Times*, a journal which he has raised to a large circulation, by following an independent course in politics with vigour and ability."

TO THE RADICALS OF THE WEST RIDING.

BRETHREN!—Ill health compels me to leave your locality, where I have laboured earnestly and sincerely, and I trust not altogether without effect, in the holy work of human regeneration. I go to try the effect of my native air as a last chance for life; and, after the last number, I am not responsible for anything which may appear in *The Leeds Times*, having ceased to be Editor of that paper from that date.

I could not leave you without saying this much, without bidding you one and all farewell, at least for a season. If I am spared, you may yet hear of me as a Soldier of the People's side; if not, thank God! there are millions of honest and noble men ready to help in the great work. Your cause emphatically is

The holiest cause that pen or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.

And that you may fight in that cause in an earnest, truthful, manly spirit, is the earnest prayer of one who never yet despaired of the ultimate triumph of truth.

ROBERT NICOLL.

This was the kind of young man who, two years before, had attempted, in the above expressions of his feelings, to add a leaflet to the wreath of Clarkson. And in the hearts of thousands of such nameless youths dwells the pious regard which will defend the memory of all who have, like Clarkson, fought the good fight in the strife of humanity, from the attacks, whether of ignorance or envy. This may seem an irrelevant conclusion to our random observations upon the "Strictures," and Mr Robinson's Remarks; but it all means the same thing to those who have the key; and if, as we fondly hope, Mr F. Buxton's judgment be correct; and benevolence, and active goodness, the "putting the shoulder to the wheel," be the only true greatness, whether found tried and confirmed in the veteran soldiers of Humanity, like Thomas Clarkson, or only beginning to be gloriously developed in the smaller achievements of right-hearted and enthusiastic lads like Garrison, the printer's boy of Boston, and, at an humbler distance, Robert Nicoll.

* Lord Durham had, shortly before this, been reading his recantation of Liberal opinions, in his epistle to Mr Bowly, and, making the amendment *honorable to the Court and the Whig Conservative aristocracy, for the sake of peace and unity in Edinburgh and Glasgow.*—*Spectator*.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS TWO YEARS HENCE.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THURSDAY, May 20, 1841.

The royal assent was given by commission to several private bills.

LORD RODEN presented a petition, signed by the Bishop of Exeter, and many of the clergy of his diocese, humbly praying that no further changes might be made in the Established Church. The petitioners did not dispute the right of the State to interfere, but pleaded that national religious institutions were essential to sound piety and morality; and, also, that, if the Establishment were again curtailed, it would be virtually destroyed. The noble Lord said, that he fully concurred in the prayer, and expressed his deep regret that the Prelate whose name stood at the head of the petition, was no longer permitted to employ his zeal and abilities in that House, in defence of the customs and faith of their forefathers; and the more so, as the utmost efforts of all enlightened friends of the Church, and all good subjects of the Queen, were now needed, to avert the last and worst consequences of revolutionary frenzy and violence.

LORD HOLLAND said he was intrusted with a petition having a very different prayer from that just laid on the table of the House. It was signed by the deputies of three denominations of Dissenters, and to the respectability and conscientiousness of the petitioners, generally, he could bear a cheerful and unhesitating testimony. The petition was couched in the most respectful terms. The deputies acknowledged that many grievances arising out of the Establishment had been removed; but they affirmed their belief, that it was due to the nonconformists, and desirable for the sake of Episcopalians themselves, that the last vestiges of a schismatic system should be swept away, and that all sects should be placed on a footing of perfect equality. As an opportunity would present itself during the Session, of fully discussing the subject of the petition, he should not detain their Lordships at present by any further observations respecting it. Before, however, he sat down, he could not avoid a slight allusion to the tone of the petition which the noble Lord had presented, and to the remarks by which the noble Lord had accompanied its presentation. The petition itself was deserving of much commendation, considering the quarter whence it emanated. Its tone was subdued, and afforded a cheering contrast to the lofty and extravagant pretensions in which the noble Prelate and others had been wont to indulge. The right of the State to interfere was distinctly admitted; and he could not but congratulate their Lordships and the country on these signs of the times. (Hear.) He wished he could apply the same congratulations to the remarks which had fallen from the noble Lord. That noble Lord had chosen to designate the proceedings of the three estates of the realm, by the phrase revolutionary

violence. (Loud cheers.) Was this the boasted loyalty of the noble Lord? (Hear, hear, hear.) Was this what that advocate of the Bible, and the whole Bible, understood by subjection to the powers that be? (Renewed cheering.) For his part he did not think an orange handkerchief was the substance of loyalty, or an atonement for the constant breach of the ninth commandment. He would recommend the noble Lord to cease from such vituperation; and, the rather, because for many years he had indulged in it in vain. There had been scarcely a measure of importance brought forward by the present Ministry, or their predecessors, which the noble Lord, being exceedingly mad against them, had not denounced as revolutionary. The noble Lord's eloquence began with revolutionary; and with revolutionary it ended. Now, it was quite true that much might be done by harping on one string. Paganini, for instance, had by one string entranced all the musical connoisseurs of Europe; but then Paganini himself did not always fiddle on one string. He would recommend this example to the noble Lord. (Loud laughter.) Revolutionary violence was a fine strain, and very pathetic, but it was too bad to din them with the same strain everlastingly.

LORD LONDONDERRY thought his noble friend did not deserve the rude treatment he had received from the noble Lord opposite.

Somedesultory conversation ensued, when LORD DURHAM, who had entered the House whilst the Marquis of Londonderry was on his legs, rose and moved, that the part of the royal speech relating to the suffrage be read by the clerk. The clerk accordingly read as follows:—"My Lords and Gentlemen,—Your attention will be called, during the Session, to the state of the suffrage, with a view to such alterations as the present state of the nation may seem to require. A subject so important as this, and so interesting to the great majority of my subjects, will, I am sure, receive the calm and earnest consideration it demands."

LORD DURHAM again rose, amidst profound silence, and said:—

My Lords,—The Roman orator, habituated as he was to the duties of the Forum, confessed himself to be the prey of anxiety when he did but anticipate the day on which he must plead. *Cum illius diei mihi venit in mentem, quo die, citato reo, mihi dicendum sit, non solum commoveor animo, sed etiam toto corpore perhorresco.* Many who have altogether wanted the great powers of the Roman, have been no strangers to his perturbation. My Lords, it might be superfluous in me to avow, on the present occasion, an unusual anxiety; but, though not unaccustomed to the conflicts and responsibilities of political life, I confess myself to tremble greatly at the task from which I cannot escape. The tremor, however, arises from a deep sense of the importance of my undertaking; and certainly not from the slightest doubt of the justice and practicality

bility of the measure which it is my duty to introduce to the notice of your Lordships. But, my Lords, I draw courage from the assurance that I plead for truth; and truth is mighty, even in the hands of the weak; and I am further encouraged by knowing that the great abilities of other noble Lords will be exerted to supply what is deficient in my efforts, for conciliating the good will of your Lordships to the measure which will quickly be explained. My Lords, the constitutions of states have been, in almost all cases, of gradual formation; and generally their growth has been very slow and often checked. Having their origin, for the most part, in times of barbarism, they have been, as civilization advanced, altered and improved, and adjusted to the varying circumstances and wants of mankind. The British constitution has been thus formed by degrees. It was not dropped from the clouds by the angel of Britain; nor did it come forth entire from the mind of a Solon or a Plato. It is the production of ages; and has, in fact, been changed, till its identity becomes almost doubtful. (Great cheering from the Opposition.) Noble Lords opposite cheer. May I remind them that their ancestors, the Barons of England, were the first to modify the monarchical constitution. (Cheers from the Ministerial benches.) Compelled, in self-defence, to place restrictions on the sovereign power, they led the way in the career of freedom. The struggle for liberty was long confined to the King and the nobles; the mass of the People remaining in feudal slavery. By slow stages the bourgeois advanced to power; and, after the lapse of ages, the fetters of feudal bondage were shaken off, even by the rustic population. And could one of the mail-clad Barons, who confronted majesty with the famous expression, *Nelumbo leges Angliæ mutari*, have risen from the dead, he would have gazed on that most unconstitutional sight, a nation of freemen. (Cheers.) Noble Lords who just now cheered when I spoke of the constitution having almost lost its identity, are, perhaps, sighing for the luxuries of feudalism. (Renewed cheering.) Later times have added to the changes already enumerated. The People, as they have gained knowledge, have increased their political influence, and multiplied the forms in which it is exerted; and I must contend, and I hope in doing so to have the concurrence of your Lordships, that the people at large, of the United Kingdom, have now advanced as far in knowledge and power that it is no longer safe or just to withhold from them the right of choosing Parliamentary representatives. (Loud cries of "Hear.") My Lords, the question you have now to consider is certainly not open to the charge of novelty. It has been long and anxiously discussed; and more out of Parliament than within its walls. At first it found favour with but a few. It has gradually and surely risen to popularity; and the hour of its triumph is now at hand. (Cheers.) In the progress of that cause as the humble advocate of which I appear before your Lordships, we may discern evidence of its truth.

Political chimeras may find favour for an hour, but will soon disappear. It belongs to Truth, however much disowned at its first announcement, to subdue opposition, and advance with sure step to victory. It is thus that the most humane and glorious changes in our national policy have been effected—thus that the annihilation of religious tests was accomplished; that the extinction of slavery was secured; that the Reform of the House of Commons was carried. It is no long time since a few individuals, whose names were cast out as evil, united and proclaimed the People as the only legitimate source of power; a sentiment which the People themselves feared to indulge, for they had been taught to regard it as treasonable and almost blasphemous. And it is but very lately that the middle and most influential classes have detected, in this first political axiom, the true secret of national concord, security, and glory. (Cheers.) Your Lordships, I trust, will not charge upon my plan for a complete extension of the suffrage, a tendency to destroy or diminish the honour which is due to rank and wealth. Standing as you do on the pinnacle of society, you have nothing to dread. My Lords, they who bid you jealously guard your privileges, and apprehend, in every change that is made, an interference with your influence in the State, do you wrong. That influence is, and must be, great. The People of this kingdom are not backward to discern your worth and pay respect to your greatness. Treat them frankly and justly, and you will be enthroned in their hearts, and attain to honour, compared with which the servile homage your ancestors received was worthless. My Lords, I shall detain you no longer by any preliminary observations, but proceed to state, in few words, the leading features of the measure to which your consent is now asked. Our proposal is, to give to every man born in the United Kingdom (with some few exceptions afterwards to be mentioned) a vote when he reaches the age of twenty-one. (Tremendous cheering.) This, it will be said, is a Radical measure. It is so, my Lords. I wished it to be so. The sooner the government is established on a basis thoroughly popular, the sooner will the dissensions which have long distracted the country be brought to an end; and one fruitful source of animosity and discord, now existing in every neighbourhood, will be dried up. Convinced that any change less sweeping than the one I propose to make, would not be final, I am anxious at once to introduce that change which must be final. (Hear, hear, hear.) My Lords, if I am asked on what principle I concede the suffrage to every man, I reply, because every man has a natural right to a share in the management of the national affairs—that is, of his own affairs. Circumstances may place this right in abeyance for a time, or may prevent it from being discerned; but, as society advances in civilization, this right will become apparent, and be felt; and then the only alternatives are the destruction of the State by popular violence, or, on the other hand, some such constitution as

both expediency and justice as that now proposed. My Lords, I deny utterly the right of any individual, or any few men, or any society even of the whole population, to assume the government. For the reason that your Lordship would raise your voices, and, if indispensable, draw your swords, to prevent an absolute monarchy, or an oligarchy, (using the latter word in its ordinary acceptation,) do I protest against that more extended oligarchy (a laugh) which has hitherto, in this country, held the power of the State in its hands. Noble Lords opposite smile at the phrase, "extended oligarchy." I did not use it unthinkingly, nor am I convinced of its impropriety. The electors of Great Britain and Ireland are unquestionably, as compared with the whole male adult population, few: and the government of the few is an oligarchy. I intended, my Lords, to accuse the present system of exclusiveness, and to fix upon it the stigma which the term oligarchy conveys. (Loud cheers.) In this country, up to the present time, property has been the test of fitness for exercising the suffrage; though how loosely the test has been applied, it can hardly be requisite to remind your Lordships. In counties, the owner of a 40s. freehold has a vote, and the owner of landed property, to the amount of £10,000 per annum, but a vote. Where the tenure is copyhold, £10 yearly is the qualification; and, in boroughs, a £10 rental suffices. In short, the law of the suffrage is a chapter of accidents. It rests upon no principle. Its enactments, when viewed separately, appear arbitrary, and, when viewed together, confused. My Lords, I propose to sweep away these absurdities, and replace them by the one simple measure which has been explained; a measure clear in its principle, unembarrassed in its details, and easy to be executed. By this plan, should it be adopted, every man born in the United Kingdom, when he reaches the age of manhood, will have a share in the government. His manhood is his claim to a vote, unless there can be shewn something peculiar in his circumstances which unfit him for exercising the rights of a man; and whatever distinguishes him as man, will, by a law of providence, give him the additional influence which he ought to possess. Be he wealthy or wise, his wealth or wisdom will enable him to exercise an influence over others proportioned to the degree in which it is possessed. The slightest fear, my Lords, lest property should by this bill lose its influence, is preposterous. Nebuchadnezzar's subjects were not more ready to bow before the image of gold than are the People of Great Britain and Ireland to pay deference to the rich. If any law must be made exclusively for the wealthy classes, I contend it ought to be a law depriving them of the franchise, on the ground of the great indirect influence they exert, and not a law confining the suffrage to them. (Hear, hear, hear.) Not that such a law could for a moment be thought of; but, of the two evils, I do maintain that it would be the least. Look, my Lords, to a dis-

trict in which there dwells some wealthy Whig, and you will find that his neighbours are Whigs also. Jacob's expedient for making the sheep speckled did not more surely succeed than Whig land makes Whig farmers, and Tory soil grows Tory farmers. (Loud laughter.) There is a healthy influence which station and property ought to exert—and ever will exert; and the measure I propose will increase rather than diminish that influence, though it will change its character—divesting it of much of that servility which now belongs to it. (Hear, hear.) My Lords, I referred to some exceptions which it is necessary to make to Universal Suffrage. Of course, all persons of unsound mind, and all prisoners, will be excepted. These two classes differ widely from each other; and there is another, differing as widely from both, from which it seems to me but just to withhold the right of voting—I mean paupers. Every one who provides honestly for himself and his family fulfils the duties of a citizen; but when man is incapacitated for fulfilling those duties, he ought not, I apprehend, to expect longer to exercise the rights of a citizen. He who is dependent upon another's industry is not to make laws for his supporter. Anxious, however, to confine this class within the narrowest limits possible, we propose that no man who has not obtained parochial relief for six months before the day of election, shall lose his right of voting. The clause, so modified, will, owing to the commercial prosperity of past years, and the wholesome operation of the present poor-laws, narrow the constituency to a very slight amount only. Ten years ago, it would have formed a very serious item in our calculations. Now, my Lords, it is introduced, much more as a matter of principle, than for any immediate practical consequences that will flow from it. The numbers to whom it will deny the suffrage are quite inconsiderable: still, I deem it my duty to lose no opportunity of strengthening, by legitimate means, the motives to industry and independence. (Cheers from all sides.) I do not think it needful to occupy more time by explanation. The whole plan is doubtless understood, especially after the long discussion it has elsewhere received. In conclusion, suffer me to remind your Lordships, that great advantages may fairly be expected to flow from the measure I have the honour to recommend. The quarrels of centuries will be ended; and the question which has, for many years past, in various forms, occupied much of the time of both Houses of the Legislature, and given rise to much angry feeling and altercation, will be for ever settled. When other changes have been sought, noble Lords opposite have contended that we were but commencing concessions which would never terminate; and that one demand would but lead to another, keeping the legislative bodies employed in altering the frame-work of government, to the neglect and hinderance of the great practical purposes for which that frame-work had been constructed. Against the present alteration, no such objection

will apply. The dissensions which noble Lords deprecate must exist till this boon be granted. Concede it, and they can arise no more. By the same means, you put an end to them now, and silence them for ever. (Cheers.) The responsibility of government will be made to rest, where it ought to rest, on the People themselves; and the causes of the endless, and not always unjustifiable jealousies, with which the government has been regarded, will be removed. Give every man a vote, my Lords, and when you meet with complaints at Manchester or in Buckinghamshire, amongst manufacturers or agriculturalists, the reply is at hand; and it is one which cannot be gainsaid. Those complaints must be directed, not against the Monarch, not against the Lords, not against the Commons, nor all combined, but against all the People of the United Kingdom. Give every man a vote, and you annihilate every pretext for murmuring, and render sedition impossible, by enlisting every man in the defence of institutions which he himself has helped to form. (Cheers.) Or, should there arise a Thistlewood, he conspires, not against the Cabinet, but against the nation; and madly attempts to overturn what a whole People have joined to establish, and are leagued to protect. No measure, my Lords, can be so heading and soothing, and so well fitted to bind the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland into one harmonious and happy brotherhood, as that which, having been sent up by a considerable majority of the other House of Parliament, it has been my aim to commend to the good-will of your Lordships. (Cheers.) The noble Lord then moved the second reading of the bill.

The Duke of WELLINGTON gave the noble Lord who had just spoken credit for the clearness and frankness with which he had introduced the subject; but could not agree with that noble Lord as to the necessity of the measure he advocated, or the good consequences that would flow from it, if it should become law. In his (the Duke of Wellington's) opinion, the expectations entertained, that all peace and good-will would flow from universal suffrage, were a marvellous exaggeration, or rather an entire mistake. (Cheers.) Did the noble Lord's love for a democracy arise out of his knowledge of history? Perhaps the unbroken tranquillity of the ancient republics—(loud cheers)—the absence of all political animosity at Athens, for example, combined with the security of life and fortune in the city of Socrates and Demosthenes—(renewed cheering)—led to the present measure, and the hopes that were built upon it. But still he (the Duke of Wellington) was not quite convinced that, when the People had the authority all in their own hands, they would always think what was true, and do what was right. (Hear, hear.) The government of any country, but especially of a country like this, required a mind capable of large views, and required also time for the examination of almost endless details. Did the noble Lord mean, when he talked of self-government, that all people who had lived twenty-one

years, possessed the qualifications for government. (Hear, hear, hear.) In his (the Duke of Wellington's) opinion, we should commit a radical error if we drew away the labouring population from their peaceful pursuits, by which they gained their daily bread, and converted them into politicians. (Cheers.) He had no wish to see the day when the man who holds the plough, and the boy who drives it, should dispute about politics. He thought that neither the master's field, nor the labourer's comfort, would be improved by such an alteration. (Hear, hear.) The noble Lord, in his speech, affirmed the right of the People to political power. Why then did he not give them that power by the Reform Bill, in the preparation of which it was well known that noble Lord was concerned? Was it not the very principle of that bill, that the suffrage was dependent upon property? (Loud cries of "Hear.") Why then did the noble Lord now introduce a bill resting on a totally different principle? (Cheers.) The effort of the noble Lord to prove that his measure would not impair the dignity and influence of the nobility, was more creditable to his good feeling than to his discernment. He would not, however, contend about the interests of noble Lords, but would point to a higher position than that which they occupied. He would point to the throne, and ask if they were not undermining its foundations. (Tremendous cheering.) Loyalty used to be in high esteem. (Hear.) But he did not see how the measures of the present administration, and particularly the one now before them, were to be carried without leading to republicanism, and quickly too. (Hear, hear, hear.) Universal Suffrage might suit very well the American People and American customs; but was not adapted to England. He was particularly anxious to bring under the notice of noble Lords opposite this view of the subject; and he put it to them, whether they had no suspicions that Universal Suffrage, and an hereditary monarchy, were, in the long run, incompatible with each other. (Loud cries of "Hear.") He asked if they had no apprehensions, should he say, in some cases no hopes, that the step now proposed, led towards the subversion of that form of government which had existed in England for a thousand years. (Cheers.) He would not detain their Lordships longer. He should certainly vote against the levelling and democratic scheme of the noble Lord. (Cheers.)

EARL SPENCER was induced to address their Lordships by the speech to which they had just listened. The noble Duke had presented (as he usually did) many reasons for his conduct, in a narrow compass. He could not pretend to follow the noble Duke throughout his speech, but hoped he might be indulged in a few allusions to some parts of that speech. The noble Duke seemed greatly to fear that the People would become too wise for him—(No, no! from the Opposition, responded to by loud cheers from the Ministerial side)—and his tenderest sympathy was given to the rural population. Now, though he granted

that the opinion of the noble Duke was decisive in military science, he hoped he might, without vanity, differ from him, when the discussion related to agriculturists and farmers' labourers. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) He had had opportunities which had not been quite neglected, of marking carefully the classes of the population referred to; and had no hesitation whatever in affirming, that, other things being equal, the most intelligent man was the best servant—most to be trusted for his honesty, and most to be valued for his skill. (Cheers.) The most indolent, and the intemperate, amongst the operatives of all classes, will generally be noisy politicians; seeking to atone for their own vices, by finding out and condemning the faults of those above them. Under any system of Government, the most dissolute labourers will always be the most eager politicians; but he would contend that the more instructed the industrious labourer was, the better labourer he would become. His belief was, that the more enlightened a man became, the better he was fitted for his station, whether he were a master or a servant. (Cheers.) The noble Duke had given them some historical allusions, and he (Lord Spencer) might add one to the number. There was no man that had lived he would like better for a ploughman than Cincinnatus—(Cheering)—and he thought he would have an excellent chance of the prize at a ploughing match on any soil. (Laughter.) Another point touched by the noble Duke, was a supposed inconsistency in the conduct of his noble friend who opened the debate, and who also took part in framing the Reform Bill. The charge certainly applied not less to him, (Earl Spencer,) disposed as he was to support the motion, than to his noble friend who introduced it. Indeed, he might be thought more open to the charge of inconsistency, because he had affirmed that the Reform Bill was intended to be a final measure. (Loud cheers from the Opposition.) Now, what he meant was, that they (the Government then existing) had no intention whatever of bringing forward any further measure of Reform. (Oh! oh!) He hoped noble Lords who expressed their astonishment at this explanation, did not doubt its truth; however unsatisfactory they might deem it. (Hear, hear.) He could assure them he was simply stating the fact. He would confess, too, that he had not the slightest expectation that, during his life, any further extension of the franchise would be effected. He was not weak enough in 1832 to suppose they were enacting laws for eternity; but he did then think they were settling the suffrage upon a basis which would not require to be widened during the nineteenth century. Events, however, had proved that he had thought wrong; and that was the only explanation he had to give of that expression, "final measure," which noble Lords opposite really seemed to have converted into a pater noster, to be repeated the oftener, the more virtuous they would become. (A laugh.) The noble mover of the present measure was not

limited to the same defence. (Cheers.) But he would not presume to take that defence out of the hands of the noble Lord. The call for general suffrage, in exchange for that which was select, (without any very intelligible principle of selection,) was so loud, that he thought it now quite expedient—indeed, he would say, indispensable—to concede to the people at large the power of choosing Parliamentary representatives: thus carrying out a maxim, which noble Lords opposite would not condemn as new-fangled, or unconstitutional—taxation without representation is tyranny. (Great cheering.) The noble Duke had deprecated the measure before their Lordships as one, which, if it became law, would make the People at large politicians. They were politicians already. The petitions that had been laid on the table proved them to be so—petitions emanating not only from the large towns, but also from villages and agricultural districts, and from people of all classes. The question to be decided was not whether the People should concern themselves in affairs of State—they would do it—but whether they should give vent to their political feelings and wishes peaceably, and through their representatives, or by political unions, and large and dangerous assemblies. (Great cheering.) The noble Duke had brought before them some of the difficulties of Government, and had asked if the fact of having lived twenty-one years were a sufficient guarantee for the possession of that information without which no government, but especially that of England, could be conducted. The noble Duke seemed to him to labour under a radical mistake, and his reasoning to be quite fallacious. The constituency had not, of necessity, to decide upon the measures of Downing Street, or of the legislature; but upon the character, both for wisdom and probity, of those to whom the affairs of State were to be intrusted. The more the constituency knew, the better they were qualified to exercise the suffrage; but all that was essential, was common sense. (Hear, hear.) The choice might not indeed always be judicious, but generally it would be so; and the ends of justice and humanity would probably be promoted far better by such an arrangement than by any other. Besides, if a perfect knowledge of the science of government were the qualification for political rights, he feared many of the present constituency must be disfranchised; and perhaps some of their Lordships might scarcely make good their claim to their seats in that House. (Loud laughter.) The noble Duke's argument proved vastly too much. He should vote for the second reading. (Cheers.)

LORD LONDONDERRY rose to protest against the measure which had been explained. He did think they had advanced far enough in the career of revolution. The noble Lords opposite might have been satisfied with the success which had crowned their past efforts to destroy the constitution; but nothing would content them short of its utter subversion. (Order, order!)

The noble Lord who commenced the debate, talked much of the People, and of giving to them what was their due. He objected entirely to the assumption that all care for the lower orders was confined to the Whigs and Radicals. Why did the noble Lord class together paupers and felons? (Oh, oh.) Yes, the noble Lord had classed together paupers and felons. Was not this making poverty tantamount to crime? He did not see how, if this measure passed, we were longer to retain the respect of foreign powers, or to escape those fatal convulsions at home, which the unbridled power of the populace had always produced.

EARL FITZWILLIAM did not think there was much force in the objections of the noble Lord who had spoken last; and, though he did not deny that much might be said against universal suffrage, he was inclined to vote with the noble Lord who commenced the debate. He thought in the present state of this country, and after the wish expressed by the myriads who had petitioned on the subject, that the point might be safely and wisely conceded. He could not overlook the fact, that the worst measures had been introduced and upheld, in spite of all evidence of their injurious effects, by men who had been born in the mansions of nobility, and educated in the universities. He must doubt whether the representatives of the nation, if the right of voting were universal, would ever make the absurd and inhuman blunder of imposing a tax in order to raise the price of corn, the prime necessary of life.

LORD LYNDHURST.—My Lords,—Heartily approving, as I do, of the uncompromising opposition by which the noble Duke near me meets the proposal of her Majesty's Ministers, I am unwilling to join with him in that opposition by giving a silent vote. Much do I wish that it were in my power, by taking part in the debate, to arrest the legislature in its downward progress, and induce your Lordships to pause, if not to retrace your steps. If this be too much to hope for, I would at least secure the satisfaction of having done what I could to preserve the ancient and wholesome practice of the realm—to preserve those institutions through which this nation has risen to unequalled glory; and by which (should they be perpetuated) this United Kingdom will be even more remarkable for stability than for glory. My Lords, the ancient monarchies, and some kingdoms of modern times, have rivalled us in extent of dominion, in wealth, in the arts, and the general improvements and embellishments which perfect civilisation induces. If England has her Wellington, Carthage had her Annibal, and Rome her Cæsar, and Spain her Charles V., and France her Napoleon. Babylon was as rich as London, and Athens outvied it in architecture. In their rise to opulence and power, and perfect civilisation, we have emulated the famous nations of antiquity; and now it seems we are to imitate them in their decline and fall. (Cheers.) The tide of democracy, unchecked, and even en-

couraged, by well-meaning but mistaken patriots, has ruined many states, and is now threatening to add Britain to the number. Headless of the downfall of other people, shall we press on in the career of destruction? Whilst boasting of the proud position which, as a country, we have attained, shall we destroy the means by which we have reached it? Beware, my Lords, of ripping up the goose, if you wish to have more golden eggs. (Hear, hear, hear.) Property in this country has been more than protected—it has been patronised by the law. The man who, by his skill and industry, has amassed wealth, or whose ancestors, by bequeathing wealth to him, have given to the State a pledge (not always redeemed, it is true, but yet a pledge) of his good conduct, and to a certain extent of his intelligence also, has hitherto been endowed by the state with various privileges; which are to all classes a stimulus to future exertion, and to some, the merited and honourable reward of exertions already made. My Lords, why should we destroy this arrangement?—why annihilate this stimulus to enterprise and industry; and, by severing political influence from wealth and intelligence, uproot the wise, and, I will add, humane, institutions of our ancestors? We shall gain nothing, but lose much, by the levelling scheme of the Noble Lord, should it be adopted (Hear, hear)—a scheme by which the distinctions of civilized life will be thrown away, and the beautiful variety which, down to the present time, has marked the institutions of our country, destroyed. The motion before your Lordships will put us in possession of nothing worth having, and leave us nothing to hope for. My Lords, the perishable wreath, bound upon the brow of the Olympic victor, had been of little value if such a crown had encircled every man's brow. All wise rulers have taken care, indeed, to render justice to all their subjects; but they have taken equal care to secure to the brave, the wise, and the good, a pre-eminence, meted out, not by the rules of arithmetic, but by the dictates of generosity. The Noble Lord (Durham) in the affairs of government, worships no divinity but the blind goddess with the scales in her hands. I contend that it is false worship he pays to her; for I deny that justice requires the measure which it is now sought to introduce. But, letting this point pass for the present, I dislike the cold and heartless system of the noble Lord, which resolves all subjects into the bare question of right and wrong; divesting them of the generous and chivalric sentiments with which our forefathers delighted to adorn and enrich them. Why should we have a system of jurisprudence, the sanctions of which are all punitive? Why will noble Lords, who talk much, not only of truth, but of the beauty of truth, labour to sweep away the few rewards that are now included in our civil polity? (Hear, hear.) Why reduce all legislation to pains and penalties? (Cheers.) I trust your Lordships will show, by a large majority against the motion, a fixed determination not to set aside the institutions which the fram-

chime; as now regulated, presents to those who possess it not to improve their social condition; and thus earn a right which, if conferred indiscriminately, would no longer be a stimulus to forethought, economy, and diligence. My Lords, I have another reason for objecting to the motion of the noble Lord. Its tendency to destroy utterly one inducement now laid upon the unrepresented part of the community, to act as good citizens, is the least part of the evil. Its tendency is also to the destruction of the constitution itself. It will not merely interfere with the working of it: its very existence is threatened. *Uter caset* is the question your Lordships have now to answer. (Hear, hear, hear.) You are called upon to commit the control of the State to those who have no stake in the country. (Hear, hear.) The noble Lord has told us that he would surrender the government to the multitude, without inquiring whether they possess a penny or not. (Cheers.) I cannot be mistaken in my recollection of the strain of the argument of the noble Lord, whose motion we are now discussing. He dwelt much upon the wisdom, the beauty, the nobility, the necessity of mob-government. (Loud cheers.) Nothing will satisfy him but that the mass of the People—to whom it is of very slight importance whether peace and order, or anarchy, should prevail—shall have the sceptre and the sword in their own hands. Not contented with lowering the property qualification, and thus carrying out further the true and constitutional theory of the suffrage, he throws that theory, much boasted of by our ancestors, and renowned amongst all civilised people—he throws that theory to the winds; and proposes to a British House of Peers, to drag down the state into all the mire and the turbulence of an absolute and unchecked democracy. (Loud cheers.) My Lords, I deny the right of any man to claim a vote in the management of the affairs of a country in which he has no stake. (Cheers.) That a man should have the control over his own affairs is a very favourite maxim, when it suits their purpose, with the advocates of the present ruinous measure. Why will they not apply it in the present case? Why should noble Lords wish to resign the legislative control of their estates, and the law by which those estates descended to them from their forefathers, and ought to be handed down to their posterity, into the hands of an ignorant and irresponsible multitude? For to this length will the proposal of the noble Lord, if acceded to, carry us. If universal suffrage shall not awaken into life the revolutionary violence which now slumbers in the breasts of the discontented—if concessions to popular clamour do not lead to new aggressions, till all that is most to be valued perishes amidst the demoniacal fury of a revolutionary mob; yet, certainly a step will at once be put to wholesome legislation on the one hand, and, on the other, the flood-gates of change will be drawn up. Do noble Lords suppose, for one moment, that the poor-law now in existence, which all parties joined in

passing, and the operation of which has been salutary beyond all our hopes, and which had become indispensable if pauperism and demoralisation were not to become universal, would have passed if the right of voting had been unlimited? (Loud cheers.) Is it to be doubted for a moment, that that favourite measure of the Whigs, with all its good effects, (and I do not deny them,) would, with an unrestricted suffrage, have been crushed in embryo—(cheers)—as I trust the measure now before your Lordships will speedily be? (Renewed cheering.) Or can any one of your Lordships have simplicity enough to hope, that the laws which guard the privileges of your order, and perpetuate your names, will long continue to exist, if intrusted to the tender mercies of the weavers of Spittalfields, and the operatives of Birmingham? My Lords, I call upon you to read anew your armorial bearings. You are the descendants and representatives of illustrious ancestors, whose names are inseparably interwoven with the dignity and glory of their country and your country. The footsteps of great and good men—your forefathers—once echoed in the halls and galleries of your mansions; and the pencil of the painter has adorned the walls of those mansions with the very form and feature of the departed. All beneath you is transient and evanescent. The multitude, like the waves of the sea, is ever changing, leaving behind scarcely a vestige of that which once was. The nobility are the pyramids of England, looking down serenely and sublimely on the waste of ages. Whatever is rich, or romantic, or great, or glorious in our national history, belongs to the history of England's ancient aristocracy. And to you, my Lords, have your ancestors bequeathed the sacred trust of handing down to your posterity and theirs, unimpaired, the name you have received, and the proud position you hold. *Proinde sturi in aciem, et majores vestros, et vesteros cogitate.* (Loud cheers.)

Lord BROUGHAM.—My Lords, it may be in the recollection of your Lordships that my opinion has frequently been given against Universal Suffrage; (loud cries of "Hear," from the Opposition;) nor, I think, without reason. (Cheers.) Noble Lords who cheer are too precipitate in their conclusions, and by far too lavish in their applause. (Loud laughter.) I do not quite concur in all the reasoning of my noble friend who commenced the debate, and who brought to bear upon the question at issue, his strong sense and masculine eloquence. But, from the course pursued by other noble Lords, and from the reasoning by which they would defend that course, I utterly dissent. (Cheers.) My belief that a much greater extension of the suffrage is requisite than the Reform Bill accomplished or contemplated, has been repeatedly expressed. (Hear.) Without entering upon that disputed topic—a man's abstract right to the franchise—I am willing to rest my argument on other grounds. Noble Lords opposite will admit that an improvement in a man's circumstances may be properly fol-

luded by an extension of his civil rights. If he have no property, they would not include him in the constituency. If he have a £2 freehold, they would give him a vote. Now, I contend that a change has passed upon the whole community immensely greater than that of which the phrase, "a forty-shilling freehold," is the exponent. If the possession of a hut worth a shilling a-week, qualify a man to choose parliamentary representatives, a much stronger claim arises, and a much higher qualification, out of that most felicitous change by which the poor have, in a few years, passed from pauperism into independence, and, owing to the diffusion of education, from darkness into marvellous light. It seems to me that much more ought, therefore, to be conceded now, than it would have been either wise or safe to concede ten years ago. Then, owing to the reckless expenditure, and yet more reckless legislation of the party long dominant in the State, the nation was pauperized. To have granted, without limitation, the right of voting, would have been to intrust all property to those whose immediate interest it was to render all property but a name; and a universal franchise from which paupers were excluded, would have been a most glaring and ludicrous misnomer. So long as that state of things continued, Universal Suffrage would have been, in my opinion, ruinous. Happily this difficulty, which at one time appeared insurmountable, has been overcome. Passing from this improvement, which the illustrious Duke who has spoken to-night would be the first to admit, I cannot refrain from adverting again to the intelligence now diffused amongst all classes of the people, as contrasted with the ignorance which a few years since prevailed. The prodigious advances which the People of this United Kingdom (a kingdom never so glorious as now) have made in knowledge—knowledge which fits them to discharge their duties as citizens—certainly calls for some corresponding changes in the machinery of Government. It is admitted, by the most determined opponents of the present measure, that the Commons should represent, not the property only, but also the intelligence of the constituency. Even those who deny that all should possess the franchise, confess that the wisdom, as well as the wealth of the community, should be felt in the legislature. But, my Lords, sound information is at the present day diffused to an extent quite unknown heretofore; and it may fairly be argued, that, with this extension of knowledge, there should be some extension of political influence also. (Hear, hear.) Your Lordships will suffer me to remind you of another fact. The nation is awake to the subject we are discussing. Petitions, in numbers almost unexampled, ask you—respectfully but firmly ask you—to aid in making the lower House of Parliament representative of the whole nation; and, finally, the Commons themselves have given heed to similar petitions addressed to them, and have sent up to your Lordships the measure which you are implored not to originate, but to promote. You

have to consider, not merely whether you will give the boon, but whether you will refuse it; and I would humbly plead that it would ill become your Lordships, as you value your own dignity, or the respect of a great and enlightened nation, to step in between the people and the privileges which the Commons have shewn their readiness to grant. For the reasons which have been concisely and very imperfectly obtained, I shall certainly give my vote, and give it most cordially, in favour of the second reading of the bill. (Loud cheers.) Before I sit down, it may be allowed me to refer to some parts of the debate which is now drawing towards a close. A noble Lord opposite (Lord Londonderry) has brought a charge against the promoters of this measure for having classed together paupers and felons—seeming to suppose that, by so classing them, my noble friend designed to identify them in all respects. (No, no.) No, no? But why then complain of the classification? It may, perhaps, go forth to the world that Lords Londonderry and Brougham took part in this debate. But would any sane man accuse the reporter of reducing Lord Londonderry to the level of Lord Brougham? (Laughter.) Could any man be so wooden-headed as, on the ground of this accidental junction of names, to charge the reporter with attributing to Lord Londonderry all the obtuseness, all the doggedness, and all the littleness of Lord Brougham? (Lord Londonderry rises to order, amidst roars of laughter.) I will not trouble the noble Lord to guide me to a more useful topic, but will willingly proceed to comment upon some sentiments of the noble and learned Lord who has just resumed his seat, and who warned us to take care of the golden eggs—a warning much in the way of the party to which my learned friend has, for many years, been allied—a warning which certainly comes most gracefully from those lovers of golden eggs who were long employed in multiplying emoluments, and keeping them all to themselves. When the learned Lord was telling us so pathetically about the golden eggs, my thoughts instantly reverted to the prolific means of wealth once possessed by a certain party in the state—but now lost; and, alas! it would seem, lost for ever. Noble Lords opposite have a two-fold evil to deplore: the goose does not lay so freely as formerly; and, what is worse, when she does lay, they can rarely pick up an egg. (Loud laughter.) To pass to another objection: we have been warned against introducing into England the rashness and frenzy of Athenian democracy. My Lords, there may be some danger of such violence in this country. The existence of the Birmingham Union, and similar societies, has shewn it. But it surprised me that the illustrious Duke should forget that the representative system is exactly adapted to prevent such outbreaks of popular opinion. The parties to whom the bill would give the right of voting are now strongly tempted to form themselves into dangerous combinations; and what

ever produces the frequent convention of vast multitudes of the most excitable classes is to be dreaded, as in the last degree perilous to the commonwealth. The very purpose of the measure now proposed is to remove all temptation to assemble, by enabling all parties to exert a direct and wholesome influence through their representatives. (Cheers.) Let not the noble Duke flatter himself that he can be above the reach of the influence of the thousands of his fellow-countrymen who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. (Loud cheers.) He has to choose whether that influence shall be exerted quietly and steadily by representation, or by such sudden and fierce outbreaks of feeling as have often shaken this country in recent times; and once at least compelled the hero of Waterloo, and the hosts marshalled under him, to retreat. (Great cheering.) But the learned Lord argues that no man has a right to a vote who has no stake in the country. I perfectly agree with him; but, my Lords, I cannot express, in terms sufficiently strong, my dislike of the mercenary estimate which knows of no stake save money. Surely there may be other interests which may render an Englishman solicitous for the welfare of his native land besides those which a forty-shilling freehold presents. Does the noble and learned Lord, who said so much of generous and chivalrous sentiments, think that the peasant has no stake in the land which gave him birth—the land in which his forefathers sleep—the land in which his children are to live and die? Has the owner of a forty-shilling freehold something to care for, and the father of ten children no interest in the peace and good government of the country? Even as a question of pounds, shillings, and pence, the plea of the learned Lord is unsound; for, surely, if two pounds per annum received as the rent of a cottage constitute a stake, five-and-twenty or thirty pounds a-year received for labour may be allowed to be a stake. But (to adopt the words of my learned friend) away with such a cold and heartless reckoning! Whatever the charities of home are worth—whatever value we should venture to assign to the love which binds the virtuous husband to the virtuous wife, and both to their offspring, where a man's home is his world—all these constitute the stake which the poor and good peasant has in his country. *Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares; sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexu est.* (Loud cheers.) The noble Duke, in arguing the question, laid much stress upon the tendency of the present measure to republicanism. (Loud cries of "Hear, hear," from the Opposition.) I will frankly give the illustrious Duke my views on the subject which, with much force, he introduced. The feeling of the People of this kingdom is decidedly and strongly loyal; and nothing can endanger the Government, as at present constituted, but the rash and needless refusal to accede to the reasonable claims of the nation. (Hear, hear.) The popular sentiment is unquestionably averse to the frequent changes and struggles of a re-

public, and quite in favour of the steadiness of government which an hereditary monarchy ensures. At the same time, it is not to be denied that the days have passed by when monarchs could sport at pleasure with the interests of their subjects. Wo to the king who should repeat the freaks of the Fourth George! Let the monarch act discreetly, and the throne will be more stable, and the crown brighter, than ever; but let the counsels of the noble Duke and his allies prevail, and I, for one, will decline to dispute the gloomy forebodings in which that noble Duke has indulged. The noble Lord sat down amidst cheering, which was long-continued.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH moved that the debate be adjourned, and their Lordships rose at twelve o'clock.

The Morning Chronicle.

An hour was occupied in the House of Lords last night, by some sharp skirmishing on the Church question. The debate, on the second reading of the bill for the Extension of the Suffrage followed; and was well sustained till midnight. Lord Durham's speech was statesmanlike, and eloquent. The Duke of Wellington discovered, as usual, vigorous common sense. He made the best of a bad cause. Earl Spencer was happy in his reply. Lord Lyndhurst never speaks without shewing himself an able speaker. He was last night more sophistical and less effective than usual. We never knew the learned Lord more entirely merge the legislator in the advocate. Lord Brougham, who seemed very unwell, but was evidently unable to remain silent, disposed in a few words of everything deserving the name of reasoning, which had been advanced by the Opposition. Whatever may be thought of the merits of the point of dispute, all unbiassed men must admit, that on the field of argument, the Ministerialists at present remain victors; and that their victory is complete. There is not, we believe, the slightest doubt of the success of Lord Durham's motion, though the majority will be small. We shall return to the subject.

The Standard.

The time has at length arrived when, if the Peers cannot, or will not, check the tide of innovation, the last bulwarks of the constitution must be swept away by revolutionary violence. Universal Suffrage, *alias* mob-rule, and the utter subversion of the Established Church—that is, of the religion of the country—are only two of the measures which our republican rulers propose to carry during the present session of Parliament. It is whispered that some of the Conservatives are preparing to yield at the present awful crisis, and thus prove recreants, when there is the greatest necessity, and the noblest opportunity, for the exercise of their piety and courage. We will not believe that their number is considerable, or their influence great. We trust to England's true aristocracy to shew themselves worthy of their exalted station, and their great names, and their very

difficult, but, for that reason, very glorious position. They may yet run in between the living and the dead; and the plague will be stayed. There is still in the Upper House a sufficient number of good men and true, to out-vote the crowd of hungry officials, supported, as they are, by a herd of modern Lords who have been indecently titled (not ennobled) during the past years of Radical misgovernment, and (we are grieved to say) by a few men of birth, and wealth, and character, who might have done honour to a good cause.

The Times.

We congratulate the country on the position in which, as shewn partly by the debate of last night, the great political parties of the state are now placed. The Tories are distracted by faction. Some of their leaders would grant a moderate extension of the franchise: others would refuse the slightest change: whilst some again, are plainly disposed to exhibit the better part of valour—that is, discretion—and to yield prudently, if not graciously, what cannot be withheld. The Ministerialists are firmly compacted together. The Whig party of 1838 has

disappeared. Lord John Russell is no longer the helmsman of the House of Commons. The proceedings of the Government were not determined by accident, but are the fair development of great principles.

An evening contemporary (we will not deign to name it) has charged us with double inconsistency, because of the support we give to the present administration. We laugh at this baseless charge, coming, as it does, from a journal which is positively incapable of supporting even a valid accusation. Whilst the Whigs were not Whigs, but formed a useless, and, indeed, dangerous party in the state—whilst they were halting between two opinions, being powerless for good, and mighty only for evil—we fearlessly and conscientiously denounced them. But no sooner had the Liberal party taken truth for its guide, and in good earnest adopted liberty as its motto, than we were found fighting in its ranks. We deny that *The Times* has been guilty of the slightest inconsistency, and we appeal confidently to our readers for the truth of this denial.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

'Tis the evening hour, and the sun hath given
To earth one tinge of his native heaven;
And all seems harmony and love
On the sea below and the sky above.
One stately vessel in pride is seen,
Breasting the ocean's wavelets green;
The seamen spread each fluttering sail,
To catch the breath of the evening gale;
But slowly she moves from the glitt'ring strand,
As if loath to leave so fair a land.

Heard ye the shout from the sea-girt shore,
Or the answering peal that its echoes bore—
A sound of mirth, o'er the whispering waves,
That murmuring died in the rocky caves?
It pass'd from the lip with a joyous swell,
But jarr'd on the heart like a funeral knell;
And many a tale of the heart is there,
Of love undying, of hope, and despair.

Mark ye that pale and lovely cheek,
That tearful eye, whose aspect meek
Is fix'd with a lingering look on the scene
Where the flow'ry path of her youth has been?
Her head is leant on the noble form
For whose sake she hath vow'd to brave the storm;
He has sworn to cherish her too, and well
Do the doating looks of his fondness tell
How dearly he holds that sacred vow,
How deep is his love, and his faith how true!

But who is he that, with haughty brow
And lip of scorn, hath turn'd him to view
The crowds that circle the fading shore,
The land of his home and heart no more!
Say, what hath caused that deep unrest
In so fair a brow and so young a breast?
Hath the sting of crime, that brings despair
On its barbed point, e'er enter'd there?
Oh, no!—that fearless look may tell
No stain of crime with him can dwell.

The tyrant sought, with oppression strong,
To bind him down; but he rose from the wrong,
And, because his soul might not brook command,
He is seeking a home in a freer land.

There's a grief-worn man, whose furrow'd cheek
And scatter'd snow-white hairs, all speak
Of the ravages of time and grief—
Oh! what may bring that heart relief?
An exile now from the land where first
The visions of hope on his childhood burst;
Where he lived to see those visions fly,
Like the golden beams from the western sky.
His looks are turn'd to the lone churchyard,
Now distant and dim, beneath whose sward
Sleeps every soul to his heart allied,
Save the trembling youth by his aged side,
Whose pale lips murmur this faint relief—
“Father! O father! calm, calm thy grief!”

And there is the youth whose heart beats high
With the visions that gild futurity;
And the aged man who hath seen each ray
Of hope, save the hope in death, decay;
And the eye which beameth with love is there,
And the frowning brow of dark despair;
Yet each as he turneth his eye to the shore,
And thinks of the scenes that must know him no more,
Feeleth a loneliness o'er him creep,
In leaving the land where his fathers sleep.

Oh, many a straining eye will watch
That vessel fade on her path, to catch
One last long look, till the tear-drops start,
To ease the load of a bursting heart—
Then turn away with thoughts of pain
On those whom they ne'er may meet again.
And many a sigh and many a prayer
Will be breathed to heaven for the exiles there—
And that God who biddeth the storm depart
Will hear the prayers of the fervent heart.

THE DEFENDER.—A TALE OF 1797.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

UPON an evening towards the close of the summer of 1797, a gentleman, advanced in years and of a striking appearance, issued from a country town in the east of Ireland, and sauntered along the pathway that led from it by its river's edge into the open country.

For a few hours that he had been a guest, along with two younger companions, dressed in half military attire, at the principal inn of the town, he proved an object of much curiosity to the good folk of the community around him; but, as yet, all their attempts to ascertain his name, quality, or occupation in the world, were unsuccessful.

Unlike his young friends, he was habited in what is sometimes called, in Ireland at least, "plain cloths;" but, in fashion and material, they bespoke a gentleman of the time, and of the higher order of gentlemen; and his features, air, and manner, bore out this pretension. He seemed to be between sixty and seventy; his stature was tall, his step firm and noble; and his face, shewing the remains of youthful beauty, expressed a peculiar mixture of mental habits of blandness and command, urbanity and determination, condescension and self-respect.

At the very commencement of his rural excursion, he was observed to pause and look about him; turn and glance back the way he had come; turn again and gaze steadfastly along the way he was about to go. And so he continued on his saunter, stopping, and turning, and looking, again and again; his handsomely-shaped lips, sometimes in motion, as if unconsciously they gave utterance in words to thoughts connected with the objects he contemplated.

It was plain, indeed, that he enjoyed the scenery, either under the excitement of a first impression from it, or in consequence of his renewal of an old acquaintance with it, after a long separation. Even a casual observer, arguing from the earnestness and vivacity of his regards and his manner, such as we have described both, during his walk, would have declared as much; but we can draw the necessary distinction for the reader. It was indeed an old friendship that the visitor of our country town was claiming with the mute features of nature. Years—many years—more than half the term usually allotted to human life—had elapsed since the summer's evening when he last trode the little pathway over which he now wandered; and the hills, the trees, the water, the meadows, the houses, the distant mountains, everything he gazed upon, reappeared to his eye as indeed familiar objects, and yet seemingly with a kind of strangeness upon them, as to form, or size, or colour, or relative position, which rendered them unsatisfactory in the overweening pretensions of memory, and which long absence, among scenery widely different in character from them, had treacherously produced.

No events in the spectator's life of very great interest were connected with the present landscape; yet it served to call up before his mind the great changes of fortune, of feeling, and of opinion, which he had experienced during his distant and devious separation from it; and by reminding him of the simple and every-day tenor of the portion of his youth whiled away in its presence, the subsequent passages of his manhood and of his age, to the present hour, became more contrastedly important. "Ay," he would say, "when I used to lie in the shade, under that granite rock, to coquet with my pocket volume of poetry, or when I used to cross-fish for salmon with young Martin Doyle, the miller's son, on the banks of this pretty stream, little did I foresee the swelling circumstances, the exertions, and the dangers which, in other climates, among a strangely different people, were to form my future and my present character and place in the world."

His thoughts took another and a sadder turn. "Little, too, did I then calculate the changes that time has since wrought within me and upon me: the cooling-down of the fine breezy freshness of those morning-days; the stilling of the delightful pulsations of hope, in the certainty of experience—say, even of achievement and of fame; the sense of age, and its near fellowship with death; ay, and even this changed person, these furrowed features, this staid step, these sinewy hands, this snowy hair—ah, yes, I grant ye, youth is delusion, or else carelessness; but even, for that very reason, it is happier than age."

And again his reflections, as connected with the place, diverged in their nature. Though not a native of the little valley, nor even of the country which contained it, he had formed a passing intimacy, during the early part of his life alluded to, with some of its inhabitants; and upon this intimacy arose, in his kindly heart, good wishes towards them, which time, absence, and, above all, coming back to their vicinity, served but to strengthen. But circumstances had lately visited with misfortune the district inhabited by his old, humble friends, and a cloud of danger at present hung threateningly over their heads; while he had returned amongst them, a stern man, endowed with much of the power which was to direct the final workings of the storm, for their weal or their wo. And now he paused a moment to ponder the wondrous chances which take place in personal responsibility, and in an individual's relation towards his fellow-creatures: and then arose a benevolent sigh for the human misery he had witnessed upon earth, and which he was doomed still to witness—nay, perhaps instrumentally to cause; and, as one of the minor chords of memory became generously touched at the thought, he began to feel interest for the present and future

fate even of some of the former lowly dwellings on the banks of the gentle river by which he walked.

Quickening his pace, he advanced up towards its source. Two or three men passed him; he looked critically into their features, but memory found in the survey nothing she could own. Still he proceeded onward, until he came in view of another man, who, with a fishing-rod in his hand, was sitting over the water under a huge fantastically-limbed ash-tree. This person seemed very intent upon his solitary sport. He was old, and not hale for his years; on the contrary, it seemed, if one might judge from his sitting position, that his tall and gaunt figure was somewhat bent and prematurely enfeebled. He wore a whitish hat, made whiter by flour-dust, which also plentifully covered his whole person, and even his face; and, in fact, it was plain to be seen that he was a miller; nay, a look up the river at the little mill, in the eddies of the broken stream from whose weir his fishing flies were floating, intimated that he was the miller of the valley.

The strange gentleman regarded him with attention, but, it would seem, not with satisfaction to his object in doing so. He stepped nearer and nearer to him, and appeared still at fault.

"It must be a new proprietor of the mill," he said to himself, "or else Martin's father, whom I have never before seen—for still I half fancy there is a kind of family likeness. Good evening, friend," he continued to the sportsman, suddenly coming close to his side.

The old man, his attention previously absorbed by his fishing-rod, and his ears thrown off their guard by the near noise of the rushing weir, and of the rippling and dancing water that ran to him from its base, had not till this moment noticed the stranger; now he started at the sudden salutation, and having glanced at the person who gave it, looked earnest and respectful, took off his white hat, and inclined his head—we had almost said politely—as, with a smile, he answered—"A kind good evening, sir." But the other observed that there was no recognition in his bow, nor in his smile, nor in his glance.

"Don't let me interrupt your sport; there ought to be some good trout-fishing about this part of the river."

"Thank you then, sir; and I will throw out again." Suiting the action to the word, he wound, with the hand of a master, his angle and fishing-line above and around his head, cleverly steering them clear of entanglement with the branches of the ash-tree, and then caused the line to fall lightly and without a curve in it upon the water. "And indeed it is a good spot to find a trout in, sir, as you say—or, to speak nearer the truth, it used to be long ago, when I was a boy; but—dickens in 'em for throats!—I believe it's gettin' bad an' scarce they are wid the times, like all the rest of the world. But look, sir, there's a fine rise at me! Is he hooked? No—bad manners to him, he's off!"

"From what you say, my friend, you and the trouts hereabout seem to be a long while acquainted."

"And so we are, sir, sure enough—all our lives long; born and bred together, your Honour."

"You live in the mill, I suppose?"

"I own the mill, your Honour—that is, little Martin and I between us; we owns it aqual-alike."

"And how is Martin—little Martin, as you call him?"

The fisher half stopped in his sport, and looked with curiosity at the speaker, as he answered—"Why, then, brave and hearty, sir; an' will your Honour let me ask you where you met Martin afore to-night, to know him or care about him?"

"Oh, no matter for that; we are old friends.—I was right," resumed the stranger, in his own mind; "this is indeed Martin's father, by the twinkle of his eye." Then he went on aloud—"Can I see him? Is he at home?"

The old man laid his rod on the bank, and, with a changed countenance, in which some alarm mingled with scrutiny, again fixed his eyes on his catechist as he hesitatingly replied—"At home, sir? an' you'd want to see him? Why, I believe—I'm almost sure—he is at home wid 'em at the hopper; only I'd make bould to be asking again, sir, who is it that wants him?"

"Oh, don't be afraid of me," said the gentleman, smiling; "I mean him no harm; let him come out from the hopper, and, when he knows who I am—which he will be sure to do at the first look—Martin will tell you so himself."

"Why, then, sir, I'm inclined to think you mean him no harm, sure enough; for, now that I look at you myself the second time, it isn't the likes of your Honour, with that smile on your face, and your Honour all alone too," he continued, glancing watchfully around, "that he or I need be afeard of. But here he comes, at any rate, to make us all sure one way or another."

A man in the undress of a miller, carrying a chubby child in his arms, with which he talked and laughed cheerily, approached them from the mill; and this "little Martin" was about thirty years of age, and about six feet two inches high, and tall, athletic, and seemingly almost riotous in his spirit of activity, for he came jumping and bounding along, over every obstacle, great or small, in his way.

"Come here, Maurtheen, you *gommerat*," cried his father; "here's a strange gentleman—and a gentleman he is every inch of him—that knows you well, and that you know well, and that wants to be speaking to you."

Little Martin, stopping short at a civil distance, looked more disturbed than his father had just done. "Me, father? Want to spake to me? I never saw him afore in my life then."

The stranger saw, indeed, that he had been quite mistaken in his anticipations of the identity of this individual, who, perhaps deriving all his features from his mother, bore not the slightest

resemblance, except in the loftiness of his stature, to the old angler under the tree; and a new light began to break in upon the observer's mind.

"I beg your pardon," he resumed; "I certainly must have been in error. Of this little Martin of yours I have, indeed, no recollection; but let me ask you another question or two: your own name is Martin, I suppose?"

"It is, your Honour; and so was my father's afore me."

"Martin Doyle?"

"Martin Doyle, sir, an' nothing else."

"Is this possible?" asked the gentleman of himself. "Is that old man before me the real Martin Doyle I want?—the former obliging companion of my fishing sports on the banks of this little river? Well, time has dealt harder with him than with me; and yet I am not recognised by him either," he added, with by no means a pleasing argument, philosophically-minded as he was, built thereupon in his own thoughts; perhaps he had never before so fully admitted to himself *that he was old*. The looking-glass, with its everyday familiarity, may flatter us into a comfortable idea that, as years pass on, our features do not change *much*; but when we meet, after a long absence, an early associate of about our own age, and find his features changed *very much*, then we just begin to suspect our own liability to human accidents of the same kind.

"And maybe it's about myself, and not about my son, you'd be asking, afther all, sir?"

"Do you recollect the —th regiment, that was quartered, some time ago, in the town yonder?"

"Blood an' ages! an' sure I do, sir. Some time ago?—haith, an' it's a good long time ago; let me see, it's nigh hand to forty—forty-one—forty-two years ago, every day of it; but I remember the —th regiment for all that."

"And why do you remember it so well?"

"Because I loved and liked every man in it—common men, officers, and all; an' all in regard of the officers—five, or six, or seven of them, that used to run out from the town to the river side here, two or three at a time, an' call me from the hopper to go fishin' with them; hearty, pleasant cratures they were. An' many a summer's night they'd bespake a loand o' the kitchen fire, in the mill; an' we'd fry the throats we used to ketch together on it, and have to say that we eat 'em out o' the river, afther a manner. An' there was one or two o' the whole clan o' the officers that I liked above the rest; an' good reason I had: I fell sick o' the faver that was in the place, and it's kind friends they shewed themselves while it had me down—bad manners to it!—kind friends to me an' my poor ould mother—God bless 'em for the same, wherever they are, alive or dead, this evenin'!"

"I believe you earned the good-will of the two gentlemen you speak of by a good action of your own towards one of them?"

"Blessed hour, your Honour! how do you know that?" The old miller started up as nimbly

as he could, now wholly abandoning his fishing-rod.

"I knew your old friends abroad."

"Praise be to God! Strange things 'ill always be comin' to pass in this world. Musha, sir, maybe"—He drew quite close to the stranger, peering at him in the coming twilight, as if he hoped to make a gratifying discovery; but added, with a disappointed expression of face—"Avoch, no!—your Honour is neither the one nor the other o' them. But you met 'em abroad, you say, sir? An' they spoke to you of one poor Martin Doyle, it seems? They thought of him, an' of ould, innocent times; an' of the poor little ould mill, an' the throats, an' the ould river's side, in Ireland—an' they far away? It was like them, the cratures."

"Indeed they did; and they would have been ungrateful if they had not done so—one of them, at least—the young gentleman you saved from drowning, at the risk of your own life—at almost the certainty of losing it, indeed—very near this very spot, the spring when there was such a tearing flood in the river."

"Huth, sir! that little matther is not worth spakin' about; what did I do, but what we're all bound to do for aoch other?—An' they're alive, sir, an' well an' happy, I hope, this blessed day?"

"They are alive, and well, and as happy as, I believe, the generality of their fellow-creatures."

"Musha, then, the Lord be praised! and more o' that to them; but there is one o' the two I'd be asking afther, your Honour, wid all the veins o' my heart—young Masther Ensign Abercromby—how is *he*?"

Before the strange gentleman could answer, little Martin, who had been listening in great interest, said, in a tone of excitement—"You're spakin' of a great man now, father; the great General Abercromby; him that the whole world is talkin' about; an' a man as good as he is great, they say; an', more than that, the very general that has come over to Ireland from England, about a month ago, to review the King's throops, an' see if they are in fit order to finish their work on the people."

"The Lord be praised, again!" ejaculated the old man; "sure it was thrue for me when I said, a while ago, that strange things id never stop happenin'; an' is what little Martin says thrue, sir?"

"I cannot vouch for the truth of the compliments he has paid to General Abercromby," answered the gentleman, smiling; "but the principal facts he has mentioned are true."

"They are, your Honour, an' what I am goin' to say is thrue, besides: the general has been reviewing the throops, in different parts o' the country; an' so bad did he find 'em, in regard o' their bein' so long let loose to murther and plunder the poor people, that he tould themselves to their faces, that they 'were in a state of discipline that made them formidable to any one but an enemy.'" And little Martin related

this anecdote with increased vivacity—with a vehemence, indeed, which was not lost upon the most observant of his hearers.

“Well, Martin,” resumed this individual, addressing the father; “so far so good, as regards your own good-natured inquiries after your old friends; but they will, doubtless, be asking, in their turn, after your welfare in the world, when I happen to see them again; I want to know, therefore, all about you, for their satisfaction—how you are in health, in wealth, and in expectations.”

“Thankee kindly, sir. The health is nothin’ to brag of, praise be to God! there’s anould rhumatiz on me this many a year, an’ I had a heavy pleuracy the last spring—but we mustn’t complain. As to the other things, why, the hopper clacks merrily, praise be to God over again! an’ I’m alive to see little Martin, there, and another little Martin intirely, in his arms, growin’ fat on it; and while there’s wather in the river to keep it goin’ for them, an’ for the little girl of a wife he has—an’ a good little crature she is—never a throuble comes into my mind about the hereafter in this ugly world; that is, if the Peep-o-day-boys, and the Defandher-boys, an’ the sogers, ’ud only let us alone, your Honour, an’ lave us in pace an’ quietness.”

The son fidgeted, and seemed about to speak again, very earnestly, but checked himself.

“And no doubt they will let you alone, Martin; for I am quite sure you have had too much good sense to give any one cause to inconvenience you, in these unsettled times.”

“I’m obleeged to your Honour for your good thought—an’, deed-an’-deed, I deserve it from you, sir; never a meddle nor make can any one bring agin ould Martin Doyle, on the head of a single disturbance that’s in the counthry.”

“And you can say the same for your son?” half questioned the stranger—much doubting the fact, however; and little Martin fidgeted more and more.

“I can, your Honour—I hope and pray to God that I can; ever an’ always ’twas my word to him, and my advice, and my command, to keep clear of oath-takin’, an’ everything o’ the kind; an’ if he hasn’t hearkened to the words o’ my mouth, he’s a worse boy and a worse son than I took him for.”

“I’ll do nothing to shame you, father,” said the person spoken of, still vehemently; “an’ I hope an’ pray, like yourself, that we may be left to rest in pace; only, how can we expect to escape, in the long run, our share of what a most every other man, woman and child, in the land of Ireland, is sufferin’ or has suffered? In our own poor county alone, I could reckon four hundred cabins, an’ smuggler houses, burnt down within the last two months; there’s six smokin’ yet, on the very next lawn-land; and where are them that, last May-day, lived under their roof-threes?—I’ll tell your Honour,” continued the young “Defender,” his eyes still kindling, and his voice and manner becoming still more marked with excitement, as he clasped closer, with one

aimewy arm, the urchin that nestled on his breast, and began to wave the other round his head—“I’ll tell your Honour—if your Honour will take the answer from the greatest-spoken Irishman that Ireland ever saw, insid of from my own foolish words—I’ll tell your Honour!”

Little Martin meant, indeed, Ireland’s immortal Curran; even then, in the very exercise of his oratory, well known among the humbler politicians of his country; and the young miller went on with a quotation, truly learnt by heart, from a speech recently delivered, upon an important trial in Dublin, by the orator. We subjoin the passage, without adding little Martin’s brogue to it.

“Where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land? You may find him perhaps in a jail, the only place of security—I had almost said of habitation; you may see him flying from the flames of his own dwelling, or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those of tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home.”

And such truly were Curran’s words, descriptive of the social state of Ireland in this year of 1797; not—we request it to be observed—not the year of the rebellion in Ireland, and of the surpassing vengeance which it entailed upon the devoted population; but the year before that rebellion, into which visitations such as those spoken of by the orator chiefly tended to precipitate the people.

“That is all very well in its way,” quietly observed the gentleman; “and all very beautiful language, I willingly admit; but surely the people of this fine country could not be subjected to such severities, if they had not given cause to provoke them.”

His words now called forth a great flow of explanation and expostulation from the young man, and, even in his own way, from his father, to which, redundant as it was, their new friend listened with attention. He proposed questions, too, as if he would inform himself, according to their knowledge of facts, of the full subject in discussion; though, indeed, he really lacked no acquaintance with it, and put his queries solely to ascertain the extent and correctness of theirs, together with their incidental opinions and feelings. The statements they made are, however, interesting to our present reader, and we shall, therefore, condense them—again, as in the recent case of the quotation from Curran, not preserving the language of our immediate authorities.

But the rebellion about to break out, they said, no more originated with the people of Ireland, than did the American rebellion originate with the red men of the western continent. It heads were descendants of English and Scotch colonists—Church-of-England Protestants, and Presbyterians—who, as their American preto-

types had done, quarrelled with the mother country, because they wanted to rule independently over the land of their adoption. England overawed them with her disciplined troops, and then they seduced into their ranks the native population, who—to recur again to the model-contest across the Atlantic—bore, to the two parties really at issue, about the same political affinities as did the tomahawk allies of the American war to the true combatants in that struggle; so insignificant, in the eyes of their masters at every side, were then the “Catholic millions” of Ireland. Circumstances had, however, indifferently well prepared the Irish mass-goer for enlisting against the established authorities. For some time previously, a majority of the High Church colonists of Ulster had come to a resolution to banish out of their neighbourhood all aboriginal Papists; and, being more locally numerous than the objects of their aversion, and calling in to their aid fire, and sword, and all legitimate means of extermination, they were very successful in their attempts to do so; for these were the fine old “hell-or-Connaught” times. The Protestant bands voluntarily organized on the occasion, dubbed themselves *Peep-o'-day Boys*; and the banished Papists, spreading among their own sect, wherever they wandered through Ireland, terror and hatred of their persecutors; counter-bands of Catholics became formed, in many parts of the country, under the name of *Defenders*.

Government had never openly countenanced or applauded the gratuitous loyalty of the *Peep-o'-day Boys*; the *Defenders*, however, did not think that it repressed or punished them as vigorously as it could and ought to have done; and these sitting in high places, consequently, began to share some of the feelings with which the illiterate Irish Catholic regarded his enemy; and, just at this nick of time, in stepped, amongst the fermenting *Defenders*, William Orr, Arthur O'Connor, and their friends; and, as the *Peep-o'-day Boys* were Government supporters as well as Papist-haters, the Catholic people, hoping for ample and exemplary vengeance upon them during the struggle, soon became converted into United Irishmen—rebels, in fact, against English dominion in Ireland.

“An’ that’s the way we—the poor people o’ the country, I mane—were made united men,” continued the young miller; “though now it’s we alone that bears the brunt on every side; ay, an’ that are likely to be the only army General Abercromby ‘ill meet in the field.”

“Yes,” assented his father; “yes, the misfortunate *spalpeens*—whoever dances, it’s they must pay the piper.”

“But who is this coming up to us, now?” questioned the son, stepping back, the infant still in his arms, and looking really alarmed. Two young gentlemen, in military undress, approached our party, along the bank of the river, from the direction of the town; and, owing to the increased twilight, they had come near before they were observed—their pace was hasty,

and their manner anxious. The old miller more than shared his son’s nervousness.

“Still fear nothing, Martin; these gentlemen are friends of mine, and only here to seek me. Farewell! I am authorized by your old fellow sportsmen on the river side, to take your hand.” He did so, with an air of cordial though condescending urbanity; while Martin, his eyes reverting to the new comers, received, in an embarrassed and bewildered manner, the unexpected salutation. “And farther, Martin, I have to inform you that the young Master Ensign Abercromby you spoke of awhile ago, will be in your town to-morrow, and if you inquire for him at his quarters, pleased to see you, perhaps. Now, good night.” He turned away, joined his young associates, and soon disappeared with them along the path by which they had approached, all conversing earnestly.

“Who are they at all?” resumed little Martin, his troubled eyes straining after them. “An look up there, father!—what’s that?”

About half-way between the speaker and the town, a reddish spot appeared in the darkening sky.

“That’s the sign of another house a-fire,” answered the father, in a solemn, doleful tone; “though we can’t see the flames by reason of the high grounds between us and it.”

“By the lot o’ man!” half screamed the son, smiting his thigh with his disengaged hand, “it’s the house of little Micky Glennan, our baronial sacretary; and he had all the baronial papers under his roof; an’ if they are found, we’re lost men; or if he is found, all the same; for the little tailoring *thrawneen** of a orature will never bear three lashes o’ the cat-o’-nine-tails on his back without telling on the whole of us.”

“What words are them you’re saying, Martin?” asked his father, fixing his eyes upon him in misgiving and terror.

Before little Martin could make answer, a feeble and tremulous voice cautiously pronounced his name. Both startled and looked round. The call was repeated; and they could now perceive that it arose from under the bank near to the verge of which they were standing. They peered over the bank, and imperfectly discerned beneath them, standing breast-high in the current of the waters, a little slight-built man, who with difficulty supported himself in his not unperilous position, by grasping at the roots of the ash-tree before mentioned as growing in this spot.

“I was right, I was right!” exclaimed young Martin; “it’s Micky himself run out of the fire into the waters, an’ staling down through it all the way to us here under the bank, to give us a warning! Trot home to Mammy, Matty *avourneen*,” (he set down the child,) “an’ tell her not to mind biling the pyatees for my supper to-night. Give us a hould o’ you, Micky.” He threw himself on his breast at the edge of the steep bank, stretched one arm downwards, seized the little scout by the shoulder, and landed him on his

feet under the ash-tree. The poor tailor secretary stood dripping and shivering in the very undress in which he had jumped off his shopboard—namely, stripped to his waistcoat, and shoesless and hatless—upon the first alarm of the approach of the military to his house.

"Hurry, Martin, hurry!" he now cried, taking from between his clenched teeth a bundle of papers tied round with a strip of listing. "You know what these are, an' I just had time to save 'em for your hands—hurry into the mill and burn 'em—burn 'em well, well! or the whole world is destroyed! you among all the rest! you and yours—hurry, hurry! No terrier could bring them better to you between his teeth, out of the fire first, an' out o' the wathers afther—hurry, man!—but, no—stop—there's no time for you to do it now—give them to your father there—let him make away with 'em—the sogers will be here on yourself in the turning of a hand! I see their bagnets bristlin' over the fence on the high-road above, dark as it's growin', an' they'll be down on the poor mill like a hawk on the wing! Yes, Martin, they have your name, as well as they had mine, an' the ould mill 'ill burn to-night, as sure as Mick Glennan's roof is burnin' beyant there! Hurry, ould Martin, hurry, I bid you!—my duty is done here, an' I can't stop a moment longer. No, nor your bould son oughtn't to stop, if he cares for the breath he's brathin'! To the wather, agin, wid me, for the bare life, an' for the lives of a thousand men along wid it! Follow me, little Martin, an' I'll shew you the way to a good hidin'-hole! Follow me! It's across the river to the ould wood I'm goin'—an', oh, the Lord puctect me, for my life is worth a mint o' money!"

The utterly terrified, and yet self-important little man, delivered this speech in gasping and catches of breath, and almost in a whisper, while not only his features, but his hands, legs, and feet worked in spasmy gesticulations; and he had scarce ended it, when he dropped by his hands from the bank into the water, in the very place where, assisted by Little Martin, he had made his appearance. His auditors, stunned by the nature of his communications and exhortations, had not been able to address to him a single word. Little Martin now first recovered presence of mind. He glanced up to the high road, and saw indeed the glistening of the bayonets; he glanced at the death-fraught parcel in his hand, and felt that, as the tailor had said, fire ought that instant to consume it to ashes; he glanced at his father, and perceived that he was so shaken by fright and consternation, it was impossible he could effect this object; then he ran headlong to the mill-house; gained it and disappeared into it, by a succession of bounds, such as a race-horse might make, when pushed hard near the winning-post; reappeared, and reapproached his father, at the same speed; found the old man sitting helplessly, and with a pitiable expression of face, upon the curled roots of the ash-tree; flung himself on his knees at his feet, and addressed him.

"'Tis all too thrue, father, dear—I am the ruin o' you, in your ould days! The mill will burn to-night, as little Micky said, an' I must run like a hare to save life itself from the hands that 'ill put the red fire to it. Father, can you forgive me? But the ould man has no speech for me, an' I can't stop till it comes back to him."—He eyed the high-ground over the mill, and saw the soldiers jumping upon it from the road. "Father, listen to one word; they can't touch you, you know, for you're free o' the matter. When you see Anty, tell her to come look for me to-night in the ould wood. You heard what Micky said—didn't you, father?"

"Yes, aviah, yes, yes," answered the old miller, incoherently.

"Tell Anty, then, as I bid you—and you'll come wid her—won't you, father? But don't tell her till all is over, an' the sogers gone—her grief might misguide her tongue. An' now, father dear, the good night, an' God look down on you, an' pity you—an' forgive me!"

He jumped up, took his father's hands, kissed his cheeks, gave one short look over his shoulder up the hill-side, and the next moment plunged, head foremost, from the bank into the river.

The people in Ireland sometimes give strange names to places, names which purport or pretend to describe their characteristic features, but which, in reality, do no such thing; and indeed, had we time to pause for the purpose, we might perhaps shew that such is the case in other countries also. In the present instance, at all events, the place of refuge spoken of by the little rebel secretary, as the "ould wood," was as unlike a wood as could possibly be. It was a bog, in fact; but perhaps, in the very olden times, trees had covered its surface, conferring a name which, even after their total decay or eradication, became hereditary in the neighbourhood.

It was an extensive bog, too, overspreading many acres; very little of it solid; and such spots of it as were so, connected with each other by narrow strips of miry soil, or else almost quite separated by deep holes filled with water, across which it was necessary to bound with a sure foot and an agile limb. To those acquainted with its recesses, however, and well inured to jumping, leaping, and splashing, it could be explored partially at least; and from this description, we may infer that it afforded to our present fugitives a secure temporary retreat from pursuers not as well acquainted as they were with its statistics.

It lay about four miles from the town in the neighbourhood of which Martin Doyle's mill stood, or used to stand, and was distant perhaps fifteen miles from another town, a sea-coast one, whence small ships occasionally sailed to distant parts of the world. Some hours after his last disappearance from us, we discover young Martin Doyle, and his little shivering friend, Micky Glennan, accompanied by another man, who bore a pedler's pack, crouching in the shade of a huge turf clump, upon a nearly isolated patch of almost quagmire in its centre.

They had been conversing, but they are now silent, straining their eyes over the waste around them, as if in expectation of the approach of some person whom they anxiously wished to see. It was midnight, and, although an autumn midnight, cloudy, and moonless, and starless over-head; and altogether nothing could be more cheerless and more dreary than their position. There was no running motion in the black bog-water, to give it sound and life; there was no breeze abroad to stir the tufts of rushes or of flaggers—the only vegetation of the bog—which grew at its edges, or up through its stagnant wave; upon the shelves of the low line of falling ground which embasined the desolate place, no human habitation was in view; in fact, no object of interest met the eye upon the land or in the heavens; and the only sounds which now and then broke the dull and painful silence, were the mouse-like squeak of the bat, or the angry hoot of the horned owl—each animal unseen—as it flitted or flapped by them, or a sudden splash, through its dreams, of a sleeping waterfowl, near at hand.

And here little Martin and his two companions lay still, under the clouds of the night, wearily watching, as we have said, the coming of an expected visitor. But the grey morning began to break, and no one approached them; and, half-dressed and wet out of the river, as two of the three men continued to be, and unsupplied with refreshment of any kind, chilliness and hunger aggravated the misery of their feelings as outlaws, as houseless beggars, and as victims doomed to the death. Morning almost fully shone out, indeed, before Anty Doyle, with her little boy on her back, gained her husband's side.

They did not exchange a word at meeting, but embraced many times, the child encircled by their intertwined arms—poor Anty only too eloquent in her incessant sobs and tears.

"Well, *ma colleen*—sure there's no use in asking—the ould mill-house hasn't a roof on it by this time?"

She could but cry on.

"Shure, I knew it, *alanna*; and what's the use of frettin' over it now? We're all safe, and all here together, anyhow; all but the ould man. Where is *he*, Anty? Why didn't he come the road with you?"

Still the poor woman was able to give only a weeping answer.

"He just staid behind to see what comfort or help he could pick up for us, an' he'll be with us in no time?—isn't that id, Anty? Musha, to be sure it is; and so, as I was saying, we'll be all together, after the whole that is come an' gone; an' you and I are young and hearty yet, Anty; an' the world is wide, *achona*; an'—whisper in your ear—there's luck in store for us yet; ay, and nigh hand to us. Here's a friend o' Micky Glennan's," (pointing to the third man in company,) "an' he has room enough bekoke for us all aboard a good ship, only a few miles off; an', if the ould man id only come among us at onco, we could be running off to-

wards the *sey* this moment—couldn't we, Matty, *ma bouchal*?"

He snatched the child from her arms, and began to dandle and toss it about, singing and laughing, and even dancing to it, in an outbreak of false vivacity. "But *when* will he come, Anty?—did he tell you?"

"Martin, Martin," sobbed his wife, sinking down in a sitting position, and covering her face with her hands, "the ould man won't come to us."

"What's that you say, Anty? *won't* come to us? Is he so vexed with me entirely?"

"Martin, I mean to tell you that he can't come to us."

"Can't?—what's to hinder him? They daarn't harm a hair of his head; they daarn't lay a hand on him. He has done nothing to deserve it from 'em. Where is he? where is he, Anty? Where's my father?"

"He's in the sthrong gaol o' the town beyont, Martin."

"What's that you tell me, woman?" He stepped back slowly, put the child down as if a master-feeling had suddenly chased out of his heart all fondness for it, and then, looking deadly pale, continued in a slow, low voice—"The gaol!—how could that happen? What did they put him in the gaol for? I tell you again, he's as innocent of thrason against them as the child unborn."

"And I'll tell *you* how it came to pass, Martin. While the mill an' the house was burnin', an' every chair and table we had were thrun into the flames to help them, they found the ould man and me whispering together. He was afther telling me where to go and look for you then; an' they axed him about the road you took, an' he shook, and thrembled, and denied his knowledge of you, with such a wake, poor manner on him, that they easy guessed he knew well everything about you; an' so they axed him agin, threatenin' him; but he denied them still, growin' stouter and heartier this time; an', at last, they dhragged him off between 'em to the gaol; an' your ould father's bare back, Martin, is to be flogged at their thrilage, afore breakfast time this blessed mornin'—ay, Martin, an' flogged, flogged, flogged, till he gives 'em the word where to find you."

The strong young man looked utterly overwhelmed; he changed colour again and again; his forehead grew moist, and he smote his breast solemnly, as, with upturned eyes, and meaning forth the words like a sick woman, he said—"O my God! my God!—Oh, the Lord forgive me! the Lord forgive me!"

His wife and he had spoken apart from his companions; now he turned slowly away even from her, walked round the pile of turf to a side of it where he could remain unseen, leaned an arm against it, and drooped his head; wept and sobbed, but not loudly; wrung his hands; and, as his thoughts and feelings rose fully upon him, even shivered; then he knelt, prayed, took his final resolution, and, wiping the tears from his cheeks, returned to his wife, sat down by her

side, drew her to his bosom, kissed her, and spoke again.

"It's now nigh band to three years since we were married, Anty?" She assented.

"An' few poor couples, I believe, far and wide, has lived happier together, during that time, *ma-colleen*." Her confirmation of this fact was given eagerly and fondly.

"This much I'll say of you, Anty: God never gave a better wife to man, than you have made to me—an' I'm ready to say the same words wid my dyin' breath;—an' did I make a bad husband to you?"

"What's the use in askin' me that question, Martin *a-graw*? Could I love you as I do, an' as you know I do, if you ever gave me reason to think such a thing?"

"But aint I givin you reason for it now, Anty?"

"How, Martin, *ma-bouchalleen*?"

"Aint I the cause o' your sittin here this mornin, without house or home, Anty, an' without a hope for the to-morrow in this world? An' when I'm gone from your side—an' when you are left quite alone—you an' little Matty?"

"Me an' little Matty!" she interrupted; "left alone! how? an' where ud you be goin from either of us? What do you mane, Martin Doyle? Arn't we goin to the ship, together—we three—an' this moment, if you like."

"And lave my father's bare back to be cut into the bone, Anty, as you tould me?"

"And how can you help him, Martin?"

"And on my account—to save me—me his son—his undutiful son; is it my own *corra-ma-chree*, Anty Doran, that gives such an advice?"

"Why, what other advice can she give you, Martin? Go to the ship, or stay away from the ship, how can you, I ask again, screen the poor ould man from their hands! 'Tis a terrible an' a sore thing to think of, an' many's the salt tear it has taken out o' my eyes, comin the road to see you here; but, over an' over I say—what can you do to hindher it?"

"Listen to me, Anty. My father is to be flogged—ould an' sickly as he is—an' the best father to me, ever since I could climb his knee, and larn the Lord's Prayer from him, that ever a son had—my father, I say, is to be flogged this morning, and flogged till he dies under their lash, maybe—because he won't tell them where to lay hands on me. Isn't that thrue, *a-lan-na*?"

"Well! an' is it is?"

"An' I have the knowledge of all this—isn't that thrue, too?"

"Well, Martin, well."

"An' here I am, wid that knowledge on me, an' time enough to make use of it—no more nor half an hour's good run from the barrack-yard, where they'll tie him up—and do you think now, Anty, I ought to let them tie him up, when stan'nin' straight afore 'em, an' just sayin'—'Here I am!' would save him?"

"Give yourself up, Martin!" she screamed—"give yourself up from your wife and child! O my God! Sure, well you know it isn't the

thriangle alone is ready for you, but the gallows three—the black gallows, Martin!"

"Well, an' maybe I do know it, as you say, Anty."

"An' you'd go and daare it!"

"I would, Anty; I will, Anty; I must."

"Never!" she again screamed—"never, while the world is a world!"—(she clasped him tightly)—"never, Martin, unless you cut the arms out o' my body, never will I untwist them from around you, to let you from me on such an errand! Oh, our boy, Martin, our little boy! look at him!"—Forgetting, in the breath that uttered it, her threat not to release Martin, she now snatched up Matty, first springing to her feet, and held him close to his father—"Look at him, Martin, *ma courneon*! look at his blue eyes—your own blue eyes—an' his roses of cheeks—an' his early yellow hair—och! the good God never gave the sun to shine upon a more lovely babby! There—yes—take him and kiss him—well I knew you would!"—Martin, also standing up, caught indeed the little fellow in his arms—"An' talk of lavin' him, indeed! lavin' him on the wide world, without a father!—hush! what nonsense!" and she laughed hysterically through her tears.

"Here—take him back from me, Anty," (he held out the child to her with one hand, covering his eyes with the other,) "and take him quick—I can never do what I have to do, if I as much as look at him again. And don't be cast down, Anty; there is a good God to watch over him and you, when I am gone; and the poor ould man that I will save for ye, he will be a father to ye both, and make up for my loss; and, in a few years, little Matty himself!"

"Bad man, bad husband, and bad father, and bad Christian, toe! you can never mane what you say—you can never mane to!"

"Hushth, Anty, hushth—bad Christian I am not, I hope—in this matter at last. He is my father, Anty—the earthly giver of my life—and am I to be his murderer? Against his advice, and against his commands, I have made my own lot—and is he to screech to death, still strivin' to save me from that lot, because I am coward enough to skulk and be afeard of it? Is that what you want the world to tell our little boy, when he grows ould enough to understand it? Is—but, hurth! what *rammanak* I'm talkin'—spendin' the precious time here, givin' reasons for going to do what no living man, that has man's blood in his heart, could think of argufying for one instant? and so, Anty—Anty *ma vourneen*!"—He extended his arms.

"Martin, Martin!" (she flung herself on her knees at his feet, speaking rapidly and hoarsely,) "listen to one word from me. A rich, a blessed thought comes into my head—a blessed thought to save you both—the ould man and yourself.—Listen to me well, I say—if go you must; do *this*, when you are face to face with them; they know well you have secrets that they would give you your life for, if you only could 'em out plump.—Well, Martin, promise them!"

"Tarn informer, Anty?"—he drew back from her, his brows knitting—"save my own life, by swearin' away the lives of a hundred other men in a whisper?—dhyr up your tears, by earnin' the curses of a hundred poor women like yourself? No, Anty; our son shall never grow up to hear said of him a worse saying than this—"There goes the child of the man who could have made many widows, but made only one." And while the young miller spoke these words, there was an air of true, lofty dignity about him. "And come now, Anty, the last kiss for you, and for little Matty"—he raised her, and again took her in his arms.

"Oh, I'm lost! I'm lost!" shrieked the poor wife and mother.

"An' you called me bad father and bad husband, a while ago, Anty? Oh! the merciful Lord that looks down in pity upon me, this moment, knows that I am not; he knows that there never breathed a Christian creature that loved wife and child in the very veins of his heart, within, better than I do!—ay, an' you know it yourself, *a-lanna*, and you just said them words without thinkin'—certain sure I am that you did. Here then *a-lanna*—here is the last kiss entirely for yez both—an' may God look down on ye both!"—he knelt—"and be a husband and a father to the widow and the orphan!"

"No, Martin Doyle! No, no! stir from us you shan't!" She clung to his limbs as he arose. "Matty, child, stay here by me and kneel too. Let him deny our prayers together, and let him kick us away together, while we are praying up to him, if he can! O Martin, *ma-bouchal*, life is sweet to man!—and the ship is on the sey for us, Martin, an' waitin' for us."

"Yes, yes, Anty, and the thriangle is put up for my father, if the lash is not already on his back! Hush!—I think I hear the sound of it, an' see the marks of it on his flesh! an' the old blood that gave me life a-thraming like wather! and his screeches, they are wringing in my skull. Let me go—let me go—let me go! or— Ah, poor creature! she can't hold me. Now, and now, is the time to quit her. Here, Micky Glenan; come here with your crony." The men drew near to him. "Here, take Anty from my hand—kindly, kindly—the faint is on her, poor soul! Lay her down where she can come to herself, quiet; and, when she opens her eyes, tell her I kissed her again, afore I left her for ever; and our *gorsoon* too, our *gorsoon* too!" With streaming eyes and broken voice, he embraced, indeed, his insensible wife and his unconscious infant many times; then, before his friends could obtain a word of explanation from him, bounded like a chased stag across the bog.

Little Martin had erred in thinking that the place of his father's punishment was to be the yard of the barracks of the town, towards which he raced. In about the middle of the main street, and where it was spacious, stood the jail, surmounted by the court-house, the united buildings falling back some distance from the line of ordinary houses at either side, and allowing an

open space before them. On one side of this space, upon the morning we are speaking of, stood a triangle, on the other, a gallows. A line of soldiers was drawn up before both; and within their line appeared some officers, grouped with loyal citizens of distinction; and without it, in the street, a crowd of the common people, of whom the countenances of some evinced compassion for what was going on at the triangle or at the gallows; while those of others grew pale in terror on their own account, perhaps a few among them looked on with scowls of indignation, or of longing vengeance. For, as we pause before this remarkable spot, neither the triangle nor the gallows is idle; nor, indeed, have they been so during the whole morning; for, above, in the court-house, sits an almost permanent court-martial, which can quite conveniently send off to the noose or the lash, as the case may require, without much loss of time, a convicted "Defender."

Two peasants descend together, well guarded from the court-house, the flight of steps which lead most immediately to the more important piece of mechanism erected for the fulfilment of the edicts of martial law; they had come in from the country tied on a common car about half an hour before. They stand on two ladders under the gallows. In a twinkling, the ready swinging ropes are adjusted round their necks; and, hand in hand, they direct their eyes amid the low wailings of the crowd, whose looks are fixed in the same direction, towards an open window in a house of the street immediately opposite the jail. At that open window appears a man stricken in years, wearing a portion of an ecclesiastical dress; his features seem troubled, his eyes are red; his lips move in a murmured prayer; he extends his arms towards the doomed man—at a distance, of perhaps forty yards; the rebels' eyes catch his, and their lips also move rapidly; and the next instant they are turned off the ladders. This circumstance asks a word of explanation. It was not, during this season of excitement, the etiquette always to allow rebels to be attended, in their last moments, by a clergyman of their own persuasion; an old priest endeavoured, as well as he could, to remedy the deficiency; he craved, and obtained permission of a friend to stand at a window in his house, conveniently facing the jail, as the sufferers were led forth to be hanged; they had previously got a whisper of his intention; when he extended his arms, they knew they were to join him in prayer, and they did so; and thus martial law became half-cheated of a portion of the full measure of its awarded punishment.

The bodies of the two peasants had not yet done struggling, when another man was guarded down from the court-house; but, as he was only on his way to the triangle, the gallows did not require to be cleared for his accommodation. We have lately spoken of a little tailor, upon whose endurance of the lash, with a good many lives at stake, young Martin Doyle placed a very slender reliance; and this was another little

tailor, and now in precisely the same position that Micky Glennan must have held, had his Majesty's troops succeeded in catching him the previous evening. But very different were the minds and hearts of the two little men. The individual before us was known to be possessed of information which, if fully imparted, would lay bare the whole conspiracy of defenderism in the district; and, in order to argue him into confession, he had received five hundred lashes a few days before, but without effect. Upon this morning, having been again confronted with his judges, he was still contumacious; and he is now marched down from them to be tied up again; and he is tied up again; and, with scarce a loud cry, he undergoes five hundred lashes more, only praying for a drop of water, which is denied to him. We will give a sentence more to this obstinate little fellow. Strange to say, he did not die under the lash; and, what is quite as strange, having been found proof against the triangle, he was not turned over to the gallows; for we saw him alive and well, twenty years at least after the year 1797; nay, and, with a great concourse of other people, of all political parties, we attended at his funeral; and his name was and is invested with heroism among the humble classes of his native place. We subjoin it for the curious in those matters—Dooly. Had he been a citizen of an older town, old Rome, and had he thus borne to be tortured in one of the streets of old Carthage, what would classic history now say of him!

The people knew that little Dooly had been flogged a few days before—indeed, had they been ignorant of the fact, his unhealed back might now have proclaimed it—and they therefore looked on at his present punishment with feelings of great commiseration; groans and lamentations—which called forth frowning glances of reprehension from the loyal gentlemen, civil and military, standing near the triangle—often escaping them. Now and then the flogger would be commanded to desist for a moment, in order that some authorized person might reiterate to Dooly the prudent recommendation to save his back, by turning informer; and when the subborn little Defender only gave his invariable answer of—"Let me die ay—let me die ay, in the name of God;"—and when, in consequence of his pertinacity, the big-drummer's lash again descended upon his puny carcass with redoubled vigour, the cries of the spectators outside the line of soldiers, became quite too loud for the ears of loyalty. One man amongst them, in particular, aroused the angry notice of his superiors. He was taller by a head than any of his neighbours in the crowd; he had arrived hastily amongst them, running at his utmost speed; he was greatly agitated, though he seemed to make efforts to stand quietly and observantly; he was without waistcoat, coat or hat, and dripping with wet and covered with mire; and this person it was who, as Dooly silently cringed under a good blow, dared to call out—"Huth! can't ye hang

the poor crature, to put him out o' pain? Ay sthring him up at once, if there's a man's heart among ye!"—upon which he was sternly commanded to stand back and hold his tongue, at the risk of being dragged from where he was, and thrust into the jail.

"Huth! huth!" laughed the offender, "ye would not let me stir out of where I am, for a hat full o' goold this mornin'; stir out of it to go backwards, I mane."

A new incident appealed to the sympathies of the lookers on. When Dooly had nearly received his day's punishment, a second candidate for the triangle was led down the court-house steps. His appearance called forth a burst of lament from the crowd; and—"God of glory!" cried the man who had before spoken, while his eyes stared, and his teeth set hard. The rebel now to be flogged was tall, old, white-haired, and stooping from feebleness. His bleared blue eyes wandered vaguely around—his white lips moved rapidly—his hands were clasped. His guards stationed him behind Dooley, at a point from which, for his edification and the King's expected advantage, he might fully observe what was in store for himself, under a certain proviso. The moment they allowed him to stand still, the old man fell on his knees, fixed his roving eyes, as it was hoped he would have done, on Dooley's back; then clasped his hands tighter, and, glancing upward for a moment, his lips moved more quickly than before.

Dooly was taken down from the triangle, and borne, fainting, between two soldiers, into the jail. A fresh big-drummer, wielding a fresh instrument of torture, approached the kneeling old man, slapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "Strip!" The official was a black, of unlovely aspect; and his own shining, sooty, muscular arms and body were bared for his proposed task.

"Yes, Doyle, strip!" repeated another official, a gentleman of the civic corps; "or else change your mind, and give the information demanded of you."

"Yis, avich, yis—yis, your Honour, yis!" answered old Martin Doyle, rising with difficulty. "Sthrip I will, by all manes; only I'd ask again what I asked above in the court-house—couldn't I see aforehand, young Masther Insign Abercromby, for the love of God?"

The gentleman who had addressed him, exchanged smiles with the friends around him, and all shrugged their shoulders; the big black initiated them, and the former spokesman resumed.

"You positively refuse, then, to declare your knowledge of where Martin Doyle, the younger, may at present be found?"

"Avoch," was the old man's reply.

"In that case, go on," said a sergeant of yeomanry, who had accompanied him down from the court-house, nodding to the black.

"Come, old chap," commanded that important individual, tearing open the buttons of the old miller's white coat.

"Here, then, in the name o' God!" said old Martin, beginning to undress.

"Stand back, there!" roared a sentinel, who confronted the crowd outside the line of the soldiers—"Stand back, or I will run my bayonet through you!"

"Huth, man alive!" cried Little Martin in reply, his voice good-naturedly toned, though, as will be seen, his actions proved none of the gentlest. "Huth, man alive! stand back yourself. I don't mane to hurt you, but I'm wantin inside, there." He kicked up the musket; wrested it with little effort from the sentinel's grasp; twirled him aside among the people; pitched it forward into the space before the jail, where it rang sharply on the pavement; pushed through the soldiers before him, with perfectly erect figure, and quiet, though prodigious strides; gained his father's side; put his arms round him; extended widely his gigantic limbs; and said, in a mild, but firm voice—"Nobody is to touch this ould man; nobody has a need to touch him; nobody has a right to touch him;—all ye want of him is to make him tell where his son is to be found, and I can tell ye without botherin him; he is to be found here—here where I stand. I am his son; I am the Martin Doyle that ye called the younger, just now; so tie me up; lash me as long as it plases ye, and hang me up afterwards; but this ould man is to go his ways in pace."

Every one looked on in astonishment and silence—that is, every one inside the soldiers; but the people in the street allowed to escape them great cries of pity and admiration; and so engaged were the feelings of all, that a burst of the music of a band, a few streets off, and the arrival, outside the military line, of a superior officer on horseback, attended by other mounted officers, remained for a short time unheeded.

"Is id you, Martin, avich?" cried old Doyle, hoarsely, gazing wildly into his son's face. "Och, an' what ill luck sent you here? Go home again, little Martin," he continued, whispering incoherently. "Go home again to your wife an' child, in the ould mill. Go home, or they'll lay hands on you here, an' hang you. Go, an' never fear me. I won't tell; an' don't be troubled about what they can do to an ould man like me. I'm no Difendher, an' so my life they can't take; an', as for anything else, why it's aasy to bear id, avich. Sure a father ought to bear something for his own son—ay, an' for that son's son again; so go home, I bid you, I lay my commands on you to go home; or even, if it 'ill be too hard for me to bear"—

"Put on your coat, father dear," interrupted little Martin, kissing the old man, while his own voice broke. "Ye will let me help him, gentlemen?" turning with a smile to the authorities around—"ay, ye will, I know. Men are men to each other, afther all. There, father, now you're fit for the road, and God speed you on it, an' do what you can to comfort poor Anty, father. An' now, gentlemen, here's my hands and arms for ye—tie them, and tie me, too, either there or there," pointing alternately to

the gallows and to the triangle—"either there or there, which ever ye choose, as I said afore. I'm ready for the one or for the other."

"You must go up to the court-house first," said the person who had previously spoken; "but, stop a moment, men, as soldiers approached him, here's the general after returning from the inspection. Right about face! present arms!" he continued to the soldiers who enclosed the space before the jail, and they, obeying his orders, presented arms to the superior officer before alluded to, who still kept his horse stationary in the middle of the crowd in the street, earnestly watching from his saddle the scene between Martin Doyle and his father, while the troops which he had been inspecting in the vicinity of the town, came nearer to the court-house, their band playing loudly and gaily. As all eyes fixed on General Abercromby, many voices whispering his name, little Martin recognised the features of the stranger who had conversed with him and his father, the evening before, upon the river's side. The old miller, half aroused into a confused perception of the same kind, and, acting wildly upon it, cast himself on his knees where he stood, clasped his hands, and hoarsely shrieked—

"Mercy upon him, your Honour! Mercy upon ould Martin Doyle's only son, Masther Ensign Abercromby, my darlin'!"

The white-haired general hastily turning his moist eyes from the pair, beckoned to an officer near the triangle, who hastened to attend him; and, after some private conversation with this individual, rode away. Father and son looked as hopeless as ever, when a guard separated them, and led the latter into the jail. He was never led up to the court-house, however. In a few minutes afterwards, a servant in a rich livery came through the crowd to the old man, and, after whispering him to an effect that brought the light-of-joy tears into his old eyes, conducted him away from the triangle.

"I have often been obliged to curb my private feelings, Martin," said Abercromby to him, when, almost immediately upon this, he and his old fellow cross-fisher spoke together in a private room at the General's quarters, "but, perhaps, never with so much pain to myself as a while ago when I could not shake hands with you at once, down there at the jail; now, however, be of good cheer. I cannot, indeed, in these disturbed times, get Little Martin back again for you all at once; but they shall not hang him outright; and something he does deserve to suffer."

In less than two years after this day, there was a new mill built on the river's side; and, on a fine evening, old Martin might be seen fishing, as earnestly as ever, under the old ash tree; while little Matty prattled to him; little Martin sang merrily within at the hopper; and Anty was getting supper ready for the whole family.

WILD SPORTS OF THE FAR WEST ;

OR, A FEW WEEKS' ADVENTURES AMONG THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FUR TRADERS, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1836.

I HAD been residing for several years on a farm in the neighbourhood of Montreal, and had frequently received pressing invitations from my cousin Charles, who crossed the Atlantic with me, to visit and enjoy, for a few months, the field sports so amply supplied in his vicinity. He had obtained an appointment under the Hudson's Bay Company, as manager of their fur-trading station at Hunter's Island, in the north-west territory of Upper Canada.

There were many causes to prevent my compliance with his request, although, to me, the temptation was very great. The chief obstacle was the distance which separated us; it being nearly a thousand miles.

Early in the summer of 1836, I made up my mind to visit Toronto and Niagara; so, having left my farm in good hands, I, on the 3d July, went to Montreal, intending to remain there with a friend for a fortnight. While in Montreal, I received a letter from Charles, to inform me that he was on his way to Goderich, where he would be glad to meet me, and hoped I might be tempted to return with him. Here was an opportunity which might never again occur; I, therefore, after some deliberation, determined to take due advantage of it; and, having added my guncase to my stock of luggage, which, for convenience sake, was very small, I started, by the usual route, for Toronto, and from thence to Niagara. I met with so much kindness and attention on the way, that, after staying two days at Niagara, I only reached Goderich on the 25th. Charles had arrived some days before me, and, having transacted his business, was making preparations to be off again.

Next day, we got on board one of the company's trading packets, and sailed across Lake Huron to Mackinaw, where we found several Indian and half-bred hunters and trappers awaiting us, with a small schooner, in which we were to sail along the southern coast of Lake Superior, visiting the fur-trading stations situated within forty miles of the lake.

We left Mackinaw on the 3d of August, after having visited the falls of St Mary and other objects worthy of notice in its vicinity. On the morning of the 6th, we anchored off the mouth of the St John River, and proceeded in the ship's boat about twenty miles up the river to Fort St John. Here we were warmly welcomed by Mr R——, the superintendent, and his coadjutors. The establishment presented a scene of the utmost confusion, from the arrival of above three hundred Chippewa Indians, who had brought an immense quantity of racoon, beaver, and squirrel skins, with a few bear and bison hides, which they were eagerly bartering for

guns, knives, whisky, bells, trinkets, &c. &c. They had also some very beautiful wild horses, of which I got my choice for a knife and two bottles of rum.

I chose a beautiful cream-coloured mare, which had been in captivity about two months, and was already perfectly quiet and pleasant to ride. Charles was presented with one equally good by an Indian, to whom he had rendered some trifling service a year or two before.

The day after we arrived, I went out with one of the clerks to shoot in the woods. We saw several deer, but they were too shy to allow us to get within shot-range. We returned to the fort just before dark, well laden with pigeons, orioles, and a few grey squirrels. While returning from the woods, we heard the dismal howling of wolves in every direction around us; only one, however, was foolhardy enough to come within view; and he was rewarded for his temerity by a round of shot, which apparently only hastened his retreat.

My companion informed me, that the wolves were frequently seen in packs, of from two or three to ten hundred, in the neighbourhood of the fur factory, to which they were attracted by the smell of the skins. They had several times, during the last Winter and Spring, attacked the factory, and had carried off upwards of twenty horses, but the skins of the wolves killed on these occasions amply compensated for the loss.

The wolves are not considered as dangerous neighbours except in winter, when the frost and snow have driven the deer and buffaloes far to the south. Then it is not considered safe to fall in with them; hunger renders them furious, and they will attack man or beast that crosses their path; they even, it is said, devour the weaker members of their own species.

In the evening, while assembled round a blazing pine fire, which the damp situation of the fort and factory made necessary even at this warm period of the year, an Indian trapper entered, and informed us, that, while in the forest during the day, he had observed many fresh traces of bears near a spot about four miles from the fort, where five bears had at various times previously been shot. He imagined, from the trails, that there was a she bear with cubs. Now, thought I, we'll have a bear hunt. I was right. Mr R—— directed the Indian to be in readiness to guide us to the spot early on the following morning, and set about making preparations for being absent a whole day.

Next day, Mr R——, Charles, and myself, mounted our horses, with our guns slung by our sides, and proceeded through the clearing towards the forest, preceded by our Indian guide,

and accompanied by two half-caste hunters, carrying hatchets, and taking charge of five powerful dogs, of a breed very similar to the old English hound, which were chained together, to prevent their leaving us on the trails of deer or wolves.

We rode on through the forest, in a different direction from that in which I had been the previous day. The trees were so close and large that the genial rays of the sun had evidently not reached the ground for centuries. Mr R—— informed me that the bed of leaves on which we were riding, was, on an average, five feet deep, and that the soil was of better quality here than in any part of America he had visited. The leaves, besides greatly benefiting the soil by decomposition, absorbed a great deal of the superabundant moisture, and prevented the ground from being so swampy as it was in other places; to avoid which we had often to take a very circuitous route.

After riding for about an hour, during which we had more leaps over fallen trees, roots, &c., than fall to the share of many English fox-hunters during a day's hunt, the dogs began to prick up their ears, whine anxiously, and make many efforts to free themselves. Mr R—— requested me to observe the Indian. He was a few yards in advance, kneeling down, with his ear placed close to the ground. He looked round to us, and held up two fingers. "There are two," said Charles, evidently much gratified. He and I dismounted and knelt down beside the Indian. I heard (or fancied I heard) a low indistinct murmur, repeated every few seconds. Mr R—— now ordered the dogs to be set at liberty, and directed me to have my gun in readiness. The dogs, when loose, snuffed about for a few seconds, and then, as if they had made sure of their object, bounded off into the woods. We followed as fast as the swampy nature of the ground would permit. We had not, however, proceeded many yards, when we heard the loud and deep bay of the hounds, as they got a view of the objects of their pursuit. We got to a less dense part of the forest, and put our horses to the gallop. Charles' eagerness predominated over his natural politeness, and he was soon a long way before us. As I was not much accustomed to riding slapdash among trees, stumps, roots, and brushwood, I was soon obliged to pull up; on observing which, Mr R—— kindly did the same, and we proceeded more leisurely, till we heard Charles' view-halloo, followed by the report of his rifle, when we once more broke into a gallop.

We soon got within sight of him. He had dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and was standing with one of the dogs, at the foot of a tall, thick, fir tree. We also dismounted, tied our horses, and went up to him.

"There is a monstrous brute up there," exclaimed Charles, pointing upwards, "as large as an ox. He was coming down to punish the dog for disturbing his slumbers, when I got a glimpse of his corpus, and sent a ball after him; upon

which he turned tail and trotted up the tree again. I don't think I hit him, however, as my horse started as I drew the trigger; but we must not be long in ousting him," said he; "as I hear the hounds telling us there is more game to be had."

We fired a few random shots into the tree; but, with the exception of a solitary growl, no notice was taken of us by its inhabitant; so we agreed to wait till the trappers, attracted by the report of our guns, should come up. In the meantime, I expressed my hope to Mr R—— that we should not, by remaining to finish the existence of our quarry above, lose what the dogs were so eagerly pursuing.

"No fear of that, sir," replied he; "when the bears are tired of running, they'll climb into the thickest tree they can see, and I do not think we shall have far to follow them, as they, when hunted, do not often run in a straightforward course, but generally endeavour to return to the place whence they were started."

At this moment the Indian came up to us, and corroborated Mr R——'s statement, by informing us that a bear, with a cub in her mouth, had shuffled past him, followed by the four hounds; and that they were making their way towards the factory.

The trappers then came up, carrying a dead cub, which had evidently been worried by the dogs. They had hatchets with them, and commenced to fell the tree immediately. We stood back as soon as it began to totter, and then we saw Bruin in the act of descending, tail foremost.

"Give it him in the breast," said Mr R——, as I levelled my piece. "Ah, I see you have broken his left fore leg."

On receiving this small token of my regard, the bear paused, and, with an angry growl, ensconced himself in the heart of the foliage, without doubt fancying himself hidden; but a ball from Charles' rifle put an end to his delusion, and down he came headlong to the ground, the large, heavy drops of hot blood pattering in all directions.

We fell back for a moment, supposing he was done for; but, though severely wounded, he was still a powerful and dangerous adversary; for, when the dog, who had been anxiously watching his descent, flew upon him, he rose with a hideous yell, and dashing the dog to the ground, rushed towards me—I happening to be nearest him. My presence of mind totally forsook me; and, in another second, I was scouring through the wood at a tremendous pace, imagining every branch I trod upon, as it fell back to its place, and every echo of my own footsteps, were those of the grisly monster in pursuit of me. I had not gone far, however, before I heard two reports in quick succession, when I ventured to look over my shoulder, and, seeing nothing, began to retrace my steps; and found the party assembled over the remains of my enemy.

We measured him, found his length to be nearly nine feet from the tip of the nose to the

insertion of the tail, and girth eleven feet. We then left the two trappers engaged in skinning him, and, mounting our horses, proceeded at a brisk rate through the forest, followed by the Indian, who easily kept pace with us, as we had to avoid all the most swampy places, which would not bear the weight of a horse and rider, though they bore that of the Indian on foot.

On the way, Mr R—— informed me, that, after following me for a few yards, the bear turned on him, and was immediately shot dead; and that, had they been apprehensive of any danger to me, they would have shot it at once; but that, from its loss of blood and broken limb, they saw it could not take many steps.

With this explanation I was quite satisfied, being rather ashamed of my precipitate flight.

Mr R—— also gave me directions how to act if I should again be in a similar position. "Stand firm," said he; "ten to one, if you do so, Bruin will turn on some one else. If you run, he is sure, if not prevented by a shot, or enfeebled by loss of blood, to run after you; and your chance of escape is but small, for Bruin enters into the spirit of the chase, much more than your nervous agitation will allow you to do, and will dodge you round the trees with the greatest coolness imaginable; then, if you manage to get the start of him for sufficient time to allow you to climb a tree, it would astonish you with what celerity the animal would drag his clumsy carcass up the tree after you, whetting his teeth and growling with perfect indifference as to your feelings on the occasion—then you must make up your mind for a fatal embrace, or risk a leap on to some other tree, or let yourself down by one of the thinner branches to the ground."

Here the unequal nature of the ground we were riding on put an end to the conversation; but I promised to observe his instructions.

After riding on for about three quarters of an hour in the direction of the factory, wondering we had not seen or heard anything of the dogs, we heard the Indian, who was considerably in advance, shouting; we answered his call, and then pushed on till we got up to him; he was standing by one of the dogs, which, though alive, was so dreadfully torn, that Mr R—— put it out of pain by shooting it on the spot. On going a little farther, another dog, one of Mr R——'s especial favourites, was found dead, but still quite warm. Mr R—— said, there must have been some desperate hot work here, and wondered we had not heard it.

We called loudly on the other dogs, but they did not appear, though we thought we heard a faint bark in the distance. We rode on, and were soon gratified by seeing the dog which had been stunned by the bear's paw, and which Mr R—— had committed to the care of the trapper, come bounding up to us, completely recovered from the effects of the blow. It seemed to be quite aware of our ignorance of the position of the object of our pursuit, and immediately began to lead the way, by keeping steadily on a few yards in advance of us.

When we had gone on for some time in this way, the dog, which had increased its distance from us considerably, suddenly stopped, looked back at us, and then looked forward, as if it wished to point to some object it saw or heard. At this moment, the Indian shouted to Mr R——; we heard a loud cracking of the branches; and, in another instant, an enormous bear dashed along within a few yards of us. We all three fired at once, but apparently without effect, as he only growled, and hastened his retreat.

We were going to follow it, when Mr R—— reminded us that the one we were in chase of was a female with cubs, while the one which had just passed was evidently a male, and was, moreover, probably just started, as he appeared quite fresh, and might run several miles before he stopped. We therefore again put ourselves under the guidance of the dog, who seemed impatient to be off, and in a short time reached the edge of an open part of the forest, occasioned by Indians setting fire to the trees which sometimes burn for miles.

Here we found another dead cub, evidently killed a few moments before; and, immediately after, the dog, after pricking up his ears for a few seconds, ran across the open space, disappeared in the forest on the other side, and immediately a chorus of yells broke on our ears. We galloped across; and, as soon as we reached the wood, saw the three dogs lying panting at the entrance of a hole or den among a heap of logs and roots, which a thick covering of leaves made to resemble a natural hillock.

We could hear a low growl every now and then emanating from the inhabitant; and, as each growl reached the ears of the dogs, they gave vent to a new yell of delight; but we could not induce them to enter the hole. We remained at the entrance of the den, each of us alternately gathering dry sticks and leaves, while the others were prepared to fire, should the animal attempt to escape, until the Indian came up, and assisted in stuffing combustibles into the den, and in setting the whole on fire. In this we had to use much caution, as, from the quantity of combustible matter near at hand and the dry state of the trees, they were very apt to take fire, and when once kindled, there is no putting it out; and many instances are recorded of the woods burning for several weeks together, to the extent of from twenty to fifty square miles, and even more, though even this extent is almost incredible.

When Bruin found the heat and smoke insufferable, she gave utterance to a tremendous growl, and bolted out, overturning Mr R—— and myself, who were close by, not expecting her appearance so soon, and rushing past the dogs, who missed their catch of her as she passed. She seemed for a moment to meditate whether she should resent a severe blow which the Indian bestowed upon her as she passed him, or make the best of her way to the woods. She would probably have adopted the latter course, had not a ball from Charles at this moment put an end to

her running powers. As she fell, the dogs flew on her, and a bloody combat began; which we put an end to, by calling off the dogs, and sending some half dozen balls through her head.

Having carefully extinguished the fire, we examined the den, which bore evident proofs of having contained two or more cubs. The old ones had probably been apprehensive of their retreat having been discovered, and were, when we met with them, in the act of conveying their young to a place of greater safety.

We now partook of some refreshment, and, finding that one of the dogs had been roughly handled, Mr R—— took it up beside him, leaving the others to follow leisurely with the Indian.

Charles again left us to ourselves; but, on the way to the factory, we heard the report of a rifle in the distance, and, soon after, he came came up to tell us that he had shot a moose deer.

On arriving at the factory, Mr R—— despatched several half-breeds to bring home our game, of which Charles' elk was no inconsiderable part. I had never seen an old specimen of this animal of the deer species before, and certainly had no conception of the enormous bulk.

Nothing else worthy of remark occurred during our stay at St John's Factory, except that, on the following day, I went out in a boat to fish on the river, caught several dozen trout and white fish, the name of which I forget. I also saw a deserted beaver village, built on a dam, across a stream, running into the St John River.

On the 12th August, we left the factory, as we arrived at it, in a boat, for the mouth of the river. We reached the lake in about three hours, and, re-embarking, sailed in the schooner towards the factory in Keewaiwona Bay, about seventy miles west of the St John River.

We anchored in Keewaiwona Bay, on the evening of the 13th. The factory is situate near the junction of the river Keewaiwona with the lake.

Charles requested me not to go ashore, as he wished to remain here merely long enough to accomplish his business. We weighed anchor on the morning of the 15th, and proceeded, sailing within a few miles of the shore, towards the factory on Madeline Island; the last station at which Charles had to call, before crossing the lake to his own charge.

We did not arrive here till the 21st, having got aground several times on the way, by keeping too close ashore.

When we anchored, Charles went ashore and found that Mr C——, the superintendent, had gone to a new station which was forming on the Fish River, about forty miles from Madeline Factory. We sailed for the Fish River, and anchored near the mouth; we then proceeded along the banks of the river on horseback; accompanied by two trappers as guides. We had about fifteen miles of prairie ground to cross.

In doing so, we saw an immense herd of buffaloes, blackening the plain for miles. As we were so small a party, we considered it unadvisable to molest them.

We also saw about a dozen wild horses, beautiful animals. We rode within a quarter of a mile of them; our horses, which, a few months before, had been in the same free state, taking but little notice of their old friends.

They neighed several times; and their wild namesakes returned the compliment; but they evinced no desire to run off to their old companions.

We arrived at the factory just as evening was setting in, and, being very wearied by our long ride, were merely introduced by Mr C—— to his wife and two daughters, who set before us a comfortable repast, before we retired for the night.

We were awakened early next morning, by the clanging sound of the axe and the crash of falling trees. On getting up, we found every one had been up for some time before we made our appearance, and that our late fatigue had made us sleep for some hours after the noise began. When we went out to see what was going on, we found Mr C—— giving directions to several lumberers, who, in their turn, were directing several hundred red-skins, who were busily engaged chopping the branches off the trees with which the ground was covered.

Altogether, the scene was of a most animating description.

Finding that Mr C—— would not be at leisure for some time, Charles and I each got an axe, and proceeded to try our felling skill on a tall spruce; we worked hard for nearly an hour before it began to totter, and just as it fell with a thundering crash, Mr C—— came up to us, and we went with him to see "logging in perfection," as he called it. I was well acquainted with logging on a small scale, having had above an hundred acres logged within the last two years; but I certainly never saw such logging as was to be witnessed on this occasion.

There were, as Mr C—— informed us, upwards of seven hundred Sioux Indians, divided into three parties, each under the direction of four lumberers. One party felled the trees and chopped off the branches; another rolled the trunks, by means of levers, to the third party, who notched the ends, and piled them up in their places by means of levers and fixed cranes. The noise occasioned by the crash of the trees and the shouts of the Indians, was tremendous. Mr C—— then informed my cousin that he had leisure to attend to the business he had come on, and recommended me to take my gun and go out into the woods, while Charles and he were busy, as I would certainly meet with good sport.

I set out, accompanied by an Indian and two dogs—a species of terrier, trained and much used to find and tree racoons.

Racoons are animals of the bear genus, but

much smaller and more elegantly formed; the fur is valued next to beaver.

It was a striking contrast to enter the deep impenetrable gloom of the cool damp wood, after being exposed to the full heat and glare of the sun, now for the first time reaching the soil of the cleared space. In the forests of North America, the tall, thick trunks of the ancient trees stand so closely together, that their branches cannot assume a natural position, but are, as it were—to use a carpenter's expression—dovetailed into one another. The branches are, however, almost entirely confined to the top of the tree, so that the traveller is but little incommoded by them, as he walks or rides through the forest, though he is very much annoyed by the quantity of brushwood which entangles his path. Brushwood is the term intended to designate not only fallen branches, &c., but also the numerous shoots which spring up from the roots of the trees. Occasionally a few straggling rays of light or sunshine may illuminate the sable gloom. This is generally occasioned by some tall tree which has elevated its proud head above the level of its less aspiring neighbours, and, in one of those furious hurricanes but too common in the western territories of North America, has been blown over, perhaps overturning several others in its fall; or, as is often the case, has been torn from its hold of the ground, and, suspended by its thick branches resting on the summits of the surrounding trees. When any clear space is produced by an accident of this kind, a year or two is sufficient to remove all marks of it, as the branches stretch out and soon fill up the space, and the ground below becomes as dark and cold and damp as before.

I enjoyed myself exceedingly in this excursion. Pigeons and squirrels were plentiful, and I bagged some dozen of the former, which are considered good eating, and a few of the latter, the skins of which are valuable. I treed two racoons; the first was easily brought down, by a ball, from its perch; the other must have escaped, by leaping from one tree to another, as we completely lost it.

On my return to the factory, I found Mr C——'s family engaged, and assisted them in distributing to the Indians an ample meal of oat-bread, and an allowance of the Indians' favourite—malt-whisky.

Having finished this employment, Miss C—— requested me to accompany her to the kitchen, to view the preparation for the supper of the red-skins. I willingly assented, and found the kitchen to be a cleared space about an acre in extent, situated some hundred yards behind the factory. In the centre were two trees, which had been allowed to remain standing about thirty feet from each other; between them was a pile of red ashes, smouldering away without smoke or flame, and over this out-door furnace were suspended, by a chain fastened to the charred trunks of the trees, the huge carcass of a bison, with those of three deer, shot some days before in the neighbourhood of the factory. Several

Indians were watching and turning the weighty carcasses with long poles. On one side were ranged, side by side, many split trunks of trees, with the flat side uppermost, to serve as tables, as the red-skins, though not particular as to having knives, forks, or plates, always like to eat their food off an elevated surface; so, at least, said my fair conductress, as we returned to the factory; on our arrival in which, we were immediately summoned to dinner. I was glad to hear of dinner, my appetite having been considerably sharpened by the smell of the cooking I had witnessed; and, finding that the bison's hump, a haunch of venison, and my pigeons, formed the chief part of the entertainment, I was most anxious to commence operations.

Bison's humps are often to be met with in Montreal or elsewhere, salted or smoke-dried. I had never tasted a fresh one, and consequently never before tasted anything so rich and juicy. What would not some of our London aldermen give for one alic and another! Having finished dinner, we commenced to brew some of the best *half-and-half* I ever had the luck to taste. Mr C—— distilled for himself, and his spirit was many degrees over proof. We used maple-sugar, which has to my taste a remarkably fine flavour, though Charles declared it sickening.

Our conversation turned upon the Indians employed by Mr C——. I expressed my surprise at their being so industrious and willing to assist in the formation of a factory on their own territory. Mr C—— explained the advantages which the Indians derived from the establishment of a fur-station amongst them.

"I had only," said he, "to make known the request of the Honourable Company to the Sioux chief, backing it with a present of a double-gun, a quantity of ammunition, &c., and promise to all the Indians engaged an ample supply of the necessary food, including an allowance of spirits during the progress of the work, and some trifling reward on dismissal, when all the able-bodied men of the tribe, except a few who were left to guard their wigwams and squaws, arrived, accompanied by their chief and his two sons, who remained with us for a couple of days, and then left us, on a hunting excursion, from which they will not return during your stay."

Charles and I then informed Mr C—— of our having met with the herd of buffaloes on our way to the factory, when, much to our gratification, he proposed to form a hunting party for the following day, and requested us to accompany him to the stable and kennel, previous to his giving orders to the trappers, who were to be employed on the occasion. Those buildings had been the first erected, and were of the same materials with the other erections—log-walls and shingle-roofs. The factory was thatched. The stables contained nearly an hundred stalls. At present, however, scarcely half of them were occupied. Among the rest were our own cattle, certainly not the least handsome. Horses, as I have mentioned before, are easily caught and broken in—consequently they are to be had for a mere trifling

and their keep is not expensive, as corn is cheap, and the Indians bring quantities of dried grass from the prairie ground; besides which, the horses are remarkably fond of the leaves and tender shoots of many of the forest trees, and are often knees haltered—a bell tied to their neck—and then turned into the woods to shift for themselves.

The dogs were almost all out; but I had already had an opportunity of seeing most of them. They are of the same breed with those used at the St John station; and, indeed, the same breed, rather differently crossed, is employed by the trappers at almost all the fur-stations. They are tall, noble-looking animals—their body and head are much like the bloodhound's—their limbs are similarly formed with those of the greyhound, but are much more muscular. The ears are naturally long and pendent; but are always cut close to the head, to save their being torn in their encounters with bears and wolves. Their hair is long and coarse, and generally of a black, and tan or brindled colour. They bound along with great fleetness, and are valued for their keen scent, perseverance in the chase, and for the courage and tenaciousness with which they fasten on the object of their pursuit, never willingly quitting their hold till death relieves them of their charge.

There is also a small breed of dogs which I have mentioned before—they resemble our Skye terriers. They are trained to trace racoons, squirrels, wild turkeys, grouse, partridges, &c., to the trees in which they conceal themselves; the dog never leaves the foot of the tree, till all the game in it are shot or have left it; he then proceeds to find any game which may have been wounded, or follows a new trace.

Mr C—— soon made arrangements for our next day's hunt. About a dozen trappers were ordered to set out before daybreak on horseback with led horses, and with the hounds in leash, for the edge of the prairie, distant about twelve miles. Here they were to remain quiet, avoiding exposing themselves to the view of the wild horses or buffaloes. A party of Indians were to disperse in different directions, keeping in the forest, but ready to advance in small parties to the edge of the prairie as soon as the hunt began, for the purpose of distracting the attention of the herd from our movements, and of preventing their retreat into the woods. We were to follow to the rendezvous soon after daybreak, accompanied by several half breeds on horseback; and, after breakfasting, were to mount fresh horses for the hunt, leaving those we rode out on to the care of some of the Indians till our sport was over, when we would return on them.

These preliminaries being settled, we returned to the house, and soon after retired for the night. I was very tired with my day's excursion, and would willingly have gone to sleep at once; but my imagination was too busy, depicting the sport of the following day, to allow me to do so till far on in the night. And I had not been asleep long, before I was without ceremony pulled

out of bed by Charles, who told me that Mr C—— was ready and impatient to set off. Having made my appearance, we partook of a slight refreshment, and then, having packed up a quantity of provisions of various kinds, with plenty of ammunition, and given them and our guns to the care of some twenty Indians and half-breeds who accompanied us, we mounted and set off. Our own horses had been sent on about three hours before, so as to be quite fresh; by the time we began the hunt, we formed a pretty large party; and, as we trotted leisurely through the gloomy labyrinths of the forest, the occasional neighing of the horses, the crackling of the decayed branches under their feet, and even the sounds of our voices, were redoubled in every direction by the tall columns around us. These sounds—frequently accompanied by the distant howl of a hungry wolf, as he sullenly dragged his gaunt form back to his den—probably having been unsuccessful in his search for prey during the night—or the more cheerful sound of the wild turkey or grouse cock calling to his mate, or the merry tap-tap of the wood-peckers, the cooing of the woodpigeons, or the chirping of numerous small birds—enlivened the still obscure scene.

On the way I received many instructions as to how I must conduct myself during the hunt, I being quite a novice so far as regarded buffalo hunting. Mr C—— related many anecdotes of the escapes he and his fellow-hunters had had from enraged or wounded bison bulls. On one occasion, he and three companions went out for a hunt. It was early in July—the season when the bulls are in heat, and consequently very furious. They rode boldly among the herd, and, selecting a fat cow, with a calf by her side, all fired together, and brought her down. "The herd," said he, "had not seemed to take much notice of our party; but, as soon as we fired, they floundered off in all directions. We dismounted, and, having hobbled the calf, which affectionately remained to witness its mother's decease, we proceeded to bleed and dissect the cow. While thus engaged, I observed a buffalo disengaged from the herd approaching us. On calling my companion's attention to the circumstance, one of them insisted on going to meet, and have a shot at it. We expostulated with him, pointed out the danger of attacking, single-handed, an animal, which, from its manner of approach, seemed to have no amicable intentions; but he would have his way, and we contented ourselves with reloading our rifles and preparing to follow him. We were on the side of a small elevation and therefore could only see one side of the prairie, and it was on the other side that our friend and the buffalo were. While mounting our horses, we heard a shot, and immediately after a loud cheer. We proceeded up the slope at a canter, but had not gone a dozen yards, when we heard the peculiar thundering noise which heavy feet make upon the prairie. Just as we reached the top, a fearful sight presented itself: our friend the hunter galloped furiously past about an hundred yards distant from us. We could

hear the loud panting of the horse, and see the flakes of foam dropping from its mouth, as, with convulsive energy, it bounded along. About twenty yards behind him was the buffalo—apparently an enormous bull, bellowing with rage, and tearing up the ground with his horns, as he madly rushed on after our poor friend, lately the hunter, but now the hunted. Not a moment was to be lost; we galloped on, keeping at a wary distance on one side, and ready to fire the moment we got within shot. One of the hunters, a half brother to our apparently devoted comrade Pierre, kept up within two hundred yards of the buffalo; the other hunter and I, finding the distance increasing rather than otherwise, began to despair of getting up in time for a rescue, when suddenly Pierre changed his course, and made off nearly at right angles to his former direction, thus getting the start of the buffalo, and giving us the opportunity to ride across to meet him. We spurred on our horses, and in a few minutes were considerably in advance of Pierre and his pursuer; we each took our station at a few yards' distance on either side of the course, and raised our rifles ready to fire. In another moment, Pierre dashed by between us. We both fired at the maddened animal behind him. Whether wounded by my ball or not, I do not know, but in an instant it rushed on me. My eyes began to darken, I felt a severe pain, and then became unconscious of what passed, until I was recovered by the usual remedies of brandy and cold water, and then found that my left arm and three ribs were broken. I had been lifted off my horse on the bison's horns and pitched up in the air. My poor horse was gored terribly; it died on our return. Pierre's brother, on coming up, fired at the monster, on which it left us and trotted off to the herd, probably mortally wounded; but we were in no condition to pursue it. Pierre never stopped his furious career till far within the shades of the forest. When his half brother got up to him, he found that extreme terror had deprived him of speech. He, however, recovered his speech before night, and informed us of the circumstances. He had fired at the animal; it tottered and fell, which was the occasion of the cheer we heard; he then trotted up to it, reloading as he went on, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the buffalo was on his legs, Pierre threw down his rifle, and the chase began. I, concluded Mr C——, was assisted home, and was confined to bed for several weeks after; however, both Pierre and I have shot many buffaloes since then."

The foregoing is a specimen of the anecdotes narrated on our way to the prairie. The circumstances were very various, but the moral of all seemed to be this, that a wounded bison, especially a bull, was a dangerous antagonist, and I determined to be cautious during the day's sport. I was horribly annoyed by mosquitoes as we drew near the prairie, more so than I have ever been since the first summer or two after I arrived in America, and I had forgotten my usual remedy—viz., a few cigars; they made me scratch my

face so that Mr C—— declared I looked like an Indian warrior returning in triumph from a victory, with his face adorned with stripes of the blood of his enemies.

As we drew near the prairie, we could hear the distant bellowing of the buffaloes; and wherever there was an opening among the trees, we could see them, like dark spots, in every direction on the plain. On reaching the appointed rendezvous, we breakfasted, and then, having ascertained that the Indians were either on their way to, or at their proper places, we each stuck a pair of long pistols into our belts, and, accompanied by one-and-twenty hunters, mounted the fresh horses, and with the hounds coupled, proceeded, two and two, towards the herds. When within half a mile of them, they began to move off slowly, every now and then looking round and bellowing. Charles called to me to observe the use and training of the dogs, which were at this moment slipped. They bounded off towards the nearest herd, and now the sport began. The hounds were trained to hunt in couples. These ran together, and, singling out a buffalo, kept leaping round and before it, snapping at it when it attempted to run, and dexterously avoiding the furious rushes it made at them, and distracting its attention, until the hunters came up and shot it. Several were soon killed in this way, and many more would have been, had not our attention been at this time attracted by the yelling of some of the hounds at a distance, and the shouting of the hunters. We found that some of the dogs had set on to an old bull, which proved rather more difficult to deal with than those already shot. He had tossed two of the hounds, and was now making off at full speed, with all the others at his heels, treading on some, and tossing the more forward of the others high in the air. Seeing the danger of the hounds, we rode off after him; but, before we got up to him, one of the hounds seized the opportunity when the bison put down his head for a gore, ran between his legs, and laid hold of him by the under lip. In a moment, his flight was stopped, and, before he could rid himself from his dependent enemy, we shot him dead by several balls through the brain.

We now saw the herd of buffaloes approaching, having been turned by the Indians sent to cut off their retreat. They rushed down a deep gully, the former bed of some tributary of the Fish River, while our whole party galloped off to meet them at the other extremity. We got there first, and, ranging ourselves in two lines on either side of the deep gully, presented our guns, and awaited their arrival. On they came. The foremost seemed aware of their danger, and would have returned; but the hundreds behind who could not see us, gored them on; so that, finding there was no retreat, they pushed on boldly, and tried to escape the danger by speed. We did not fire till about half had passed before us, and then Mr C—— gave the word, and each, singling out his mark, fired, and then throwing down our guns and rifles, a few who had brought

down their game, flew to take possession ; while the others, and I among them, kept up with the ones we had fired at, wounded or not, and as soon as we had an opportunity, fired at them with our pistols. I had not the good fortune to kill my mark. Having got pretty near it, I fired one of the pistols at it, on which it turned round and looked so fierce that I left it to its meditation, and returned to the party, thankful that it did not follow me. I found Mr C—— had been more fortunate in his aim than I had—he had shot a young buffalo. We proceeded to kindle a fire, cut out the tongue and hump, and make preparations for roasting the same. All the hunters and Indians had come up before we had completed the necessary preparations ; and soon the smell of roast beef was sent far and wide over the prairie.

Having discussed our meal without the use of plates or forks, the hunters were directed to take the dogs and follow the herds, for the purpose of recovering any of the buffaloes which, from being wounded, could not keep up with the rest, while we remained to rest ourselves, enjoy a cheerful glass, and talk over the day's sport.

I expressed my surprise to Mr C——, to find the trading forts such comfortable residences, where one had such plenty of the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life to boast of, with such advantages for enjoying all manner of sport, at comparatively no expense, although so many hunters, trappers, clerks, &c., &c., were supported by the establishment. I had heard and read numerous accounts of the trading posts in the west, as being the most wretched of all human habitations, and the traders the most ill-used and miserable of mankind.

"But, my dear sir," replied Mr C——, "you have, as yet, not visited any of the internal trading posts ; when you do, you will find them equal to any description you may have heard of them. Instead of being, like our establishments, forts for the protection of the interests of the Company, and a general depot for goods and

peltries, superintended, generally, either by partners or by men of intelligence and experience, the small trading posts (in one of which I served my apprenticeship) are merely temporary sheds, or *skanties*, as they are called, in which is stowed a quantity of goods for trading for peltries. They are superintended by a clerk, with one or two young men as apprentices under him, and a few hunters and trappers, who are sent out in all directions to hunt deer and bisons, and trap beavers, &c. These men, with a few horses and dogs, constitute the whole establishment. They are frequently plundered by stray parties of Indians, sometimes detained as prisoners for years among the Indians. They often suffer much from hunger, considering themselves happy if they have a sufficiency of horse or dog flesh to eat. They are sometimes reduced so far as to eat their stock of skins. After collecting all the peltries they can procure in one neighbourhood, they move off to another, often enduring great hardships on the way ; and having gone the round of the places in their district, return to the fort from whence they were sent, deposit their peltries, and again set out with a new stock of goods fit for trading with the red-skins."

Charles promised to take me to see some of the traders in his district, when we were staying at Hunter's Fort ; of whom I may say more hereafter.

After some time spent in conversation, the hunters returned, bringing two bisons with them. The dogs had caught and held them while the hunters fastened strong ropes to their horns, and then a hunter on horseback on each side, held the ropes tight, and tugged them along. They were sent on, accompanied by the Indians, each carrying his share of beef, towards the fort. We also prepared to return, but retained with us seven hunters and several of the hounds, hoping to raise a bear or wolf, on the way home. Whether we were successful or not, I shall detail at another opportunity.

LORD LINDSAY'S LETTERS ON EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.

THIS book is likely to enjoy a considerable popularity, especially in Scotland, and among that daily increasing section of the fashionable world, consisting of church-building old countesses recently become devout, and young ladies who, like the Honourable Miss Biddy Fudge, hold that

"We girls may be Christians, without being 'frights.'"
It is, first of all, the production of a young Lord, the heir to an ancient Earldom, who is, moreover, possessed of agreeable talents, and is a lively and fluent writer. It has better claims to distinction. The author displays, throughout, a frank, affectionate, and cheerful disposition, and not a little of the engaging romance of youth, apt to kindle into enthusiasm at any and

everything. He is equally enraptured about the crusading paladins and the more sacred traces of a higher antiquity in the scene of his travels. It would, perhaps, be unwise to discourage religion in the higher ranks, and among the young and ardent, even as a mere fashion of the hour. The true test of pure and enduring Christian principle may be sober-mindedness, and a deep sense of the difficulties of the Christian course ; but, even as a mode of the day, and originating in secular and political causes, not ill to be understood, it is something better than that which it is exploding—the half-affected recklessness, gloom, mystery, and misanthropy of the school in which clever young men of rank were lately so ambitious of taking degree. We

know not what the *Travellers' Club* may think of certain "serious" passages in these letters; but no one will question that, in Syria and Egypt, this young lord was undergoing a far more wholesome and invigorating preparatory discipline for the active duties of life, than that which, in the perilous interval that elapses between college life and marriage, is found by the common system of beginning in the saloons of Paris and Vienna, and finishing in the equally dangerous haunts of German watering-places and London gaming-houses.

Lord Lindsay appears to have travelled on the Continent previous to his eastern expedition. Here he starts from Cadiz; and his first letter we should imagine to be addressed to a brother, if a man only twenty-four by the calendar could have a brother a lieutenant-colonel, though such precocious prodigies do sometimes occur in our service. The opening descriptions are somewhat flowery and lady-like withal; but the writer improves in style as he gets on—and in Cadiz he was compelled to indulge in raptures, as there was no time given by the captain of the steamer for reflection. The halt was only of a few hours; and the view of the city was one to beget rapture, although Lord Byron had not been there before, and given the cue.

Like a town of King Salem's sprung up from Ocean, at the farther extremity of the bay, tipping its horn, as it were, with a diamond crown—the lateen sails scudding around us like gigantic nautiluses, stooping over the green waters like the beautiful sea-birds that were sporting in every direction—oh! it was lovely, very lovely!

We had but four hours allowed us to visit Cadiz; I threw my shyness to the winds, and used my eyes, stared into every nook and corner, and at every one, man and woman, we met. But you cannot have forgotten the scene, though long familiarity with its details may have effaced the remembrance of your first general impressions; to me it was all "fresh and fresh, new and new," like the Indian beauty in the song—a living, breathing, moving tableau, a waking dream, rather—for whether I was in or out of the body, I can scarce tell, now that I reflect on the vision, so many ideas familiar to my fancy were then presented to my eyes in the warmest glow of reality—all, too, intensely Spanish: the long, black cloaks of the sleepy hidalgos, long as their names, threadbare, many of them, as the mantle of chivalry their ancestors wore so gracefully; the Moorish faces, conical hats, and sashes of the lower, and, as they seemed to me, far poorer order; the cigarillos, common to all; the fans, mantillas, the black eyes, beautiful feet, and graceful gliding gait of the senoritas—but, oh, what frights the old women are!—and then the painted balconies above, that give such a character to the straight, narrow *aceras*—flowers in most of them, but, alas! the "fairer flowers," Eve's daughters, were few or none visible upon them; and the dazzling whiteness of the houses, everything, too, as clean as if the Gaditanos were Dutchmen—it was like a scene of enchantment; to say nothing of the exquisite delight of being on Spanish ground, and hearing the language of Calderon and Cervantes on every lip that passed me.

Is it to the French invasion, and the military police discipline of France, somewhat unceremoniously enforced in the Spanish towns, to British example, or to national regeneration, that this agreeable change from the filthy to the scrupulously clean has arisen?—or is the renovation so complete as the hurried traveller imagined?

He carried a Shakespeare with him, and a few other favourite authors, and seems to have read with true feeling—"placing" "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor" in a higher niche than the poetical and passionate Juliet. Gibraltar detains him until the heroic Spanish names of antiquity give place to Algiers' "thrilling name." There he met with a young Dane, son of the Consul, who was proceeding to join the French expedition against Constantine, and who could talk intelligently about Northern Antiquities, and sing the national songs of his country—accomplishments which will, we fear, soon be left to the natives of Northern Europe. For Britons, save a few of the De Lyndsayes, Howards, and so forth, who had "ancestors" long before the Pitt or even the Walpole Administration, there will soon be neither national heroic ballads nor antiquities, until, in the long lapse of ages, the cotton wool of the Peels and Arkwrights may rise in dignity equal to the *Golden Fleece*; and the era of Steam Power eclipse that of the Norman Invasion; when it shall be the boast that our Saxon forefathers were illustrious powerloomists, and mechanical inventors on the broad scale, while the Norman lords were only consuming the bread of idleness, and the fruits of other men's labour.

At Malta, Lord Lindsay found the future companion of his journey, his friend and relation Mr Wardlaw Ramsay, whose melancholy and sudden death at Damascus, on their return, caused much grief to the traveller, and to that domestic circle and admiring society of which this accomplished person gave every promise of becoming the blessing and ornament. A few of Mr Ramsay's notes, affixed to these Letters, are, from their solidity of manner, and the objects of Mr Ramsay's inquiries, not the least valuable portion of the volumes. The ancient headquarters of the Knights of Malta calls up fresh raptures in the bosom of the young traveller, to whom chivalry and biblical story, knights or apostles, are always alike inspiring. Alexandria, with its long train of stirring associations, comes in for its share of crowding and swelling raptures, all about Daniel's Prophecies, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Mark Anthony, Shakespeare, Origen, Athanasius, "devoted to God's truth against Arius," and the "gallant Abercrombie," devoted to the service of his country, in quelling the French political heresy.

The Pasha, Mehemet Ali, had, while the travellers were at Alexandria, pressed all the boats to convey his son's harem to Cairo. This movement produced, in the "serious" young travellers, curiosity marvellously like that which might have been expected in morally unregenerate young Englishmen. Lord Lindsay writes this P.S. to his mother:—

P.S.—Dec. 1. Think of our scampering off this morning, on jack-asses, (instinctively,) on hearing that the harem was about to embark for Cairo! We had about three miles to ride, and when we got near it there was nothing to be seen of the ladies, nor could we approach the carriages (English, and four-in-hand) they rode in. We watched them from a distance, and, after going past

or three children banded out, followed by a veiled lady, whom William pronounced to be dreadfully thick ankled, we turned round and retraced our steps at a gentle trot, and have been laughed at for our wild-goose chase ever since. We were not, however, the only English who joined in it, and were the first to retreat—that is some comfort.

At Cairo they formed a close intimacy with the enthusiastic Caviglia, whose later grievances appear to be unknown to Lord Lindsay, as they are altogether unnoticed. Under his guidance, and as his guests, they examined the Pyramids. But as these have been often described before, as well as the important discoveries of Caviglia, we shall choose, as the greater novelty, if not mystery, Caviglia himself. On returning from their fatiguing examination, it is said—

After ablutions, &c., we drank tea, delicious tea! in Caviglia's tent; a candle stuck in a bottle enlightened our repast; but dark, mystical, and unearthly was our conversation, a sequel to the lecture he had given us inside the Pyramid, pointing out an end, a hidden purpose, a secret meaning in every nook, cranny, and passage of the structure—the scene, he told us, of initiation into the ancient Egyptian mysteries.

We had him to breakfast two or three days ago at Cairo, and I had had a long confab with him before that. Living, as he has done, so solitary, I should rather say, in such society as that of the old Pharaohs of Egypt, their pyramids his home, and that strange enigma of a sphinx his fellow-watcher at their feet, he has become, to use his own expression, "tout-à-fait pyramidal" in dress, feature, manner, thought, and language. We are told that, in Ceylon, there are insects that take the shape and colour of the branch or leaf they feed upon—Caviglia seems to partake of their nature; he is really assimilating to a pyramid. His history is very curious:—"As a young man," he told us this evening, "je lisais Voltaire, Jean Jacques, Diderot—et je me croyais philosophe"—he came to Egypt—the Pyramids, Moses, and the Holy Scriptures converted him, "et maintenant," said he, "je suis tout Biblique." I have seldom met with a man so thoroughly imbued with the Bible; the saving truths of the Gospel, man's lost condition by the fall of Adam, Christ's voluntary death to expiate our sins, our inability to save ourselves, and the necessity of our being born again of the Holy Spirit—every one of these doctrines he avowed this evening; he seems to cling to them, and to love our blessed Saviour with the simplicity of a child—he never names him without reverence; but on these doctrines, this rock, as a foundation, he has reared a pyramid of the most extraordinary mysticism—astrology, magnetism, magic (his familiar studies), its corner-stones, while on each face of the airy vision he sees inscribed in letters of light, invisible to all but himself, elucidatory texts of scripture, which he read off to us, with undoubted confidence, in support of his positions.

Every religious truth, in short, unessential to salvation, is in his eyes fraught with mysticism. His memory is as accurate as a Presbyterian minister—every text he quoted was prefaced by a reference to the chapter and verse where it occurs. He loves the Arabs, and looks forward to their conversion and civilisation as the accomplishment of the prophecies, that "there shall be a high-way out of Egypt to Assyria" in that day when "Israel shall be a third with Egypt and Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land"—when the Lord shall have "set his hand the second time to recover the remnant of his people from Assyria, from Egypt, from Pathros, from Cush," &c., and shall bless the assembled myriads, saying, "Blessed be Egypt, my people, and Assyria, the work of my hands, and Israel, mine inheritance."

He quoted these remarkable prophecies, and I had the pleasure of telling him I looked forward to their speedy fulfilment with the same interest as himself.

Caviglia seems really to enjoy himself in his little fortress; the Arabs are very fond of him—he is monarch of all the surveys, knows his fame, and

enjoys it—and long may he do so! He is now sixty-six, but still hale, active, and hearty.

This region seems to have a particular power in generating a species of wild religious mysticism in many of those who breathe its air—Caviglia, Lady Hester Stanhope, De La Martine, and, perhaps, a few more of those mystics, might be named.

To come back to the work-day world, here is a picture of the street population of Cairo, which has nothing of the unreal:—

We are now tolerably familiar with oriental objects; but the first three or four walks we took through the bazaars were like a visit to another world, familiar to the imagination, but passing strange when first realized by the eyes; portly dunnas, veiled from head to foot, waddling along, followed by their slaves—harems taking the air on donkey-back, escorted by their black eunuchs, the most consummate puppies in Cairo—Arabs on their dromedaries—richly-drest Bedouin Sheikhs on their prancing steeds—Turks with their long pipes and ataghans—water-carriers, buffaloes, half-naked Santons, or religious fanatics, singing and rocking backwards and forwards—criers perambulating the bazaars with objects of curiosity to dispose of—the small shops on either side the street, their owners sitting cross-legged and smoking—everything reminded us of the Arabian Nights and Haroun Al-Raschid.

In one respect, however, a great and happy change has taken place; the insults Christians were formerly subject to are now unknown.

The Pasha and his doings naturally attracted the attention of the travellers, and especially of Mr Wardlaw Ramsay, who is more statistical, and much less rhetorical, than his young friend. His opinion of that remarkable and equivocal personage of whom we have heard so much, and are now likely to hear so much more than could be wished, coincides with that of most other intelligent travellers. They were introduced to Ali by the Consul, Colonel Campbell; but young English *mi Lords* are not the kind of visitors on whom Mehemet Ali bestows much attention. He does not find, probably, that they understand his plans, or that they can give him any useful information about growing and manufacturing cotton. Mr Ramsay says:—

He did not address any of his guests, but I observed his sharp cunning eye fixing itself on every one. The light was not strong enough to remark minutely, but I can agree with former travellers as to the vivid expression of his eye, and, for the rest, under a huge tarboosh and immense white beard and mustachios, it is absurd to talk of, or to have any clear idea of the expression of his face; but an expression I have read somewhere, "his cold heartless laugh," came suddenly into my head when I heard him laugh; it sounded hard, cold, and pleasureless, and enough to make one any freeze whose head was at his mercy.

The character which Mr Ramsay gives of this political regenerator seems entitled to full credit:—

He "has drained the country of all the working men. He presses them as sailors, soldiers, workmen, &c., and nobody can be sure of his own security for a day. His system appears to be infamous, and the change which has taken place in the general appearance of the country within a few years is said to be extraordinary. Everywhere the land is falling out of cultivation, villages are deserted, houses falling to ruin, and the people disappearing."

"He taxes all the means of industry and of its improvement, and then taxes the product. Irrigation is the

great means of cultivation and fertility; he therefore charges fifteen dollars' tax upon every Persian wheel; and, as the people can find a way of avoiding it by manual labour, raising the water in a very curious way by the pole and bucket, he lays a tax of seven dollars and a half even on that simple contrivance.

"He then, in the character of universal land-proprietor in his dominions, orders what crop shall be sown, herein consulting his own interest solely, in direct opposition to that of his people. He settles the price of the crop, at which the cultivator is obliged to sell it to him, for he can sell it to no one else; and, if he wishes to keep any himself, he is obliged to buy it back from government at the new rate which the Pasha has fixed for its sale, of course, many per cents. dearer than when he bought it. Numberless are his little tricks for saving money; e. g. when he has to receive money, it has always to be paid in advance; taxes, particularly, he collects always just before the plague breaks out, so that, though the people die, he has their money; in paying the troops and others, it is vice versa; he pays after date, and gains also upon the deaths.

"We have heard much at home of the reforming enlightened spirit of Mohammed Ali—but what has founded on? It looks more like a great and sudden blaze before the whole is extinguished and falls into total darkness; and whether this is to happen at his death or before, seems the only question: it seems not to be far distant. Last year he had no money (and he pushed hard for it) to pay his troops and dependents, and this year he will have no more than he had last.

"He has forced the riches of the country prematurely, and to an extent they could not bear, at the same time removing the means of their reproduction, and thus he has procured the present means of prosecuting the really wonderful, and what, in other circumstances, would have been the useful and beneficial improvements and institutions, which we have heard so much of, and which certainly strike a traveller much. It is to the unprincipled roguery and ignorance of his European advisers and officials that most of this waste and expense is to be charged. His councillors consist of all the needy emigrants from France and Italy, who are scouted or in bad odour at home, and who have the assurance to pretend to be that they are not here, where detection is difficult, and where success is their fortune for life. Ideas of the most extravagant kind, such as that of damming up the Nile, and others on which he has thrown away many hundred thousands of pounds, have been put into his head by these speculating adventurers, who fill their own pockets by it, and thus prey upon the country.

"A man, who has received the education of a scribe or clerk, comes out, talks of cotton-growing, and soon rises to the head of the cotton department; another, who has thought of nothing but trade or manufacturing, is put into the engineering office; and thus everything is mismanaged. The English are no longer employed in his service, he has found them too hard to deal with."

Those, however, who would, from this book, learn more of the political condition of Egypt, and the probable results of the ambitious projects of the Pasha, should peruse the letter or rather pamphlet of Mr Farren, lately the British Consul at Damascus, which Lord Lindsay has appended to his "Letters."

The modern Egyptian magic has, of late, mightily excited the wonder of certain English travellers, of whom it may be safely predicted that they are no conjurors. Though they belong by birth to the land of *gramerie*, the spell did not work with Lord Lindsay and his companion. The former writes:—

Do you remember the strange story Miss H—— told us of the Egyptian magician? I have had him twice here—that is to say, the gentlemen at the Inn had him the first time, and, as I was not satisfied with his perform-

ance, and he hardly got fair play among us, I had him a second time to myself, wishing to give him a fair trial. I am not yet satisfied; he succeeded in the first person we called for, but failed egregiously in the others.

The first night we all assembled in the *salle à manger* of the hotel, and, the wizard being introduced, we seated him on the divan, furnished him with a pipe, and then proceeded to question him as to his power, &c. He said he was from Algiers, (query, of Sycorax's family, Caliban's mother?) and that he belonged to a tribe or caste who were ruled by sheikhs or chiefs, and call themselves the servants of Solomon. We asked him whether he worked by Allah or by Satan; he gave me a Scotch answer the first day—"Does not Satan come from Allah?" but the following evening affirmed it was by Allah.

I asked him whether he understood the words he used, which are not Arabic—at least one of my friends here, who speaks the language, could make nothing of them—he said Yes; and, in answer to my further inquiries, repeated thirteen words or names, which he said were all a man needed the knowledge of to obtain the same power with himself; you must learn them by heart, (he is willing to teach any one "for a consideration.") then for seven days make a fire seven times every day, throw incense on it, and walk round the fire seven times, pronouncing seven times the thirteen names, then go to sleep, and you will awake with the faculty required. A complicated receipt this!

The magician, meanwhile, was writing several lines in Arabic, which he afterwards tore into seven pieces, each containing a distich. A boy having been procured, (for a child only can receive the power of magical vision,) he drew a double-lined square, with strange marks in the angles, on his hand, put some ink on the palm, and bade him look into it and tell us what he saw.

A chafing-dish having now been brought in, the wizard, his beads in his hand, began mumbling prayers or invocations, the same words, I believe, over and over again, at first in a loud voice, then gradually sinking till they were quite inaudible, (like a top falling asleep,) though his lips continued moving apace. From time to time he placed incense and one of the torn scraps of paper on the fire, frequently interrupting his incantation to ask the boy whether he saw anything, to which he as frequently replied in the negative; at last he said—"I saw something fit by quickly," but nothing more came, and the wizard said he must procure another boy, which we did.

The same ceremonies having been repeated, a man made his appearance, and, at the word of command, began sweeping; then he bade the boy call for seven flags in succession, all of which made their appearance, and, last of all, the Sultan, whom he described as seated on his divan drinking coffee. "Now," said the magician, "the charm is complete, and you may call for any one you like."

The first person we summoned was the Rev. ———, a mutual friend of William's and mine, and the first person who told him of these magicians; he was described, upon the whole, accurately, but this was the only successful summons; the spirits either would not come, or appeared by proxy, to the sad discomposure of our Arab Glendower, who, it is but fair to state, attributed the failure to its being Ramadan.

I tried him with Daniel Lambert, who, I was informed, was a thin man, and with Miss Biffin, who made her appearance with arms and legs. He has been equally unsuccessful with a party of Americans—this is odd enough when one considers how strongly Mr Salt, Lord Prudhoe, and Major Felix, who subjected him to long and repeated examinations, were impressed with the belief of his supernatural powers.

One thing is unquestionable—that the children do see a crowd of objects, following each other, and at the commencement of the incantation, the very same objects—as vivid and distinct as if they looked out of the window at noonday. How is this to be accounted for? Cellenius is out of the question.

But all children see no such crowd of objects, nor any distinct object at all. If it were not

often more agreeable to human beings to be mystified than convinced, the magician and his flags would long since have been *hors de combat*.* We will, by the way, take an equal bet that that the person first summoned by the magician was Dr Chalmers; nor was it difficult to call up the semblance of any clergyman, a matter which colour and costume would settle of themselves to all little Egyptians, or any other boys. Had George Fox, in his leathern doublet, been summoned, and as a preacher, we would defy all the wizards of Egypt to produce his semblance.

The travellers purchased and comfortably fitted up a boat, in which they meant to ascend the Nile to Upper Egypt. The crew, and the scenery on the picturesque voyage, are really very charmingly described. It is in such narrations that Lord Lindsay shines. After noticing their snug upfittings and equipments, in which the bookshelves are not forgotten, he proceeds:—

The crew consists of ten men, besides there is or captain; they are active, willing, good-humoured fellows, and have harmonious voices, a great lounge (to speak Ktonicé), as the Arab boatmen are a noisy set, constantly singing to their work, and always in chorus; one of them leads, and the rest join in, generally line by line, alternately, neither uttering more than five or six words at a time. The chorus of each song is always the same, but the Coryphæus, or leader, seems to sing *ad libitum*, words and air both, often deviating into a wild yell.

A curious scene was going on around us three or four evenings ago. We are now in Ramadan, the Mahomedan Lent, always rigorously kept by the Arabs, who taste nothing from sunrise to sunset. The sun had gone down behind the bank of the river, but, as they might not eat till the legal hour of sunset, there they sat, poor fellows! each with an onion in his hand, their eyes fixed on Missirî's watch, by which he was to let them know when they might conscientiously set to. That evening was a very merry one; squatted in a circle, they sang unceasingly for two hours or more—strange wild chants, keeping time by clapping their hands, a custom handed down to them from the ancient Egyptians, and to the accompaniment of a rude tambour or drum. Each song ended with two extraordinary yells, not inharmonious, in which all joined, the voices dropping, as if from exhaustion, at the close. Between each song was heard the distant chorus of a crew toiling on the other side of the river, and the whistling drone of a reed-pipe from a boat full of Bedouins from the west, pilgrims to Mecca, keeping company with us; sitting silent and motionless, their features almost invisible—their dark eyes gleaming from under their massive white drapery—never saw I figures more savagely picturesque! The reises, meanwhile, being in the complimentary mood, guns and pistols were going off every moment, each followed up by the yell of all the crews, succeeded, at least on board our vessel, by another song—and so on. The rolling echo of the guns from the rocks across the river added to the effect of this strange night-scene on the Nile. I do enjoy these wild old airs.

We have had favourable breezes for the most part hitherto, and have gone night and day, the crew relieving each other; the breeze generally fails at sunset, when they punt the boat, or tow it along the shore. We constantly run aground, and then they dash over into the water, fearless of the crocodiles, and push away, hands and shoulders, to the usual chant of "Haylee sa! haylee sa!" till they clear her. William gets a walk and a little shooting every day, and I often accompany

him as his gamekeeper. The banks, as we skim past them, are sometimes absolutely covered with wild geese—fire a gun, and they rise in myriads, as *clangingly* as Homer heard them settle on the banks of the ready Cayster.

And what delicious weather! the morning and evening clear and transparent as the dew; but no pencil could paint, no tongue describe, the rich glow of the western sky at sunset, or the pink zone that girdles the horizon as the night falls—pink at first, but changing from shade to shade, like the cheek of Iris, till the last, a delicate green, like chrysophras, darkens into night. And night, how lovely! the moon riding triumphantly along, not *let into* the sky, as in the north, but visibly round and detached—you can see far beyond her—with all her starry train around her, "the poetry of heaven!"

Never, dear mother, knew I what luxury was till now! I have realized Horace's idea of complete repose in lying at length under a green arbutus (at least as shady a tree), beside his own bright fountain at Lucrétia, but what is that to reclining under a tent on a Turkish divan, in an Arab boat, ascending the Nile—a never-ending diorama of loveliness! villages, dove-cots, mosques, santons' tombs, hermits' cells, temples, pyramids, avenues of the thorny acacia (from which the country derives one of its old Sanscrit names,) and, lovelier than all, groves after groves of date trees,

"bending
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep, descending,
Warns them to their silken beds!"

all slumbrous—all gliding past like the scenery of a dream—without effort—peacefully—silently; and yet, as when watching the stars at midnight, you feel all the while as if the sweetest music were murmuring in your ear.

Instead of dallying about the ruins of Thebes' tombs, temples, mummies, and all sorts of Egyptian traditions and antiquities, and the meditations, sentimental and heroic, which they call up, or the learning they serve to draw forth, we shall pass to the diversified tribes of Upper Egypt—a living dog being, in many respects, better than a dead lion. In mooring one night at Korosko, the Turkish governor of the country lying between the Cataracts, who chanced to be resting at the same place, offered the voyagers a visit, to their great perplexity, as they had no means of shewing hospitality to so illustrious a guest. They made the best of it, and found the governor a rather remarkable person, though such a degree of book-ignorance, in a naturally intelligent man, seems singular even in Egypt:—

The first compliments were scarcely paid, when he produced a little Arabic treatise on geography, printed by the missionaries at Malta, and asked how many men formed the standing force of Russia? We expected to be regularly catechised on the resources of every state in Europe, but his subsequent questions were chiefly geographical; he had evidently made the most of his little book—his sole library, he told us—and had treasured the information he had picked up from travellers. I gave him four or five Arabic books, one on astronomy, the others chiefly religious, that I had found lying at Alexandria along with some books I bought there, and included them in my bargain, on the chance of finding some opportunity of giving them away.

All his geographical ideas, except those derived from his text-book, were very vague. He discriminated the Abyssinian branch of the Nile from the western river, the most considerable of the two, by calling it emphatically Bahr el Nil, or the Blue River; I believe it is always painted blue in the sculptures—the word is Sanscrit too, and applied in the sacred books to the western Nile, though the name for it is Cali or Chishana—

* See a paper, by Colonel Peronnet Thompson, on Egyptian Magic, in *Tait's Magazine* for April 1832, first series.

the Black, which corresponds in meaning with the Hebrew name *Siber*; and yet, oddly enough, the river is neither black nor blue, but a muddy colour. The *Kinshaf*, in reply to our question where the sources were, said they were not very distant, but that the barbarous tribes and fierce animals, with which the intermediate country abounded, rendered them difficult of approach. One of these tribes, he told us, is a nation of dogs with women wives! the old tradition, then, of the *Cynocephali*, or dog-headed men, is still current here. The same belief prevailed in Tartary in the time of Zinghis Khan; and Mr. Buckingham was asked at Ascut, east of the Jordan, whether he had ever been to the Balled al Kelh, where the men had dogs' heads. The Nile, added the *Kinshaf*, parts into three rivers—the Egyptian stream, another that reaches the sea near Algiers, and the third near Spain.

Naming our acquaintance, Omar Effendi (a young Turk, sent by Mohammed Ali to study in England, but now returned and settled at Cairo,) he said he was from the same village, and seemed interested in hearing we had been at college with him.

Taking his departure, he sent us a couple of turkeys, and a sort of firman or order, to furnish us everything we might need between the cataracts. Nothing could be kinder than his offers of procuring us men, camels, and assistance of every sort, whenever we might be disposed to go. It was interesting, but painful, to see a man, evidently of talent, born and bred in intellectual darkness, and aware of his situation, struggling and catching at every ray of light. He entered at once on his inquiries, never doubting our willingness to afford him what aid we could; the conversation seldom flagged a moment, and, in his eagerness, the pipe was often neglected. On paying us another visit on our return, he told us very feelingly that, since he had become acquainted with Europeans about three years ago, he had disrelished the society of other Turks; all their conversation ran on women or dress, never on subjects of real interest. "Now," said he, "I like to know how the sun shines, how the world was created, who inhabit it, &c., and because I do so, and seek the society of those who can instruct me, my countrymen call me proud, and I am quite alone among them;"—"solo, solo, solo!" as Abdallah translated it; it went to my heart—poor fellow! he must indeed be lonely, and so must every one be who outstrips his fellows.

Both the travellers were alike struck with admiration of the Nubian race, or Berbers:—

A very handsome race, far superior to the Arabs of Egypt at least; almost black, but with a polished skin, quite unlike the dirty hue of the negro; the eye rests far more complacently on their naked limbs than on those of the whiter castes: they are tall, for the most part, and beautifully proportioned—sinewy, no fat—the heel on a line with the back of the leg, a noble expression of countenance, and fine phrenological foreheads; their honesty is proverbial. Cultivation, I think, might do wonders with them. So much for the race in general; the individuals on this occasion—naked except the waist, and full of fun and merriment—punted and rowed us up the river as far as the boat could ascend, and then, landing on the western bank, we proceeded on foot, alternately over sand and rock, to Abousir, a lofty cliff that overhangs the rapids, conspicuous from afar, and covered, we found, with the names of former travellers.

Probably a little European prejudice, and not a little of the English-skin ideas of beauty, had some influence in this favourable judgment. In Mr. Ramsay's Journal we find the following:—

Jan. 17, beyond Derr. The country grows wider and more picturesque. The varieties of inhabitants are remarkable; each village appears to have a different race—at one point, a group of thorough-bred, woolly-headed, frightful negroes—at another, that race we call (whether rightly or no) *Nubians*, a handsome, interesting people, not black, though nearly approaching to it—at another, the Berbers (I suppose,) a peculiarly fine set, with the

free independent air of the desert, and distinguished dress. They are considered as having the best character of any people in every respect. The Arabs also here and there appear, the same as in Egypt. The women's dress in some places is peculiarly elegant.

A shipwreck, or rather boatwreck, at the cataracts of the Nile, formed the most perilous adventure of the whole expedition. They were certainly in some danger, but it was not of long duration; and the troublesome consequences of the ducking were borne with great good-humour. They were throughout blessed with a most invaluable man of affairs in *Missirie*, a Greek by nation, who had travelled with several gentlemen in the east, and who, to great activity, judgment, and intelligence, added the rarer quality, in persons of his class, of sterling probity. Their Turkish friend of the little treatise on geography learning their disaster, sent camels and donkeys to bring themselves and their attendants and baggage, to visit him at Esouan, which they reached by a singular sepulchral kind of track, a scene of the wildest desolation:—

It was dusk by the time we dismounted at the *Kinshaf's* harem, the first house we came to; he brought out a couple of arm-chairs, and gave us a most acceptable cup of coffee, and then, leading the way to the government-house, ushered us into the presence-chamber, as I suppose I must call it, where the Bey gives audience during the summer.

Here we again smoked our pipes, and drank the coffee of our hospitable friend. William and myself, seated in arm-chairs of state—the *Kinshaf*, (as grave and silent as a judge, now he was among his countrymen,) and a Turkish officer—on two plain chairs—and the Armenian secretary cross-legged on his mat, formed our party, and a very pleasant one it was, for nothing could be more cordial than their attentions.

Dinner at last made its appearance. Napkins were first given us; then raisins and a fiery liqueur of aniseed were placed on the table as a whet; then came the dishes dressed à la Turque, which we partook of à l'Anglaise; the Turks eat after their fashion, dipping in the dishes very neatly, with pieces of bread for spoons: little was said during the meal, for the Turks don't talk on such occasions; lastly, a servant brought water to each of us, to wash our hands, pouring it over them;—then coffee again. We had a good deal of conversation afterwards, through Abdallah and a Nubian, who had travelled with Lord Belmore some years ago, and spoke a little Italian. The officer spoke highly of his own achievements in the chase, of having killed (and eaten?) a lion, &c. &c. A lion, he told us, would never attack a woman, even armed:—

"'Tis said that a lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity."—

I did not expect to hear a sentiment of chivalry in this part of the world.

About nine, we rose and wished the party good-night.—*Missirie*, we found, had made our rooms comfortable in the extreme, putting up the camp-bedsteads, making a divan of the cushions of the boat, and putting the things in order; everything almost had been saved. We were much the better for our tea, as you may suppose, and read and wrote afterwards till bed-time, by the light of an immense Turkish candle stuck in the orange-basket.

Next morning, before we were up, Welles *Kinshaf* had been to see us, and had smoked three pipes; he returned about ten, and breakfasted with us; he drank his tea and ate his omelet with great apparent satisfaction, and afterwards smoked his pipe again, seated on the divan, and cherishing his foot. The Armenian secretary also came to see us. An Abyssinian boy attended, the *Kinshaf's* page, and apparently a great favourite—suspicious, but without servility; the *Kinshaf* spoke kindly to him, and

the boy made his observations freely, though modestly—the henchman stood at the door, like Evan Mac Combish in *Waverley*.—William gave the Kiashef a musical snuff-box, which he seemed pleased with. After staying about an hour, he again inquired whether he could do any thing for us, and protested, on our reiterating our gratitude for his past kindness, that really it was ‘nothing—nothing.’ He then rose to go, and, with kind wishes and salame, we parted. We then started, with Abdallah, for the Cataracts, to see after the boat.

On reaching the boat,

Swarms of Nubian children clustered around us, with curiosities for sale; we bought some necklaces and bracelets of red and white beads and straws, (they shew beautifully on a black skin,) and several fetiches or amulets, which they wear generally under the right arm—the dagger under the left; the latter even the children carry. William [Mr Ramsey] dissected one of these fetiches afterwards, and found a long roll of paper inside, covered with Arabic writing and mystical diagrams, magical and astrological apparently.

After sauntering about, identifying the scenes of our first and second passage, we returned by a Nubian village built on the shore in a grove of date trees—plenty of women and children—no reserve in the former, though one of them, whenever we looked at her, hid her face like the Arab women, for fear of the evil eye probably; the boys were naked, most of them; the little girls wear belts of small leather-thongs. One of the children danced before us, naked, and brandishing a short spear, a thorough young cannibal.

Here they accidentally met with Dr Maclean of Bombay, and Mr Clarke, a young officer, and the son of Dr Edward Clarke, the celebrated traveller; and were, in so unlikely a place as the Cataracts of the Nile, overwhelmed by the most welcome gift of half-a-dozen of Hodgson's ale, a dozen of Madeira, and four bottles of Constantia! This it is to be Lords, or private gentlemen of fortune; and Lord Lindsay naturally exclaims—“What sunshiny days are such in human life!” And, indeed, it is not every day such windfalls chance below the Cataracts. Once again, their *barge*, named or nicknamed the *Hippopotamus*, was moored in the harbour of Cairo, and, after a brief season of rest, the travellers started for EDOM and the HOLY LAND. They travelled in the Desert with a rather respectable caravan for mere tourists, consisting of ten camels and two tents, one for themselves, and the other for their guide Missirie, and Abdallah their dragoman. Lord Lindsay's enthusiasm kindles to the most intense degree in the Desert, and, truly, it is not very easy to resist contagious sympathy. The attendant hardships and privations were disregarded, for they were fairly in the Desert—delightful thought!—following the steps of the Israelites to the Promised Land.

It was early spring, and the weather charming, and, even without the animating associations of Hebrew history, one can easily conceive the delightful exhilaration of such a journey to a high-spirited and enthusiastic young man:—

I always commenced the day with a long walk; nothing can be more enjoyable; the desert, half gravel, half sand, crunches under the feet like snow; sometimes bounded by low hills, sometimes it stretches out into an interminable plain, but always of the same unvaried hue. We passed skeletons of camels repeatedly, and scattered bones bleached to the whiteness of snow; and, one morning, prowling about near our encampment, I found an open grave and a skull grinning up into my

face within it—the relic, doubtless, of some hapless pilgrim. Melancholy memorials these! but all was not death there; a frog, a species of grey lizard, some quails and vultures, were symptoms of animal—and various thorny plants, a few wild flowers, and a strongly scented plant, (a species of wild camemile we thought it), called by the Arabs *behharon*—of vegetable life; nor should I forget a solitary tree, long conspicuous on the horizon, with the apparent dignity of a palm, but which dwindled, long before we reached it, into a stunted thorn, covered with rage streaming in the wind, hung there by every pilgrim as he passes on *chemin* for Mecca. The half-eaten carcase of a camel lay beneath it, and the vultures that had been garbaging on it flew heavily away at our approach.

On Thursday we started, with the Arabian mountains, and, as we conceived, the Red Sea, in front of us; it was the mirage! A ship, too, was curiously refracted in the clouds before we came in actual sight of either ship or sea.

At Suez, they esteemed themselves fortunate, in obtaining Hussein, the same renowned Bedouin who had accompanied M. de Laborde, as their protector in their pilgrimage to Sinai, and while they should journey in Arabia. Hussein and Lord Lindsay became forthwith great friends, the Bedouin encouraging the young Lord when he approved of his conduct, by caressing pats on the back, especially when consideration was shewn for the camels, or any trait of humanity or manhood displayed by the *Giaour*, who was naturally gratified by the Arab's esteem. Hussein provided camels and dromedaries for the cavalcade, and the part of the expedition, which he managed, seems to have been peculiarly to the content of the principal personages. Lord Lindsay remarks that the political condition of the Bedouin tribes, strongly resembles that of the clans in the Highlands of Scotland; but he must mean what these clans once were, not surely what they have become. He says—

My heart warms to these Bedouin Highlanders, and the Tora tribes are a peculiarly fine race; the whole party, indeed, were good-bumoured, hearty fellows. All of us, masters and men, were armed to the teeth, William with rifle and gun, myself with holster pistols; every Arab had his *sikkeen*, or short sword, and some of them long match-lock guns, ornamented with pebbles, shells, and Turkish coins, which they use very expertly. One of them, unpoetical villain! shot a young gazelle one morning, and had the barbarity to press me to eat it.

Their attire was very simple—the *kefia* or kerchief of the desert, loosely and gracefully tied round the head by a piece of rope, or a turban—a long white robe of rather cumbersome drapery, sometimes of lighter material, secured by a girdle—a long blue cloak, (peculiar, I believe, to the Arabs of this peninsula,) and sandals of fish-skin, secured across the instep, and by clasps at the ankles, exposing the foot as in Scripture paintings; a small kneading-trough or bowl, a leathern bottle for water, a short pipe, tobacco-pouch, and sometimes the short crook-headed stick, represented in the hand of Osiris in the Egyptian sculptures, completed their equipment. Throw away the pipe and tobacco, (many of the Bedouins, however—our friend Hussein for instance, never smoke,) substitute a lance or a sword for that ignoble weapon the gun, and any one of them might fit for a portrait of the Caliph Omar.

We generally halted about sunset, on some smooth spot under the rocks or hills, made our camels kneel down, unloaded, and then let them go free to browse *à discretion*; in half an hour more, the tents were pitched, fires blazing around, and the stars above us, for

in these countries there is little or no twilight. The camels were then tethered down, and the Bedouins, their frugal meal and merry chat over, wrapped themselves up in their *abbas*, and went to sleep. We also dozed from dinner till tea-time, and then, after a cheerful cup or two, followed their example. Evenings as peaceful, and cups as cheering as those immortalized by Cowper, yet how different in their accessories!—no newspapers, no politics, no prose of the present to mar our meditations on the past.

We all lent a hand in the tent-pitching; this Bedouin life is quite to my taste; 'tis the realisation of one of my childhood day-dreams, when I used to pitch a tent on the nursery floor at Muncaster, and call it my home. And yet I have a lingering touch of European prejudice; there is something very melancholy in our morning flittings; the tent-pins are plucked up, and, in a few minutes, a dozen holes, a heap or two of ashes, and the marks of the camel's knees in the sand, soon to be obliterated, are the only traces left of what has been for a while home. There are a thousand allusions to this primitive mansion in Scripture, almost unintelligible, till familiarity with the tent, the camel, and the desert, explains them. I never drive in a tent-pin without thinking of Jael and Sisera.

This is full as delightful as grouse-shooting or deer-shooting. Wady Feiran, an enchanting and enchanted valley, which Lord Lindsay will have to be *Paran*, and, where, in Gebel Serbat, he was certain he saw Mount *Paran*, is thus introduced:—

Following the windings of the valley, alternately through sun and shade, under lofty rocks and umbrageous date-trees, whispering in the breeze, and shedding the most delicious coolness, we heard from time to time the chirping of birds, the barking of dogs, and the merry voices of children—generally unseen, though occasionally we caught a passing glimpse of them and their dusky mothers and sisters under the thick foliage embowering their huts and tents. We exchanged cordial *salamats* and *bissatams* with some of the natives that we met on the road, particularly with one aged white-bearded patriarch. Our guides, too, were constantly meeting their acquaintance, receiving their welcome, and striking wrists with them: their greetings struck me as remarkably low-voiced, though cordial as between brothers.

The blending of greens in these gardens is exquisitely beautiful—a regular gradation from the pale transparent foliage of the tarfa to the darker hue of the date towering over it, and the still deeper green of the *sidr* or *nebbek*, as dark as that of the orange and citron. Our Bedouins brought down the fruit with stones, and gave them to us as we rode along; it was delicious. In twenty days the *sidr* harvest will be quite ready; they sell the greater part of it at Suez, part they keep and dry in the sun, press and reduce it to flour, which, with water or milk, they make into small cakes.

In the proper season, the Zoalia Arabs, the owners of these gardens, who intrust the cultivation to the Tebenna, a branch of the Gebali tribe, (who receive three out of every ten dates for their trouble,) hold a sort of harvest-home in the valley—and a merry scene it is then, by all accounts. These Gebali are the descendants of a Christian colony, transported by Justinian from the shores of the Black Sea, to act as servants to his monastic establishment at Mount Sinai. They have long since become Moslems and Bedouins, though the pure tribes never intermarry with them; and, as their daughters are the prettiest girls in the peninsula, many a sad tale of the course of true love thwarted is current in the glens.

About four o'clock we lost sight of the last palm, and, after riding awhile through a wood of tarfa-trees, they too ceased—adieu for ever to the gardens of Wady Feiran! I shall never probably see them again; but often, often will they gleam in loveliness on my waking and sleeping visions. We encamped at a quarter to five, about ten minutes beyond El Bouseh, "the Mouth," a remarkable defile in the valley, not more than eight

paces broad in the narrowest part, and beyond which the valley takes the name of Wady Sheikh.

These "gardens" are properly date-grounds, and it should be mentioned, that Wady signifies a valley, and Gebel a peak or mountain top. They were now in sacred precincts, and every advancing step was storied and hallowed. Sinai was in view! At the place where Moses, in coming down from the Mount, broke the tables of the law, on seeing the worship of the golden calf, Hassan, one of the Bedouins, who had been saying his prayers, saluted "Moses' stone" with his hands. They reached the monastic fortress of St. Catherine, on Sinai, and were hoisted up, with their baggage, by a rope and windlass. They lived here a strange sort of life for a time, making exploratory excursions in the wild environs, and visiting the other convents of this holy mountain region, having been detained much longer than they expected, from the interpreter, Abdallah, severely wounding himself by the accidental discharge of a pistol. The travellers humanely dispatched a messenger to Cairo for Dr MacLennan; but, long before the doctor appeared, Hussein, who had taken the case into his own hands, cured the patient, by dressing the wound with date-brandy, and administering a soporific draught formed of some shrub, prized in Bedouin medical practice. A hare had crossed Abdallah's path one morning. He had cocked his pistol to fire at it, but was too late, and replaced it in his belt without uncocking it. At night, as he was hanging it up, something caught the trigger, and—but the thing is common in all countries—the Arabs blamed not the carelessness of the man, but the unlucky omen of the hare.

The pilgrimage was continued by Mount Seir, Petra, across the Desert to Hebron, and by Bethlem to Jerusalem. But at the fort of Akaba they parted with their Bedouin escort, and their esteemed friends, Hussein and Toualeb:—

They offered to go on with us, if we wished it, but said that the *Alouins* (with whom we were to proceed to Petra and Hebron) were men with "big bellies," and they were nothing in comparison with them, and could be of no use to us. They were evidently very unwilling to proceed, and we, also, on further consideration, thought it would be better to make our own bargain, and trust ourselves wholly to the *Alouins*, when once it was struck. We kissed, therefore, and parted, and they went back to their own country the same night.

Bed-time came—the travellers' room absolutely awarmed with bugs—my friends went to bed—I had not courage to do so, but sat up reading all night—they were kept awake, too—grievous were the exclamations. However, I had a refreshing dip in the Red Sea next morning, which set me quite to rights. The second night we slept under the verandah—a most happy change.

The extortion usually practised by these men of "big bellies," who undertake to protect travellers to Petra and Hebron, they resolved to resist; and they did so successfully. Fifteen thousand piastres were at first demanded, which the firmness of the travellers reduced to four thousand, thus giving a good lesson of English resolution, and conferring an obligation on all future travellers who choose to profit by it. These money matters, and the affair of begging

presents and *bagshish*, which it seems, mean vails, or something to the boots, the waiter, and the chambermaid, being arranged, the escort got on very well. The party, always excepting their beggarly Sheikh, were cheerful, good-humoured *gillie-camstraites*, and very handsome fellows, though with the fierce and wild expression of all the Ishmaelitic race.

They set out for Petra; the place they had left looking thus poetically pretty in Lord Lindsay's pages. "Nothing could be more beautiful than the Gulf of Akaba, gleaming through its fringe of palm-trees, as we left the fort, like a placid lake—an eye, rather, of the deepest blue, eyelashed with palms, and eye-lidded with the Arabian mountains."

The Turkish Governor of the fortress had that morning attempted to swindle them out of two hundred piastres, as a gratuity to his soldiers, which was probably meant for his own pocket. They resisted this compulsory levy. But, before the Sheikh joined them, five hundred of what they had just paid to him had been extorted in the country fashion by the governor. This part of the journey is at once so picturesque, Arab-like, and patriarchal, that we must indulge in a rather long extract.

The description of one night's encampment will give you an idea of all. We halted usually on some spot where the camels could find shrubs for food, and we dry bushes for fuel. Three fires were then lighted, one for Missirie and Hassan, Clarke's servant; one for the Sheikh and his children; and a third for the lower caste of his clansmen. Nothing could be more picturesque than the night-scenes these fires and the wild groups gathered round them exhibited. The first night two Arabs quarrelled, and flew at each other with their drawn swords; but were held back by their friends, and with some (apparent) difficulty pacified. If a *ruse* to try our nerves, which I hope we were not uncharitable in believing it, it failed egregiously. 'The Arabs, by the way, when they do come to blows, always strike with the palms of their hands, as the soldiers struck our Saviour, never with the fist. Our tent was soon pitched and struck; our food was rice, bread, tongues, coffee, and occasionally mutton; a blanket and the sheets of our bedding took up little room, serving for saddles during the day-time, and we made easy shift with two or three changes of linen. And was not this faring like princes? We were off almost always before sunrise, and travelled about ten or eleven hours, till near sunset, resting about half an hour, generally at mid-day. We enjoyed the most lovely weather during the whole journey; excessive heat was what we expected; but it proved, on the contrary, delightfully cool and temperate.

Starting at four in the morning, we reached Sheikh Hussein's camp about one, on Sunday afternoon. The tents were ranged in a crescent, and very low, except the Sheikh's. We alighted before it, and were most gracefully received by his eldest son, a boy about ten or eleven, arrayed in his little *kafia*, or head-dress of the desert, red boots, &c., a Bedouin Sheikh in miniature; in fact, he bears that rank, and wields a sheikh's authority in the camp during his father's absence. Sheikh Hussein, determined that we should be his guests that evening, had ordered the camels that carried our tent to be kept in the rear. Coming up presently, he renewed our welcome, and invited us into his tent, whither we followed, and sat down on the mat beside him, our backs towards the ladies' compartment, separated from ours by a thin partition only. We heard them chattering behind us at a great rate.

It was a bright, warm afternoon, and the fire in the centre of the tent, and the clouds of tobacco-smoke, were,

at first, almost stifling. The wild Alouins gathered round us, and presently our *dejeuné* made its appearance; first, *leban* was served—sour milk, and then a mixture of butter, bread, sugar—I really do not know all its component parts; but it was excellent;—then pipes; and coffee was repeatedly served by a slave who sat constantly grinding and supplying new comers with that truly oriental luxury. Each guest, as he entered, was kissed by the principal members of the circle, except the Sheikh, hearty double kisses. The Sheikh rose when Sheikh Salem made his appearance. Little ceremony was observed, though much respect was shewn to the Sheikh, who spoke and gesticulated with considerable dignity. It was a strange scene altogether; but one group was really beautiful—Sheikh Hussein, in his robes of scarlet and red turban, widely different, both in dress and features, from his clansmen, with his young son, so fair and graceful, lying at his feet, and looking fondly up in his face. Many other children were admitted into the circle, or played outside the tent—all of them, seemingly, much indulged. Others, quite black and stark-naked, were running about among the tents.

When we had had enough of it, we slipped away under the corner of the tent, and repaired to our own, where we found the little Sheikh Mohammed sitting at the door, watching Missirie's proceedings. We invited him in; he sat down very modestly, first on the sand, then on the bed. We gave him some preserved dates and nebbeks for himself and his little brothers. While dinner was in preparation, (for the Sheikh killed a sheep for us,) we squatted before the tent with the Bedouins, playing with a young wolf, and watching the evening occupations of the camp. Children were at play; women, in their long blue robes, bringing in dry wood for the night-fires; two others were grinding at the mill at the door of one of the tents; an animated talk was going on in the Sheikh's; his horse was prowling about in its rich trappings; goats (the little Bedouin goat is a beautiful creature) smelling about our tent, and at the slumbering Hassan, not knowing what to make of him; dogs barking, &c., &c.—a happy, cheerful, peaceful scene as ever I witnessed.

At last, Sheikh Hussein made his appearance with a huge wooden bowl full of mutton, and we all gathered round it—the sheikh and his son, ourselves, Missirie, and Hassan—and commenced operations, dipping in the dish, and eating with our fingers in the eastern fashion. Large soft cakes of excellent bread, like Scotch scones, disposed round the dish, served at once for plates and food—read this to Sir Robert Leigh, and he will quote Virgil. The sheikh came again to coffee, with Abdel-Hug's (M. Linant's) letter of introduction for Clarke and Mac Lennan, stuck in his girdle; yesterday he carried it on his turban. I doubt whether he could read it.

The camp at night was a beautiful spectacle—a crescent of lights and fires flaming around us, the grinding still continuing. A lively confab was still going on in Sheikh Hussein's tent. We were told afterwards that the tribe were much dissatisfied at his having engaged to conduct us for so little; if so, it tells highly for him that he never mentioned it to us.

The grinding was still going on when we woke next morning; and a man churning butter in a skin, see-sawing it on his knee; two children were plaguing the poor little wretch of a wolf, pulling it about with a string—but it will bite soon. The little Sheikh Mohammed breakfasted with us on coffee, *leban*, and bread, and, before starting, we presented him with a pair of yellow Morocco slippers and boots for his mother, who made her appearance in her finery at the moment of our departure. And so we bade farewell to our friendly Bedouins.

After four hours' continual, but very gentle ascent, we came in sight of Mount Hor, now called Gebel Haroun, or Aaron's mountain, whose house, Hassan very gravely informed us, he had seen at Bagdad—mistaking him for Haroun Alraschid. An hour and a half farther, after passing the entrance to Wady Sabra, we quitted Wady Araba, and ascended eastwards into the dreary Gebel Shara, the Mount Seir of Scripture.

By many a romantic wady and wild gabi, they

winded on to Petra, entered the Land of Promise, at length saw Hebron, and here broke up their cavalcade, which had protected them from no greater visible danger than a few harmless shepherds from Gaza, at first mistaken for a predatory band. At Hebron, the children called them *pigs*; but otherwise they were civilly enough treated, being regarded as pilgrims to the Holy City. They engaged camels for Jerusalem in Hebron, which they found a rather improving place, with well-built houses of hewn stone, and bazaars well filled. They set forward at noon—

Following the ancient road, along the *brac-side*, and between corn-fields, olive-groves, and vineyards—each with its watch-tower, the stones carefully gathered out, and fenced in with a stone-wall—as in the days of David, Ishiah, and our Saviour. At two, we stopped at a place called Derriwuh, evidently an ancient site, and continued for some hours winding among hills, presenting the same monotonous but pleasing scenery. It was a lovely evening—the birds were singing sweetly, and numerous flocks of sheep and goats were cropping their evening meal as we drew nigh to the city of David, who so often must have fed his flocks on those very hills—the scene, too, just as probably, of that apparition of the heavenly host who proclaimed to the humble shepherds of Bethlehem the birth of the good shepherd, David's namesake—"The Beloved" of God—in those blessed words, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth peace, good-will towards men."

About an hour and a quarter to the south of Bethlehem, coming to the brow of the hill, we saw the celebrated pools of Solomon below us, and a beautiful crop of wheat covering the slopes of the valley where probably once stood his palace and pleasure-gardens. These reservoirs are really worthy of Solomon. I had formed no conception of their magnificence; they are three in number, the smallest between four and five hundred feet in length—the waters were discharged from one into another, and conveyed from the lowest, by an aqueduct, to Jerusalem. I descended into the third and largest; it is lined with plaster, like the Indian chunam; and hanging terraces run all round it. I wonder if Solomon ever walked there with the Queen of Sheba.

At half past seven, that evening, we reached Bethlehem. It stands on the slope of a hill, of difficult ascent, at least by night. The stars were out, but it was still unusually light as we entered the town, and proceeded to the Spanish Convent, a large fortress-like building, where we were kindly welcomed, and ushered into a very handsome apartment. The venerable Superior presently came to see us, and grew very talkative. He honoured us with his company to breakfast the next morning, and we afterwards visited the church and the supposed Cave of the Nativity, gorgeous all—but what most touched me was the simple tribute of several little children, who, speaking in a whisper, and with awe in their faces, lighted their little bodkins of tapers at the large candles, and stuck them at their side.

In proceeding next morning to Jerusalem—

A marriage party came past, or, rather, a crowd of women and children, some of them very pretty, all gaily dressed and unveiled, and singing a most discordant epithalamium—to meet the bride at the church door, and convey her home. While they awaited her appearance, two parties detached themselves from the throng, the one dancing round and round, hand in hand, as in some unsophisticated nooks of merry England they were probably doing at that very moment round the Maypole, for it was May-morning—the other, their arms linked, advancing towards them, and retreating in regular measure; the song going on all the time. Presently the bride came out, veiled from head to foot, and mounted her horse; her companions closed round her, and the procession moved. We sat on our camels enjoying the scene, and expended not a little gunpowder in her honour; to

her death she will remember the nuptial honours paid her by the English.

You can scarcely imagine what a cheerful aspect the rich and varied costumes both of men and women, particularly the latter, impart to these towns of Palestine; the contrast is delightful to us, so long accustomed to the dull blue cloaks and veiled faces of the Egyptian women.

Riding slowly on to Jerusalem, we met numbers of most picturesque-looking white-headed old men, and many lovely children. One of them, particularly a Russian boy, taking off his fur cap to return our salutation, with his flowing ringlets and sweet face, reminded me of one of Raphael's angels. We met many parties too of Turks, Armenians, and Greeks, pilgrimising—the former to Rachel's tomb, the latter to Bethlehem. Some saluted us with "Bon viaggio," and "Benvenuti, Signorini!" others with the emphatic "Salam," "Peace!" or by simply laying the hand on the heart in the graceful oriental fashion. It was delightful thus to be welcomed to the City of Peace by men of all creeds and countries, a sort of anticipation of the happy time when all nations will go up to worship One God at Jerusalem, and all will receive the welcome of the heart as well as the lip.

They entered the Holy City by the *Bethlem Gate*, and took up their abode at the Latin convent. Lord Lindsay enjoyed the hallowed spots in the precincts of Jerusalem much more than the filthy and half desolate streets of the Holy City. He ascended the Mount of Olives, he journeyed to Bethany, to the valley of the Jordan, to the plain of Gilgal; and he bivouacked by the banks of Jordan. They proceeded to Damascus. The country, always romantic and lovely, became more and more rich as they rode through thickly clustered villages, which find no place in any map. One grieves to read what follows:—"The whole country was teeming with the richest crops when we passed through it; but the enlightened government of Mahomed Ali precludes their profiting by the bounty of nature; and the conscription, as in Egypt, has so drained the villages of men, that more than once, and in the most out-of-the-way parts of the country, none of the peasants would act as guides, for fear of being impressed for soldiers."

There was still much to see, and Mount Carmel, and Tabor, and Nazareth, and the plain of Jezreel, and Cans of Galilee, and many other memorable places were visited; and, on the ridge of Hermon, Dr Maclellan, who, with Mr Clarke, had travelled in company with Lord Lindsay and Mr Ramsay, from Mount Sinai, saw snow, which he had not seen for sixteen years.

Lord Lindsay, who is blessed with a lively fancy, imagined he had found out different ancient places, the sites of which no one now pretends to determine; and it is probable that some of his conjectures may be correct. One would at least wish to believe so. Twenty-three days were spent on the meandering journey between Jerusalem and Damascus; the weather was now hot, and the party had almost always camped out, even when some sort of lodgings might have been obtained. From Damascus, Lord Lindsay went to Palmyra with two Englishmen, and a Dutch and a Danish gentleman, bent on the same quest. They took an armed escort, but scarcely required it. Mr Ramsay also set out on the journey; but, feeling himself indisposed, returned, after five hours, to

Damascus. Distances are measured by *hours*, where neither roods, miles, nor milestones are known. Symptoms of cholera had come on; and Mr Ramsay died on the following day. On returning, Lord Lindsay received this painful intelligence. He expresses no regret at not having given up the city of Zenobia and coming back with his sick friend; but we are certain that he must have felt much. After this, Lord Lindsay visited Baalbec, and camped under and luxuriated around the ancient, glorious, and renowned *Cedars of Lebanon* and their younger offshoots; but a damp is cast over the narrative, to the reader, by the death of Mr Ramsay in circumstances so desolate and distressing;

and, after this, the liveliness of his friend sounds harsh discord. At Damascus, these really agreeable Letters are concluded; and the remainder of the volume is filled with Mr Farren's speculations on Turkish, Russian, and Egyptian politics. This gentleman had lived for several years as British consul at Damascus, and he seems well acquainted with the various tribes and clans of Syria, their intestine divisions, and the history of the contests, warlike or diplomatic, &c., fraudulent, between the Sultan and his ambitious and refractory great vassal, Mehemet Ali. Mr Farren's sympathies go with the Sultan, which is the general way, we believe, whether it may be that of sound policy or not.

LONDON SKETCHES.—NO. II.

TIGRIS MAJOR AND TIGRIS MINOR.

"Two tigers met on Afric's shore;
The first tiger thought the second a bore."
Varior. Bombastes Furiosus.

My friend Joe Green would be the greatest bore on earth, if there existed no such person as Colonel Clump; or rather Colonel Clump would retain undisputed possession of the same bad eminence, were not people to be found who assign the palm to Joseph Green. It is a choice of evils. Joe is a *fine* fine gentleman; Clump, a *coarse*. Joe is a sipper of green tea, who sports a broken-down hack in Hyde Park; stares every woman in the pit tier, at the opera, out of countenance every Saturday night; and lounges on the wait for chance tickets at the Zoological Gardens every Sunday afternoon. He is as true to all the exhibitions as the check-takers; and wherever well-dressed women most do congregate, there the over-dressed person of Green becomes a fixture. Dividing his leisure between London and Brighton, his face is grown familiar to the sauntering world as the sign of the Bull and Mouth, or any other vulgar generality. Yet Joe affects a conscious simper, in the notion that, because the eyes of five duchesses a-day fall unwittingly upon his trivial unmeaning countenance, he is thereby enshrined in the odour of fashionable sanctity!

Colonel Clump, on the contrary, has a soul above duchesses, and fancies himself a knowing blade. Dividing his year between Cheltenham and town, Clump eats his ice at Farrance's, his dinner at the Bedford or the Blue Posts, and "looks in at Gliddon's." Clump is apt to play the bully at half-price with the box-openers, and is great at Vauxhall on the opening and concluding nights. He is, in short, a noisy vulgar beast, with either a cigar or an oath perpetually in his mouth.

It is easy to perceive that these two are varieties of the same species. Yet, though alike partaking of tiger nature, a sort of natural antipathy exists between the two. Whenever they meet, where it is possible to tip each other the

cold shoulder, Clump whistles, as if for want of thought, while Green hums an air from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and both pass by unrecognising. Each is in the secret of the other's small means and large pretensions. Clump knows that poor Joseph labours under a caoutchouc wig; Joseph is aware that the Colonel sports a dicky. There is no mutual esteem between the two tigers.

It was my hard fate to make the acquaintance of both at the same moment; no matter whether in a steamboat, on a railroad, or in a balloon. A common danger begetting a common panic, (one of those touches of nature which make the whole world kin,) brought about a momentary familiarity which clings to me like the filthy stain to the hand of Lady Macbeth! To whatever extremely public place I betake myself, either Green is sure to be beforehand with me, or Clump to be in waiting, with his, "How are you, my dear fellow?" ere I have time to look about me. Beulah Spa, Tyrolean Minstrels, Madame Tussaud's Gallery, or any one of the ten theatres now open in the metropolis, exhibits to my loathing gaze the unwelcome features of either tigris major or tigris minor; and the first sentence uttered by the one, is sure to reflect bitterly upon the other.

The other night, in the lobby at the opera, I found my arm familiarly laid hold of by Joe Green; and, as the hand that rested upon it exhibited a large turquoise ring outside the glove, and was adorned by a plaited ruffie, I looked round involuntarily, to make sure that the malicious eye of some dear familiar friend was not taking note of my degradation.

"How are you, my dear fellow?" cried the tiger, in his usual impertinent phrase. "Amazingly fall open—*prodigiously* hot—Lal-lal-lal in tremendous force. The first time I've met you here this season! and, 'pon my soul, you're out of luck."

"In what way?—Lablache, as you allow, is in *tremendous* force, and Grisé in the finest voice. I came to hear them, and see the new ballet."

"But you did not reckon upon *all* you were likely to see—that fellow Clump is here to-night!"

"I hope he is well, and has got a good stall," said I, striving to bow my way off. "There is room enough in the house for all of us."

"Don't flatter yourself of getting rid of him, my dear fellow," cried Joe, seizing my button. "Clump is the very man to lay hold of you the moment he sees you; and I can tell you it is no easy matter to shake him off. Clump has not the slightest consideration for the feelings of others. He has no idea of the annoyance a man about town may experience from having such a person hanging upon him in public. One night, if you'll believe, he attacked me in the saloon at the Colosseum, put his arm in mine, and walked me about, without the smallest apology. What was the consequence? The moment I was released, a hundred fellows came up to me, with Brummel's question to Albanley—'*Who is your fat friend?*' What could I say? I vow to — it was too bad!"

"What was too bad?"

"To place one in such a predicament. It is not every one that cares to own he has an acquaintance in the Poyaisian Green Hussars, or the British Legion, or Horse Marines, or whatever it may be in which Clump calls himself colonel."

"He calls himself a half-pay captain in our army, I believe," said I. "But I really know little or nothing about him. I made his acquaintance, Mr Green, if you remember, at the same period as your own."

"To be sure you did; and very sorry I was for you at the time. I have often said since to my friend Lady Phynn, and my friends Lady Fitzwiggon and her daughters, how truly I felt for a gentlemanly fellow like yourself being so horribly bored. For, between ourselves, that Colonel Clump is the most abominably pushing person! Lady Phynn declares that he left his card upon *her* for no earthly reason but because he dined in the next tent to her at Beulah."

"Clump was aware, perhaps, that his friend, Joe Green was a favourite, and thought it a sufficient passport to her Ladyship's good opinion," said I, with a significant smile.

"Very likely. But it does not exactly suit me to have a person of Colonel Clump's description Joe-Greening me. What would Dashwood and Fitzroy think, if they were to hear him take such a liberty? One Sunday, too, he actually came and joined me as I was looking at the Giraffes with Lady Fitzwiggon and her girls; and because little Bessy (who, I admit, is a bit of a hoyden) happened to smile at some of his vulgarities, the fellow takes off his hat to the Fitzwiggons whenever he meets them."

"A compliment to yourself through your friends," said I, endeavouring to slip away; and,

having at length succeeded in extricating myself from the paws of the tiger, I was hastening up to my sister's box, to escape a renewal of my martyrdom, when a hasty slap on the back informed me that I was overtaken by Colonel Clump.

"How are you, my fine fellow?" cried he, in a tone that proved him, like Lablache, to be in *tremendous* voice. "Escaping from that horrid fellow, Joe Green—eh? By heaven, 'tis enough to make one forswear the Opera!"

"What is enough?"

"The certainty of having that nauseous animal fasten upon one. The moment he finds out that a man is tolerably well up in society, like you and I, Joe Green sticks to him like a burr. Now, really, though, as times go, no one can answer for not having a disagreeable acquaintance or so, there is no occasion to wear them like a feather in one's cap—eh? I don't suppose myself more fortunate than others. Thanks to clubs, watering places, and my cousin Sir Phelim's standing for a county, I am occasionally compelled to touch my hat to an odd-looking fellow, more or less. But I do it in a quiet way. I don't feel myself required to pull up and hail them before the windows of the United Service Club."

"You are a member, then?" said I, somewhat surprised.

"Not exactly. But I am acquainted with an infinite number of fellows who are; and I've been up these two months for the Junior."

"With the chance of being blackballed ten years hence," thought I; but I held my peace on so gunpowder a subject.

"Yet, if you'll believe me," resumed Clump, still harping on his tiger, "that horrid person, Mr Green, seized my hand last winter, as I was coming out of the St James' Bazaar, arm in arm with Sir Murtough M'Flannagan; and Sir Murtough was so disgusted that he immediately shuffled off. Now, as Sir Murtough sailed the next day for Paramatta, (where he is appointed Lieutenant Governor,) I may never have it in my power to explain to him how *very* slight is my acquaintance with Mister Green."

"Poor Joe!" was my involuntary ejaculation, with an involuntary smile.

"My dear fellow, beware how you '*Joe*' such a tiger as that, in such a place as this!" cried Clump. "People who don't know you as well as I do, may overhear, and fancy you one of his intimates."

"It would be a very far-fetched fancy," said I, coldly, "as no one is better aware than yourself. I had the honour, Colonel Clump, to make Joe Green's acquaintance at the same time, and in the same accidental way, as your own."

"Indeed, you had; and, by heavens, I know how to pity you! At present, my dear fellow, you little guess to what extremities such an acquaintance may lead. I've no doubt you saw in the papers," he continued, lowering his voice, "an account of my little *frac cas* at Boulogne, last summer. A vastly disagreeable piece of business, to have one's name in that way before

the public, especially for a man who has views of distinguishing himself in his profession. I was at that moment on the very point of starting for Barcelona; but, after so unpleasant an affair, I thought it better to defer joining Don Carlos, till the story blew over."

"'Tis an ill-wind," thought I, "that blows no one good. Don Carlos is a luckier dog than he deserves."

"But by heavens, sir, the remote cause of the whole business, was neither more nor less than my bowing acquaintance with Joe Green! When I found myself compelled to make an appeal, on the score of character, to two distinguished members of the wretched squad which Boulogne sur Mer presumes to call a club, they had the impudence to answer, that 'the only harm they knew of me was, being too good-natured in the choice of my acquaintance.' That this innuendo pointed at Joe Green, I could not for a moment doubt. Yet, after all, the fellow will go on shaking hands with me, as if I had no fear of the caricature shops before my eyes! But come along! I caught a glimpse of him just now, sideling up the staircase. He's looking for us! Rely upon it, he wants to fasten upon us for the rest of the evening."

For "come along," I chose to read "go," and scudded along in an opposite direction. But the following day, on the race-course at Epsom, I heard myself hailed by name in a stentorian voice, and, on looking round, perceived the Colonel perched on a barouche box, side by side with an individual whose whiskers were still more bushy, and his mustachions still more lengthy, than his own. All the colours of the rainbow, and a few intervening tints, were included between the fancy waistcoats and neckerchiefs of the two. A cursory view of the case determined me to pass and make no sign.

"Ha! my dear fellow!" cried a voice, which convinced me that, having escaped Soylla, I had rushed upon Charybdis—and Joe Green immediately appeared in view. "I saw you scudding along to keep clear of the tiger squadron! That awful barouche full of Clumps! Poor Lady Fitzwiggon gave a guinea to a stray coachman, for the loan of a pair of horses to get on the hill with, when she found, after her ponies were taken off, that she was close to Colonel Clump; while poor, dear Lady Phynn is actually remaining behind in town, because he gave her to understand that he should be here! Really, such fellows are a public nuisance."

Before the end of the day's sport, Clump took occasion to creep up to me, and observe—"Do you know, I could scarcely tell what to make of you this morning, when I saw you fighting shy of my cousin's, Sir Phelim's party. But, a moment afterwards, I spied out Joe Green standing near us, and understood in a jiffy your motive for being off—a word to the wise."

My anxieties, however, on account of the feuds of the Tigers, are happily at an end. I am now (I write it between sorrow and gladness) released from their rival officiousness. Tigris major and Tigris minor are as safe as their tailors can make them, and Whitecross Street and Banco Regia keep them. Clump's sole bargain on finding himself tapped on the shoulder, was a prayer that he might be spared the Queen's Bench, whither Joe Green had been translated the previous day; Joe Green, on travelling to the Surrey side, having been heard to ejaculate—"Thank heaven, I shall at least be spared, in the Bench, the affront of associating with that horrid fellow, Clump! It really requires more nerve than I am master of, to be seen in company with such a tiger!"

THE STRANGE PREACHER.

"Wherever I went, the rumour spread through the place before me, 'The man in the leather suit is come.'"—George Fox's Journal.

AN old man there came to the market-place,
With a strong and a bold, yet a cheerful face;
And one after one people drew to the spot,
Who lingered, and lingered, unknowing for what.
In the looks of the stranger who stationed was there,
By the market-cross in the open air,
Was something they were not accustomed to see—
So they questioned each other of what it could be.
Some said 'twas his dress, which of leather was made,
Some spoke of his features' peculiar shade:
Whatever it might be, the folks grew to a crowd,
And questions were getting impatient and loud.
With one word of his mouth they were silent as death:
When he stretched forth his hand was a pause in each breath;
And a feeling like thought through each bosom there ran,
That the being they heard might be more than a man.
In his words were such fervour, and fulness, and grace,
And the truth of his heart lent such truth to his face,
Had he urged them to pluck down the town, they had tried,
Although in the effort they vainly had died.
Had he spoken of wrongs which the people suffered,
Of evils the people themselves should have cured;

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Had he told them of tyrants and tyrannous laws,
They had risen to shed their hearts' blood in his cause.

But his words were of peace, and of truth, and of love,
And of One once on earth who came down from above;
Who, that peace might abound, in good will unto man,
Had endured all the pangs that humanity can.

Much spoke he of temples that were but of stone,
And priests clothed in purple whom Christ did not own,
Of merciless pastors, whom Christ had foretold:
Should seem to protect, while they ravaged the fold.

Such a picture of Christ and his people he drew—
Of the chosen and simple, the faithful and few—
That, absorbed in the vision, they saw what he said,
And it seemed that his words gave new life to the dead.

They were chained by his spirit, they could not depart;
Conviction, like lightning, he flashed on the heart;
Though powerful his language, his aspect was mild;
And their thoughts were at once of a king and a child.

Ere he ceased, all the strongholds of pride were o'erthrown;
And natures were softened, though harder than stone:
When he ceased, in dim eyes were affectionate tears;
And in hearts a remembrance deep given for years.

3 K

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

"You do not wonder at my admiration of Isabella, and you hope my choice will prove a happy one," repeated Henry Wallace. "This is rather less cordial approval than I had hoped for from you, my dear aunt. With the generality of relations, I should have well known that the smallness of Isabella's fortune would be considered an obstacle, which could not be counterbalanced by her beauty and talents, or by what I prize so much, the charming enthusiasm of her character; but you are so far from mercenary—you can, in general, overlook all paltry considerations—and you gave such hearty approbation to Philip's marriage with my cousin Jane Seymour, who had even less fortune than Isabella—that I own I am rather disappointed. But when you know Isabella better, I trust you will think me the most fortunate of all your nephews."

"I did indeed rejoice in Philip's marriage with my dear Jane," said Miss Jervis, after a pause of meditation on both sides; "for I felt that her character was one which would fortify her husband's in every good resolution; assist and support him in adversity, if evil days should come; and that the moderation of her desires was not merely the effect of temporary circumstances, but the result of principle. Many a girl, if transferred from the exact economy of secluded life to the enjoyment of a large income, becomes an extravagant and lavish wife. In short, it is very difficult to judge what, in altered circumstances, a young and apparently ductile being is prepared to become. Isabella has great advantages both of mind and person—love her then, Henry; but do not love *blindly*; seek to strengthen her character, and do not, as too many do, spoil your wife before marriage, and then appear the austere judge afterwards."

Miss Jervis was the kind friend and counsellor of several nephews and nieces, who were in the habit of confiding to her their most important plans; desirous, if possible, to obtain the sanction of her approval; and who felt secure that, if they were not so fortunate as to gain her approbation, they were secure from ever receiving a taunt or an unkind reflection afterwards. Philip Maxwell and Henry Wallace were both promising members of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn; and the latter was, as we have seen, now determining to marry a beautiful girl, whom his aunt well knew—Isabella Talbot, who had been chiefly educated in France; one who was, in conventional phrase, "fond of society, and formed to adorn it."

The course of life which Isabella led in London after her marriage, gratified and stimulated her ambition. The Government of the day was liberal, party ran high, and she took a warm part in political discussions. The children with which she was blessed, were successively designated by patriot names. She prided herself on the enthusiasm of her character. She was intimate and

friendly with her relation, Jane; but with her she rather affected a tone of superiority, which sometimes, though not often, had its effect even with Philip Maxwell, and made him, for a while, look upon Isabella as a superior being.

"How well Isabella dresses, and how admirably she talks!" said Philip, on his return from a dinner party at Henry Wallace's. "What feeling, what enthusiasm, and how much taste she has, Jane!" added he, gently, but gravely. "Why do not you employ the same milliner that Isabella does? You are rather too unobservant of these things."

"I could not, if I would, rival Isabella," was rising to the lips of Jane; but she did not utter the words. "Perhaps I am, Philip," was all the reply she made; and there was no irritation of look or manner; and, trivial as such matters may well appear to the philosopher, they are often a severe test of a woman's temper.

"Yes," said Jane to herself, when next she went to her toilet—"I have been too negligent in these little things; small as they are, it is right, as my mother used to say, not to neglect a husband's taste, and never to let him feel ashamed of his wife, if possible." Poor Jane heaved a sigh, to think that human love should be in any degree dependent on human vanity; but she resolved to remedy her error, and she did so with her usual good sense, and without going into any excess.

One day, Isabella and Jane were both in company, when the interesting French novel of De Vigny, "*Cing Mers*," was made the subject of debate. Isabella expressed her great aversion to the character of Mary of Mantua—she said that it was heartless and unnatural.

"Heartless, but not unnatural in one educated to value show and state above personal affection," said Jane.

"Can you imagine such a character possible?" exclaimed Isabella, with an appearance of indignation, which, as usual, made the company enraptured with her charming enthusiasm.

"Yes," said Jane, calmly; "when ambition once gains possession of a mind, I do not think there is any space left for disinterested love or true patriotism. I think the scene in which the Queen of France tries the diamond tiara on the head of Mary, is admirably painted. The character is natural in such artificial circumstances."

"And can you," said Isabella, "sympathise with such feelings of vanity? I thought you had been too sensible to comprehend the love of diamonds."

"I should have been a blind frequenter of the gay circles of London, Isabella, if I had failed to observe the powerful influence which the glittering paraphernalia of rank exercises on the minds of women. Nor on *women only*, else might the brilliant badge of the garter become obsolete among statesmen; but, alas! how unfortunate is this influence among women! It is not the royal rank alone which seems

raised above the sweet connexions of true love and friendship, and which strives to content itself (if I may use the word *content*) with perpetual glitter in the place of real happiness. Even in our rank of life, I see girls approach the altar, seeking to dazzle their own eyes with the artificial splendour of their lot—looking, like poor Mary of Mantua, at the brilliant ambassador and the diamond crown, and striving to forget the poor old King of Poland, who is to be the husband !”

“There are not many women, certainly, who have your plain matter-of-fact sense,” said Isabella.

One of the company mentioned a late article in one of the Quarterly Reviews, in which the writer deplores the unromantic influence of modern education, and declares that, for the first time perhaps in history, youth of both sexes, in the higher and middle classes of life, are universally growing up *unromantic*, from which he seems to forebode national evil.*

Isabella smiled triumphantly at what she considered an authority on her side. “I do love a little romance,” said she: “without a disposition to value the beautiful without weighing its utility, to turn from the dull and trite details of drudgery and duty to the brighter creations of hope and imagination, the world would be dull indeed !”

The smiles of the company sympathised with Isabella. “I am inclined to think,” said Miss Jervis, “that you do not take the same view of the word romantic which the reviewer intended. The world is not, I apprehend, getting more dry and plodding, more addicted to the close duties of the desk ; and works of imagination are, I believe, as much patronised as ever. The word *romance* is one of the most vague in its meaning ; it is often applied to almost everything which is not real, which does not exist. Every boarding-school Miss is romantic in her own eyes, when she fancies herself an object of admiration to those who view her with indifference, and thinks that a cottage at Windermere, and fifty pounds a-year, would be charming for the *forever* of a fifty years’ futurity. Is the world getting less romantic in this way ? If so, I see not the pity.”

“No, my dear Miss Jervis,” said Jane ; “I should agree with you in wishing to keep young heads from such vain chimeras ; but yet we gain but little, if a spirit of sordid calculation take the place. Love in a cottage may often be but a foolish dream ; but it is surely a purer vision than the castle, the diamonds, and the brilliant appendages, *without love* !”

“Yes,” said Philip Maxwell ; “and I do believe, Miss Jervis, that my little wife has as much romance, only of a pure and sensible kind, as any one can wish for. The influence of London life tends much to destroy such feelings. A young man comes from his college full of thoughts of disinterested patriotism, pure self-

denying friendship, and all the other virtues which he hopes to find in life combined with all the talents. But by degrees, he finds himself mistaken, deceived, deluded ; forced in one case to retract the homage which he had thought due to a venerable statesman, at another time compelled to relinquish his hope of finding a young Alfred in a youthful prince. The details of business often weary, the selfishness of partisans often disgusts him—then it is refreshing to the mind to come home to one who is ever pure in thought and steady in counsel. Jane is my nymph Egeria !”

“I did not know,” said Isabella, who overheard the concluding sentence, “that Jane had been a politician.”

“She wisely keeps herself free from all intrigues,” said Philip ; “but she enters into all my views and opinions, and I am often glad to feel my judgment confirmed by hers. Jane’s education has fitted her for this.”

“Would it be well if women were to take an open part in politics ?” asked one of the company.

Isabella exclaimed enthusiastically, that it would—“That it was a shame, in our country especially, where a woman is allowed to sit on the throne, for her sex to be excluded from the right of voting, and the other political privileges of men. What say you, Mrs Maxwell ?”

“I am quite satisfied that men should vote for us,” said Jane. “Even if women had votes, they must surely elect men as their representatives ; they must therefore even then confide in their protection ; and why should not women now, as heretofore, rest satisfied that the cause of freedom must be the same for both. If women do indeed labour under some legal disabilities which might be easily removed, I think the case needs only to be fairly stated, and we shall not long need champions. The cause of the injured Africans was pleaded by the most eloquent and gifted of the British Parliament ; they needed not *black* orators to assert their rights ; and surely we may securely depend on the justice, (to speak not of the affection,) of our brother Englishmen.”

“While election contests are carried on as at present,” said Philip Maxwell, “I must think that women are saved from great annoyance in not being required to give their votes ; but no one can dispute their *influence*, which I am sorry to say is now generally exerted to retard the march of improvement.”

“And in revenge,” cried Isabella, “you would confine them to the small duties of the household ?”

“By no means : I would enlarge the sphere of their knowledge, that they might be fit to be the mothers of patriots. I would seek to ennoble their minds, not in order to give them an ambition for distinction—that fallacious Will-o’-the-Wisp—but that they may be happy themselves, and best promote the happiness of others. It is well observed by an eloquent French writer on this subject, that when we seek to confine

* See article on “Letters from Palmyra,” in the *Westminster Review*.

women to the management of their households, and adapt their education to *that alone*, we forget that, from the domestic circle, and from female influence, arise the errors and prejudices which govern the world."²

The first years of the married life of both Jane and Isabella were years of prosperity; both their husbands rose in their profession, and both were in time rewarded with part of the patronage which government is so well able to bestow on a few of its learned friends.

Isabella's ambition ever led her husband on in his aspirations: it is so virtuous for the mother of a family to be ambitious! Who that has a son of promise at school at Eton does not view in him the possible successor to the station of Pitt and Canning? What young wife of an ascending barrister sees not, in shadowy perspective, the honours of the woolstack? To live, then, in one of the most fashionable streets, to keep the most distinguished company, give splendid entertainments, and live quite up to your income, is the path of *prudence*—is not it?

Isabella at least pleaded expediency, that common apology for what our own reason half condemns; and well did she perform her part in the management of the brilliant drama. It was sometimes said by visitors that, with such a wife, a man's fortune was half made. But the drama was not over.

The breath of popular applause is proverbially inconstant; but not more inconstant is it than the favour of courts, and the slippery foundation on which depends the office of prime minister, with all his hosts of friends!

After a few agitating days and nights of stormy debate, Maxwell and Wallace returned to their respective homes, with the news that the Ministers had resigned; that their party was out of office; that another star had gained the ascendant.

"It is mortifying, deeply mortifying," said Jane, "to know that so many projects which we hoped might have added to the happiness of our generation, are cut off by party intrigue or court levity! Your plans for the improvement of education are interrupted, and you must submit to find your ideas borrowed and brought forward perhaps again by your old opponents, who will seek for popularity by now proposing the same measures which they formerly rejected with asperity."

"Well," said Philip, "let us hope they may adopt some measures of improvement for the country, and then we will not quarrel as to who was the originator of the plan; but it is not on public grounds alone that you will have to regret this change."

"Your income is reduced; well, we shall do very well notwithstanding," was Jane's immediate reply. It was not the reply of thoughtlessness, but of cool judgment. Jane immediately revolved how alterations might be the best made in their mode of life, without diminishing her

husband's happiness or her children's improvement. She took a ride with Philip into the country. Nothing tends more to calm the mind when it has been over-stimulated, than the quiet aspect of nature and the breath of the pure air; and she pointed out to her husband, when they were removed a little way from the circles of fashion, how many dwellings contained all requisites for family comfort, without requiring the income of an East Indian.

"I have often thought," said she, "that those who live in London, where buildings are pressed together until fresh air becomes a luxury, are at last apt to consider air and space as the high-bought privileges of affluence, and to connect ideas of irksome restraint and obscurity with economy; but the world is wide enough yet to have sunshine and air for all her children, without their buying it at the costly rate of a residence in the Regent's Park. I have been thinking, Philip, how delightful it would be to have our boys live with us, and go to day-school, instead of sending them to Harrow."

"But they would be sadly in your way, Jane, I fear."

"I should like the employment of superintending them," said Jane; "and now that you will have a little more leisure, you will be able to give them some of your time, will not you?"

"My dear Jane, how delightfully unspoiled you are by your London life!"

"Perhaps I was never quite up to it, and so can more easily come down," said Jane, with a smile.

Isabella heard of the change in her husband's prospects with consternation. Anger against the Ministry for resigning, was combined with lamentations over the ruin of her husband's and sons' prospects in life; then she threw out hints against what she termed the romantic folly of adherence to party, when fortune and consequence are at stake.

It seemed impossible to her to change her style of living: bills were already pressing, for Wallace and Isabella had rather forestalled the future, than contented themselves with the present income.

At last Wallace's mind was brought, although reluctantly, to adopt his wife's suggestion, that he might try to make terms in the victorious camp. She felt convinced that a man of his talents would be received with acclamation.

The minister was courteous; but when pressed on the subject of *offices*, declared that he had many candidates on every list. "Perhaps something in the colonies?" Henry Wallace shuddered as he thought of Sierra Leone, and the other climes where the pestilence walketh by noonday.

"I have a delicate wife and a young family," said he, with diffidence.

"Well, sir," said the minister, in a tone of willing benevolence, "I will see: there is a situation in New South Wales—*climate*, you know, unobjectionable; a near relation of my own had it in contemplation; but I think your

² See Aimé Martin—"De l'éducation des Mères des familles."

talents deserve such a post ; and, if my colleagues should not disapprove, it shall be yours."

There was evidently no superior alternative ; and Henry Wallace endeavoured to shew the adequate amount of gratitude.

Isabella was in despair : she reviled the ingratitude of the human race ; she compared herself and her husband to the noble spirits formerly banished for their patriotism, or for their adherence to principle.

"We are not banished for our patriotism, Isabella—say rather for our ambition : but well

said Lord Bacon, 'the man who has wife and children, has given hostages to Fortune.'"

Philip, whose wife was rather a hostage to virtue than to fortune, lived to gain a most respectable rank in his profession, while Henry and Isabella were banished to the distant settlements of Australia.

"Alas !" said Miss Jervis, "I am afraid that Isabella will now find little comfort in her 'charming, romantic enthusiasm.' But, in my opinion, she was very worldly ; and worldliness, surely, is not romance."

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Steam-Engine. By Hugo Reid.

Mr Reid's description of this engine is an excellent one, and was wanted. Within a moderate compass, and as freely as possible from technicalities, he has given its history, and an account of its existing condition ; so that any one desirous to know the nature of that power which is working such marvels within all civilized societies, may now have his curiosity gratified. The work, although popular, is likewise accurate. It is the production of a man of science, who has already distinguished himself in the field of popular instruction.

There is not a more impressive subject than the contemplation of this extraordinary power. Coming among mankind almost with the suddenness of an apparition, it has, within the space of a half century, risen to be one of the most potent of all the influences which modify and guide the course of human affairs ; nor can the very boldest thinker yet dare to say what vast changes in the forms of society will not ultimately evolve from the operation of an agent, capable of indefinite extension, applicable to the execution of any labour, and which has reduced the toil of man to a mere aid or supplement of its own ! New powers in the social world, like new ideas in the system of thought, work their way to full efficiency, slowly but surely ; they first endeavour to operate *within* existing forms, striving as if to accommodate, and patient of inconvenience. So now is the steam-engine. But soon the kernel, with this new life which has been given to it, after expanding and filling every cranny and wrinkle of its shell, refuses such bondage any longer, and the prison-house explodes. The time *must* and shall come, although it is not yet, when this exhaustless, and, in regard to man's economic wants, this *omnipotent* agent, shall have knocked the chains from the bondsman, and raised the stature of the drudge !

Two things now restrain the power of steam, which "our mind's eye" can see as passed away. The *first* is the mechanical difficulty of using steam of very high pressure. The advantage of such is enormous ; for, besides the simplicity of the construction of engines employing it, it is a well-established physical law, that *the higher the pressure under which steam is generated, the less is the heat necessary to produce a given effect*. This law has no known limit, so that the economy of high-pressure steam may be almost indefinitely extended ; but, unhappily, mechanics have not yet assured us against those accidents so frequent on the Mississippi, (in that country, everything—even an explosion—is done on the grandest scale,) and which, in one second of time, send some 500 human beings, along with the *disjecta mem-*

bra of some 500 more, a-journeying unwillingly towards the moon ! The obstacle here is clearly *mechanical*, the inadequacy of existing securities, and the fault of materials ; and these are difficulties over which mankind will unquestionably be victorious. The *second* restriction will also undoubtedly pass away. It will be manifest without explanation, how much cheaper and more commodious *one engine of double power* must be, than *two engines of half its power*. If, for instance, one grand engine were substituted for the multitudes now at work in Manchester, the saving (including original construction, expense of fuel, and attendance) would be, as we are prepared to maintain, more than three-fourths of the existing expense. One superb example of a grand engine, is about to be placed by Mr Robert Napier, in the *BRITISH QUEEN*. May the gods be propitious ! Mr Napier will succeed if mechanist now can, and there is no hazard, except in relation to the strength of the castings. *He will succeed*—and we do not despair that before he closes his grand terrestrial vocation of making steam-engines, he will have furnished a ship for the Australian trade—in length, at least, a quarter of a mile ! The only limit to mighty engines in manufacturing districts, is defect of the co-operative principle, or the want of correspondence among the owners of capital. But why should this be, seeing that in river districts, numbers can take advantage of the same stream, and participate equally in the benefit of its falls ? It cannot be much longer ; and the economic discoveries now confidently prophesied, will farther advance that grand and growing CO-OPERATION, which, as we have hinted, will yet abolish the very name of *la'bourer*. We speak, of course, absolutely, of the far times of the Millennium ; but there is something in promise and prospect.

Symptoms of progress, clear and definite, are not wanting around us. What is the meaning of that bridging across the Atlantic, of that rapidly increasing union of town with town, unless a mining of prejudice, a preparation for the assimilating of races and nations, for the destruction of all intolerance, which is ever ignorance and destructive folly ? This result is the grandest and most obvious of the changes so rapidly evolving ; but there is another, not less momentous, in our own society, which is sure to follow. For the division of our people into virtually different *nations*—the AGRICULTURAL and MANUFACTURING—the time is rapidly going by. No longer shall we find our people *necessarily* crowded into uneasy masses, choking with over-heat, near some small cranny of the sea ; no longer shall our interior districts be devoid of *life*, of the stir and progress of civilization, of

the active eye, which betokens that a man can see the universe amidst which he is. Still valley of the NILE, by-and-by ye shall hear and be gladdened by the cheering voices of Men!

Guide through Ireland. By James Fraser.

This Guide is ample, and, we dare say, accurate. It contains a great body of well-condensed general information, and avoids the discursiveness and garrulity which is apt to beset most Guides. Starting from Dublin, 153 great routes are traced; and there is an exact account of the present state of the roads, and of travelling, whether by steamers, canal boats, regular coaches, or cars. The list of the cross-roads is, however, much too brief, occupying only about one leaf in a very thick volume. This book is, also, full two months too late in appearing; but it may have better luck in future years. Some useful tables, and a map of Ireland, are appended. These tables shew the exports of Belfast to be considerably more than those of any other Irish town. They were, in 1837, £4,341,794. Those of Cork come next in value; they are £2,909,846. Dublin imports a vast deal more than it exports, forming an exception to most of the other places. A few neat engravings of gentlemen's seats and views of towns, embellish the volume, without, however, adding much to its value. One great defect in this and in all guide books, is, that travellers obtain no hint of the probable expense they must incur in the inns and hotels, and the usual rates of *posting, mailing, carrying, and steaming*. The author often quotes Henry Inglis as an authority; now, this kind of information is a good feature of Inglis' Travels in Ireland.

China Opened; or a Display of the Topography, History, Customs, Manners, &c. &c. &c. of the Chinese Empire. By the Reverend Charles Gutzlaff.

The name of Gutzlaff—that missionary who has attained so remarkable a knowledge of the language and manners of China, as to have been taken by the Chinese for a native—must draw attention to this work. It is a comprehensive and accurate account of that extraordinary empire, so far as the excellent opportunities and the literary researches of the author have gone; though it contains less original matter than we had, perhaps unreasonably, expected to find. Those, however, who know little of China, will find this one of the best authorities which they can consult, whilst those who are familiar with former writers, will still gain some valuable additions to their previous information. It is proper to mention, that the book is merely a much improved edition of M. Gutzlaff's "Outline of Chinese History," published some years back. But the remarkable coasting voyage of the *Amherst* has since given celebrity to the author's name, in connection with discovery in the locked-up, muzzled, and hermetically sealed Celestial Empire.

Alexander's Discoveries in Africa.

Captain Alexander, who is already well-known as a traveller in different regions of the globe, has just published the results of what is by far his most memorable expedition. We have followed his track in the hitherto undescribed countries of the *Great Namaquas*, the *Boschmans*, and the *Hill Damaras*, with lively interest, warmly sympathising in his perils, as indeed every reader must do, and exulting in the providential escapes and final success of his gallant and hardy party. Captain, or we believe we ought to say, Sir James Alexander,

as we have a confused recollection of a recent creation of this sort, among other literary knights, has also much improved in his ideas and tone of speaking about the Aborigines of South Africa since we met him last. We merely announce this as an interesting work, as we fully intend laying the traveller's new discoveries before such of our readers as may not have an opportunity of perusing the original work.

Hickson's Singing Master.

So warmly do we approve the cultivation of vocal music among the young of all ranks, but especially the poor, and in schools, factories, prisons, or penitentiaries, that we should be exceedingly tolerant of even an indifferent elementary work for giving instruction in an art, which we consider at once a moral agent in education, and as the most harmless and refining of youthful pleasures. Of the *SINGING MASTER*, the *Second Edition* is now before us, revised and corrected. It consists of five detached pamphlets, comprehending, in Part I., Lessons in Singing for Young Children, with the notation of music. Part II. The *Rudiments of the Sciences of Harmony*; while the three other Parts consist of tunes for singing classes in different stages of progression. Something cheaper, and more compendious, might in this age of cheapness be hit upon, and greater scope and variety in the specimens might be desirable; but in the meanwhile, we recommend the *Singing Master* as a valuable Elementary System. Part V. forms a good selection of hymn tunes for Sunday schools; and we presume each part may be had separately. The *Singing Master* has borrowed much from Germany; and the more the better.

Herr Ollendorff.

DR BECKER of Berlin, and now of Paris, who received his medical education, and lived for a good many years in Edinburgh, has published a satirical and ludicrous pamphlet on a quack method of teaching the German language in SIX MONTHS! invented and practised by Herr Ollendorff, and extensively patronised by the English of the higher ranks in Paris, and also in London. The learned and scientific men of Paris would not be converts to Herr Ollendorff's system; and he seems to have had no success until Captain Basil Hall became his pupil and his trumpeter. Dr Becker appears to have doubts whether the Captain has yet a very profound knowledge of German, though he has been properly initiated into the Nursery System. The Doctor is indeed somewhat over-sarcastic about our countryman's attainments of all kinds. There is little doubt that Herr Ollendorff must be, as a language-master, a "pretty considerable humbug;" but he caught the fashionable English as soon as Captain Hall had pronounced him "*the truly philosophical teacher.*" Among his noble pupils, Herr Ollendorff boasts of Lord and Lady Kinmaré, (?) Lady Adare, and "Ladies Louisa et Anne Cowslip, filles de Lord Roseberry." The *Cowslip*, we presume, being of the same genus as the Primrose, the mistake is not important to the rest of the world, if the fair and noble roses of the Prime are not offended at being metamorphosed into the blossom consecrated to the dairy. Dr Becker chooses to be sarcastic upon other matters besides English gullibility about novel or royal roads to learning languages. After remarking upon our Liberal Foreign Policy, he says, "Glory be for ever to the liberal banners of England, with its noble motto—'The Liberals of every country on Earth have a right to impose upon their Countrymen new Forms of Government, EXCEPTING only in Ireland, Canada, and the East Indies!'"

This is a fair hit, and we submit to it. The examples of Mr Ollendorff's lessons are so exquisitely ludicrous, that we can scarcely believe them copied in good faith.

Bennett's Pocket Directors.

Here are four little works, compiled respectively for engineers, mill-wrights, painters and plumbers, brick-layers, glaziers, stone-masons and plasterers, carpenters and joiners. Each volume contains a directory of the persons who, in London, are masters of these different trades. The works contain a great deal of useful information—tables of measurement, prices, &c. &c. which will both be useful to tradesmen, and to those employing tradesmen. We have been much struck with the extremely low original prices of many articles in general use in building and furnishing. How much dearer in proportion is every article renewed or repaired than the same thing when originally constructed! These little books contain a good deal of useful miscellaneous information, and many receipts connected with the different trades; and we have no doubt will be found valuable *Directors*.

Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.

The house of Longman & Co. have issued Part I. of this work, which is to be concluded in Ten Monthly Parts, with above a thousand illustrative engravings. The character of Dr Ure, as a professor and historian of practical science, needs no eulogium from the periodical press. An announcement of his work is sufficient. All who require his instructions, may be assured of obtaining a good book, and, moreover, a good bargain of it.

Wilson's History of Christ's Hospital.

This is a new edition of a work which the eminent persons who have in the last half century received their education in Christ's Hospital have made interesting. As a piece of popular antiquity, it is interesting in itself.

Aristomenes, a Grecian Tale.

This is a purely classic story, the production of probably a young mind, imbued with the love of Grecian literature, and with admiration of everything Hellenic. To Solon, Tyrtaeus, and other sages, poets, and heroes, we are personally introduced. We fear that everything purely classic falls coldly on the general heart and ear nowadays; and though there is interest in the story, and animation in the narrative, the Oracle cannot foretell a warm reception from the public of the adventures of heroes and heroines so remote from modern European sympathies, as those of Athens and Sparta. The story is, however, very creditable to the talents of a young writer.

An Epitome of the History and Geography of Greece

Has been published by Mr Thomas Swinburne Carr, a classical master in King's College, London, and the author of several useful classical school-books. We have not gone through nearly half its 465 pages, and are only qualified to say, that it is much pleasanter to the eye than the ordinary overlaid pages of school-books of this description; and is probably worthy the careful examination of those for whose benefit we announce it—namely, classical teachers.

Osborne's Grand-Junction Railway Guide.

We have here a really useful guide, such as we scruple not to recommend to travellers by the Grand-Junction Railway. Fares, distances, stations, hours of departure and arrival, and of the collateral modes of convey-

ance, are all carefully noted. The country through which the line lies, with its towns, villages, gentlemen's seats, &c., is well described; and we obtain some glimpses of the condition and manners of the people of the districts through which the trains fly. To make the book complete, the charges of the different hotels, taverns, and lodging-houses should be stated, as well as the fares on the road; but this can only be done by the voluntary co-operation of the keepers of these houses.

How do You do?

The pin-cushion-sized tome, with this quaint title, is a moral treatise in miniature. The author, *How d'ys* does his young, his middle-aged, and his aged friends; and gives each a brief sensible discourse suited to his time of life. He does the same to his business, his professional, his political, his gay, and his afflicted friends; and perhaps his great brevity, and the singularity of his accent, may procure him attention that would be denied to ordinary preachers.

The Mountain Minstrel.

In a second edition, requires no particular notice, as we are glad to perceive that the poet, Evan Mc'Coll, has obtained a respectable list of subscribers, chiefly among the *Clans*. The Mountain Minstrel has, at the same time, published a volume of his Gaelic songs and poems. In the first edition, the Gaelic and English appeared together, to the great discomfort of merely English readers. We should imagine that his native Celtic songs eclipse the Saassenach effusions, but can scarcely pretend to be judges. The former are, at all events, the more lively, and are likely to become the more popular.

Literary Varieties. By William Mackenzie.

This writer has, by selecting choice passages and specimens from his different commonplace books and MSS., contrived to put together an agreeable miscellaneous volume, to which the only objection, if it be one, is, that it has no more definite object than the selections usually made for young persons, and for what we call *snatch-reading*. To both of these objects it will be found well-adapted, and, if not a remarkably brilliant, yet a safe and very pleasant literary companion.

Hoary Head and the Vallies Below.

The little book so entitled, consists of three or four tales, written by the Rev. Jacob Abbott, of the United States, we presume, and published in London. They are tales of New England homely life. Besides enforcing a good moral, they are agreeably descriptive, and often strikingly picturesque; and, besides, true examples of rural life in the northern division of the United States.

A Hand-book for Visitors to the Zoological Gardens.

This little work can only be of the full use of which it is capable, to the inhabitants of London and the vicinity, or to visitors to the Metropolis. Still the engravings and sketches in the history of the animals and birds, and especially the references to those seen in other collections, and gardens in France and Great Britain, render it a nice little book of popular natural history.

Teachers' Tales.

We have here a neatly got up series of little stories, written with good judgment, taste, and feeling, and an admirable moral purpose. They are greatly superior to the average run of such productions; and we have pleasure in pointing them out to those who select amusing and improving reading for the young, and for the humble and teachable.

Mrs Marcott's New Work for Children.

This lady's name is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of her writings. The present "Conversations" are "On Land and Water," which afford the ingenious authoress great scope for illustration.

Crusts in Soak for Chickens to Peck,

Is a first reading-book for children, arranged in the manner of Mrs Barbauld, and very clearly printed.

Mudie's Man in his Physical Structure and Adaptations.

An ingenious work, evincing, like all those from the same practised pen, a well-stored mind. One important character of the work may be learned from this sentence—'Cuvier was an able and candid philosopher, but still he was only a *material* philosopher; and thus, while by his example he was giving very high and convincing proofs of *mind*, he took no notice of it in his precepts. It was this which led him to omit the distinctive character of Man, given with so much truth and effect by Linnæus—the fact of Man's being the only inhabitant of the earth that can be described as 'knowing himself.'

THOMAS RHYMER JONES, Esq., Professor of Comparative Anatomy, in King's College, London, has commenced a "General Outline of the Animal Kingdom," which is to appear in Ten Monthly 2s. 6d. Parts.

LEUTENANT COLONEL CAPADOSE, an officer in the British service, has translated Kotzebue's "Comedy of the Organs of the Brain." The theme is somewhat stale, now that Craniology is so old a doctrine; but those who like to amuse themselves with organology may enjoy a laugh still.

THE REV. AUGUSTUS CLISSOLD has published a view of the "Practical Nature of the Doctrines and alleged Revelations of Swedenborg," in a letter (a lengthy one) addressed to Dr Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, who seems to have little reverence for Swedenborg's revelations, even admitting that they were real; and Mr Clissold is, therefore, moved to a warm, and, in many respects, an ingenious defence of Swedenborg.

PAMPHLETS.

The People's Friend

Is a political penny periodical, published at Darlington, by J. S. Metcalfe. Our attention was attracted by the

title of the seventh number, "Moral Power Superior to Physical Power," which contains sound truth, very necessary to be spoken to the people at this time, excited as they are by the injudicious, if not incendiary, appeals to their passions, made by certain wild, if not traitorous itinerant orators.

Mr Ashurst has published a most useful pamphlet, in support of Mr Rowland Hill's scheme of postage. It exhausts the entire question, and leaves the opponents of the cheap rate not a leg to stand upon.

FINE ARTS.

A very beautiful engraving in mezzotint has just been made by LUTTOW, from Mr Watson Gordon's full-length portrait of Dr Chalmers. This painting, in which the artist appears to have tasked his powers to the utmost, has been, by competent judges, pronounced his *chef d'œuvre* in what we may call Historical Portrait, the Reverend Doctor being no every-day subject. The painting was made for the purpose of being engraved, which it has been with great care and effect. The size of the print is 24 inches by 16. It forms a very fine and imposing picture, and a faithful and spirited resemblance of the original, and, moreover, a memorial to which time will only give increased value.

The Land of Burns.

A series of Landscapes, from designs by D. O. Hill, is publishing, under the above title. The literary department is by Professor Wilson—though we perceive few traces of his pen in the early numbers—and Mr Robert Chambers. The engravings are, in general, soft and clear, though the landscapes are often too rich and luxuriant to characterise the rugged and stern features of "our auld resspectit mither." The "Banks of Doon," and the "Braes of Ballochmyle," shew more of the amenity of the South, than of the landscape of "Caledonia, stern and wild." A few portraits of distinguished persons, closely connected with Burns, and of others who had little relation to him, or with anything else important to the public, diversify a pleasing and elegant work, which will interest national feeling. There is a very sweet, if too soft, portrait of Burns; and one more which will be universally welcomed—Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop. It is full of character, and of sensible benignant expression.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

Now that Parliament has risen, the Members—at least such of them as dare—are rendering to their constituents an account of their stewardship; and a miserable account, in most cases, it is. Even those Members who are anxious to shield Ministers, cannot venture to defend their whole conduct during the session. In his address at Sheffield, Mr Ward stated that, at the beginning of the session, he had hoped that the Radicals might have taken Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell for their leaders, without any sacrifice of principle; but that hope had been entirely destroyed by Lord John Russell's speech on the first night of the session. The principle then avowed was pertinaciously adhered to throughout the session, and has created a barrier between Lord John Russell and his supporters, which no time can remove. Lord John has raised up a new principle, and has taken his stand upon the finality of the Reform Bill, and to that principle he is willing to sacrifice everything. In the course of his speech, Mr Ward mentioned that Lord John Russell threw his whole strength into the debate on the Ballot, and so deep was his mortification at being deserted on that occasion

by so many of the Whigs, that he sent in his resignation the morning after the division, and it was not without considerable difficulty he was induced to resume his seat in the Cabinet. (Would it have been any great pity if he had not?) The abandonment of the Irish Appropriation Clause, Mr Ward stigmatised as the grossest political tergiversation; but he added that he knew that the abandonment had been forced on Government by the Irish Members. So long as the peasantry bore the brunt of the tithe war, they cared little about it; but they succumbed immediately when the Exchequer processes were directed against themselves. Now that the conduct of the Irish Members not only on the above occasion, but on the Corn Law Repeal question, is known, Mr O'Connell may save himself the trouble of sending deputations to England and Scotland to preach up justice to Ireland, and the propriety of giving her fifty additional representatives. She has already more than she makes a good use of. At Sheffield, as elsewhere, the question of Universal Suffrage is eagerly pressed forward, in season and out of season, by a portion of the working classes;

and because Mr Ward had said, that, if he attended a meeting on Universal Suffrage, he would be compelled to oppose that question, a vote of want of confidence was moved, which, however, was rejected by a large majority.

STEAM BOAT ACCIDENTS have become almost of daily occurrence; for, besides those reported in the newspapers, many occur which the public never hear of, great care being taken to conceal them. Within these few weeks, we find the following reported. *The Hull Packet* mentions, that, during the voyage of the *Antelope Steamer* to Glasgow, when opposite to Morville, one of the lower plates of her boiler gave way; and the water suddenly rushing out into the hold, destroyed eighteen head of cattle, and scalded four or five others. Had the weather been severe, no doubt all on board would have perished. The voyage between Newcastle and Leith is commonly made by steam in ten or twelve hours; but it is mentioned by *The Mining Journal*, of the 1st September, that the *Northern Yacht* proved so unseaworthy, that, after having been out seventeen hours from Newcastle, the water rose so rapidly as to preclude the working of the engine. One pump alone was in order, and that imperfectly. No gunpowder could be obtained wherewith a signal might be made, nor was there a bell or any other means of communication. In this state, trusting alone to the wind, and after being six hours longer at sea, the vessel was espied by a pilot boat, and subsequently towed into Berwick by a steam-boat. *The Tyne Mercury* reports the explosion of the boiler of the *Vivid* at Shields, whereby two men were scalded to death. Several other accidents have lately happened. By the wreck of the *Forfarshire Steamer* from Hull to Dundee, on the 6th September, no fewer than forty persons were drowned. In this case, the grossest negligence on the part of the owners has been proved. Before leaving Hull, a leak in the boiler was discovered and patched up in a temporary manner. When at Flamborough Head, a small leak appeared, which the engineer says, he thought of little consequence, and he has frequently seen as bad; but the leak having increased during the night, the engine could no longer be worked, and in attempting to run back to Hull with the sails, the vessel struck, and forty persons were drowned. We know, from other information than that of the engineer in the above case, that it is by no means an uncommon case for steamers to set out on voyages with rents in their boilers of considerable extent, and with other parts of their machinery in bad condition. The necessity of appointing inspectors of steam-vessels has therefore become imperative; but before this is done, the relatives of the sufferers by the *Forfarshire* have the means of giving an important check to the negligence of steam-boat owners. Let them raise actions of damages against the proprietors of the *Forfarshire* for the loss of their relatives; and there is no doubt that they will succeed in obtaining such damages as will make every steam-boat company, which has communication with Scotland at least, look more carefully to the state of their vessels and machinery than they have hitherto done. The coroner's inquest which sat upon the bodies which had been cast ashore, gave a deadweight of £100 on the vessel, and would have given more had there been anything to levy it on; but in Scotland there is no such difficulty, as the owners are personally liable for the damage occasioned by their negligence.

THE STEAM-ENGINE.—The recent discoveries of Mr Bell and Mr Ivison, will have the effect of extending the use of the steam-engine to purposes to which it has not been hitherto employed, and will render it practicable to make the longest voyages by steam. It is little more than two years ago since Dr Lardner asserted that it was impossible to accomplish the voyage from Great Britain to America with steam-ships; but already these vessels pass and repass between the two continents with the utmost regularity, and with a rapidity four times greater than the best sailing vessels. The grand difficulty, hitherto, was the great bulk of fuel required to propel the vessel in long voyages; but this difficulty has been obviated to a degree which was hardly to have been expected. Mr Bell estimates that, by his new invention, one-third of

the fuel is saved. The process consists in the use of air, highly heated, being passed through the water in the boiler in tubes, and then being conducted under the ash pit to supply the furnace with heated instead of cold air. Mr Ivison has discovered that, by taking a pipe from the boiler and bending it down so as to throw a current of steam on the burning fuel, not only is the dense black smoke, so annoying in steam-engines at present, prevented, but fully one-half of the fuel, now required, is saved. In an experiment made at the Castle mills, Edinburgh, in presence of the editor of the *Mining Review*, Dr Fyffe the chemist, and other scientific persons, on 27th August last, it was found that, by Mr Ivison's simple discovery, the quantity of steam formed was increased 115 per cent.; one pound of coal having evaporated 12,881 lbs of water, while, without it, not more than four to six pounds can be evaporated—six being considered a high product. From a recent analysis of various species of coal by M. T. Richardson, it appears that equal bulks give out very different quantities of heat. Taking Edinburgh canal coal as a standard, or as giving out 100, Glasgow cherry coal gives 108, Newcastle cherry 112, Glasgow splint 114, Lancashire canal 118, and Newcastle caking 119; that is, it is nearly one-fifth more powerful than the canal coal found in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. If the comparison is made by weight, the value of the Edinburgh coal is still less; for, if its heating power be represented as 100 as before, that of the Newcastle caking is 122½. We thus see the importance of attending, in steam navigation, to the quality of the fuel. Let us suppose now, that Messrs Bell & Ivison are correct in their experiments—the saving which may be effected in fuel amounts to one-third and one-half, or from three-fourths to five-sixths of the consumption of the coal; and, as steam vessels now sail 3000 miles without renewing their supply of coal, there appears to be no place on the face of the earth which may not be reached by steam, and the time spent in the voyage reduced to one-third or fourth of what it is at present. The effect of speedy and certain communication with the most distant parts, on our trade, manufactures, and on civilization, can hardly be over-estimated.

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.—So many persons are at present looking towards Australia as the future seat of their fortunes, and so many have relations or connexions already settled there, that every information regarding that part of the world is at present more than usually interesting. Various publications have recently appeared, which set forth, and we believe truly, the highly flourishing economical condition of the colony, and the almost certainty with which a fortune can be made with ordinary prudence; but they sedulously keep out of view many of the hardships to which the emigrant can hardly fail to be exposed, and many of the circumstances which ought to be taken into view by him who is considering the propriety of emigrating. From the recent Parliamentary inquiry on transportation, it appears that crime and immorality prevail to an incredible degree in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. In one month, in the year 1835, 247 convicts were flogged in New South Wales, and 9784 lashes inflicted; which is at the rate of 2964 floggings per annum, in a population of probably 80,000 of both sexes and all ages. As we presume females are not flogged, we have at least one in ten of all the boys and men in the colony suffering flagellation annually. But this is only one of numerous sorts of punishments. In 1834, 1000 persons were employed in the chain gangs of New South Wales, and 700 in those of Van Dieman's Land. The severity of this punishment may be estimated from the following description. The convicts are locked up from sunset to sunrise in caravans, or boxes, each holding from 20 to 28 men; but in which the whole number can neither stand upright, nor sit down at the same time, except with their legs at right angles to their bodies. In some instances, the space allowed for each individual to lie down on the bare boards does not exceed eighteen inches. They are kept to work in chains during the day, under a strict military guard, and liable to suffer flagellation for trifling offences, as

obstinacy, insolence, and the like. Convicts who commit crimes after transportation, are dealt with in the most summary manner. If not instantly hanged, they are retransported to Norfolk Island, Moreton Bay, or Port Arthur; and the severity of the punishment is so great that numerous instances have occurred of men committing murder, with the perfect certainty, and obviously with the intention that they might immediately be sent to Sydney or Hobart Town, to be executed. Macquarrie Harbour (now abandoned) was a penal settlement of Van Dieman's Land; and of 132 convicts who made their escape from it, between 1822 and 1827, 75 perished in the woods; one was hanged for murdering and eating his companion; two were shot; eight were murdered, and six eaten by their comrades; twenty-four escaped to the settled districts; thirteen were hanged for bush ranging, and two for murder; altogether, 108 out of 132, who came to a violent death. In Van Dieman's Land, in 1837, there were 13,000 convicts, and a free population of 38,000, and the number of persons brought before the police was 17,000; one seventh of the free population was fined for drunkenness. In New South Wales, the number of convictions for highway robbery alone exceeds the total number of convictions for all manner of offences in England, taking the difference of population into account. Rapes, murder, attempts to murder, and other atrocities—are almost of daily occurrence. In Sydney, with a free population in 1836 of 16,000, there were 219 licensed public-houses, besides numerous unlicensed spirit shops. The prevalence of drunkenness is also shewn by the quantity of spirits consumed. In 1835, there were entered for home consumption, 201,138 gallons, which gives an annual average supply of nearly four gallons to each individual. The total quantity of spirits of all sorts, foreign and home made, which paid duty in Great Britain and Ireland in 1838, was 264 millions of gallons, little more than one gallon to each individual. The female convicts, as may well be supposed, are, with hardly a single exception, the most drunken and abandoned prostitutes; and so great is the dread of contamination to the children from such wretches, that it is usual to employ men in the performance of duties fulfilled by women in this country, and to dispense with servants altogether as much as possible. In 1833, the total population of New South Wales, was 60,794; of whom 38,350 were free, the remainder convicts. Of the free, 22,788 were males, and 13,452 females; of the convicts, 21,846 males, and 2,698 females. In 1836, the population of Van Dieman's Land was 40,171, of whom 16,968 were convicts, and at the same time, the whole males, convict and free, were, to the whole females, in the proportion of 22 to 124. This disproportion of the sexes has led to the most serious atrocities; and the attempt of Government to remedy it, by sending out free female settlers, has merely substituted one sort of prodigality for another.

On a full consideration of all the evils attending the present system of transportation, the Committee have come to the conclusion, "that transportation to New South Wales, and to the settled districts of Van Dieman's Land, should be discontinued as soon as practicable," and that crimes now punishable by transportation should, in future, be punished by confinement, with hard labour, at home or abroad, for periods varying from two to fifteen years. It is probable that the effect of discontinuing transportation, though beneficial to the moral, would have an injurious effect on the economical condition of the colony. Of late years, upwards of 3000 men and 400 women have annually been transported to New South Wales. These convicts are assigned to the colonists, who give them no wages, but merely food and clothing; and to this cause much of the existing prosperity of the colonists must be attributed. We doubt not, therefore, that they will oppose the proposed change.

Another consideration for an emigrant is, that, in New South Wales, great droughts appear to be periodical; and to them may perhaps be ascribed the scantiness of the native population, and the few quadrupeds which are to be found. These droughts sometimes prevail for years together. The last great drought began in 1826, and

did not terminate till 1830. During all this period, very little rain fell, and for more than six months there was not a single shower. In 1835, there was also a severe drought. On the other hand, the rivers are subject to inundations, at intervals of several years—a circumstance which renders it a precarious matter to cultivate the alluvial soils along their banks. The hostility of the natives, also, renders it more difficult than is commonly supposed to settle on the unoccupied land, at a distance from the inhabited parts of the colony. The late three expeditions into the interior under Major Mitchell, were all driven back by the natives; and it appears to have required great circumspection and address to prevent the whole party from being cut off. As it was, there were several skirmishes, attended with loss of life on both sides. These expeditions have, however, led to the discovery of a very fertile tract of country, apparently the best suited for colonisation which has yet been found out in New South Wales. Major Mitchell has given it the name of Australia Felix, and here is part of his description of it. "We now descended on one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw; the turf, the woods, and the banks of the little stream which murmured through the vale, had so much the appearance of a well-kept park, that I felt loath to break it by the passage of our cart wheel. Proceeding for a mile and a half along this rivulet, through a valley wholly of the same description, we at length encamped on a flat of rich earth, nearly quite black, and which seemed to surpass in richness any that I had seen in New South Wales; and I was even tempted to bring away a specimen of it. We had at length discovered a country ready for the immediate reception of civilized man, and fit eventually to become one of the great nations of the earth. Unencumbered with too much wood, yet possessing enough for all purposes, with an exuberant soil, under a temperate climate, bounded by the sea coast and mighty rivers, and watered abundantly by streams from lofty mountains, this highly interesting region lay before me, with all its features, new and untouched, as they fall from the hand of the Creator. Of this Eden it seemed that I was the only Adam; and it was indeed a sort of paradise to me, permitted thus to be the first to explore its mountains and streams, to behold its scenery, to investigate its geological character, and, finally, by my survey, to develop those natural advantages, all still unknown to the civilized world, but yet certain to become, at no distant date, of vast importance to a new people." This fertile tract is situated in east longitude 141, and south latitude 38, and adjoins the new colony of South Australia; so that this climate is cooler than that of Sydney, while it is probable that the Indian corn, and the other valuable products of hot climates, may still be cultivated there. We hope that Australia Felix will not be incorporated with the new colony, and a high price, as there, be demanded for the land. In such an extensive and thinly peopled country as New South Wales, it is in vain to attempt to concentrate the emigrants, by exacting from them a high price for land. They may purchase it at first, but when they find that there are fertile tracts, at comparatively short distances, which they can occupy for nothing, they will soon dispose of their purchase to new comers, and set off with their flocks and herds beyond the bounds of the colony. To sell land at a high price in a new colony, is to counteract the very object for which emigration is undertaken, which is to have plenty of fertile land, and, consequently, the necessities of life, at a cheap rate. The present mode of selling land has given rise to much disgust, and to great loss to individuals. Between the time when the Colonial officers receive notice of the piece of land fixed on and the actual obtaining possession of it by the settler, five months commonly elapse, during which he and his family must live in idleness, possibly contracting bad habits, and, at all events, seriously encroaching on his capital, at Sydney, or some other expensive town. Farther, the price paid for the land cripples the settler at the outset, by diminishing his capital; and it is extremely doubtful whether the Colonial officers can, by bringing labourers from Britain or otherwise, ever employ the price to such advantage for the

colony, as the settler himself would do, by attending to his own interest. We doubt if there is any instance of Government's making money by any speculations; their business hitherto has always been to spend. We are aware, that great mischief has arisen, particularly in Canada, from large grants of land being made to the favourites of those who happened to be in power; for, having neither capital, nor inclination to clear and cultivate the ground, these grants keep the more industrious colonists from communication with each other, to the evident injury of the colony; but were a regulation made and rigidly enforced, that all grants not cultivated and stocked within a short period should be forfeited, we believe it would be found a more beneficial arrangement than the present, by which a settler is deprived of a part of his capital, when he most needs it.

THE CORN LAWS.—Notwithstanding the high price of food, bread being at present nearly double the price in this country which it is in Paris—by no means a cheap market—the apathy of the middle, and the hostility of a small but presumptuous and noisy portion of the working classes, seem likely to prevent, for some time, the repeal of the existing Corn Laws. The plausible pretence held out—but not the real reason—is, that the abolition of the restrictions on the importation of corn would throw much land out of cultivation, and that the agricultural labourers thus deprived of work would be driven into competition with the manufacturing operatives, and thus reduce the wages of labour. Upon the same principle, the reduction of the army—the great cause of taxation—should be opposed, lest the disbanded soldiers should become manufacturing operatives. The answer to this argument is obvious. If there are at present more agriculturists than can be profitably employed, as well as more soldiers than are necessary, and were they to become manufacturing operatives, no harm would be done to those engaged in manufactures; for as it is, they are kept at the expense of the latter. The mere amount of wages in money is nothing; the only criterion is the quantity of food and raiment the wages can purchase; and if the soldiers, instead of earning nothing, and being kept in idleness out of the wages of the industrious, were to earn their own subsistence, it is difficult to see who would be injured. Low wages may be much more beneficial to the workman than high wages. 2s. a-day are of more value than 3s. if, in the latter case, 1s. 6d. is to be immediately disbursed in keeping up a standing army, or in paying an exorbitant price for food. But, in point of fact, there is not the slightest chance of the repeal of the Corn-Laws throwing any land out of cultivation. The great fall in the price of agricultural produce, from the period of the greatest agricultural prosperity to the point of the lowest depression, may have had the effect of ruining many farmers who foolishly relied on legislative enactments to keep up the price of corn, and may have caused many small estates to change hands, but unquestionably it did not throw land out of cultivation. On the contrary, both in England and Scotland, an immense breadth of land, never before cultivated, has been brought under the plough; and we say, advisedly, that never was there more spirit in agriculture shewn, than during the last few years, when we had very low prices comparatively, and when we have heard of nothing but agricultural distress. We have not the slightest doubt but that there are more persons employed in agriculture in Great Britain at this moment than at any former period; for, though the price of grain had sunk at least fifty per cent. between 1831 and 1833, yet the census of 1831 shewed that, in every county, the population had increased, although many counties depend on agriculture alone for their support. The real reason, we believe, why some of the operatives oppose a repeal of the Corn-Laws, is because they believe starvation will drive many who could not be roused by a stimulant of inferior power, to join them in the demand for Universal Suffrage, which some believe will prove a panacea for all their evils. So thought both the middle and working classes with regard to the Reform Bill, and we see where all their expectations have ended. It is assumed by such of the operatives as are friendly to free trade, that,

were Universal Suffrage obtained, the Corn-Laws would, as a matter of course, be repealed in the course of the first session of the Universal Suffrage Parliament. So thought we in regard to the Reform Parliament; but seven years have elapsed, and the question stands precisely where it did, except that there appears a greater reluctance to hear any discussion on the Corn-Laws than in the Rotten-Borough Parliaments.

SCOTLAND.

LECTURES ON POLITICAL ECONOMY IN SCOTLAND.—

In our number for August, we gave it as our opinion that lectures on Political Economy should be regularly given in our Mechanics' Institutions, and other similar establishments. This science not only involves the important public questions of Banking and Currency, Free Trade, Colonial Policy, Poor-Laws, Tithes, Taxation, &c., but teaches the principles which regulate wages, profits, and rent, or shews the proportion of the proceeds of industry which, in a free country, should fall respectively to the labourer, to the capitalist, and the landlord. It thus unfolds the mechanism, both of social life and of civil society, and teaches how the interests and the happiness of a community may be best promoted. Such being the nature and importance of the science, we are glad that a knowledge of its principles is at present, and for the first time, making considerable progress in Scotland. Our townsman, Dr Thomas Murray, has been engaged for the last few years in giving lectures on Political Economy, not only in this city, but in Glasgow, and in several of our provincial towns; and his courses varied from fourteen to twenty-nine lectures. Of four full courses which he has delivered in Edinburgh, one of them (in Elder Street chapel) was attended by 800, chiefly of the industrious classes, and another (before the Philosophical Association) by a somewhat greater number belonging to the middle ranks of life. He delivered a course of twenty-six lectures in the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution in 1836-7, as also, in the same year, one to the merchants of that city in the Monteth Rooms, having previously received a public requisition to that effect. He has also given courses in the following provincial towns:—Hawick, Kirkcaldy, Montrose, Falkirk, and Dunfermline. Indeed, he has given two courses at Kirkcaldy; the first, attended by 350 hearers; the second, by 1200; the latter consisting almost exclusively of the industrious classes. In Dunfermline, (where his course consisted of twenty-nine lectures,) the number of his hearers was nearly a thousand, or about a twelfth part of the whole population, consisting of all classes, males and females, masters and workmen, clergymen and laymen. And so highly is the usefulness of the science appreciated, that in no one instance, we believe, has the original number fallen off, however long the course; but, on the contrary, the attendance has not only been maintained, but it has greatly increased as the course advanced. In Kirkcaldy, last year, for example, the Doctor began with a class of 600; but that number was doubled before the end of his labours. As a proof that a taste for instruction in this science really obtains among the people, and calls loudly for its own gratification, it may be mentioned that the lecturer never delivered a course without an invitation either from the directors of an existing Philosophical Association, or from a committee of the inhabitants, appointed at a public meeting, convened for the purpose. This latter was the case in Hawick, and in regard to his course last year in Kirkcaldy. The price of a ticket, too, is very properly fixed so low as that no individual can urge the plea of expense for non-attendance. In Dunfermline, the ticket for mechanics was a *shilling* for each half course, and for non-mechanics half-a-crown; so that the fee for the whole course of twenty-nine lectures was, for mechanics, only two shillings, or considerably less than *one penny* each lecture. And it is not unimportant to mention that, in the case of Dunfermline, a larger sum was realized by low-priced tickets than had been previously received when the ticket cost double the sum. It is with great pleasure we mention these facts; because they shew that public attention is now awakened to the importance, not only of Political Economy, but of Educa-

tion in general; and that the people are using, on the whole, the best and most efficient means for achieving their own instruction. Knowledge and education, when they have once been fairly introduced into a country, and a desire for them generally diffused among the people, can never be banished; they can never be superseded; can never die. We already stand on high vantage ground in this respect; though much requires to be done, both as to the kind of education and as to its extent.

DR BOWRING.—This distinguished advocate of free trade, and of enlightened principles of government, has recently visited Scotland, in consequence of an invitation from his late constituents of Kilmarnock and the other burghs of that district. In passing through Edinburgh, he was entertained at a banquet, by a party of his friends and admirers. The speech he delivered on that occasion, and which has gone the round of the press, was one of the most interesting we ever heard. At Kilmarnock, Dr Bowring was met and welcomed by an immense multitude, whom he addressed after being conducted in procession to the centre of the town. In the evening he received a banquet from about 600 of the inhabitants; and was presented with an elegant silver vase, value about £150, as a testimony of the esteem and affection of his old constituents. The Doctor's reception in the other burghs was also marked with great kindness. And, in all these places, he was, only a few years ago, a perfect stranger. Were the suffrage as widely extended as it ought to be, Dr Bowring would carry these burghs by an overwhelming majority. Some other Scottish constituency will, we hope, when opportunity offers, do itself honour, by electing one of the most single-minded and benevolent, as well as able public men, of whom this country can boast.

IRELAND.

Mr O'Connell no sooner secured the million lent to the clergy and tithe owners, and prevailed on the Ministry to abandon the Appropriation Clause in the Tithe Bill—which bill he supported on the second reading—than he set out for Dublin to organize a new association for the avowed purpose of obtaining a redress of Irish wrongs; and, among other objects, the repeal of the very tithe act he had supported. If not remedied next session, then the Repeal agitation is to be set on foot. This has been so often mentioned, and the time for commencing it so often postponed, that it causes no alarm to any one. The new association, however, proceeds very slowly in obtaining members. The truth appears to be, that O'Connell has lost a great part of his popularity; and, as he is opposed, not only by such influential men as Sharman Crawford, but by part of the Catholic priesthood, his power of agitation is greatly diminished. There will be a fearful defalcation in the "rint" this year, unless he can contrive to raise his popularity before the day of collection.

THE CONTINENT.

On the 24th August, the Dutchess of Orleans was delivered of a boy, who has been named Louis Philip Albert, Count of Paris. The French Government has been involved in a fresh quarrel with Switzerland, because Louis Buonaparte, who has acquired the right of citizenship in the Canton of Thurgovia, will not quit the Republic, and the different Cantons appear resolved to resist the demands of France to compel him. Louis Philip is said to have been half crazy, and his fear of Louis Buonaparte gives some plausibility to the rumour. The National Guards of Paris have adopted a petition complaining of the restricted state of the elective franchise. The total number of voters is only about 180,000. This petition has excited much notice, not only as coming from

a body of armed men, but from those persons who have been the firmest supporters of Louis Philip. The Emperor Ferdinand has been crowned at Milan, and has granted an amnesty for political offences. Great numbers of arrests continue to take place at Warsaw, Wilna, and other parts of Poland, and many young men of the most respectable families have been flogged, and ordered to serve as private soldiers in the army of the Caucasus, for being parties to an alleged conspiracy against the Russian Government. The Spanish Cabinet has fallen to pieces, and a new Ministry, at the head of which is the Duke of Frias, has been formed.

AMERICA.

The banks of the United States have resumed specie payments. The accounts of the grain crops are far from favourable; and, if there be any surplus, it will all be required for Canada, where the wheat has suffered much from the fly. At the last advices from Canada, thanks to the immense military force in the provinces, everything was quiet.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts of the state of the crops from all parts of the United Kingdom are more favourable than they were a month ago; but we believe that there is no probability of the crop reaching an average. On nearly all the clay ground, which, in ordinary years, yields the most abundant crops, there is a great deficiency; and in the upland districts, the grain is still green, and, what is worse, has suffered severely from the frost. There is less old grain on hand, by all accounts, than for a great number of years at the same period; and, although the bringing of the foreign wheat in bond into consumption may lower the markets for a month or two, cheap bread is not to be expected this winter. The quantity of foreign wheat in bond was 800,000 quarters, equal to three weeks' consumption, according to Mr McCulloch's estimate; and another million of quarters is said to have arrived in time to be entered at the nominal duty of 1s. It will be curious to observe the effect upon the markets. The farmers have now a fine specimen of the working of the existing Corn-Laws. Precisely at the period when the greater part of their crop has been secured, and when, of course, there is not the slightest need for foreign grain, hundreds of thousands of quarters—much of which has lain in the granaries for years, is all at once brought into competition with them, and will probably lower the markets until all their grain has passed out of their hands into those of speculators, who will probably realize a handsome profit in the course of next summer. Thus it always has been, and always will be, under the fluctuating scale of duties.

In consequence of the deficiency in the turnip crop, the demand for lean stock has been very limited, and prices have fallen. At Falkirk Second Tryst, on the 10th and 11th September, the supply of sheep was nearly one-half less than usual—there not being more than 30,000 on the field. Prices were from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per head lower than last September tryst; but the condition of the sheep was inferior. White-faced wethers brought from 20s. to 26s.; ewes, 18s. to 22s. About 20,000 cattle—rather a small supply—were brought forward for sale; but, though small, it exceeded the demand. Very few of the Scotch dealers from the south or east attended the market; and prices for lean cattle were lower than at last tryst. It was the dulllest market which has been at Falkirk for many years, and many of the cattle remained unsold. A large show of horses was exhibited; but sales were very dull. A few very fine heavy draught horses brought from £30 to £35.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1838.

THE DURHAM PANIC.

LORD DURHAM has fulfilled our predictions to the letter, and disappointed the hopes of those who, like ourselves, saw nothing better for the Canadas in the meantime, than his administration, and who now, in his abrupt and angry resignation, see these unhappy provinces placed in a much worse condition than if he had never visited them.—When is Parliament to be called together? Lord Durham's reasons for resigning, which give a severe, if not finishing stroke, to the Whigs, may render it inconvenient and somewhat disagreeable for Ministers to face their new difficulties until the edge of his wrath is somewhat blunted, and the general feeling of sympathy with the ill-treated and high-tempered Governor-General abated; but, if an early meeting of Parliament was requisite last year on account of Canadian affairs, it is doubly necessary now. Antecedently to this unhappy rupture, which must encourage the Canadian party as much as it has dismayed the British, there were, according even to the Government papers, rumours of fresh revolt—"symptoms of an outbreak not to be mistaken." These provinces cannot be abandoned to anarchy and misery, because the Whigs have acted to Lord Durham precisely as they have done to the Radical reformers—first cajoled, and then deserted and insulted him; and Lord Durham is an individual not in the least likely to allow personal feelings to be overcome by a magnanimous sense of public duty, or to sink the self-willed peer in the patriot. He complains bitterly that he has been "*sacrificed by his friends—those whose duty it was to stand forth in his defence.*" And this, of course, whether he is right or wrong—whether his public acts were defensible or indefensible. The "*keen and quick sensibilities*" of Lord Durham, where he is in any way personally affected, could not pause to consider the dilemma in which his unfortunate friends were placed. It would have been all too little to the stomach of his great revenge upon Lord Brougham and the Peers, had the Whigs lost their places full six months before, in the course of nature, that dreaded event must have taken place at any rate. His Ordinances—and the very word is hateful to the ears of freemen—might have been illegal, impolitic, and, what Mr Buller guessed they would be called in

England, "*monstrously despotic*;" yet he thinks it was the bounden duty of his "*friends*" to bear him out; and this, we think, they would have attempted, save for that fatal consequence, a minority, which would have placed themselves in imminent jeopardy, to do him small good. It was impossible to bear him through unblamed; and less, we fear, would not have satisfied his "*high sense of dignity*," and his chivalrous feelings, which could never brook being found in the wrong. But his Lordship being in the mire, his friends were bound, by every feeling of honour and good-fellowship, to act the part of the generous drunk man with his fallen comptator—"My dear fellow, I am totally unable to raise you to your legs—you see I have not a leg to stand upon myself—but I will lie down in the dirt beside you; it is all I can."

Far are we from acquitting, on private grounds, the dastardly conduct of Lord Durham's cabinet friends; on public grounds, they are equally worthy of condemnation. They stormed and bullied while law and constitutional liberty only were at stake; but as soon, and it was in a very few hours, as their precious places seemed endangered by the support of Lord Durham's illegal and tyrannical edicts, they kicked him over-board—sneaked and succumbed. At the very moment, and by some strange want of proper concert, when Lord Cottingham, their own Chancellor, had been brought up to pit his official judgment against the other legal authorities, they chose to bolt, and to leave the Durham Ordinances to their fate. They were accordingly nullified—and thank heaven for that! although the immediate consequence should be something yet more disastrous than the angry resignation of Lord Durham.

Any honest Ministry must have condemned those decrees. It is not, therefore, the act done, but the act first resisted, and then on base and sordid motives submitted to, that is worthy of reprobation.

Lord Durham has been ill-used, betrayed, perhaps *sacrificed* by his friends, as he complains; but neither has he been guiltless; and those who, in condemning the Government, acquit him, must be prepared to vindicate, to the utmost extent, those illegal and despotic ordinances which the British legislature was constrained to nullify.

From the worst description of Tories—those who glory in tyranny, and care little for human blood—a vindication of the Canadian *ukase* might be expected; but, when we find those who profess attachment to liberty condemning the course taken by Lord Brougham and the Parliament, we are compelled to pity an extraordinary conglomeration of understanding. Had the Government acted with sincerity and common sense, instead of bullying and trying to put down a grave charge, a milder course would, doubtless, have been practicable, than that to which the “friends” were consenting, and which has given Lord Durham such deadly offence. He boasts, nothing repentant of his edicts for punishing men neither arraigned, tried, nor convicted, that he dealt *substantial justice*, tempered with mercy; but so thought not the Canadian people and their friends in England; and wo to the nation which shall tamely submit to the violation of the legal defences of freedom! The Czar, Lord Durham’s friend, deals *substantial justice* to the Poles and to his own subjects; the paternal Emperor of Austria deals *substantial justice* to the Italians languishing in his dungeons and fortresses. The English people prefer, even to Lord Durham’s mercy-tempered tyranny, those constitutional forms by which the laws strictly and rigidly protect liberty and life. Such ideas as his may suit the military commander of a Russian province; but not the Governor of a British colony. We do not mean to say that Lord Durham intended to play the sanguinary despot—far from it; but to assert that neither he nor an angel from heaven, were the advent possible, should be tolerated, for an instant, in the assumption of illegal powers fatal to freedom; and that there was nothing in the state of the colony to justify an act, at the best one of vainglory. But, if it be true, as stated by Mr Buller, that these ordinances were necessarily promulgated, because no jury could be found in the colony to *convict* the patriots or “the villains,” how does this avowal mend the case?

And now that Lord Durham’s inadvertence, to call it by the gentlest term, has, in the natural order of events, brought its proper punishment, he has no right to complain; or, if self-love blinds him to his errors, no friend of freedom has a right to separate the functionary from the fitting consequences of his deeds.

The illegality of banishing untried and unconvicted men to the Bermudas for their political sins, instead of sending them to some place where he had clear jurisdiction, is so like a lawyer’s wretched technical quibble, that we have never much regarded it; although aware that it is rash and unwise to brush away, were it but the flimsy cobweb which, woven across the lock, may tend to keep back the burglar from trying his false keys on the shrine which guards the jewel Liberty. Had any of the individuals whom Lord Durham and his Council chose to condemn to death, *a la Russe*, without either trial or conviction, found courage to brave him, and

to return and demand a trial, in what a dilemma would he have been placed! The rabid Ultra-Tories who now defend him, would have justified summary execution, in terms of the Governor-General’s edict; but he durst not and would not have committed a cold-blooded murder in the face of America and Europe: and what then became of the authority of the Governor-General, so cruelly destroyed by the nullification of those ordinances which one brave, determined man could have defied and crushed!

The Ultra-Tories and the despairing Whigs, the anti-Canadian faction in Quebec and in Downing Street, agree in calumniating Lord Brougham. Lord Durham is rather more candid and reasonable, in reference to Lord Brougham, than his senseless defenders. Opposition, he says, he expected from Lord Brougham; conscience might have whispered here; for, in the illegal course he took, he could expect no less. Was Lord Brougham, now almost the sole guardian of liberty in the Upper House of Parliament, to abandon his public duty upon a great emergency, because Lord Durham, a few years before, had endeavoured to subvert him in the affections and confidence of the People by a couple of speeches made at Edinburgh and Glasgow?—which, the moment that words might have fructified into deeds, on the accession of the young Queen, he took great and ostentatious pains to retract? Was it for this that Lord Brougham, who limits his public hostility to no party, but attacks in turn Whig and Tory—Lord Melbourne, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Durham, or Lord Minto, as the public service may require—was it this, we ask, and the paltry fear of being thought jealous or resentful in consequence, that was to deter Lord Brougham from doing his duty only, when the Governor-General of the Canadas had committed a grievous error? Not long before, when Mr Turton’s appointment was called in question, and the coy and immaculate Premier, from the inherent impulse of purity, was forced to condemn and abandon “his noble friend Durham,” Lord Brougham, not being quite so rigid a theoretical purist, defended the absent Earl, manfully and effectively. But, if his hostility to the illegal edicts of the High Commissioner originated in private pique, in what originated, long before, his strenuous and single-handed opposition to the Canada Coercion Bill?—and if he be the personal enemy of Lord Durham, is he not equally the personal enemy of Lord Minto, whose conduct he mercilessly exposed shortly before, and who was also “sacrificed by his friends?”—or of Lord Lyndhurst, against whose strong attack he ably and elaborately vindicated the foreign policy of the Whigs, where a factious man, or one whose resentment was stronger than his patriotism, would have left them to their own resources? And this is but one instance of the many in which Lord Brougham lends them a helping hand, as often as the good of the country justifies it. Those who condemn Lord Brougham’s exposure of the tyrannical Durham ordinances, should at least be prepared to defend

them. Had he suffered this act of oppression and injustice to pass unquestioned, he would have been guilty of a gross dereliction of duty; and if he had kept silent, surely some one member of the legislature would have come forward in defence of the violated law and the oppressed individuals. Had such things been attempted in Ireland by Lord Wellesley, under the tyrannical Grey Coercion Bill, half the Radicals in Britain would have been in uproar. But Canada is weak and far distant, and Lord Durham is a highly privileged man, who may do what he pleases. Some of his small friends are already insisting, that, if his high spirit hold good, and if the saviour of the Canadas abandon the Canadas to their fate, and comes steaming home, as "consistent a Reformer," so magnanimous a statesman, ought forthwith to be made Prime Minister, and the head of the *Movement* party! Now, these sort of men can read and write. Truly the knowledge qualification will hardly do.—First and last, however, Lord Durham has a right to complain of intriguers in the Cabinet. They knew him to be fond of titles, stars and ribbons, pomps and shows—a proud man, but not too proud to be vain; and they fumed him with the incense of flattery, and inflated his natural pride, until he forgot himself. The girlish Queen was made the instrument of the purposes of her Ministers, until Lord Durham appeared to have forgotten in what age he lived, and to have conceited himself a Leicester or an Essex, fulfilling the heats, and exercising the almost sovereign powers confided to him by an Elizabeth! The bubble has burst, and great is his indignation at being presumed not quite infallible, nor altogether above law. The world has given him credit for considerable arrogance; to be quite the man likely to be as true at all times to his pique as to his patriotism, and to comprehend little of the calm, imperturbable magnanimity of a self-poised and great mind, where his will is crossed, and his temper roused by contradiction. A stab to the self-love of such a character will rankle long after a much deeper wound inflicted upon the public cause comes to be viewed with indifference. *The Examiner* shrewdly guesses "that, but for the misunderstanding about Mr Turton, there would probably have been a better understanding of the part acted by Ministers in the debates on the Ordinances; for certain impressions on the mind, like certain impressions on the sight, remain as continuous after the object causing them has passed away." In plain terms, the Turton affair was rankling in Lord Durham's galled back when the new blister was applied, and both together were beyond his patience. His flatterers, or the tools of the Whigs, still express a hope—which they can hardly entertain—that he may be induced to remain, and consummate the regeneration of the North American colonies. His remaining would certainly be most desirable to his poor friends in Downing Street, whatever become of Canada; but we we fear his "high spirit," his "keen and quick sensibilities," preclude the hope. Every one

prophesies that Canada will be ruined by his resignation. Lord Melbourne has written, Lord Glenelg has written, the Queen has written!—all are entreating his pardon or forbearance; and his friends beg that he should not give the Tories and Lord Brougham a triumph. No one can seriously expect that he will yield to these entreaties, after the declarations he has made against Whig treachery and Whig betrayal; of being "sacrificed by his friends." If Lord Durham were a high-minded statesman, a true patriot, we could guess what course he would follow; but, being merely a high-tempered nobleman, we know that he will follow. He will return; and we to the Whigs for one day of consuming wrath! But still they may weather it. And, after all, we know not if either the real friends of his Lordship or of the Canadian people, ought to regret his precipitate return. He has, in every probability, made his escape from an embarrassing position most opportunely; with public sympathy running strongly in his favour among the inconsiderate in this country, and the anti-Canadian party—"the British interest"—flattering him in the colony. He comes back while there are others to share the blame, which might soon have concentrated upon his head.—And who is to take his place? who, next, in England, that "knows little about Canada," is, in little more than three months, to work the miracles which Lord Durham says he has performed, in "restoring tranquillity and reviving confidence." In other quarters, we hear of nothing but of gathering storms, and of threatened outbreaks; and the Tory papers of the colony regret Lord Durham's departure, because they think that, if the French Canadians had offended and roused him by their discontents, he would have shewn spirit in putting them down. *The Montreal Gazette*, a violent Tory journal, declares—"that the whole loyal inhabitants of British North America, reposed the utmost confidence in the Earl of Durham." The only thing he wanted was power, to put down the *disloyal*; who will have another story. It is our grave opinion, looking to the state of affairs in Canada, that Lord Durham has had a fortunate escape; though, bitter as is the provocation he has received, he discovers little magnanimity in throwing up his appointment at the very moment when a truly great man would have clung to it, until he had realized those mighty hopes on which Lord Durham expatiates, as if to enhance the demerit of preferring the indulgence of his personal feelings and resentments to the good of his country.

In the meantime, we sincerely wish he may remain, and sometimes half hope that he may. If not, when the fiery modern Essex rushes from his ship into the presence of his Sovereign, to resign his appointment, as he threatens to do "if he live," may the royal mantle cover the devoted and venerable head of our beloved Whig Premier, and the cushion of the Throne be his shield!

We intended to bestow a few words upon our friends in Ireland; but the Durham panic, which

is carried to almost ridiculous excess, engrosses every thought. *The Dublin Pilot*, a very able paper, and Mr O'Connell's principal organ, says we charged it with "intriguing." Not we indeed: intrigue is a business of its patrons; and if the intrigue should be, as it explains, to place Mr GROUT in the room of SPRING RICE, and Mr HUME in the place of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, with a few more liberal changes, why, then, Good speed to it! The "Irish chiefs" have rarely, of late, been so well employed; though we still think the whole of the rotten concern ought to, as it *must*, sink together. The affairs of Ireland look brighter: O'Connell is aware of his danger from the Whigs, fatal to all who come into alliance with them; and he is still quite able to extricate himself, damaged somewhat perhaps, but perfectly fit for service.

We meant also to bestow a few words in answer to the challenge of another respectable

Liberal Irish print, *The Kilkenny Journal*. It says—"Will Mr TAIT or Mr SHARMAN CRAWFORD, instead of exhibiting the evils—many of which we admit—of keeping in the Whigs, prove the certain advantages of putting them out? They may thus gain some converts." The challenge was fair, and fairly given; and we certainly intended in this very month to have accepted of it; but, behold our friend himself announcing that, "before the meeting of Parliament, the cry throughout Ireland will be, 'Overboard with the Whigs, and defiance to the Tories!' We must," he says, "try a new experiment; and that is, to pull no longer in the same boat with the Whigs; let them be flung overboard, and we shall work the gallant vessel into safe harbour, by the strength of our right arms."

This is answer enough: and, moreover, lets in a flood of light upon the O'Connell tactics. In both countries, *the rats are forsaking the ship.*

THE ANNUALS FOR 1839.*

THE ANNUALS may now be regarded as a staple literary manufacture, quite as much as the supplies of the circulating library. Like these, they are a symptom of the progressive refinement of taste in society, if our theory hold, that they have taken the place of the savoury and substantial tokens of Christmas cakes, turkeys, and chimes, and of the flimsy and tinsel perishing gifts of tawdry millinery and coarse jewellery. No one will question that this change is for the better. A book at worst is a book—a picture a picture; both endure, and are capable of diffusion; and these are but the smallest of their claims to superiority; for there is something to give intellectual pleasure, something to admire and to profit by, in the humblest Annual; while among them are embodied some of the most finished performances of living artists and authors. And this in addition to their value as gifts, as

— "the beads of Memory's rosary,
Whereon she reckons kind remembrances
Of friends and old affections."

The competition of publishers, and the becoming pride of artists and literary contributors, but, above all, the ambition, and by'r lady, the interest of all concerned, is every season improving the new literary manufacture in one respect or another, and sometimes in all. Each in its own sphere, so far as we have yet seen them, maintains its character and its claim on public patronage.

And first among the first comes Miss Mitford's special charge, FINDEN'S TABLEAUX, again "regally gorgeous" in its garniture of green and gold, and containing gems worthy of so rich a casket. Miss Mitford has her-

self praised her friendly contributors so cordially and handsomely, that she has left us nothing to say. The "Tableaux" are this year illustrative of the "*Womanly Virtues and Affections*;" the designs are chiefly by Perring. They are all fine things enough in their way; but *Zuliete* and *The Greek Wife* are something more; and the *Coronation* is exquisite, and beautifully engraved. It is not the Coronation of Queen Victoria, nor indeed any vulgarity of the sort, but the picture of a lovely young girl, half reclining, half kneeling at a way-side chapel, in the attitude of devotion. It is the *Elisabeth* of Madame Cottin's "*Exiles of Siberia*," which is "done into" flowing and mellifluous verse by Richard E. Townsend, Esq., for Miss Mitford's superb book. But the literary gem of this poetic volume is the "*Romaunt of the Page*," by Miss Barret. It is not without the peculiar blemishes of that lady's style—haziness, and an occasional quaint simplicity, verging on something very like affectation; but, at the same time, it is rich in all the higher beauties of her poetry—a graceful and deep-toned composition, shewing true and original genius, and of a fine order:—

"A knight upon a battle-steed,
And a page on a steed beside,
From the holy war in Palestine,
As slow and thoughtful ride
As each were a palmer, and told for bead
The dew of the even-tide.

"O young page," said the knight,
'A noble page art thou;
And fearing not to steep in blood
The curls upon thy brow;
Anon in the tent, and anon in the fight,
Didst ward me a mortal blow.'

"O brave knight," said the page,
'Awhile since talked we
In tent and field, and then we talked
Of the deadly chivalry;
But I have not a breath of that battle-rage
To breathe betwixt grass and tree.'

* As we find it quite impracticable to announce all the Gift-Books in the present month, we have selected them in the order of their arrival in Edinburgh, and shall have the pleasure of making up our arrears in the December Number, when the whole bright galaxy will be before the public.

As they ride on, the knight speaks of his lady
as of one whose bower might ill suit his silent
page.

"Slowly and thankfully
The young page bowed his head ;
*His large eyes seemed to muse a smile,
Until he blushed instead ;*
And, I ween, no lady in her bower
Could blush more sudden-red !
'Sir Knight, the bower of thy lady
Will suit me well,' he said."

A beautiful descriptive passage intervenes, and
heightens the dramatic effect of the scene ; but
all passes unheeded by the musing page.

" 'A boon, thou noble knight,
If ever I served thee—
Though thou art a knight, and I am page,
Now grant this boon to me.
Now, tell me sooth, if dark or bright,
If little loved, or loved aright,
Be the face of thy ladye.'"

"Gloomily looked the knight—
'As a son thou has served me ;
And, oh, that I never had granted boon
To another, saving thee !
For haply then I should love aright ;
For then I should know if dark or bright
Were the face of my ladye."

" 'Yet ill befits it knightly tongue
To mourn that granted boon ;
For her Baron-sire avenged the wrong
To the fame of mine, sepulchred long,
By a lying caitiff done,
Who looked up the minster nave,
And *dared* to lie ; for my father's glaive
Was changed from steel to stone.'"

The baron fell in this quarrel, and his dying
wife, recovering from her swoon, as the knight
relates, summoned him in haste, and demanded
the boon that he should marry "the sweet child"
made an orphan, for his father's sake. He pro-
ceeds :—

" 'I said, my steed neighs in the court,
My bark rocks on the brine ;
And the warrior's vow I am under now,
To free the pilgrim's shrine ;
But fetch the ring, and call the priest,
And call that daughter of thine ;
And rule she wide, from my castle of Nyde,
While I am in Palestine."

" 'In the dark chambere, if the bride were fair,
Ye wis I could not see ;
But the steed thrice neighed,
And the priest fast prayed,
And wedded fast were we :
Her mother smiled in her bed,
As at its side we knelt to wed.
When the bride rose from her knee,
She kissed the smile of her mother dead
Or ere she kissed me."

" 'My page, my page, what grieves thee so,
That the tears run down thy face ?'
'Alas ! what if mine own sister
Was in that lady's case !
But *she* laid down the silks she wore,
And followed him she wed before,
Disguised as his true servitor,
To the very battle-place.'"

"And wept the page, and laughed the knight,
A gay laugh laughed he :—
'Well done it were for thy sister,
But not for my ladye !
No woman bright my loves requite,
Unwomaned if she be.'"

"The page wept not—he smiled cold.
'Some wisdoms may declare
That womanhood is proved best
By the golden brooch and glossy vest
The mincing ladies wear ;
Yet almost is it proved as well
By truth or by despair.'"

"No more he smiled, no more he wept,
But passionate he spake :—
'Oh, womanly she prayed in tent,
When none beside did wake !
Oh, womanly she paled in fight,
For one beloved sake.
And her little hand, defiled with blood,
Her tender tears of womanhood
Most woman-pure did make.'"

" 'Well done it were for thy sister,
Thou tellest well her tale ;
But, for my lady, she shall pray
I' the kirk of Nydersdale.
No dread for me, but love for me,
Shall make my lady pale—
No casque shall hide her woman's tear—
It shall have room to trickle clear
Behind her woman's veil.'"

" 'But what if she mistook thy mind,
And followed thee to strife ;
Then, kneeling, ask thee for thy love,
As Paynims ask for life ?'
'I would forgive ; and evermore
Would love her as my servitor,
But never as my wife."

" 'Look up—there is a small bright cloud
Alone amid the skies :
So high, so pure, and so apart,
A woman's glory lies.'
The page looked up—the cloud was sheen—
A sudden cloud did rush, I ween,
Betwixt it and his eyes."

"And so his eyes did drop away
From welkin to the hill.
Ha ! who rode there ? the page is 'ware,
Though the cry at his heart is still !
The page seeth all, the knight seeth none,
Though banner and spear do flock the sun,
And the Paynims ride at will."

"He speaketh calm, he speaketh low—
'Now ride, my master, ride,
Or ere, within the broadening dark,
The narrow shadows hide !'
Yes, fast—yes, fast—thou zealous page,
And keep thou by my side.'"

The page prays to remain behind—he has a
vow, and again urges his master to ride on—

—"Who smiled free at the fantasy,
And adown the dell did ride."

"Had the knight looked up to the page's face.
No smile his words had won ;
Had the knight looked up to the page's face,
I ween he had never gone ;
Had the knight looked back to the page's geste,
I ween he had turned anon.
For dread was the wo in the face so young,
And wild was the geste wherewith he flung
Casque, sword, to earth, and downward sprung,
And stood alone, alone."

"He clenched his hands, as if to hold
His soul's great agony :—
'Have I renounced my womanhood,
For wifeness unto thee ?—
And is this the last look of thine
That ever I shall see ?"

" 'Yet God thee save—and mayst thou have
A lady to thy mind,
More woman-proud, not faithfuller,
Than one thou leav'st behind !"

And God me take with Him to dwell,
For Him I cannot love too well,
As I have loved my kind.'

"She looked up in earth's despair,
The hopeful heaven to seek—
There floateth still the little cloud
Whereof her love did speak!
How bright the little cloud appears!
Her eyelids falls upon the tears,
And the tears fall down her cheek."

The Paynims ride up; and the faithful page
refuses to tell of his master, and answers them
proudly;—

"They cursed her deep, they smote her low,
They cleft her golden ringlets through—
The loving is the dying!"

A pathetic dirge closes this exquisite tragic
ballad.

We have to complain of Miss Mitford giving
way so much to her contributors as to have
left little room to herself; though there are
several gem-like stories from her own pen; one
in particular, of which the scene is laid in the
Imperial Court, and in which Napoleon, as well
as Josephine, is made amiable. This little story
is a sweet specimen of the pathos of the domestic
affections.

Mrs Ople, Mr Kenyon, the brothers Chorley,
and others, have brought tribute to the gifted
Editress: but we turn from temptation, as we
can go no farther with the "Tableaux."

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

This old favourite, with its familiar face,
makes its sixteenth appearance before its patrons
and the public, and much in its usual guise.
Its literary contents are judiciously balanced.
The tales are pleasing; and, if none of them rise
to first-rate excellence none fall below medi-
ocrity. Allan Cunningham contributes a racy
Scotch story, and Mr St John one of Naples,
which opens charmingly. The usual number of
poetical pieces is found, and among them several
that surpass the tinkling-cymbal, smooth, but
hackneyed, monotonous, common-place of verse.
We would instance, in passing, the very beautiful
verses, "Linger not Long," and the "Winter
Picture," by Cornelius Webbe; but we are im-
pelled to cite, from Barry Cornwall's *triad* of
verse, the most pathetic and effective composition
in the volume. Why will not our poets of all
degrees do themselves and their readers the
justice of having something to write about? A
flight of thistle-down upon a breezy autumn day,
is a beautiful thing to see; but it becomes ten-
fold more beautiful when we remember that it is
the exquisite machinery provided for spreading
far and wide the wheeled seeds. What an
amount of modern verse resembles the downy
wheels, wanting the seed, floating in air—beau-
tiful but barren!

A LONDON LYRIC.

Without.

"The winds are bitter; the skies are wild;
From the roof comes plunging the dawning rain;
Without, in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobbeth aloud her grief, her pain!

No one heareth her, no one heedeth her;
But Hunger, her friend, with his cold, gaunt head,
Grasps her throat, whispering huskily,
'What dost thou in a Christian land?'

Within.

"The skies are wild, and the blast is cold;
Yet Riot and Luxury brawl *within*.
Slaves are waiting in crimson and gold—
Waiting the nod of a child of sin.
The fire is crackling, wine is bubbling
Up in each glass to its beaded brim;
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
'Happiness,' 'Honour'—and all for him!

Without.

"She who is slain 'neath the winter weather—
Ah! she had once a village fame—
Listened to love on the moonlight heather;
Had gentleness, vanity, maiden-shame.
Now her allies are the tempest howling,
Prodigals' curses, self-disdain;
Poverty, misery—Well, no matter;
There is an end unto every pain.

"The harlot's fame was her doom to-day—
Disdain, despair; by to-morrow's light,
The ragged boards, and the pauper's pall;
And so she'll be given to dusty night.
Without a tear or a human sigh,
She's gone—poor life and its fever o'er;
Soh! let her in calm oblivion lie,
While the world runs merry as heretofore.

Within.

"He who you lordly feast enjoyeth—
He who doth rest on his couch of down—
He it was who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town:
Liar, betrayer, false as cruel—
What is the doom for his dastard sin?
His peers they scorn? high dames they shun him?—
Unbar you palace, and gaze within.

"There—yet his deeds are all trumpet-sounded—
There, upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters;
Men of high honour salute him 'friend'—
Skies! oh, where are your cleansing waters?
World! oh, where do thy wonders end?"

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

The first-born of the *Annals*, the beginning
of their strength, has many claims to attention
in this, we think, its eighteenth year. Some
of the plates are gems—as *Almeria*, painted by
Parrie, with skill and retrospective knowledge of
manners and art. *Morning Prayer* is fine in its
subject; and we have a capital *Highland Gillie*
by Cooper, though the rough-coated garron is too
well-fed; and *St Palazzo* by Barrett, a beautiful
Italian view. But the literature of the "Forget-
me-not" constitutes its beauty and strength. It is
not tame and commonplace, it is not wishy-washy,
it is not pribble-prabble—it is not full of "affecta-
tions." The "Genie of Wealth," the first tale, may
be somewhat too long for an annual, but it is well-
written, and has a deep and excellent moral;
but "The Siege," by Jerrold, a spirited manners-
painting dramatic tale, which comes next, is all
we could wish for, and far superior to the aver-
age contents of even the best annuals. "The
Belle Sauvage Plot," an English historical tale
of the reign of George II., is equally deserving
of high praise. It is written by Miss Lawrence,
whose "Historical Memoirs of the Queens of
England," we had lately occasion to commend,
and it proves, among other things, how much

real and systematic knowledge may add to the power and accomplishment of the fictionist. The reign of the Second George was fertile in small and insipient plots, or ephemeral *plotikins*, which were, in general, based on the Pope and the Pretender, but especially on the latter; and which notably served the purpose of Walpole in their day and generation. There was no need to create them; in a favourable atmosphere of bigotry, ignorance, and credulity, they sprang up spontaneously, like the Cock Lane ghost, ready to be employed in frightening the people out of their wits, and especially all good Protestants and London citizens. What Sir Robert Walpole really thought of the plots—not carried on in the bold, swaggering style of “the three-score young gentlemen of Portingale,” who swore on their daggers to assassinate the nursing mother of the Reformed Faith; or of Guy Fawkes, who intended to make wholesale work with both Houses of Parliament—Miss Lawrence cannot conjecture; but she is not far out, we think, when, in the development of her clever story, she exhibits the blunt and yet wily Minister laughing in his sleeve, and employing the trick to bend the pig-headed monarch to his purpose. As this lady is a new aspirant for literary fame in this particular walk, and an exceedingly promising one, we shall do her and the public reciprocal justice, by giving a specimen of her scenes:—

LONDON CITIZENS, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The vast majority saw in the Prime Minister the saviour of his country, and, loud in their admiration of the Walpole administration, were unwavering in their belief of all and every plot, duly “set forth by authority.” Among this majority, nearly every citizen of our good city rejoiced to enrol himself; and, acting on the laudable maxim, that, “when bad men combine, the good must associate,” each city worthy, (save when taking stock, or family parties intervened) proceeded each evening, with newly-combed wig, and freshly-filled snuff-box, to his respective club, determined to smoke his pipe in honour of old England, and to toast with his whole heart the favourite minister, in the glass of punch which concluded his quietly industrious day.

It was at one of these clubs, held in a comfortable room, well furnished with “aids to reflection,” in the pleasant forms of pipes, glasses, bottles, *Daily Courants*, gazettes, and huge china punch-bowls, that some of the most respectable inhabitants of Ludgate Hill were assembled, discussing the meaning of the following ominous paragraph, which had appeared that very morning in the *Daily Courant*.

“We have been credibly informed by an honourable gent., just come over from Ostend, that the Duchess de B—— sent last week from Versailles, to a certain person whose *pretences* are well known, a *white rose tree* in a Dresden china pot, and that thereupon this worthy personage sent thirteen of them wrapped in *white* paper, and tied with *white* ribbon, to his chosen friends here. Lord C. and S., without doubt, had one, and we think if we asked at R. House, we should find the *noble* owner had one, too. This honourable gent. also saith that one is coming over by a *special* messenger to the old Duchess of B. That suspicious persons are coming over, there is no doubt; a worthy skipper in the Cognac trade told us only last week, how they are casting cannon-balls at Strasburgh, and he also saith that two French officers of the Carabiniers are coming over to recruit in the Highlands, the which we the more believe, seeing that a Jesuit-like looking man came over to a place in Kent, which shall be nameless, and, after staying there two days, went away nobody knew where.”

“There is something in *this*,” said old Mr Neville, the lawyer, laying down the paper. “I always said France would not long be quiet; but then what say you to this letter on the other side?—ah! it’s written by somebody who knows what he’s about.”

Mr Neville resumed his spectacles, and read with due emphasis the following high-sounding letter, addressed to the editor:—

“To be prepared for danger is the proud prerogative of enlightened man, who, combining the lessons of the past with the anticipations of the future, can draw inferences therefrom, wherewith to regulate his future conduct. These considerations have induced me to take up the pen to urge upon my compatriots the necessity of strict adherence to the glorious constitution and the principles of 1688. Nor do I lift a warning voice in vain: mischief is it hand. The Gallic monarch, crafty and vigilant; the Pretender with his finger on the map of England; the Jacobites shewing their face in open day; and Alecto and her baleful sister furies about to rush forth from their darksome cave! Truly, in times like these, where might we look for help? were it not that we have at the head of affairs that noble minister to whom we may well address that line of the great Roman poet, and say:—

“*Nili desperandum, Teuaro duce et auspicio Tutiora.*”

The high-sounding phraseology of this delectable epistle, so different from the usual style of newspaper correspondents a hundred years ago, but, above all, the Latin quotation, rendered it perfectly irresistible. The whole club was in a state of excitement. Mr Wingate, the draper, proposed an instant address to the Minister, offering, not their lives, (Sir Robert would have cared little for them,) but their property, to aid in repelling the Pretender, and chaining “Alecto and her baleful sisters” in their cave; while Mr Hewitson, the silversmith, recommended an instant muster of the city train-bands, he having the honour to be one of the captains in that august company.

“I should like Mr Cooper’s opinion about it,” resumed old Mr Neville, “for he is of a solid judgment, and thinks much on these matters.”

“He does,” answered Mr Wingate; “and I know it is his opinion that the Pretender will make another attempt ere long; he told me he feared so, when it was said that white-flowered silks were all the vogue at Versailles; and here he is.”

Mr Silas Cooper, the silk-mercant, turns out the very soul of the plot. His old established shop, the Blackamore’s Head, was exactly opposite the Belle Sauvage, and he duly watched the arrival of all the coaches, and was particularly assiduous Dover-ward. The way in which he finds out and lays things together is amazing. He has everything in train for discovery, when Mr Neville remarks, on the subsequent night—

“Ah, and you will have enough on your hands now; for truly, you must keep a close look-out, that, as soon as the plot is properly concocted, Sir Robert may be made acquainted therewith.” In this suggestion Mr Cooper acquiesced; the conversation took a more domestic turn, and parochial affairs superseded public, until the nine o’clock bell summoned them home.

Anxious to put in instant practice the admonition of the preceding night, the next morning saw Mr Cooper take his patient stand at his door, and keeping a vigilant watch over the gate of the Belle Sauvage.

For many hours his vigilance was exercised in vain. The lumbering Cambridge waggon jolted in; the York Dispatch, with its six “strong trotting horses,” rambled out; but the suspicious stranger never made his appearance. Occasionally, Mr Cooper’s eyes glanced down the hill toward the small neat shop known by the name of the “Fan and Feathers,” where Mrs. Nurdan and her daughter resided, following the then quiet and genteel occupation of milliners. It was doubtless from the daughter’s name having been associated with the “awful plot” now in hand, that Mr Cooper thought of her at all.

but, as he meditated, he could not help recollecting what an excellent judge of silks she was, what a pretty Italian hand she wrote, and how patriotic were her opinions respecting contraband French goods. Indeed, so singularly absorbed was the worthy mercer in these meditations, that we cannot tell how long he might have indulged them, had not the appearance of the very young woman who yesterday visited his shop, forcibly recalled his mind to more important duties.

Yes, there she was in her sprigged chintz gown and black hood, cautiously gliding up the very gateway. Mr Cooper's watch was not long; as she returned, crossed the way, and proceeded to the "Fan and Feathers." What was now to be done? Gentlemen never in those days entered milliners' shops to make purchases, else Mr Cooper would have followed her for two yards of black ribbon for his tie-wig; but anxiety and fear quicken our ingenuity, and, ere the young woman came out, the worthy mercer determined to send his shop-boy, bidding him give especial heed to the young woman in the chintz gown, and carefully mark what she bought.

"And what did she ask for?" was his question almost ere the boy had re-entered the shop. "Three dozen yards of white satin ribbon," was the reply. "I thought as much!" ejaculated Mr Cooper; "but three dozen yards—goodness!" "Yes, sir; and she said she'd take the whole piece, for more might be wanted."

Mr Cooper went into his back parlour, and sat down to think what was best to be done; and then it came into his mind that Mrs Norton ought to be made acquainted with the risk she ran in serving white ribbon to Jacobites; and also that, if Miss Hetty, who was so prudent, were just warned of this plot, she might be able to do good service. It was true, Mr Cooper had not spoken to the lady since he met her at Mr Hewitson's last Christmas; but then she was a neighbour, and then it was for the public weal that the white satin ribbon should be inquired about; in short, zeal for his country eventually induced Mr Cooper to lay aside his gown, put on his chocolate coat and laced cravat, and, taking his gold-headed cane, to proceed to the "Fan and Feathers." "O Mr Cooper," exclaimed Miss Hetty, not without surprise, "is it you? pray, walk in." The worthy mercer shut the half glass door, which, as well as the window, was shaded by the green silk curtains, (for milliners in those days kept as much as possible from public view) and followed Miss Hetty into the back parlour, where the little shining round table, with its thread-papers, needle-case, and point sprigs upon green oil-skin, bore honourable testimony of the genteel industry of the fair occupier. "Pray, sit down, Mr Cooper," said the lady, placing one of the high-backed chairs for him; "pleasant summer weather!" "I'm sure I interrupt you, madam," said our mercer, bowing, with his three-cornered hat in hand. "I'm sure I'm an intruder." "Indeed you are not," courteously replied the lady, taking up the thread-paper. "Why, madam," hesitated Mr Cooper, and at length depositing the hat in the window-seat, "I called because I fear sad things may be going on." "Sad things, sir!" cried Miss Hetty, in amazement; "what I has our boy? or our maid?—dear, dear, I fear she will not suit us, for she came home from her holiday full ten minutes after half-past eight." Mr Cooper smiled at the female narrowness of mind that never contemplated "sad things" beyond the restricted circles of domestic life. "No, my dear madam," said he, "Molly seems a very worthy person; but dangerous people from France are about." "Thank you, I'll be on my guard; but I never buy French lace, except openly of M^{rs} Delaune." "Ah, madam, it is not about French lace," said the mercer—"but I'm sure I interrupt you!" "O dear no!" replied the lady, resuming her thimble, and taking up the small piece of green oil-skin on which the rudiments of a point aprig had just been traced out. Mr Cooper glanced a look at the taper fingers plying the needle upon that prettiest and most lady-like species of fine needlework, point, at the comely though not youthful features, the plainly banded auburn hair, so neatly confined by the clear muslin fly cap, and he almost forgot the "horrid Jacobitical plot." His thoughts soon,

however, resumed their wonted channel, and he proceeded to give the lady a full account, and to express his fears about the white satin ribbon. But the milliner, although she duly expressed her alarm at the earlier part of the story, was not alarmed at this. "It is for trimming a white satin petticoat," said she, "and the young woman said it was to be worn at Lady Pomfret's ball—indeed, she's to come back again for some more." "I should greatly like to see her," said Mr Cooper, musingly, "I should, of all things." "She will be here in less than an hour, I dare say," replied Miss Hetty. "It is really of importance that I should see her," returned Mr Cooper, hesitatingly, "because, you see, my dear madam, that I could then be certain whether it was the same person that yesterday came to my shop." "Ah, surely so; well, Mr Cooper, take a dish of tea; I'm sure she will be back again soon."

Mr Cooper again hesitated; he stammered out something about leaving business so early, and then earnestly protested that he was quite sure he was an intruder. The lady, as in politeness bound, flatly contradicted him, rung the little hand-bell that stood upon the mantel-piece, and ordered the tea-things.

Within ten minutes, Molly, having exchanged her check apron for one of snowy Holland, and having arrayed herself in a clean mob-cap, with Flanders edging, came in with the little round tea-board, and the little china cups, the little teapot, and the little silver cream jug, standing like a pipkin, on its three little legs, and placed them on the table. Then, Miss Hetty, carefully laying aside the point sprig, drew from beneath her book muslin apron a huge bunch of keys, and, unlocking the corner cupboard, took from hence the jappaned tea-cannister, the china sugar-bason, a pair of scissor-shaped tongs, and two diminutive spoons. Then, being duly certified by Molly that the kettle was actually boiling, Miss Hetty measured out four tea-spoonfuls of tea into the tea-pot, and, carefully replacing the lid, lest the fine flavour should escape, proceeded herself to the kitchen; for "making tea" among our great grandmothers was too important a trust to be delegated to a servant.

Very pleasantly did Mr Cooper and the lady (for old Mrs Nurdun was confined up stairs with "the rheumatics") chat together; about Mr Hewitson and his country house; so rural, only half a mile beyond Moorfields; how Mr Atkins and the children were going gipsying to St John's Wood, and how old Mrs Neville was sadly frightened with the cows in Spa Fields, (for your regular Cockneys always, during summer, talk of ruralities;) and then the patterns of the new silks were discussed; and, ere the fifth cup was finished, both the lady and the gentleman wondered that they had not become better acquainted, and each thought the other exceedingly pleasant company. But the shop-bell rang, and two ladies entered. Miss Hetty promptly obeyed the call, while Mr Cooper impatiently awaited her return in the little back parlour.

"And she has not returned, after all," said Miss Hetty, coming back for her scissors; "but these two ladies are come instead." "Then beware, my dear madam," whispered Mr Cooper; "for these are doubtless also in the plot; what have they come for?" "To bring back the white satin ribbon, and to say that they should like the gauze." "But *while*, I suppose." Oh, yes; for it will make rosettes better." "Ah, truly, white *roses* would not come amiss to them." "Why, the eldest lady was just asking me if I had any white artificial roses, only they must be without green leaves." "Ay, doubtless, a pair of French Jacobites." "Oh, dear no, Mr Cooper, they're English ladies, I'm sure; and the youngest, whom the other calls Almeria, is one of the sweetest creatures you ever saw." Mr Cooper shook his head. "Ah, Miss Nurdun, you are not aware of this plot; here a servant comes, and then, lest she should be discovered, her mistress comes, and then, you'll find to-morrow somebody else will come; 'tis a fine plot that's in hand, and I'll tell you what, if you could but get them into this back parlour, and lock the door, I would run off to Alderman Fludger's for a warrant; a pair of papistical baggages!" "O Mr Cooper!" cried Miss Hetty, "what are you

saying:—what, to think of inveigling customers, and locking them in a back parlour? really, that's *jerusalem*, Mr Cooper." Mr Cooper felt that zeal for the Walpole administration had certainly carried him a little too far. "Don't be alarmed, my dear madam," said he, in tones soft as his superfine satin; "but when the Protestant cause and our invaluable constitution are at stake, one's feelings are apt to overpower one—why, the Pope and the Jesuits may have a hand in it." "Ah, true—well, 'tis a mercy that the Pope, the Devil, and Pretender, are kept out of England," replied the lady.

Turn we now to a different scene, and one equally truthful.

QUEENS AND COURTIER, AND THEIR ROYAL MASTERS,

IN ALL AGES.

The morning's sun shone pleasantly into a large room furnished in the heavy fashion of the day, and there, in a ponderous arm-chair, placed beside an equally ponderous table, on which lay a rich gold-embroidered housewife, and a rich gold *crui* case, sat a lady, in blue damask, with ruffles and aprons of Brussels point; her hands employed on some cambric, but her eyes more frequently directed towards the door than fixed on her work. She was past the middle age; but her small and regular features, and the delicate fairness of her complexion gave her a much younger look; and, but for her excessive embonpoint, she might have passed for twenty years younger. The door opened, and admitted a tall, portly, middle-aged man, whose dress and air alike required the aid of a Chesterfield, but whose aid, judging from the haughty and nonchalant air, might have been proffered in vain. He advanced, after cautiously closing the door, and, with a respectful bow, laid a packet of papers on the table. The cambric was hastily laid aside, and the soft and rather heavy blue eye of the lady lighted up with a sudden intelligence, which shewed that affairs of state were far more congenial to her mind than the easy labours of the needle. That room contained the arbiters of the destinies of England, perhaps of Europe—Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole.

"Sit down, Sir Robert," said the Queen, "I am sorry to tell you this office cannot be given. 'Good heavens! your Majesty cannot say so!—it is most important.' 'I know it; but he says every office that falls is asked either by yourself or some of your friends.' 'Certainly,' replied the Minister, 'certainly, your Majesty: who are to have offices except those who support us?' 'Certainly,' replied Caroline, with an arch smile; 'but in this case he is determined.' 'But we are bound to give it to Beauchamp, and, had old Winslow died three years ago, he would have had it; here has he been always at our call, always ready to sag upon committees.' 'Or to make speeches in coffee-houses in praise of the Walpole administration, or to write letters,' said Caroline, laughing. The Minister bit his lip. 'Ay, he's a confounded puppy, I know, but then his brother is worth keeping; and if Harcourt Beauchamp is refused the place, Lisle Beauchamp will join the opposition.' 'In spite of that splendid letter in the *Courant*?' inquired Caroline. 'Ah, true, that was better than usual; but, your Majesty, it is for this very reason the place is fitted for Harcourt Beauchamp; it's almost a sinecure, so he can do little mischief, and I have no other to offer him, for we are three and four deep in promises already, and, by some plaguy chance, whenever a man gets a snug place, he's sure not to die until he has killed off half-a-dozen with waiting for it. But might we not yet persuade him?' Caroline gave a significant glance, and shook her head. 'We must be quiet for the present, he is quite put out.' 'With what some rascally Jacobite has put in his head,' said the minister. 'Yes, I believe it is John Hinde Cotton's doing. My Lord So-and-so told Mr Somebody, who told his wife, who told somebody else, (you well knew how a silly story gains currency) that our dear ally and cousin Louis said, last week, at Versailles, that he should take care to keep in with you, for then he could pension off half his court with the treasury places that fall into your hands.'

The Minister bit his lip; for he well knew that a silly

remark like this was more likely to injure him with his royal master than a direct charge of treason. "I see it all," he at length said, "ay, whatever that party may say about our plots, a shrewd plot is hatching not far from here. And it is on this very account that Beauchamp ought to have the office; for if we seem to lose our influence, it is high well gone." "It is," said Caroline; "but he is strangely put out; one could almost wish there was some rumour of a plot, for that is the only thing to bring him round." "Why, as to plots, your Majesty, we can have them made to order at ten minutes' notice, as my peruke-maker says," answered Walpole, laughing; "and now I remember I have a letter in my pocket all about one; and sent me by a foolish fellow on Ludgate Hill, who seems to think unless people go about with their names pasted on their backs, they must be Jesuits or French spies." The Minister drew from his pocket the large sheet of foolscap, and laid it before the Queen. "It may be as well to mention this," said Caroline gravely, after she had hastily glanced over its contents; "indeed you are in duty bound to do so."

The Minister looked earnestly at the Queen; there was a suppressed smile on the lip, but the keen blue eye laughed outright. "Certainly, your Majesty," said he. Caroline burst into a hearty laugh. "Why, truly, this *genuine* plot has happened most opportunely; all men are managed either by their hopes or their fears; but, hush!" Her quick ear caught the sound of footsteps; she took up the cambric, resumed her thimble, and, while the Minister, rising from his chair, stood, hat in hand, as though he had just entered, the Queen of England plied her needle, like a very sempstress earning sixpence a-day. The door opened, and a little, dark man, in a chocolate undress, entered; his sharp, thin features wore an expression of continual anxiety, and his keen, black eyes looked searchingly into every corner, as though he expected at least to find a hand-grenade. "Well, Sir Robert, but you are early," said he. The portly minister bowed with more reverence than gracefulness. "Ay, you are come, I suppose, to ask for some place." "By no means, your Majesty; I have come to say that the few thousands you mentioned will be at your disposal by the fifteenth; a little management will be required, but that can easily be settled." The little dark man nodded, and almost smiled. "That is well. And now, Sir Robert, whatever else you have to say, say out; madame will not tell," and he nodded smilingly to the Queen, who sat plying her needle as though hemstitch were the whole duty of women. "I have received this letter just now," said Walpole, carelessly taking up the silk-mercer's epistle. "I think it my duty to shew it. But we must remember that citizens are easily frightened." The little man took the letter eagerly. "What! anything about the Pretender?" said Caroline, just glancing her eyes from her needlework; "I thought everything was quiet now." "Ay, more quiet, more mischief, madame; look at this," said her liege lord, putting the letter into her hand. "Then your Majesty thinks we had better inquire?" said Walpole; "to be sure, I have heard accounts from tolerably good authorities about the white roses being sent, but it is difficult to get correct intelligence." "And there may be nothing in it, after all," interposed Caroline, quietly. "But there is something in it, madame; and, Sir Robert, I trust you will do your duty," said the little man. "Assuredly; but I know of no one who is so fitted to inquire into this as Mr Harcourt Beauchamp—he wrote that letter in the *Daily Courant*—for he is heart and hand for us." "But he may expect that place in the Treasury, and you know you can't give it him," said Caroline. "But he *shall* give it him, if I please, madame," said her liege lord, sharply; "he shall have the place, I say; so send, Sir Robert, and find out all you can."

How the plot works we do not mean to tell. One morning Walpole came laughing into the Queen's apartment. The plot had been blown up. "How shall we manage now?" said he. "Still your Majesty will remember that I always expressed my disbelief of the plot, and so

did you." The clever story would make a good *petite* drama. Mary Howitt, Miss M. A. Brown, and L. E. L., T. K. Hervey, and several anonymous poets, have contributed to the "Forget-me-Not," in which Major Calder Campbell appears both in prose and verse. His "Howdie-Witch of Cawdor," and Dr Shelton Mackenzie's "Bleeding Heart Yard," are both powerful sketches of the dark and supernatural; and, upon the whole, "The Forget-me-Not" for 1839, is a right worthy and creditable performance to all concerned.

THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL.

This gift-book or *souvenir* has changed its editor, for the brighter, and perhaps, from this circumstance, for the better. It has this year come out under the auspices of Thomas Bacon, Esq., a clever and tasteful draughtsman, and the author of a lively, entertaining, and *fresh* work on India, with which many of our readers may be familiar—"First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan." This gentleman must necessarily possess many of the pre-requisites necessary to the concoction of an Oriental Annual; and he has put all his powers in requisition. His great fault is excess of diffidence, which, however, may be forgiven in a military man, were it but for the rarity of its occurrence. He does not seem to think it possible that he and his auxiliaries shall ever properly fill their predecessors' shoes; and there is no matter though they should never try them. They will walk both more gracefully and surely in their own boots. He is, however, consoled, so far as he is himself concerned, by the reflection, that a great critic found pleasure in a miserable work, purely for the sake of the *embellishments* and the *binding*. In his work both are faultless. A host of eminent artists is mustered in fair and imposing array; and the engravers are the Findens. The descriptive parts, and the tales, legends, and historical romances, are nearly, without exception, from Mr Bacon's pen. His, too, are the original sketches of the scenes, retouched by Stanfield, Roberts, Creswick, Dibdin, &c. They are full of character, and highly finished. We are meditating an extract from a very graceful story, told under the scene and chapter, "Hardwū," but must turn from it, all we can find space for being a few pretty lines on "Infanticide," from the section "Benares." They are written by an anonymous young lady; the time is morning, the beautiful morning of the East,

"Ere panting Nature sinks o'erborne"—
when,

"Lo! from the grateful shade,
By spreading tamarinds and rich mango made,
The snowy temple its light dome upreareth;
While scattered here and there,
As though appealing to its guardian care,
The modest Hindoo hut appeareth.

Near to the sacred fane—
O'ershadowed by the banyan's linked chain
Of leafy boughs unending,
Upshooting, spreading, and descending—
A lakelet, small and clear,
Reflects the emerald-tinted atmosphere;

Around the dark brown trunks gay blossoms creep;
From twig to twig the lively squirrels leap;
Birds of gay plumage and sweet song
The laden branches throng;
And stately peacocks through the long grass rove:
Already, to their light and graceful toils,
The women gather 'neath the fragrant grove,
Spinning the white line from the fleecy spoils
Of yon rich field, which far away
Lies basking in the opening day."

In this delicious scene a young and beautiful female appears, whose personal loveliness and graceful costume are charmingly described. Her features bear the deep impress of sorrow:—

"Across her bosom, closely drawn,
Descends her veil, in shining folds;
And something to her heart she holds,
Which often, with convulsive clasp,
She presses close and closer still;
Her right hand's rose-tipped fingers grasp
A basket framed with care and skill."

In her bosom nestled the foredoomed female infant. The basket contains her votive offering. The young mother gazes on the stream:—

"As to the breezes cool
The pensile sprays and verdurous foliage shiver,
Their painted brethren, as in mockery, quiver
Beneath the glassy surface of the pool;
And there, its glossy leaves around it closing,
The silver lotus floats, reposing.
"Even thus, even thus," passed through poor Zeida's breast,
'I might have cradled thee to rest,
Calm as the lily on that pearly water—
As safe from storms, as beautiful, as blest—
Wo, wo is me! my daughter! O my daughter!"

Her sacrifice must be completed before she,

—"Returning with reluctant feet,
Again may sit by Meon's side,
And find her consolation, if she can,
In the caress bestowed by flattered pride,
Which oft is deemed and chartered *love* in man;
For beautiful is Zeida, and her lord
Knows well to prize and guard so fair a gem—
A richer never shone in Delhi's hoard.
But can he love her and condemn
That young heart to such agony
As now each pulse is torturing?"

Oh! could he but that infant see,
From its brief slumber just awaking,
Still pillowed on that bosom, aching,

"Zeida hath laid her basket down—
Her offering to the sacred river;
No tears, even yet, her eyes doth own,
But every feeble limb doth quiver;
And sobs, each like a dying gasp,
Burst from that agonized breast,
To which, with strong and straining clasp,
The hapless babe is pressed;
A smile across its features plays
Unconsciously; and now another,
Answering the miserable gaze
Of that most wretched mother.

At last the sacrifice is consummated.

This poetic pleading against the foulest crime of the East, and one which is not yet altogether unknown, is worth a dozen homilies. There the principle of aristocracy, of high *caste*, gains its full development. Female infants are destroyed, that the nobility and purity of blood may be preserved; for—

"They of the pure flowing blood,
Seek none but sons to grace their line."

THE DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

It is with a gentle touch of melancholy that we open this volume. Is it, indeed, to be the last of that beautiful series which we owe to the fervid and charming pen of her on whom is now devolved the honour of being the most brilliant of living English poetesses—the admired L. E. L.? Something like this bereavement is intimated in her preface—her real *Farewell*!—which is far more touching than the poem, under that title, which appears as the first in the “Drawing-Room Scrap-Book”—if her own *Farewell* be not, in its naked truth and simple pathos, the finest thing in the volume. Every one knows how L. E. L. has been magically turned into L. E. M. She has, in her new character, sailed away to another quarter of the globe, and taken a solemn and long, though, we hope, not a last adieu of that public whose generous sympathy and admiration cherished her youthful genius. She says—“I have again to solicit the indulgence which the Public have often awarded to this work. *I ask it now, perhaps, for the last time* on my own part. . . . For the last few years, ‘The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book’ has been the cherished record of my poetical impressions, and my only poetical work; and I grew gradually to look forward to June and July as recalling my first keen delight in composition, and in giving words to those fancies and feelings which constitute especially a woman’s poetry. I shall hope, with all the freshness of new scenes and thoughts, to write for England when far away from its shores; but that hope is, indeed, an uncertainty. Many circumstances may interrupt my future literary efforts; and I may not have another opportunity of offering my thanks for the constant liberality and kindness that I have met from the Messrs Fisher. I have always received the utmost assistance and encouragement, and I cannot better close these pages than by my sincere good wishes and earnest thanks.” This is pleasant, and handsome, and cordial; and, perhaps, not so rare a thing between authors and publishers as is sometimes believed; and it puts us in fit tone to open the book.

It contains a selection of sixty-three plates, all of them good, many eminently so, both in design and finish. A few of the engravings are portraits of individuals that ought to appear in ‘The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book.’ Among others there are portraits of *Lady Blessington*, *Miss Jewsbury*, and *Moore* the poet—looking not exactly the butterfly that loves to flutter in a lady’s bower, but, nevertheless, a true likeness of a man of genius, who rather prides himself, it is alleged, upon refinement and *savoir faire*, and the air of good society; and of whom we once heard the Ettrick Shepherd say, in a highly complimentary vein, “He’s just like a peesant, and the sweetest of a’ poets!” It is well that the world were disabused of the vulgar idea, that every poet ought to be an Adonis, as well as an Apollo, and every poetess a Venus, a Hebe, or a Grace. Mr Moore’s picture quite discounts this absurdity. There are a few exquisite

and highly finished landscapes in the volume, chiefly Oriental and Turkish scenes; a charming view of Newstead Abbey; a few architectural and scenic pictures; and one delicious sketch by Hayter, of the *Twain Sisters*;—but those sweet and lovely girls are not twins, though there is no great difference in their ages. *An Only Son*, though a disagreeable subject, possesses great merit as a bit of art; and so does Jenkins’ *Ancient Prude*. But we do not pretend to enumerate the plates. These, to be fully appreciated, must be seen; and we hasten to what we are able to shew—fair specimens of L. E. L.’s graceful and facile pen.

The view of the Court of a Turkish villa, near Damascus, with figures—why not story-tellers?—forms the fit theme of the following gay and brilliant lines:—

“In the midst, a fountain
Singeth day and night;
Each small wave a mirror
For the changing light.
Now the golden sunshine,
Softened by the boughs,
Which a doubtful passage
To the wave allows;
Or the moon seems lingering near,
As she paused the words to hear
Of the Tales Arabian—
The old Arabian Nights.

“I can see the garden
Treasured from the day,
Where the young Aladdin
Took his wondering way.
Pale the lamp was burning
Which the genie swayed—
Would that at this moment
I could have its aid!
Thus, upon her twilight wings,
Memory beareth graceful things
From the Tales Arabian—
Those old Arabian Nights.

“Far away, the Island
Rises on the deep,
Where the fated Agib
Found the boy asleep.
Soon the fond old father
Came with songs and joy—
Ah! what bears he with him,
But his murdered boy!
Still does fate, in some dark shape,
Mock our efforts to escape,
As in the Tales Arabian—
The old Arabian Nights.

“Next a summer palace
Gleams with sudden light,
But the lovely Persian
Makes it yet more bright.
I can hear her singing
In the lonely tower,
Mournful—oh, how mournful!—
Of a happier hour.
Still the same star rules above,
Sorrow still companions love,
As in the Tales Arabian—
Those old Arabian Nights.”

This is, we think, very graceful; even the cadence of the chorus, if we may so call it, comes deliciously on the ear. The portrait of Miss Jewsbury (the late Mrs Fletcher, who died in In-

dia very soon after her marriage) is accompanied by a copy of remarkable verses addressed to L. E. L., which we give Miss Landon credit for magnanimity in publishing. It is a token that she has outlived the unwholesome symptoms lamented by her friend. They contain a beautiful lesson for highly-gifted and susceptible minds, that allow themselves either to be entangled by the snares of the false world, or dazzled by its glitter. Miss Landon's muse must have been in an unnatural—"a false position," when these earnest lines were addressed to her.

"Good night! I have no jewels,
As parting gifts to bring;
But here's a frank, a kind farewell,
Thou gay and gifted thing.

"In the lonely hour of night,
When the face puts off its mask,
When the fevered day is over,
And the heart hath done its task;

"When reason mourns the vanities
That stoop the lofty will,
Till the spirit's rock of worldliness
Is struck, and yields no rill:

"Then, then I think of thee, friend,
With sad and earnest thought,
As of a child from Fairyland
Into the desert brought;

"Forgetting there the visions
That make of childhood part;
And singing songs of Fairyland,
Without the fairy heart;

"As of a rose at noon-tide,
Waving proudly to the view;
Yet wanting, in its crimson depth,
The early drop of dew.

"I would my home were lovely
As some which thou hast sung—
I would there were around it
All lavish beauty flung—

"I would bear thee to its bosom,
Thou shouldst dwell with nature free,
And the dew of early truthfulness
Would soon come back to thee.

"Thy life is false and feverish,
It is like a masque to thee;
When the task and glare is over,
And thou grieve'st—come to me!"

A stately and gorgeous view of the entrance of Queen Elizabeth into Kenilworth Castle, affords L. E. L. a theme well suited to her genius. She has, in the opening lines, made pathetic use of the not improbable story of Leicester's neglected and imprisoned lady, of Wilkie's ballad, and Scott's romance.

"While the lovely lady keepeth
Vigil sad and lone,
Asking every hour that creepeth,
When will night be done?
Watching makes the hours seem long.
Mocking at the mourner's sadness,
Rises from below
Every sound of feast and gladness
That the night can know.

What avails those sounds among,
One low sigh that's borne along?

"From the topmost turret ringing
Comes the giant bell,
Till the very walls are swinging
Of the sad one's cell—
Deafened with the iron roar.

Low the fiery cannon sounding,
Seem to rend the skies;
While the multitude surrounding,
Answer with their cries.
Loud as waves upon the shore,
Fast the hurrying horsemen pour.

"Lute and voices soft are stealing,
Soft and musical;
But the trumpet, proud appealing,
Rises above all—
Proud it welcomes England's queen!

Slow amid the crowd she rideth,
With a stately grace;
While, with queen-like art, she chideth
Her white courser's pace—
That no one who there had been
But might tell what he had seen.

"Blue her eyes are, as the morning
Flashing into day;
Clear as are the falcon's, scorning
Not to meet that ray:
Now its light is soft the while.
In her golden hair are blended
Diamond and pearl;
But that glittering head is bended
To the favourite Earl;
And the lady of our isle
Listens with a conscious smile.

"At the royal rein attending
Does Lord Leicester ride;
To the mane his dark locks bending
As he keeps her side:
And his voice is soft and low.
Proud he welcomes in his sovereign,
Proud he paceth by;
Yet there was strong trouble hovering
O'er his large dark eye:
Mockery of life's fairest show,
Who can read the heart below!

"Where is she, the sorrow-laden,
In this glorious hour?—

On her hand her white brow stooping,
Leans she, alone;
With a weary spirit drooping
Over days now gone—
Days ere love the heart betrayed
Thus to solitude and shade.

"Ever thus does woman's spirit
Choose the dangerous part;
Still the worst she doth inherit
Of the beating heart—
Much must it abide.
Scarcely hath she left her childhood,
She who leans above;
Pining for her native wild-wood,
For her father's love;
Better far that she had died
Ere another love she tried.

"One brief, feverish sleep she taketh
From the night's long pain;
But the cruel morning breaketh,
And she wakes again;—
Music is upon the air,
Cheerily the horns are ringing
Round the captive's keep;
And the early lark is singing,
While her sad eyes weep.
The wild winds bear
Only bring doubt, death, despair."

"The Sailor's Bride; or, The Bonaventure," is a very graceful ballad, and the verses supposed to be spoken by the loyal cavalier, Sir Thomas Tyldesley, quite the heroic strain in which L. E. L. delights.

In the verses to Newstead Abbey, L. E. L.

may be privileged to interpret to the common world the dark thoughts and waywards moods of its once Master. We would, however, fain hope that poetic genius does not always bring an Iliad of woes upon its possessor; nor yet that—

"Care, envying, blame, disturb its bright dominion;
Fretted, it labours with its own unrest;
The wounded dove folds up its drooping pinions,
And pines and fevers on its lonely nest.

"Or rather say, it is the falcon scorning
The shaft by which he met his mortal blow;
Stately he rose to meet the golden morning—
Ere noontide came, the gallant bird lay low.

"Ah! who may know what gloomy guests unbidden,
Await such spirits in their unstrung hours!—
Thoughts by the better nature vainly chidden—
Forcing allegiance to the darker powers.

"The soul is out of tune, its sweet notes scattered,
Vexed, irritable, harsh, its power is flown,
Like some fine lute, whose higher chords are shattered
By forcing too much music from their tone.

"But few can pity such a mood as this,
Because they know it not—calm is their sadness,
Tranquil their joy; they know not how it is
Genius is feverish in its grief and gladness.

"It has no quiet!"—

We shall not farther pursue this melancholy and erroneous doctrine, true as it may have held of him of whom the interpreter says—

"Vainly did he resist, half mirth, half rage,
The weight with which the world on genius presses;
What bitter truths are flung upon his page!—
Truths which the lip denies, the heart confesses.

"Life is a fable, with its lesson lost;
Genius, too, has its fable and its moral—
Of all the trees that down their shadows cast,
Choose you a wreath from any but the laurel."

'Tis a melancholy *dictum*; but the poetess knows best. The same subject is pursued in complimentary lines, addressed to Lady Blessington, the friend of Byron, and in allusion to her "Reminiscences" of his conversations.

There are also, in "The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book" a copy of tender verses upon the "Death of Heber," and some sweet lines on "Sabbath Village Bells," which we should have liked to quote; but we have already lingered too long over this elegant volume, which will this year come to many English homes with the added charm, of being a memorial of "her that's far awa."

THE JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK

Is beautifully bound, studded thickly with fine plates, and very neatly printed; but here our praise must halt, as its literary contents are not juvenile enough for our taste.

A PROMISING YOUNG MAN.

JACK Spencer is one of those anomalous heroes to be met with in London and other capitals; who, born of poor parents, and likely to people the world with still poorer children, enjoy, during their lifetime, the most lavish gifts of opulence.

It is rumoured of Jack, that he came into the world a fright; whereupon the nurse remarked, that handsome children invariably grow up ugly, and that the poor babe was a "very promising infant." Upon that hint, has he proceeded through life. At school, a confirmed dunce, the schoolmaster finding that the outlay in birch exceeded the profits of his board, soon gave him up to laziness, assuring his mother that great geniuses were usually idle, and that Jack was a very promising little fellow. On his own part, the great genius was equally certain that he never should be able to do anything at Prospect House; but he promised, if recalled home, (where his chief exercise consisted in catching flies on a window,) to achieve wonders.

Wonders he certainly did achieve; for, within six months of the domiciliation of the great, awkward, ignorant boy of fifteen, with his mamma, a widow lady, living on her small means in a Bath boarding house, notice to quit was served on mother and son. Every weak and defenceless animal within his reach had been made the victim of his persecution; from cats and canary birds, to gouty old gentlemen and sensitive young ladies. Miss Matilda Smith, the daughter of an opposite neighbour, was removed with her governess to a back attic, to be beyond reach of the pellets of his peppum; while the

gold-headed cane of old Mr Tittlemouse, one of the boarders, gave way one evening, as he entered the lower rooms, with evident symptoms of having been maliciously sawn asunder. Jack Spencer pleaded guilty, but promised to be more cautious for the future, on condition that his mother would release him from boarding-house durance, and procure him a pair of colours. As an ensign in the Guards, he promised to become a greater man than had graced the army list since the days of the great Marlborough.

Even while complying with his entreaties, the fond mother assured him her fortune was inadequate to the expenses of such a regiment, and predicted that he would be ruined.

"I promise you," replied Jack, "that I will never exceed my allowance."

"How do you know that I can make you one?" demanded the widow Spencer.

"Because every fellow in the Guards has an allowance."

"An additional proof of the absurdity of your launching into a career beyond your means."

By dint, however, of promising to observe in London the economy likely to be promoted by the rigid vow of temperance, soberness, and chastity, required by the prudent matron, Jack finally accomplished his object. He was gazetted an ensign in the Coldstream, a probable prelude to figuring at some future time in another page of the same truth-telling periodical.

From the moment of joining his regiment, no bounds to the promises of Jack! He promised thirty guineas a-year to a smart groom, and

twenty guineas per month to a livery-man for the use of two broken-winded jades, on which himself and the smart groom were to figure in the Park. By what process of arithmetic these two hundred and seventy guineas per annum were to be extracted from his allowance of one hundred and fifty, was best known to Jack; who, having a Cockerian code of his own, had promised payment out of the same fund to a fashionable tailor, (never known to render a raw ensign in the Guards presentable at less than two hundred a-year,) a hatter, a jeweller, a glover, a mercer, a bookseller, a bootmaker, and one or two other commercial items, to the tune of some hundreds more. Fortunatus's wishing cap seemed in his mouth. He had only to promise to call and pay, and everything on earth he desired found its way to his lodgings in Bennett Street.

Meanwhile Jack came to be accounted, among his brother officers, an agreeable good-natured fellow, a character which, from his brother officers, eventually spread into the world. Whatever they wanted done, the obliging Jack promised, not only to undertake, but to compass. He promised to get their bills discounted, their horses broken, their dogs entered, their billets-doux conveyed, their soft looks kindly returned. When a boating party was a-foot, he promised them there should be no rain; when a cricket party, no sun. He promised them free admission into the greenroom of the theatre, and promised the actors, in return for the privilege, his patronage at their benefits. He promised the rising young author to get his piece accepted by managers; he promised managers to bring them a capital piece from a rising young author; he promised Dactyl to introduce him to Lady Bas Bleu, and he promised Lady Bas Bleu an introduction to Dactyl the poet. Jack Spencer was in fact *factotum* to the whole household brigade—a universal promissory note.

In a less aristocratic regiment, Jack's promises might have been less needed, and therefore less heeded. But the Honourable Tom Shuffletons and Viscount Milkeops, with whom he was now associating, were the very fellows to live like "courtiers—promise-crammed." All were living beyond their income; and it was vastly convenient to have a gentlemanly-looking fellow like Jack Spencer, with such very white teeth and hands, ready at all hours to do their dirty work for them; to call upon that impudent rascal Snip in St James' Street, and promise him that, if he desisted from proceedings, his bill should be paid in February; or to promise a good thrashing to those wretched sneaks, Gadroon and Facet of Bond Street, if their small account for the dressing-case and pearl studs were sent into the "governor."

To ensigns rawer than himself, Jack Spencer proceeded so far as to promise vouchers and subscriptions for Almacks; which promises, as he was daily seen parading Pall Mall, arm-in, arm with Lord Thomas Trip, a younger son of the most influential of the patronesses, wore a sufficiently plausible appearance. To Lord Thomas,

however, he had, in the meantime, "promised never to bore him about Almacks."

It is probable that this engagement on the part of the promising young man, was faithfully kept; for Jack Spencer was soon invited to pass his Christmas holidays at Upmore Castle, the seat of the Duke of Upmore, Lord Thomas's father. There were five Ladies Trip, ugly, dashing, fashionable girls, who, by dint of boundless audacity, obtained in the great world the name of having *fair distinction*. On a first acquaintance with their brother's obliging friend, Lady Anne and Lady Mary, the only two out and presented, or rather presented and out, were sufficiently satisfied with the promise of his aristocratic name, (his father having been a Bristol slopseller!) and competent bachelor establishment, to fancy it possible that, lacking the Earls and eldest sons who failed to offer themselves, Jack Spencer might be accepted as a forlorn hope. This supposition, however, quickly gave place to more appropriate plans. He was soon seen through as a marrying man, but by no means a man to be married, and adopted as an incomparable villa-drudge for the holidays; if not matrimonial himself, he might become a cause of matrimony in others. The Duchess was getting up charades, tableaux, and private theatricals, in order that her guests might have no cause to complain that sufficient pains were not taken to tire out their patience. "As to the theatricals," Jack had already promised to get the best advice from Bunn, concerning decorations and effects. Bunn was the best fellow in the world; and whatever properties were wanted for Upmore Castle, Jack promised should be forthcoming. "As to the tableaux," Edwin Landseer should make out sketches for him. Landseer was the best fellow in the world, and would do anything to serve him; Jack promised them that whatever assistance was wanted for Upmore Castle, from the author of Bolton Abbey, should be forthcoming. "As to the charades," his friend Alfred D'Orsay was the cleverest fellow on earth at such things; Alfred D'Orsay would furnish him with programmes of the best charades that have appeared since those of Theodore Leclercq. Whatever assistance his friend D'Orsay could render to the charades at Upmore Castle, he promised should be forthcoming! Jack Spencer was accordingly invited to spend the Easter vacations with the Trips, and promised to make his appearance; and at Easter, he promised to return to his post at the close of the London season; which of all his promises was the only one performed. But, though the aid of his friends the two Alfreds, and his friend the one and unique Edwin, were wanting, Jack Spencer expressed himself so indignant at their disappointing him, and promised so vehemently to punish his friends by dropping their acquaintance, that the Ladies Trip exerted themselves to pacify his wrath, and reconcile him to the three and the deuce.

From that period, Jack became as it were

domesticated in the Trip family. In town, it was his business to wait on the Duchess every morning for instructions, in pursuance of which, he promised to be in waiting at such hours and such, at the Zoological, Horticultural, or Kensington Gardens, the British or National Gallery, the Opera, Almacks, or Devonshire House. His cue was to call carriages or carry boas—to lend an arm or borrow a parasol; and, for once, his promises were fulfilled so strictly to the letter, that the Duchess of Upmore scarcely knew her right hand from her left, or her daughter, Lady Anne, from her daughter, Lady Jane, unless when Jack Spencer was at hand to explain. Jack Spencer, meanwhile, was promising himself a rich reward for all this pain and trouble.

To aspire to the hand of one of her Grace's daughters, was a folly of which, even in his wildest moods, he was incapable. Had the five Ladies Trip been offered individually or collectively to his acceptance, he would not so much as have promised to be grateful. It was one of the Duke of Upmore's *seats* he was ambitious to appropriate—not his *country* seats, but his seats in Parliament! In the dilapidated state of Jack's finances, even his promises to pay were laughed to scorn, and no security remained for him but membership. Either the House of Commons, or the King's Bench!

At his future visits to the castle, accordingly, Jack became most assiduous in accompanying his noble friend, the Duke of Upmore, to corporation dinners and county meetings. Lord John and Lord Thomas, who were out of debt, and wished to remain out of Parliament, gladly accepted their obliging friend Spencer's promises that, so long as he remained at Upmore Castle, they should never be called upon to drink strong punch and drivel weak speeches in support of the family interest; and, in process of time, the mayor and freemen of the ancient and independent borough of Gooseswill, and the aldermen and burgesses of Greenhampton, became so accustomed to see his Grace their patron accompanied by that fair-spoken and promising young man, Captain Spencer of the Guards, that they had begun to regard them as inseparable as Saturn and his ring. Of the Duke, who was a solemn, solid-looking old gentleman, with a nose as thick as a milestone, and a forehead shaped like a sugar-loaf, they stood tremendously in awe; and even their Lordships, Thomas and John Trip, knew how to take upon themselves when opportunity offered. But the young Captain was such a monstrous pleasant chap! The young Cap-

tain was always offering to do the honours of London town to them, in case of their visiting the metropolis, and promising to be the making of their nephews and younger sons. Jack Spencer was now almost as great a favourite at Gooseswill and Greenhampton as at Upmore Castle.

At length came the battle of the frogs and mice! The cause of Reform triumphed. Gooseswill was disfranchised; and Greenhampton, thrown open, was at liberty to elect John Spencer, Esq., commonly called Lieutenant Spencer of his Majesty's Second Regiment of Foot Guards, to represent its diminished honours in Parliament! It could scarcely do less. Jack had promised the worthy and independent electors the abolition of taxes—the emancipation of prisoners for debt—the repeal of the corn and all other vexatious laws—and promised the Duke of Upmore, who, by the way, had made no such request, to maintain the influence of the Trip family in the borough, by keeping warm his seat till better times.

Lord John and Lord Thomas, finding the "governor" somewhat surprised by the turn affairs were taking, voted it a devilish good joke, and expressed their gratitude to the promising young man who had taken the burthen of national affairs off their shoulders, by becoming a promising young member.

John Spencer, Esq., M.P.'s course in the House is now what is called "before the public!" His promises to his constituents of bringing forward motions for the suppression of the Civil and Pension Lists, Negro Apprenticeship, and Corn Monopoly, have been redeemed as such promises usually are, by voting silently, on every question before the House, for Ministers and the Ministerial; and Jack is proportionably highly thought of in Downing Street. Were he to rise in his place for the purpose of promising to the House the smallest possible concession, Jack would be interrupted by "loud cheers from the Treasury Bench." Spring Rice has marked him for his own; Lord Melbourne has him in his pocket. What may have been promised to Jack it is impossible to guess, though his creditors (following the example of Prince Talleyrand's inquisitive butcher) are "*curious*" to ascertain. What Jack may have promised in return—But mum.—We pledge our veracity that this largest of magazine sheets would be unable to set forth even an abstract of the pledges tendered to her Majesty's Government by our highly "*PROMISING YOUNG MAN*."

NATIONAL APPEAL TO THE SENATORS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

—"The sacred call of '*Independence, Liberty, and Good Government*,' which should excite in all but one sentiment, directs us to gather under the same standard."

We are the people of a fertile land,
Whose native manufactures, famed of old,
Require the zealous workman's skillful hand
Still high our vaunted name in art to hold;
And, for the nation's weal, experienced men and bold.

Our clime is healthful, and the teeming soil
Full well the patient husbandman repays;
Nor doth the hardy seaman vainly toil
To reach our coast, whose spacious coves and bays,
"A safe and steady anchorage," he needs must praise.

For three-and-twenty years the olive tree
Hath mingled with the rose; and science here
Beguiles the hand of labour—yet are we
Crushed by a load most galling and severe,
A weight of odious tax, dragged on from year to year.

While to the very earth our necks are bow'd,
Ruin and bankruptcy on every side,
Our toils are insufficient for the crowd
Who proudly o'er the necks of millions ride,
Reckless how long their souls such thralldom may abide.

Before us waves the promise of the year—
A golden harvest of abundant grain—
While pale-faced Penury, with trickling tear,
Points to the produce of the smiling plain,
And mutters—"God's own gifts by man are rendered vain."

The trembling workman, paralysed with dread,
No more pursues with zeal his wonted craft;
His starving children cry aloud for bread*—
He hears them not—transfixed as by a shaft;
In answer to their moans, 'twas Madness' self that
laughed!

On every side we look around—but, lo!
Nature and Providence disclaim the cause
Of our distresses: wherefore then the woe?
Is it human minds? or human laws,
That twisted web of wrong, which time more tightly
draws?

The mental energies by nature given
Are wasted in a vile, a servile use;
They who the links of bondage might have riven,
By custom scared, prop up each old abuse,
Where every stone is piled on a foundation loose.

'Twas said "Reform" was wisely, kindly planned,
To sweep oppression from our hearths away,
And that no more on us the iron hand
Of petty tyrants should un pitying sway.
Words! words! all false they were, and meant but to
betray.

Still have the many to the few succumbed,
The few have governed for the good of few;
Our trade declined, our industry benumbed;
While aching hearts have ample time to rue
The abject state of those who oft (unheeded) sue.

Yet now, in calm humility, we bend
Before our country's rulers, once again,
Hoping that justice will our case befriend,
Pleading our cause before our fellow-men,
Whose lot was as our own—let by-time whisper *when*.

How have we drained the bitter dregs of life
Vainly!—for long will misery endure
Extended tortures, ere the hour of strife
Brings in its fiery course a certain cure—
For then is welcome *death* or *retribution* sure.

But in our compass is a sterner force
Than war or civil discord; we are free
In "*undivided will*;" and Reason's course
May not be stemmed—as well might yonder sea
Be threatened from its shores, when firm in trust are
we.

And thus we say—"No more shall we become
Our own enslavers; for to us ye owe
That power which fain would strike our voices dumb;
We are the channel whence your riches flow,
Ye high careering clouds, exhaled from marshes low!

For, Honourable Lords and Masters all,
'Tis meet that lowly labour claim its due;
Why should the o'er-wrought slave unheeded fall,
While bloated luxury may still pursue,
Unbeck'd, his vicious way?—We must such things undo.

* Read the many fearful instances, recorded within the last few years, of paupers, under the influence of morbid insanity, devoting their offering to a violent and premature death, or sharing with them the slow consuming pangs of actual starvation.

When war demands our gold, our lands, our lives,
Who then is backward to obey the call?
Each in his country's service nobly strives,
Or on the crimson field, if doomed to fall,
Grieves not to spill his blood in the defence of all.

Since rank'd as freemen we may fight and die,
Why not as brother freemen breathe and live?
One sun looks down on all beneath the sky,
One common air doth heaven to mortals give—
Though some are born to joy, and some, alas! to *grieve*.

Errors are light when nearest to remend,
But lapse of time accumulates an ill;
The greatest evils should have swiftest speed,
As old diseases will be growing still
More rancorously deep, when far removed from skill.

Let UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE then be ours!
The sorrows of the past dismissed as naught—
In the sweet blessing of descending showers,
We think not of the late consuming drought,
Too happy in the change that in our fate is wrought.

The SECRET BALLOT can alone maintain
Our boasted "freedom of election" pure,
Unawed by tyranny, unbribed by gain,
Unwarped by casuistry, that specious lure,
Which snares with subtle wiles its victims, rich or poor.

And next, should ANNUAL Parliaments supply,
What most the nation needs—a patriot band,
Nurtured beneath the people's watchful eye;
Whose interests are connected with the land;
Not swayed by private zeal, or claims on either hand.

But ne'er may Delegates, as heretofore,
Apart in pride and prejudices stand;
Such frivolous distinctions should be o'er
When man aids man—as head, and foot, and hand,
To work her sacred will, hath equal Nature plann'd.

The land is worthy of a master's care,
The labourer is worthy of his hire;
'Twere base to limit to a niggard share
Those who embrace our cause: the glowing fire,
If not with fuel fed, must soon or late expire.

What now is our condition, forced to choose
From men incapable of such a trust?
Traders, stock-jobbers, (trembling in their shoes
Lest cunning speculations fall to dust,)
Or lawyers, scant of briefs, defiled with legal must.

And haply land-proprietors are there,
To whom their country's sufferings are unknown;
Merchants—no more oppress'd with anxious care,
In wealthy indolence lethargic grown—
Whose narrow views of good were bounded by their own.

These are not ever likely to improve
The pride, the wealth, the commerce of the State;
And such we hold 'twere fitting to remove
Ere sorrowful experience come too late—
Ere mingle wise and weak in one promiscuous fate.

From no light sophistry or love of change,
Springs our remonstrance; to a cause more deep
It owes its origin—mind's gifted range,
Which doth o'er ages past and future sweep,
And brings back fearful signs, enough to make men
weep.

Yet, from the awful shadows of the past,
And from the visioned future, we have caught
Some lights of better knowledge; which, at last,
Within our sphere of practice may be brought,
Nor all our sanguine hopes again be set at naught.

So that no more the selfish and the vain
Shall probe a nation's wounds with cruel art;
For false experiments augment the pain,
While spreading canker still consumes the heart—
Our country's only cure is—FREEDOM'S GLORIOUS
CHART.

INTERVIEWS WITH MEHEMET ALI.

I HAD been nearly a month in Egypt before an opportunity was afforded to me of seeing the extraordinary personage who rules with such absolute power the destinies of that interesting country. However great my curiosity to behold the destroyer of the Mamelukes might have been on landing at Alexandria, it was very much increased at each step I took within his territory, by the traces which were everywhere discoverable of his all-pervading and engrossing genius. Not only the ships and public works, but the more striking private houses and warehouses of Alexandria, were pointed out as belonging to the Pasha. As I proceeded by the canal to the Nile at Atfeh, the numerous boats with their cargoes were all under the orders of the Pasha's agents; and, on embarking upon the river for Cairo, I encountered a continued succession of *djermes*, or large sailing boats, descending from the upper country, laden with cotton for the stores of Mehemet Ali. Struck with the appearance of several large buildings erected upon the shores of the river, I inquired their use, and was told they were the Pasha's cotton factories. And going ashore one day with my gun, I approached a village containing some large pigeon-houses, when I was told by an Arab peasant, who described himself as the Pasha's tenant, that the birds were the property of the Pasha! In short, I soon discovered that Mehemet Ali is the sole merchant, shipowner, manufacturer, and proprietor; and, with far greater propriety than ever Louis XIV. used a similar sentiment, expressive of his relation to France, he may say—" *L'Egypte, c'est moi.*"

It was with feelings of curiosity, heightened by so many visible evidences of his genius and energy, that I proceeded to pay a visit to the Pasha in his palace in the Citadel of Cairo. A party consisting of six English travellers having assembled by appointment at Colonel Campbell's, the Consul, we set off at six o'clock in the evening, accompanied by a janissary, and preceded (it being dark) by a man bearing a small grate, filled with burning pine-wood, raised upon a long pole or handle, and which is called a *mushallah*. Our ride to the palace, which occupied more than half an hour, took us through the most populous part of the town. The sun had set nearly an hour; and it being the Rhamadan, or Mahommedan Lent, which enjoins a complete abstinence, from sunrise to sunset, to all the faithful, the entire population of Cairo had now begun the feasting and rejoicing which generally occupy great part of the night. On both sides of the streets and bazaars through which we passed, parties were beheld, eating, drinking, smoking, and rejoicing; here and there we heard singing; and the harsh nasal sounds of the vocalist were accompanied by the grating tones of Arabic instruments. It was a novel and a busy sight; so busy indeed, that very few of the actors found time

to turn even a glance at our cavalcade. As we approached the high ground on which the citadel stands, the scene changed. The steep and winding thoroughfare, lighted up and filled with shops on either side, like a bazaar, was crowded with soldiers, who were loitering about the stalls of the fruiterers, and occasionally interrupting, with a purchase, the reverie of the lazy-looking dealers, who were sitting cross-legged upon little mats before their doors, and apparently so absorbed in the luxury of their pipes as to be insensible to the surrounding din. Several officers, mounted on richly-caparisoned horses, were met, issuing from the fortress above, some of them wearing the martial cloak, and the ponderous shovel stirrups which characterised the ancient Mameluke costume. We now entered the outer walls of the citadel; and as we climbed the path, which is hewn out of the solid rock, and flanked by lofty walls, the lighted pine-wood blazed high over our heads, and cast its bright reflection upon the embrasures and loop-holes above. I shuddered as I recollected that the massacre of the Mamelukes was perpetrated on that very spot! The incidents of that fearful state-tragedy crowded upon my memory; and I must confess, as I passed over the very stones which had once been crimson with human butchery, the reflection that I was about to offer homage to the murderer, caused a momentary feeling of remorse in my bosom. Alas! I thought, we are the worshippers of *success*, however it presents itself, whether embodied in the form of an angel or a demon!

The circumstances connected with the well-known event, the massacre of the Mamelukes, may not be familiar to all. Under pretence of doing honour to the ceremony of investing his son, Ismail Pasha, with the command of his army, Mehemet Ali invited the whole of the Mamelukes then residing in Cairo to be present. It should be borne in mind that, previous to this time, (1811,) the power of this military oligarchy, which had so long oppressed Egypt, had completely succumbed before the genius of its present ruler; and that those Mamelukes who were found still inhabiting the metropolis and its neighbourhood, had capitulated with the Pasha, and had, for some time, subsisted upon his bounty, and under his protection. To the number of several hundreds they obeyed the summons of their ruler, and were admitted to his presence. Coffee was served; and it was remarked that Mehemet Ali loaded them with caresses and attentions. At the conclusion of the interview, they retired, with renewed assurances of his regard and protection. As they descended from the palace, through the avenues leading down from that part of the citadel, it had been previously contrived that the Albanian soldiers should head the procession, followed by the Mamelukes in their gorgeous dresses, and mounted on their finest horses. As soon as the cavalcade reached the gate, the Al-

banians, unobserved by their unsuspecting followers, turned suddenly to the right and left, and ascended on each side of the rocky precipice, overlooking the path in which the Mamelukes were still proceeding; the first of whom had just reached the gate, as it was closed for ever upon them. From each side a volley of musketry now scattered death upon the defenceless victims. One only escaped by a miracle. Turning his steed back upon the path he had descended, and forcing him up to the summit of the citadel, he plunged from the battlements into the gulf below. The rider escaped, at the cost of the life of his faithful animal.

Having passed under a gateway, and along a winding arched passage of lofty and massive masonry, we found ourselves, after an abrupt turning or two, in a large open square, the opposite and right-hand sides of which contained spacious apartments, whose lofty windows were brilliantly lighted. We proceeded obliquely across an angle of this open space, and here, just as the circles of water or rays of light are closest where the motion or heat which gives them existence has its origin, the throng of military became more dense as we approached the centre of power from whence, in this country, all rank, wealth, and authority are derived. Dismounting at the portico of the principal entrance, we entered a hall, which, together with the staircase leading to the state-apartments, we found to be almost impassable, owing to the crowds of soldiers, of every rank, who were loitering, in not the most orderly manner, in the way. The head of the stairs opened into a large ante-room, which presented a very singular appearance. Along its entire length and breadth, with the exception of just a sufficient space on one side to afford passage room for reaching a door at the farther extremity, we espied, seated cross-legged upon little mats or carpets spread upon the floor, a crowd of Turkish and Arab soldiers, their arms and slippers deposited beside them, apparently prepared for an exhibition of a devotional kind, from a small pulpit-shaped seat elevated at one side of the apartment. Passing, however, too quickly to have more than a minute's gaze at the strange spectacle before us, we entered a large and lofty chamber, covered with matting, from the centre of which hung a chandelier, holding probably a score of yellowish-brown wax-candles, and having in its centre a row of four gigantic silver candlesticks, whose flat stands, measuring more than a yard in circumference, rested on the floor, and held each an enormous candle, resembling those we see before the altar of a Roman Catholic chapel. By their light we could only indistinctly see to the extremity of the apartment, from the farthest corner of which two or three persons retired as we entered, leaving us, as I thought, alone in the huge apartment, which, being destitute of furniture, reminded me of a ball-room at a first-rate English provincial town,

The consul, who took the lead of our party, was observed to direct a bow towards the furthest

corner of the room; the rest of the party imitated the motion, and then passed on. A few steps more brought my feet close to a long and superbly enriched pipe, whose glowing bowl rested in a little metal pan upon the floor, and the other extremity of which touched the lips of an aged and portly personage, who was sitting alone, just to the right of the corner of a divan which ran nearly round the entire circumference of the room. As soon as we approached him, he laid his pipe aside, and repeated several times a few words, which we took for expressions of welcome, being accompanied by the motions of his hands, as he pointed, with rather more hurry than dignity, to the divan on each side of him, as signs for us to be seated. The Colonel took his seat immediately to the right, and the remainder sat down just as they happened to be standing: it chanced that I was placed immediately to the left of Mehemet Ali. At the moment of our arrival, the dragoman or interpreter was not in attendance; and, as soon as we were seated, a slight dilemma ensued. The Pasha directed a glance towards the door, called for somebody, and then turning to the Consul, uttered a few words; but immediately smiled at the recollection that he was not understood: again he looked towards the door, and called in a louder, though not an angry tone; but, as nobody for a moment appeared, he turned to the Colonel and to the rest, and laughed: he next fidgeted on his seat, rubbed one hand upon his knee, and twisted the fingers of the other about his sword-handle. All this was but the affair of a minute or two, when an attendant of apparent rank entered the room, to whom the Pasha explained good-humouredly the nature of our predicament; and he took upon himself the office of interpreter, until the dragoman made his appearance shortly afterwards. The Pasha began the conversation by offering us the usual compliment of a welcome. Whilst some preliminary remarks were passing between him and Colonel Campbell, I had leisure to observe more closely the extraordinary person beside me.

Mehemet Ali is, I am told, about five feet six inches in height; but, as he now sat beside me, sunk deeply in the soft divan, he did not appear so tall. He was dressed in the Turkish costume, which he has retained, amidst all his innovations in the dress of his people, with the exception of the turban, for which he has substituted the Fes or Tarboosh cap. His white beard and mustachios, now so generally curtailed by reforming Mussulmans, appeared to be cherished with orthodox care. His features are regular and good; but, being somewhat rounded by fatness, the expression of his face may rather be said to be that of a comely than handsome person. Far from perceiving the traces of cruelty or ferocity in the lines of his countenance, had I been called upon at a glance to give an opinion, without knowing the character of the person beside me, I should have pronounced him an amiable, good-humoured man. It was natural, however, that I should scrutinize severely the

physiognomy of one so renowned, in the hope, nay, perhaps with the determination of discovering something uncommon in the expression of his features; and in doing so, I encountered more than once the glance of his bright and restless eye. If character be not reflected from this mirror of the soul, it will be vain to seek for its expression in the more ignoble features of the human countenance; and I thought, as his unquiet eyes glided incessantly from one to another of the party around him, or glanced stealthily at the door beyond, I could trace, in their workings, the restless and ever-watchful spirit of Mehemet Ali. I was startled too on observing, that, whilst the mouth, which was partially concealed beneath his white beard and mustache, put on the semblance of laughter, the eyes were all the while peering coldly from beneath their heavy brows, with an expression quite opposite to that of unguarded mirth. The great size of his head accords, phrenologically, with the extraordinary force of character possessed by this successful soldier; whilst a broad and massive forehead harmonizes with that subtlety and depth of intellect which he has evinced in his intrigues and schemes of personal aggrandizement. Upon the whole, however, let me hasten to confess it, there is nothing remarkable in the appearance of Mehemet Ali. His manner is undignified; and there is something unpleasant in the sharp broken tones of his voice, resembling the discordant sound of a cracked bass instrument. I could fancy that, when enraged, his notes might be more like the midnight bark of the jackal of his country, than the voice of a human being. I ought to add, however, that a portion of the unfavourable impression made by the appearance of the Pasha's person, ought to be put down to the attitude in which he always receives his visitors. What man could look otherwise than undignified and ridiculous, when perched upon the middle of a broad divan, with his legs tucked under him, so as just to shew a yellow slipper projecting on either side from beneath his voluminous inexpressibles!

After the usual civilities between the Viceroy and the Consul had passed, and when coffee had been served to us in small porcelain cups, held in filigree stands of gold, richly set with diamonds, the Pasha, who had just returned from a tour in the Delta, took up the conversation, in replying to an observation upon the soil of England, and gave us, with considerable animation, an account of the productiveness of his territory; instancing a village whose extent, population, and crop of cotton that season, he described with much minuteness and pretended exactness, using his hands freely, by way of giving emphasis to his harangue; and he drew a picture of the prosperity and wealth of the inhabitants of this "happy village," which certainly bore no resemblance to any part of Egypt which I or any other traveller ever had the good fortune of seeing. In the middle of his narrative, I was astonished at an interruption from the next apart-

ment, which now sent forth a sort of song or chant, in a loud nasal tone, which was continued with short intermissions during the remainder of our interview. At first, I was startled at this boisterous interruption, which scarcely allowed us to enjoy the tête-à-tête with our distinguished host, and I looked round inquiringly for an instant; but, recollecting the attitude of those we had left upon the floor of the adjoining chamber, I at once concluded that the sounds were devotional.

The discussion afterwards turned upon the subject of navies; and the Pasha proceeded to maintain stoutly, that the quality of his Syrian pine was equal to that of British oak for the purposes of ship-building. There was nothing remarkable in the conversation that followed; unless it be here observed, that, in the choice and handling of his subjects, the Pasha displayed a practical taste, and considerable shrewdness of mind—never being at a loss for arguments, and wielding them with an ease and fluency of language that sometimes rose almost into eloquence. After an interview of about half an hour, we made our parting salutations, and retired. As we proceeded through the anteroom, we found the pulpit occupied by a priest, whose dissonant psalmody we were glad to escape, by making our way through the room with as much speed as a prudent regard for the toes of the prostrate congregation of the faithful permitted. As I descended the stairs, and passed through crowds of soldiers, loitering in the courts and halls below, I could not help reflecting upon the strange scene in the anteroom, and speculating upon the policy which led the destroyer of the Mamelukes to surround his blood-stained divan with a bodyguard of Mollahs, and their fanatical followers, in preference to the disciplined regiments of Colonel Sèves; and I thought, whether even, whilst I passed, a prayer was offered up by this reverend clerk of the closet in behalf of Mehemet Ali, *the defender of the faith!* Strange flight of the imagination! I now also found myself repeating the famous lines of Burke in favour of a state-church, and recurring to the time when she "raised her mitred head in the courts and palaces" of our own "*religious and gracious king*," George the Fourth! But these reveries were disturbed by the roaring of the lions and other wild beasts, as we passed the menagerie belonging to the palace; and we proceeded back to our quarters in the city, enjoying by the way a recital, by the Consul, of several anecdotes of the famous personage we had left behind us.

I passed a few weeks in the capital of Egypt, subsequently to the time of paying the above visit to the Pasha, during which period I had an opportunity of examining into the condition of his cotton factories, which presented a lamentable spectacle of misdirected capital and labour. The Consul had, in the meantime, explained to the Viceroy, that I had had some opportunities of becoming acquainted with the state of the manufacture in Europe and America; and he

appointed an evening for another interview, of which I gladly availed myself, in hopes of being able to submit some facts or arguments, which might tend to discourage further outlays in so ruinous a field of adventure.

A little after six o'clock in the evening, I called at the house of the Consul, and we proceeded together to the citadel, preceded, as before, by an attendant, bearing aloft upon a pole a grate filled with blazing pine-wood, the sparks and smoke from which were sometimes carried by the wind against our faces. As we passed through the avenues and open spaces included within the outer walls of the fortress, its extent struck me to be even larger than I had previously supposed. Passing by similar crowds of military to those described before, we reached, by a different entrance, a more spacious quarter of the palace, and soon found ourselves in a very large saloon, with several doorways leading into state apartments, in one of which I could observe the Pasha's judicial bench sitting, the members of which were clad in crimson and white robes. In one large recess, about fifty of the soldiers of the guard were observed squatting on the floor, listening to the devout exhortations of their priest or *shekh*. The saloon itself was partly filled with attendants and others, who were loitering and pacing upon the floor; whilst around its walls, for a considerable portion of its circumference, ran a divan, on which numbers were seated *à la Turque*. A lofty doorway, hung with crimson curtains, led into the audience chamber; before it stood an attendant with a wand in his hand, which, as often as any one approached, he placed athwart the passage; by his side a sentry mounted guard. The Pasha being engaged in an interview with Hamet Pasha from Syria, we were conducted for a minute or two into an adjoining apartment, where we found Artim Bey, the principal dragoman or interpreter, reclining upon a low divan, attended by a couple of scribes, who were seated cross-legged on the floor, and holding sheets of paper in their hands, upon which they were busily writing with reeds; and, in this awkward position, they had to lean forward to catch the light of a lamp, which, in default of a desk or table, was standing on the floor beside them. After the never-failing ceremonial of offering us pipes and coffee, the dragoman proposed, as the Pasha's visitor was merely engaged in a familiar chat, that we should proceed to the presence-chamber, which would be the signal for his departure. Accordingly, the crimson hangings were drawn aside, and we entered an apartment of about the same dimensions as that described before, but more richly ornamented. Upon the centre of the floor I observed the same old-fashioned huge silver candlesticks. At a doorway, on the opposite side of the room, stood three black eunuchs, richly clad, and bearing scimitars by their sides, who guarded the entrance to the private apartments, or the sacred precincts of the harem. On a corner of the divan, wrapped up in furs, sat Mehemet Ali, in the same solitary state in which we

had before found him; beside him lay two time-pieces, of a watch-like shape, but in size almost as large as a common clock dial. The Consul and I were desired to be seated; and, in reply to inquiries after his health, the Pasha told us he was suffering from a cold and cough. A few observations upon the politics of Europe now passed between us. Mehemet Ali remarked that he heard Don Carlos was making progress in Spain; and he asked, I thought with a triumphant expression, and with a well-merited sneer at our blundering policy in that quarter, what was to become of the quadruple alliance in case he succeeded. Turning to me he said, he supposed I had found his manufactures very inferior to those I had inspected in the course of my travels in Europe and America; and in reply to my observation, that the bullocks, which turned his machinery, were expensive substitutes for the steam or water power of other countries, he remarked that he did not profess to carry on his manufactures for the sake of profit, but to render Egypt independent in case of war. I assured him the people of England were disposed for commerce rather than war.

"I believe so," said he; "but there are two events which no one can foresee, and which every wise man ought to be prepared against—the one is the occurrence of our own death, the other the breaking out of war."

It was now suggested that, even in case of war, the ingenuity of the smuggler would still supply the wants of his people; to which he instantly replied—

"The goods so procured are a great deal dearer on account of the risk, and I want to save my people that expense by enabling them to live within themselves."

It was objected that, in case of war, his ports would be blockaded, and his country inevitably ruined; to which he replied, with considerable animation—

"Egypt contains within itself every necessary of life to enable its people to endure, without inconvenience, a blockade of twenty years."

Seeing that we smiled at this sally, he added, with great emphasis, and much earnestness of manner, rising almost upon his knees as he spoke—

"I have made the calculation, and I repeat, nay, I have the estimate by me in writing, and," turning to the Consul, "I will let you see it at some future opportunity; but, I repeat, and it is entirely my own idea, that, if Egypt were blockaded for twenty years, she could maintain her present population without an external commerce." Observing that we were still incredulous, he demanded with increased animation, "Which is the necessary of life that my country does not produce?"

I mentioned the article of *iron*; but, without noticing me, he entered into an enumeration of the various products of Egypt, expatiating in rapturous terms upon the riches and fertility of the country; and then, as if satisfied with his display of argument, he added in conclusion—

"Well, well, in such a case a country must do the best it can to save itself."

The subject of his manufactures was now recurring to; and the number of *Fellahs* who were employed in spinning and weaving having been mentioned, I took the opportunity of expressing an opinion that they would be more profitably engaged in the cultivation of the soil. He laughed slyly, as if to intimate that he considered the advice to proceed from an interested party; and asked why England, with her enormous commerce, should object to his small manufacturing establishments. With a view to remove the impression of British jealousy, I entered into some particulars of the actual extent of our cotton trade, explaining that the yarns alone exported in a year from England amounted to upwards of a million *cantars*, (the Egyptian weight of about 95 lbs.) being more than three times the weight of the crop of raw cotton produced annually in Egypt. "And how much manufactured cotton goods, besides, do you export?" was his instant question; and, upon my informing him that the total of the spun and manufactured cottons exported from Great Britain amounted to one hundred millions of dollars, which was only the half of our foreign commerce, he observed, moving his hands slowly and emphatically as he spoke—"A nation possessing such a trade as that, need not care for my manufactures, which consume only fifteen or twenty thousand cantars of cotton." I assured him that we entertained no jealousy, but looked with great interest to Egypt as a large and most prolific field of production for the supply of our raw material, for which we were now almost exclusively indebted to the United States. He now inquired what quantity of cotton was produced in America, and what proportion the Americans consumed in their own manufactures? I replied, about a fifth of their crop, which this year would exceed 1,500,000 bales. After a moment's thought, he exclaimed, gaily—"You see that the Americans manufacture twenty per cent. of their materials themselves, whilst I consume only five per cent. of mine."

In reply to my remark that the Americans had discovered the impolicy of fostering their cotton manufactures by high duties, and were discontinuing the system—"I suppose," said he, "they are talking about it; but, in the meantime, what is the duty on your manufactures?" He next asked me the weight of the American bales; and on my replying that they ran from four to five *cantars*, he observed, that he had an impression they did not exceed three *cantars*; upon which it was explained that the Americans had gradually augmented the weight of their bales.

He next introduced the subject of the "Sea-Island" cotton—pronouncing the name in English; inquired about its price; stated that he had latterly only introduced the seed into Egypt; that last year he had grown a few *fedans*, (the Egyptian measure of something less than an acre,) but that this year he expected his crop would be about 30,000 cantars. "Its cost,"

said he, "to me for growing it is no greater than that of the *Mehu* (or ordinary) quality of cotton, but it yields rather less in weight; and, therefore, I shall require a higher price for it. I understand that my first samples brought twenty-seven dollars a cantar (about 18d. a lb.) in England; if the merchants continue to give an advanced rate, I shall produce more and more every year. I can turn all my land over to Sea Island; it is the same thing to me; but all will depend upon the merchants' prices."

Whilst luxuriating upon the prospect of high prices, it was quite evident that he was on a favourite topic. Upon being told that the demand from England would equal his utmost means of production, he replied, that, if the demand for raw cotton were great, he should fabricate less and less in Egypt every year, and that he had already given orders to use only the worst qualities in his own factories; and he intimated that he should be thereby induced to pursue an agricultural rather than a manufacturing policy. Thinking that such an authority would have a charm for him, I now reminded him that Napoleon, whilst in Egypt, had calculated that, under good government—such were the resources of its soil—this country might, in fifty years, be made to sustain six millions of inhabitants, and contribute a proportionate increase of revenue to the State.

"How much do you reckon my revenue to amount to?" he asked with eagerness; and, upon my answering, "About sixteen millions of dollars!" he exclaimed, at the top of his voice, striking the palms of his hands together, by way of adding emphasis to the assertion, "Thirty millions of dollars!" and, after pausing a moment to enjoy my astonishment, he continued—"And yet I do not receive more than ten per cent. of the *Fellahs'* produce; but, if I live fifteen years longer, I'll make it one hundred millions of dollars." Again, pausing for an instant, and looking complacently, he then continued—"Napoleon was a great man, a far greater man than I, and yet you see" (stroking his beard) "I have done more than Napoleon proposed to do."

As he chuckled over this sally, the white beard, laughing but sensual mouth, portly, round-shouldered trunk, and the twinkling yet vicious-looking eyes of the person beside me, called instantly to my recollection Falstaff and his men in buckram. It was in a twofold manner characteristic of the speaker; for, as it was well-known that my estimate of his actual revenue was as near as possible to the truth, his audacious attempt upon our credulity, in thus almost doubling the amount, could have been practised only by one who had acquired a competent hardihood of countenance by previous efforts of a like character; whilst the mode in which he turned a subject involving the question of the population of Egypt into a matter of revenue for himself, illustrated happily the spirit of egotism, which is one of the ruling passions of his nature. I would have gladly reminded him of the real state of the *Fellahs*, who, instead of yielding a tithe only of

their produce to his treasury, are allowed to retain just so much only as is necessary to supply them, from year to year, with the bare means of existence; but, recollecting that I was within the precincts of a court, where a conventional etiquette shields alike the Pasha's divan and the King's throne from the rude assaults of truth, I contented myself with remarking, that I believed at present the population of Egypt did not exceed two millions, and that two-thirds of the soil, capable, by a slight effort of labour, of being fertilised by the Nile, were at present out of cultivation. Upon this, he entered into a statement, as full of exaggeration as the preceding one. Beginning with the assertion that two and a-half per cent. only of the Delta remained out of cultivation, he ran rapidly over the districts of Damanheur, Mansourah, &c. &c., affecting to give a minute statement of the proportions of cultivated and waste lands belonging to all the districts into which his territory is divided. When he came to enumerate the provinces of Upper Egypt, he admitted that considerable tracts were lying waste for want of hands to till the land. In reply to my remark, that the population of the country appeared to have diminished, he remarked, in general and evasive terms—"Egypt is not generally understood; it requires a very long time to know its people. A traveller in passing through the country, cannot fully understand the number or condition of its inhabitants. A person may even reside some years here, like the Consul, for instance, and yet not have time to know the people of Egypt; but," he added, with a complacent and self-satisfied smile, "I know them!" After spending nearly an hour in familiar conversation with the Pasha, and receiving the customary refreshment of coffee, we prepared to depart; but, before quitting his presence, he again recurred to the subject of his cotton projects, and took the opportunity of informing us, that, if he succeeded in completing the *barrage* of the Nile, (a great work, projected with a view to inundate the Delta,) there would be scarcely any limits to the amount of cotton which might then be produced in Egypt. We now took our leave, and, in bidding adieu to Mehemet Ali, I could have persuaded myself that I was leaving the presence of a merchant or a cotton-broker, had not my eyes, in turning towards the door, encountered the sable figures of the three eunuchs who guarded the entrance of the harem—a spectacle that at once dissipated such an illusion, and reminded me that I was in the palace of a Turkish satrap, where, notwithstanding that commerce had, for the first time, asserted its supremacy, all the worst evils of Mahometanism still flourished. In again threading my way amongst the crowd of the faithful, who, in prostrate attitudes upon the floor of the anteroom, were listening devoutly to the exhortations of their priest, I could not help again paying homage to the sagacity of the Pasha, who, in imitation of European precedents, had thus surrounded his divan with the safeguards of an established church. Nicholas of Russia, Charles

Albert of Sardinia, and the Tories of England, were presented to my mind, as I recollected how, differing as they do in faith, they, nevertheless, in common with Mehemet Ali, trust to the aid of priestly influence, whether Catholic, Greek, Protestant, or Mahometan, for the success of their common aim—political despotism.

In my interview with the Pasha, he evinced, in his choice of conversational subjects, a love of practical topics, and an avidity for facts, in his inquiries, which struck me as characteristic of his mind. He entered with great readiness into calculations; dealing, in the course of his observations, with two and a-half, five, and twenty per cent., in a manner that shewed they had been familiar terms with him. Unquestionably, this calculating turn has contributed materially towards elevating him to his present position; for although, upon emergencies, he has manifested no lack of daring and courage, it is notorious that he has always preferred the use of diplomatic stratagems to the more open tactics of the field. Cunning and craft have done far greater service than the sword, in the career of Mehemet Ali. But nothing struck me so forcibly as the egotism which seems to be the predominant feature of his character. He sees, feels, knows, dreams of nothing but self. The projects of this singular personage, however enlightened or disinterested in appearance, are all designed solely with a view to augment his own solitary state, or confirm him individually in power. If he speaks of the resources of Egypt with exultation, or refers with apparent delight to the fertilising properties of its noble river, it is because, in the same breath, he can remind you that the valley of the Nile is his *estate*; and it will have been seen that, if he amused his leisure by calculating the manifold riches of this favoured region, it was only that he might boast of being able to shut himself up for twenty years, and bid the world defiance. Having self-interest predominant in his own mind, and, truth to say, having in his career experienced but little of the disinterestedness of others, it is not wonderful that he should suspect every one approaching his divan to be actuated by a similar principle. I was amused at discovering, from the commencement of our interview, that he had come to the conclusion that I was anxious to persuade him to put down his manufacturing establishments, in order to favour my countrymen, his rivals in Manchester. Nor do I flatter myself for a moment that, up to the time of my departure from his presence, he gave me credit, in the sentiments I uttered, for any higher motive. In this respect Mehemet Ali ought not to be too severely criticised; for no Turkish pasha ever dreamed, or was ever warranted by experience in dreaming that a person would visit him merely for the purpose of discussing a question of political economy, without reference to his own personal interests.

I have spoken of his egotism; but there is another ruling passion—the love of approbation—by which the character of Mehemet Ali is

greatly influenced. It is owing to a sensitiveness about the kind of report which Europeans may make of the condition of his people, that he is accustomed to boast, after the fashion I have had occasion to describe, of the prosperous state of his Fellah population: hence arose his exaggerated picture of the gains of the cotton growers in the Delta in our first interview; and hence, too, springs the constant plea, which he puts forth as often as he finds a stranger venturing to doubt the prosperity of his subjects, that nobody but himself understands the situation of the Egyptians. I was informed by one of his oldest and most intimate connexions, that he is accustomed, in his private intercourse with his friends and ministers, to express his belief that the wretched Fellah cultivators are much better off than they appear to be, and that they have secret hoards of money and jewels. This habit must be accounted for, I presume, on the principle laid down by Burke, that a man who, for a twelvemonth reiterates a falsehood, will at last believe it to be a truth; for it cannot be supposed possible that he should be the dupe of any other individual's representation, since there could not probably be found another person in the country who shares his conviction. It is from a desire to possess a favourable reputation in European circles, that he has been known to subsidize writers, both in France and England; and should a tourist, whose account of the country is likely to excite attention in Europe, visit Egypt, he is loaded with civilities, and every art is practised to impress him with a good opinion of the Pasha's government. I was witness to the tactics pursued towards Prince Puckler Muskau, who arrived in Alexandria the day I took my departure from that city. His reception was so flattering that it appeared the wily Viceroy and his court had conceived a notion that, to lead the German to form a high opinion of his entertainer, it was only necessary that he should be first confirmed in an exalted estimate of himself. Mehemet Ali is accustomed to hear the books of such travellers translated to him; and I was told by his confidential friend, before quoted, that he was much annoyed by the accounts contained in Mr Wilkinson's work on Egypt, reflecting upon the scanty earnings of the Arab cultivators; but, added my informant, drily—"Mr Wilkinson knew and described the

condition of the people better than the Pasha himself."

Let me not, however, close this account of my interview with the Viceroy of Egypt, without paying a justly merited tribute to his conversational talent. The manner in which he throws aside all reserve, and puts himself upon a level with his visitors, inviting controversy, and even contradiction, shews a confidence in his own powers, which is amply warranted by the resources he can bring to bear upon every subject of debate. His utterance is quick and energetic, and the unpleasant tones of his voice are soon forgotten in the animated features, sharp gestures, and earnest manner with which he carries on his conversation. Whatever subject may be introduced, he is ready, apparently without previous study or preparation, to concentrate upon it in a moment all the force of his vigorous and impetuous intellect. It is this talent which enables him, in the course of one half-hour, to devote his mind to the details of a dozen questions of public and private policy. On one occasion, an individual, who related the anecdote to me, called, by appointment, upon the Pasha, to take his directions relative to the equipment of a steam-boat; when he found him surrounded with sample-bundles of hose, from which he was selecting a quality of stockings to be worn by his Europeanised troops, or *Nisam*. They were interrupted in their interview by the arrival of a messenger of rank from Syria, who immediately held a secret conference with Mehemet Ali upon the state of military operations in that province; after which he gave audience to an American inventor of an improved machine for a rice-mill, who submitted a model of the invention to his critical inspection.

Often, in recurring to my interviews with this extraordinary man, and recollecting the eagerness of his inquiries upon practical subjects, as well as the vehemence of manner with which he sustained his opinions—evincing the spring-like elasticity of mind, which manifests its power in proportion as it is pressed—I think with pleasure of the refreshing and animating scene, not unminged with regret, that I shall probably never again have an opportunity of chatting with old Mehemet Ali.

FRIENDSHIP IN TRADE.

OR, THE PRACTICAL RESULTS OF THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM.

"No friendship in trade," is a commercial maxim. It is, however, only applied between citizens; for practical men maintain, that to protect our countrymen against foreigners is the true old English policy, and the perfection of political wisdom. Yet, theoretically, its wisdom may be doubted, for—putting consumers out of the question—why allow one citizen to undersell another? Or how does the accident of birth render

competition more palatable? Why should not the leather gloves of Worcester be protected against the cotton gloves of Manchester—named, in mockery, after a foreign city, *Berlin*—as well as against the kids of Paris? Why should the rail-road projectors be allowed to compete with the established proprietors who have a vested interest in canals, whilst those who have invested their capitals in ships' bottoms possess an advan-

tage over their competitors? If we practically take up the point, and fully work out the whole results, any branch, almost any item, of our tariff will shew the inconvenience of friendships in trades. Tea, timber, silks, spirits, the taxes on the raw materials of manufacture, or on the tropical luxuries of our breakfast and dinner tables, display the mischiefs which flow from a narrow interpretation of the wisdom of our ancestors. One instance is, however, as good as fifty; and, since the sugar question has so lately been before the public, we will take sugar. It will shew how one false step in commercial legislation leads to others, and how the wheels of protection run one within the other, till, in due season, the whole tend to a dead-lock, and threaten to overthrow the vehicle.

The duty on sugar, "the produce of and imported from any British possession in America," is 24s. the hundred weight. This is imposed for the purposes of revenue; and, we opine, the true principle would be, to get as much sugar imported as we can, in order to raise both the revenue and the comforts of the people. But as, out of friendship to the Canadians and the British shipowners, the planter is obliged to buy the provisions for his negroes, and some of the implements of his trade, at a higher rate than he could otherwise procure them, he is protected against foreigners. On all foreign* sugar, therefore, a duty of *three guineas* the cwt. is levied. As this is considerably above the wholesale price, including duty, and fully equal to the retail selling price in London, it is obvious that the equally good and (40 or 50 per cent.) cheaper sugars of Cuba and the Brazils can never be brought into the English market, unless the producers should feel inclined to give away the commodity, pay the freight, and throw in some ten or twelve shillings bounty, to obtain the honour of his produce being consumed by the "Pride of the world, and the Envy of surrounding nations." From this cause arises another difficulty, which the protective system, or friendship in trade, brings into play. During the war, raw sugars were scarce upon the continent. Loaf-sugar, also, if it were to be had at all, must of necessity be imported. But, with the return of peace, all nations—save France, which befriends beet-root growers—could import raw sugars; and all nations could refine them. England, however, had an established trade; and, in her coal-mines and her machinery, she possessed great facilities for its indefinite extension. The protecting duties on foreign sugars, and, till the last year, also on East Indian, however, restricted the supply of the raw material; but, if negro-drivers and nabobs had a claim to friendship, it was also the British refiner's right. He is accordingly protected against the

refined sugars of all the world, by a duty which is now *eight guineas* a hundred weight, or *eighteen-pence* a pound. This protection of 50 per cent., beyond the price which is paid for the dearest article, in the dearest of retail shops, pretty effectually prevents either West Indians, or any one else, from refining sugar for importation into England. But, though it secures to the British refiner the monopoly of the British market, it is of no avail abroad, where the people can refine those cheap foreign sugars which Englishmen cannot take at a gift. Home manufactures and the export trade have always, however, been deemed important matters; and, having placed the refining business in this predicament, and the trade beginning to pine, notwithstanding its swaddling clothes, it was thought necessary to give it a friendly lift. To enable our refiner to procure the raw material at as cheap a rate as his continental rivals, he was permitted to import foreign sugars at the same or at about the same rate of duty as that levied on the West Indian sugars, provided he guaranteed their exportation. Sugar, however, in refining, diminishes in bulk—a cwt. of the raw commodity yielding only from 70 lbs. and upwards, according to its purity and quality. To allow, on a cwt. of refined sugar, a drawback of 24s. only, would be contrary to all principles of our commercial policy, which never places a tax upon an exported article. Experiments were accordingly instituted, or professed to be instituted, to discover what quantity of refined sugar a cwt. of raw would yield, and a rate of drawback was founded upon their alleged results. The nominal amount of this drawback fluctuated, of course, with every change in the duties on sugar; but, from various circumstances, especially from the price of refined sugars on shipboard, after the drawback was obtained, "being from 1s. to 3s. a cwt. less than the cost of the raw material,"* saying nothing of waste and the expenses of manufacturing, it was concluded that this apparent drawback was in reality a bounty. The experiments instituted by Mr Poulett Thomson have officially established this fact beyond a doubt. "Three experiments had been made," said the Right Honourable gentleman in his speech upon this subject, on the 24th July, 1837, "on West Indian sugars; and the first, which was made from a necessary cause upon very different sugars, left in result, that there was a bounty upon that description of sugar to the amount of 1s. 6d.; the second experiment left a bounty of 5s.; and the third left one of 6s." We may assume, from the following passage, that the manufacturers do not refine the one-and-sixpenny sugar for exportation:—"We had inspected the books of a manufacturer for the last three years, from which it appeared, that in the first year the bounty was 4s. 10d.; in

* One of the pretences is, that foreign sugar is produced by slave labour. But, if this be a sound objection, we must prohibit all Turkish and African, and many Asian commodities. Nay, the great staple of England, the cotton trade, must be annihilated; for the bulk of our raw material is drawn from the slave provinces of the United States, where slavery exists in its most horrid form. Some foreign sugar, too, is the product of free labour.

* Petition of the Liverpool Brazilian Association, presented by Lord Sandon to the House of Commons, 6th March 1833—one of the most important commercial documents presented to Parliament since the celebrated free-trade petition of the merchants of London.

the second, 4s. 3d.; and, in the third, 3s. 9d.; thus proving that there is a bounty which varies between 45s. and 58s. on every cwt. of sugar refined in this country. We now come to the subject of foreign sugars. By an experiment on one parcel of foreign Brazilian sugars of an inferior quality, it appeared that the bounty on it was 2s.; when, however, it was mixed half and half with West India, the bounty rose to 3s. 3d. From another experiment made on foreign sugars, of the average price of West India sugars, a bounty of 8s. was produced;" and we may imagine these sugars are the favourites. From a fact subsequently stated, it would seem that this bounty, large as it is, is far from being the whole sum levied on the public. The West Indians, prevented from refining their own sugars, and thus unfairly restricted in the free employment of their capital and labour, to benefit the British refiners, (who are equally restricted, though in another way, to benefit the West Indians,) have made such improvements in clarifying their raw produce, "that sugar, in almost a refined state, was brought into this country, on which there was a duty of 24s. only; which sugar was brought by one boiling into such a state that a bounty was received upon it of 35s." And the result of the whole inquiry, as stated by Mr Poulett Thompson, was, "that, taking the bounty at 4s. the cwt., which would not be above the mark," (but very much, we conceive, below it,) "it would appear, that, upon £4,000,000 of produce, there is a tax levied upon the people of £900,000." Nor is this all. By excluding competition, both in raw and refined sugars, the price of both, or, at all events, of raw, was so considerably raised as to be equivalent to a tax of from 1½ to 2 millions a-year; whilst, by shutting out, or altogether prohibiting the cheaper sugars, the consumption was diminished, and a less revenue was raised from a high rate of duty than would otherwise be yielded under a low rate. To expose such a state of things was sufficient; and the consequence has been that the drawback on refined sugar exported has been, this session, reduced from £1 : 16 : 10 to £1 : 10 : 8 per cwt.

The average consumption of sugar by each individual in Great Britain is 24 lbs. per annum; so that each family, of five persons, pays annually 28s. of sugar duty to Government. Since 1790, the consumption of sugar has only doubled, while that of coffee has increased no less than *twenty-two* fold, and that of tea has much more than doubled. There can be little doubt, therefore, that, had the duty been from time to time reduced, the consumption of sugar would have been five-fold what it is at present; and it is exceedingly likely that a diminution of the duty would speedily be followed by an increase of the revenue. In Ireland, the consumption of sugar does not average 6 lbs. for each individual yearly. In England, the allowance to each person in the workhouse, is 34 lbs., and to each domestic servant, 52 lbs. yearly: more than double the average consumption. To prevent beet sugar

being raised in this country, a duty of 24s. per cwt. has been imposed, and the manufacture put under the odious surveillance of the Excise. It is needless to say, that all attempts to produce beet sugar in this country have been thus effectually stopped.

But the maze which the practical system has constructed, is not quite threaded. Since the days of Cromwell, the shipping interest has been befriended; but let that pass—we are dealing with the present state of things. As enormous taxes are laid upon timber, to benefit the Canadians, and on the other materials of ship-building, (except hemp,) chiefly to protect the mining interests of England, the ship-owners have a claim to protection. It is granted at the expense among others of the colonists, who can neither export their surplus produce, nor import the equivalents by the cheapest conveyance, but must pay for the *artificially* enhanced price of British freight; and hence another reaction. The unexampled growth of British commerce, during the present century, has diminished the importance of the West Indian market, which is now of considerable less consequence than the trade of the Brazils.* But our prohibitive duties, excluding its staple productions from the English market, our ships, in the commerce of that, as well as of many other countries, are deprived of the employment which an unrestricted trade would create. In the conduct of that which prohibitive duties have not yet destroyed, our vessels have to come back in ballast, or are driven into round-about carrying trades, with such freights as they can procure. Nor is this wonderful. We export to five sugar countries, manufactures to the annual value of five millions. We import, in return, productions to the extent of one million only, "the residue of about four millions being thus forced, by the highly restrictive laws of this country, into foreign channels, and to the employment and encouragement [alas! where has the protective system landed us?] of foreign shipping and manufacture."†

Let us put the skeleton of these facts in the tabular form, by way of presenting them more distinctly to the mind. We do not arrange them in chronological order, for they are the product of various times; we do not class them in geographical order, for the protection operates at different stages; but we put them in what may be called the accumulative shape, that the consumer may form some notion of the rate at which he pays for the successive protection of other people.

To benefit the Canadians and the British ship-owners, restrictions and protecting duties are laid upon provisions, lumber, and casks, &c. imported into the West Indies, which the colonists deem equivalent to a tax of . . . £1,000,000

* The exports from the British manufactures to the Brazils, three millions; to the West Indies, from one and a half to two millions.

† Liverpool Brazilian Association Edition: 2

In consequence of this, other protecting duties are laid upon foreign sugars; which, besides checking the consumption of this country, the cultivation of the countries which would furnish us with the additional supplies, and diminishing the demand for our manufactures, imposes, in the increased price of the sugar they do consume, a tax upon the people of this country, of from £1,500,000 to £2,000,000

Whilst, in consequence of less sugar being consumed, high duty is necessary to raise the same or a smaller revenue, than, under other circumstances, would be gained by a lower duty. If this be rated at only 4s. per cwt. we have in addition, about £750,000

The refiner being injured by these protecting duties, is allowed to prevent the sugar growers from refining their own produce. This is accomplished by a prohibitive duty of £8 : 8s. a cwt. The cost of this to the consumer we have no means of estimating. But, owing to the bounty which is rendered more complex by, and perhaps, might be abolished but for the restrictive system, the Treasury annually loses, according to the official statement of Mr P. Thomson, £800,000

Protecting taxes are laid upon the timber, and some other materials of ship-building. The pressure upon the ship-owners we have no data to ascertain; but the cost to the public generally, from timber alone, is estimated at least at £1,000,000

As a counterbalance, the ship-owner is allowed to retain the monopoly of the West Indian

carrying trade, (the burden of which to the colonists, is included in the first item.) This, however, is now useless, if not injurious, since it shuts him out from opening up any new markets in the tropical world, and deprives him, as we have seen, of the freight of four millions' worth of commodities.

Such—in one branch of the subject—are the practical results of the protective system, or friendship in trade. The Canadians, being British settlers, are allowed to befriend themselves by taxing the ship-owners and planters. These parties then reciprocally tax one another, and the West and East Indian sugar growers combine together to annihilate the foreigner. As this, however, imposes a tax upon the British refiner, he claims the privilege of taxing the three, and the long list of conflicting taxes, the cost of levying "each and every" the trader's profits, both upon tax and cost, (with a handsome commission for his own trouble,) and the losses which flow from the general derangement, consequent upon the system, are gathered together, and placed upon the shoulders of John Bull. The pressure, when combined with that of some four or five others of a similar nature, may be equivalent to about the three-fourths of the national debt, and must exceed the whole public expenditure, both for active and inefficient service. But John Bull, although sinking under the weight, is too busy to exert himself to get rid of the burden. He is engaged in drawing up petitions, and threatening revolutions, whilst the young gentleman and the old lady whom he has entrusted with his colonial and financial matters, have given away twenty millions of his money to some sugar planters, without saying one syllable of sugar in the course of the bargain, unless it be to hint that John may have to pay a higher tax upon it. But John Bull is a practical man, who is always for dealing with friends, and—he pays very dear for his whistle.

SPECIMENS OF POPULAR GERMAN POETRY.

FRIDOLIN.

A Ballad, from Schiller.

A gentle page was Fridolin,
Whose pride was all to earn
His lady's love, withouten sin,
The Countess of Savern.
Oh! she was kind—so kind and good!
But even caprice's tyrant mood
He would have borne, and borne it cheerly,
For Jesus' sake, who bought him dearly.

From early break of morning till
The toll of vesper chime,
He gave her, with good heart and will,
The service of his prime.
"Nay, toil not so!" the dame would cry;
Then would the tears start to his eye—
For zeal alone, he thought, to duty
Gave all its excellence and beauty.

And therefore did the Countess raise
Him o'er her menials all,
And from her beauteous lips his praise
Unceasingly would fall.
He in her heart the office more
Of son than page or servant bore;
His comely form each grace united,
And on him oft she'd gaze delighted.

Now, in the huntsman, Robert, this
Woke wrath and hate accursed,
For envy's smouldering fires in his
Black breast he long had nursed.
Urged by the fiend, he sought the Count
As he did from the chase dismount,
And thus, in tones that smoothly flattered,
The seeds of dark suspicion scattered.

"Oh, my good lord"—thus he array'd
His toils—"how are you blest!
Doubts, spectral phantoms, never invade
Your golden hours of rest."

For you possess a noble dame,
Of virtues rare, and spotless fame.
Vain were it all, that daring wooer
Should with his pleasing wiles pursue her."

Dark gloomed the Count—he was full wroth—

"How now!—what mean ye, knave?"

Shall I put faith in woman's troth,

That's changeful as the wave—

What every flatterer's tongue can sway?

My trust, I ween, hath surer stay—

Here's none to tempt with artful wooing

Count Savern's dame to her undoing."

Quoth Robert—"Right, my master—you'll

But think it worth your scorn,

That he—O Heavens! presumptuous fool!

A thrall, a minion born—

Should court with smiles and phrases trim

His lady, who has fostered him!"

"What!" cries the Count, with passion choking,

"Lives yet the man of whom thou'st spoken?"

"My Lord, not heard what runs the round

Of every mouth! But, true,

You'd have the tale in silence drowned—

Well, I'll be secret too!"

"Speak, or thou diest the death, base liar!

Who dares to Cunegeond aspire?"

He grasped his falchion, and half drew it—

"Yon whey-faced page—methought ye knew it.

"It is a shapely youth, I wot!"—

Thus went his glozing tongue,

While through the listener's veins, now hot,

Now cold, the quick blood sprung.

"Nay, nay! you must have noted, sir,

How he has eyes for none but her;

And o'er her chair at table seen him

With air of lovesick wooer lean him.

"And then the verses which he wrote,

Where he avow'd his flame!"—

"Avowed?"—"And a return he sought,

Dead to all touch of shame!

Your gentle dame, in pity, hath

Been mute, to screen him from your wrath—

Would to the fact you'd still been stranger!

For what have you to dread of danger?"

Away the Count in frenzy rode

Into a neighbouring wood,

Where, belching flames that redly glowed,

An iron foundry stood.

Here his bold serfs with sweltering hands

Piled, day and night, the blazing brands;

Sparks flew about, and bellows roaring

Sent ores in molten torrents pouring.

The might of fire and flood ybient

Gave out a brawling sound,

Wheels, driven by hissing waters, went,

Aye clattering, round and round.

By day, by night, the works within,

Rose up a stupefying din

Of clanking hammers, which descended

Till even the stubborn iron bended.

Two of his men he beckons near,

And thus assigns their task—

"The first, whom I shall send you here

That of you this shall ask—

'Are the Count's orders speeded well?"

Him cast into yon seething hall,

Till flesh and bone to dust are cindered—

So shall my beasts no more be hindered."

With fiendish glee the inhuman pair

Received their lord's behests,

For senseless as the iron were

Their hearts within their breasts.

And now they heap the furnace fire,

With panting bellows urge it higher,

And, on the restless flames glaring,

Stand for the sacrifice preparing.

Says Robert now to Fridolin,

In accents smoothly sleek,

"Up, comrade mine, and get ye in—

The Count with you would speak!"

The Count, he bids him—"Do not wait,

But hie thee to the foundry straight,

And ask—my man will understand it—

If they have done as I commanded."

"Even so!" replied the page, and would

Have gone, when suddenly

He paused—"How, if my lady should

Have some commands for me?"

He seeks the dame, and, bending low,

Says—"I must to the foundry go,

That stands upon the forest's borders;

But, ere I go, I wait your orders."

Then answered him the dame again

With gentle voice—"Alas!

My son is sick, or I would fain

Have heard the holy mass.

Go thou, my child, and let me not

Be in thy orisons forgot;

And so shall I partake the sentence

That crowns with pardon thy repentance."

Glad of the welcome task, he lost

No time, but forward sped;

But, as he through the village crossed

With rapid step, o'erhead

He heard the minister's solemn bell

Through the still air serenely swell,

Bidding frail souls, in concord mystic,

To share the banquet eucharistic.

"Shun not the call of power divine,

When 'tis before thee set!"

He says, and turns into the shrine.

Here naught is stirring yet;

For now, the harvest toil begun,

Keeps all men busy in the sun,

And neither clerk nor choir advances,

To chant the service and responses.

Estoons, to fill the sacrist's post,

Young Fridolin did go—

"The time," he said, "is never lost,

Which we on heaven bestow."

Then to the priest he speeds anon,

And girds his stole and cincture on,

Prepares, with holy zeal elated,

The cups and vessels consecrated.

These duties ended, at command:

He stept the priest before,

Along the aisle, and in his hand

The sacred missal bore;

Knelt right, knelt left, before the altar,

Did in no single duty falter,

And, when the sanctus was repeated,

Sounded his bell three times to greet it.

And when the priest, with awe devout,

Bent low, then reverently

In his uplifted hands held out

The present deity,

Tink, tinkle, went the sacrist's bell;

Stirred by its sound, men's bosoms swell,

And, to the host, all, lowly kneeling,

Beat on their breasts with contrite feeling.

What else the office asked he wrought,

He failed not in the least—

His mind these hallowed forms had caught—

Nor tired he, when the priest,

The mass and service ended thus,

Gave the Vobiscum Dominus,

And, God's unbounded grace confessing,

Dismissed the people with a blessing.

He saw each vessel, where 'twas kept,

In safety placed anew,

The sanctuary next he swept,

Then from the church withdrew;

And now, serene of soul, and gay,
Made for the forge, and on his way,
Because their tale was uncompleted,
Twelve patternmasters more repeated.

He gained the reeking forge, and spied
The workmen near it stand—
"Ho, now! my men, have you," he cried,
"Fulfilled the Count's command?"
They turn, and, with a hideous grin,
Point to the raging gulf within—
"He's safe enough, and stowed securely;
The Count will praise his servants surely."

With hurrying step and mind at war,
Back to his lord he hies;
He sees him coming from afar,
And scarce may trust his eyes.
"Unhappy boy, whence comest thou?"
"Sir, from the iron-foundry." "How!—
Thou hast been loitering then?" "I waited
For prayer and service consecrated.

"For, ere I bent me to your task,
I sought your dame to see—
For this, methought, did duty ask—
If she would aught with me.
She bids me go to mass, and I,
Well-pleased with the behest, comply;
And there, for her and your uncumbered
Welfare, my beads four times I numbered."

The Count fell back in deep dismay—
The colour left his cheek—
"And to thy question what said they,
The foundry workmen—speak?"
"Darkly they spoke—to the furnace red
They pointed with a grin, and said—
'He's safe enough, and stowed securely;
The Count will praise his servants surely.'"

"And, Robert," cried with mind on rack
The Count, and trembling stood—
"Met ye him not, as ye came back?
I sent him to the wood."
"Sir, nor by wood nor meadow green
Have I a trace of Robert seen."
"Now," cries the Count—smit with contrition—
"Here may we read Heaven's own decision."

Then to his dame, to whom unknown
Was all had passed, he led
Her gentle page, and thus in tone
Of deep emotion, said:
"Be ever gracious to this child:
No angel is more undefiled.
Though we may deal ungently by him,
God and his saints are ever nigh him."

E. N.

VANITAS VANITATUM, VANITAS.

From Goethe.

I place my faith and trust on naught—
Huzza!

With dear experience wisdom bought—
Huzza!

Then when with comrades next I dine,
I'll quaff to naught, best friend of mine,
A bumper full of Rhenish wine.

I placed my trust in gaining wealth—
Huzza!

In doing so spent youth and health—
Ah, well!

My hopes by fickle fortune cross'd,
What in collecting so much cost,
Through bankrupt agents, I have lost.

To Eve's fair daughters next I went—
Huzza!

There sadly found my time mispent,
Ah, well!

If faithless, they deserted me;
The constant caused me ennui—
Thus woman ceased my trust to be.

On foreign travel went I next—
Huzza!
And there was plagued and sorely vex'd—
Ah, well!

While bills were high and fare was bad,
And bar'rous jargon drove me mad,
I nowhere English comforts had.

I placed my trust in rank and fame—
Huzza!
And tried to gain a deathless name—
Ah, well!

To honour's post at last when raised,
My worth and merits none one praised,
While jaundiced Envy on me gazed.

I placed my trust on glorious war—
Huzza!
In hopes to change my lacklens star—
Ah, well!

Victorious oft, with laurel crown'd,
One limb I left on Spanish ground,
And then in war no pleasure found.

But now on naught I place my trust—
Huzza!
And so Dame Fortune do thy worst—
Huzza!
For while I spend the whole day long,
In mirth and feasting, wine and song,
To me does all the world belong.

M. N.

TO A SPARROW CAUGHT IN MY HALL.

From the German of Bürger.

Good day, my Lord!—Look at him well!
Thou'rt welcome in my hall to dwell!
Thou'rt taken prisoner, dost thou see?
Exert thine every energy,
And fly about on every side,
And leave no window pane untried,
Shouldst even break thy beak or skull—
Thou'rt taken prisoner, little fool!
Thy tyrant I, and thou my slave,
Although a prince, or count, or grave,
Among thy sparrow folk! Now, hear
What, if I chese to be severe,
I have the power to do with thee:—
Can pluck thee, twist thy neck; decree
The fate awaiting cock and dog,
(To end this little catalogue,)
Should they refuse to crow and bark—
Death at one stroke! and, hark!
Although I say the words with grief,
And that with right, thou gallows thief!
Dost know the cherries, day by day,
Thou from my mouth hast snatched away?
And princely pastime it would be
Should I bring Pussy in with me!
But, if more merciful, indeed,
The garden-shears I have, at need,
Wherewith to cut thy fluttering wing
And saucy tail, thou little thing!
Then, under hedge and bank, thou must
Be always fluttering in the dust!—
Ha! fellow! how dost like the plan?
But know thou that I am a Man!
I'll let thee flutter, frank and free;
But that, e'er mindful thou mayst be
That Freedom is a golden price,
First, I will gently tyrannize,
And scare thee o'er the room. Sh! sh!
Now, through the window to your bush!

No! no! no tyranny for me!
God guard us all from slavery!

CHAPTER FROM THE CHRONICLES OF ENGLISH QUEENS; OR, THE LEPER-HOUSE OF JANVAL.

BY MRS GORE.

Among the unquiet reigns succeeding the epoch of the Norman conquest, which (while the original Britons were colonizing in exile in that maritime province of France which still exhibits such remarkable traces of the Celtic origin of its population) established a third race of aliens and foreigners in authority over the harassed mother country, that of Stephen—harassed by perpetual struggles with the Empress Matilda and her son—was, perhaps, the most uneasy to the Sovereign, the most unsatisfactory to the people.

Henry I. had been endured on the throne by his English subjects chiefly in deference to his union with a Saxon Princess, the niece of Edgar Atheling. Though the haughty manners of the Queen estranged from her, in the sequel, the hearts of her own people; while the Normans, instead of being propitiated by her renouncement of her Saxon name of Edith for the Norman one of Matilda, persisted in asserting that the Saxon Princess was a recanted nun, devoted in childhood to the altar by her aunt, the Abbess of Wilton—still her influence promoted peace in the land; and there was every prospect that, in the person of her son, Prince William, the Saxon and Norman races united would uphold undisputed sway over the kingdom. There were those, however, among the English, who still predicted evil from the results of a sacrilegious marriage. Many were heard to declare that, so long as Edgar Atheling survived in exile in Normandy, the representatives of his niece could have no lawful claim to the English throne; while others boldly related reports of Prince William's animosity to his maternal kindred—the son of Maud, reared by Norman preceptors, having been heard to protest that his English subjects should be trained like oxen to the plough, as worthy only to become beasts of burden to the Normans.

The evil intentions of the heir-apparent were fated to be frustrated by that fatal catastrophe which history commemorates as having filled with lamentations not only the palace of the Sovereign, but the mansions of the Norman nobility. King Henry, when on the point of embarking from Harfleur for England, with his court, after pacifying the Dukedom of Normandy, was unluckily accosted by one Fitz-Stephens, the son of Fitz-Evard, a Norman privateer, who, after presenting on the strand a mark of gold to the King, in token of feudal service, made claim to the monopoly of conveying the royal *cortège* across the channel.

"It was my father," pleaded the blunt Norman, "who, in this same good vessel, the *Blanche Nef*, transported to Hastings your royal father,

the Conqueror; and I demand the enjoyment of the privilege then conceded to the family."

In deference to the omen, the English King forthwith entrusted to the vauntful captain his two sons, his daughter, his nephew, with three hundred youthful courtiers of noble lineage; and, lo! at midnight, on the eve of St Catherine, the *Blanche Nef*, manned by fifty gallant oarsmen, quitted the port, and, in a tranquil sea, without visible motive for the calamity, struck upon a fatal ledge of a rock, then known as the *Ras de Catte*. The cries of the crew reached even unto the King's ship; but so little was Henry prepared for the calamity, that, on landing in England, he persisted in asserting that the *Blanche Nef* had put back into port; nor was it till the sole survivor of the crew (a butcher of Rouen, saved by clinging to the mast) made known the piteous fact, that Prince William, having fairly escaped the wreck, had returned to receive on board a favourite daughter of his father, and been lost, through a number of his noble companions leaping into the boat, that Henry became convinced of the extent of his misfortune. From that hour to the day of his death, the countenance of the afflicted King was unvisited by a smile. Beholding in this severe dispensation of Providence the chastisement of his cruelties towards his brother Robert, and of his unlawful marriage, he began to apprehend that his fated line was destined never to reign in England.

"I have failed to propitiate the wrath of Providence," murmured the King. "Albeit the rich foundation of Reading Abbey hath appeased the rancour of the clergy, it hath done nought to conciliate the indignation of a jealous God. The line of William the Norman is a destined line. It is written—*La race de l'enfant batarde périra!*"

The prudent counsels of Anselmus, the Archbishop, suggested, however, at that juncture, to the King, that, instead of indulging in unavailing regrets, much might be done to secure the succession to the throne for his daughter, Maud—the youthful widow of the Emperor, Henry V. of Germany; in obedience to which advice, the Empress Maud was invited back, and welcomed with royal state to Windsor Castle, to receive the allegiance of the barons of England, as heiress-apparent to the crown.

The pride of a warlike nation might have been expected to rebel against this substitution of a female ruler, at a period when every man's foot was in the stirrup, and every man's hand on his sword. But compassion pleaded for King Henry. It was no moment to thwart the desires of the afflicted man. The youth and beauty of the imperial widow wrought wonders in her favour

with the chivalrous youth of the kingdom. Certain of the higher nobility cherished secret hopes of being honoured by the King with her hand ; others venerated the Empress as the sole representative, in name and nature, of her Saxon mother, (styled on her tomb at Winchester—*MATILDIS REGINA, ab Anglis vocata MOLD, THE CODE QUEEN* ;") and not a few mentally reserved to themselves absolvment from their oath of allegiance, in case the young Earl of Blois, son to Adela, sister of the Conqueror, could be prevailed on to attempt a second invasion.

The Empress, meanwhile, in the fullest bloom of youth and beauty, gave herself up to the propitious seeming of the time, without much heed of the secret intentions of her obsequious vassals. As yet, too young and fair for ambition, her youth was spent among the deteriorating brilliancies of a court. Transplanted, in thoughtless girlhood, from the somewhat pedantic precincts of the palace of Westminster, beset at that period by learned clerks and ambitious priests, to the gay Imperial court, with all its array of chivalry, its vivid heraldry, joyous tournaments, and gentle arts of poesy and song, the young Empress had passed in review the gallant nobles of Hainault, Brabant, Saxony, &c., in her early widowhood, she returned to present herself before the iron-handed barons of Britain ; and, though she came prepared to be an object of idolatry to the courtiers of her father, and to see the knees of men and the eyes of women bend down before her, she was pre-resolved that neither the savage English thanes (her father's reluctant subjects) nor the rude Norman barons (her mother's ferocious enemies) should obtain any ascendancy over her heart. She would be a Queen !—every inch a Queen ! She would enjoy the revenues of the crown, trifle with the liberties of the people, repress the insolence of the barons, and enjoy the sports and pastimes of her sex, without paying a tribute in return to its feelings or frailties. Love was not for one of royal degree. There were chancellors and archbishops to hold in charge her conscience and her immortal soul. The youthful Sovereign reserved to herself the care of her heart.

When Matilda took her place, for the first time, beside her father in the Council Chamber at Windsor, surrounded by venerable men, renowned for valour in the field or wisdom in the closet, many admired the listless serenity of brow with which she pronounced the words dictated to her by the King's Ministers, applauding the clear enunciation of her firm and silver voice. Others there were, however, who descried heartlessness in her too-ready self-possession, and would rather have traced a tear in her youthful eye, or a faltering accent, when addressing, for the first time, the chosen of her future subjects, than have witnessed her cold and measured propriety of demeanour. There was no sensibility, they said, in Matilda—no woman—no angel. They might

reverence, but they could not love the automaton of the counsellors of the throne.

These cavillers, however, withdrew their objections, when, in the course of the jousts and tournaments which followed the solemn convocation confirming the succession in the female line, the youthful Empress was required to bestow, three successive times, the palm of victory upon a certain Sir Kenric Ceorcil, only son of the Saxon Earl Waltheam, a youth whose high accomplishments threw into the shade those of the gallant Norman nobles flourishing under the protection of the court. Sir Kenric was, in fact, regarded as the flower of English knights ; and when, at the close of the day, the young Empress invested him with a scarf of gold, embroidered by her own fair hands, and woven in her colours, the Harcourts, Montaignes, Alyottes, Mortemers, Noels, and all the horde of foreign adventurers, honoured with posts of state, bit their tilting gloves for very shame at being thus overmastered by one of the native boors of the uncivilized land they designed to plunder for a maintenance. But the fault was their own. Their presumption of skill and valour had suggested a challenge to all England, in honour of the fair Matilda, else had not the son of a Saxon *Tiern* presumed to wield arms within the privileged lists of the royal castle of Windsor.

Still deeper was their shame when, at the banquet and ball following this chivalrous display, they beheld Sir Kenric graced with the especial notice of their future Queen and the noble ladies glittering in her train. King Henry, on dissolving the baronial council held in the grand hall of the castle, had entreated pardon for absenting himself from the ensuing entertainments in a spot where, but a year before, his gallant son had born off the prizes of the tourney ; and the youthful Empress was consequently sole occupant of the throne of state ; but it was judged no derogation that she should mingle in the dance, led successively by the Earls of Devon and Hereford, and young Geoffrey, son to Fulk, Earl of Anjou, the ward of King Henry during his father's absence in the Holy Land ; and Maud—who united the accomplishments of foreign countries with the fair-visagedness and modesty of her own—acquitted herself so gracefully under the guidance of these distinguished cavaliers, that even the Lady Godfreda d'Ypres—the favoured friend of her deceased mother, appointed by King Henry, as a woman of renowned virtue and prudence, to officiate as keeper of his daughter's household—could espy nothing to amend in the deportment of her charge.

The Norman Lords, however, saw much cause for blame, when—under sanction, as they supposed, of the Lady Godfreda, the English governante, the Saxon duenna—her Majesty dismounted once more from the throne to the dancing-floor, conducted by a partner no less obnoxious than Sir Kenric of Waltheam. An unseemly murmur arose in the hall, which nought but the presence of the solemn chamberlains with their wands, and the attendance of yeomen

with their partisans, availed to subdue into decorum. Indignant, however, at this presumptuous show of displeasure on the part of her vassals, her mother's haughty spirit broke out for the first time in Matilda. Instead of shrinking rebuked by the dissatisfaction of the Court, the Empress redoubled her show of favour towards the noble Saxon she was honouring with her hand. On her other partners, she had scarcely deigned to bestow a token of notice. With Sir Kenric, she entered cheerfully into conversation. The young knight was recently returned from Ratisbon, where the Empress flattered herself she had made a highly advantageous impression; and to his replies to her interrogatories touching the friends she had reluctantly left behind, Matilda listened with such sparkling eyes and varying complexion, that the Lady Godfreda, uninstructed in the cause of her pupil's emotion, began to view with some uneasiness a scene likely to give rise to cruel misconstructions.

"Thy gentle friend, the Princess Isolina of Austria, should have furnished you with a token to my presence," observed the Empress, on learning that the young Knight had been her Highness' inmate in her castle of St Pölitz. "Tidings from her friends in Germany are ever welcome to Matilda."

"I had the glory, madam," returned the knight, with grace and dignity, "of bearing to England, both from the Earl of Hainault, and the Duchess of Austria, gifts and letters for your Majesty, which I duly delivered to the hands of your seneschal, to be entrusted to those of the Lady Godfreda."

"Letters!—gifts!" cried the Empress, with surprise.

"A cross and chalice of gold of Augsburg work," replied Sir Kenric, "and a chaplet of onyx, consecrated at the shrine of Maria Zell in Styria."

"And how came it," demanded the Empress, turning by sudden impulse towards her daughter, "that these tokens were remitted to my hand without intimation that they were intended to bespeak my favour for the bearer?"

"I crave your Majesty's pardon," replied the Lady Godfreda, (using her native dialect, in trust not to be understood by the Normans by whom they stood surrounded,) "for having adhered so closely to your royal father's instructions as to recognise the imprudence of bestowing public notice upon an English subject, whereas the foreign favourites, cheered by the sunshine of the throne, might be moved to take umbrage."

This reproof, intended to recall the Empress to a sense of her indiscretion in prolonging a parley with the English knight honoured with her colours in the lists and her hand in the dance, served only to aggravate the mischief. A sense of her recent accession of consequence swelled in the bosom of the youthful Sovereign. She was a woman, had been an Empress, was to be a Queen! Why submit to be lectured by a prudish woman, who had survived the age of grace and gallantry?

Aloud, in French, and with marked significance, accordingly, did Maud intimate to Sir Kenric of Waltheam her commands to present himself, on the morrow, at her apartments in the Eastern Tower of Windsor Castle, at the hour when the King afforded daily opportunity to his daughter to introduce her friends and dependents to his protection.

The graceful, silent, and reverent obedience with which this dangerous token of favour was received by the English knight, would probably have provoked a second murmur from the courtly throng, had not Maud, directing at that moment round the circle a stern glance of her clear blue eye, imposed silence upon the malecontents. Not a word was spoken, not a look adventured towards the graceful form of the retreating cavalier, who had accepted the words of the Empress as a form of dismissal. The lovely daughter of the King retired to dream of the noble person, expressive countenance, and mellifluous voice of the young Saxon, who had thrown all competitors for her smiles into eclipse; while the discontented Barons were scarcely less excited by newly awakened apprehensions that they might behold an English subject promoted to the English throne, and be compelled to bow the knee to one whom the rules of precedence and laws of conquest pointed out as their inferior.

Their fears, however, were premature. No Kenric presented himself to do homage to the royal lady, who esteemed herself more highly as queen of human hearts than as a dweller Empress, or sovereign expectant. Vainly did Maud chafe and wonder at the absence of her protégé; vainly dispatch her maids of honour and waiting gentlewomen to inquire of this usher and that seneschal whether a young knight, wearing a scarf of crimson and blue, had sued for admittance to her presence. The English knight was seen no more at Windsor Castle. Either the presence of the Lady Godfreda had alarmed the precautions of the King, and secured his banishment from Court, or the callous coldness of his English nature rendered him insensible to favours the mere witnessing of which had set the blood of the Norman nobility into a ferment.

If, however, the interference of the King purposed to obliterate the dangerous impression made on the heart of the future Queen of England, by one whom policy forbade her to elevate to the throne, the project evinced little knowledge of the human heart. Matilda, who would have perhaps seen less to admire in Sir Kenric on a mere familiar acquaintance, began to dwell perilously on his attractions the moment she conceived him to be forcibly detained from her presence. Every word of their interview was recalled and re-recalled; every look stored in her memory; every gesture remembered with partiality. She felt that she had lost a friend in the gallant partisan who had so chivalrously won and so gracefully worn her colours.

In vain did the Lady Godfreda remonstrate

against the indelicacy of her inquiries, and the imprudence of her regrets. The young Empress did not scruple to avow that, were she assured of the interposition of the King, her father, in preventing the advances of Sir Kenric, she would abide no longer at Windsor Castle, to be subjected to espionage and tyranny; but, returning to Germany, live frugally but independently upon her dower, with the privilege of enjoying the society of her choice, and treading a measure when and where she listed, with partners of suitable degree.

"I pray your Majesty to recollect, ere these imprudent sayings transpire, and alienate from your royal person the hearts of the commons of England," quoth Lady Godfreda, "that the fair and fertile island over which your future sovereignty is appointed, is well worth the sacrifice of a coranto. It were a degrading fact to be commented upon by the Princesses of Christendom, that the widow of the German Cæsar sat wailing in her bower-chamber because a fair-visaged adventurer scorned to avail himself of her too gracious invitations. The man may be wedded, madam, or betrothed; and his affianced lady evince reluctance to have his feelings exposed to the courtesies of one whose happiness her friends ardently desire to see secured by prudent wedlock."

"Sir Kenric of Waltham is neither wed nor like to wed!" retorted Maud. "Thus far my inquiries have determined. What further they may detect concerning him, I know not. But should harshness or evil dealing be included in my discoveries, I make the cause of the innocent my own, and pledge my word to repay heavily hereafter the smallest injury sustained in my behalf by my noble champion."

Induced, by the remarks of her lady gover-nante, whom she knew to be honoured with her father's confidence, to fear that Sir Kenric might in sooth be made to pay a heavy penalty for the distinctions she had rashly accorded him, the young Empress applied to her half brother, Robert Fitzroy, Earl of Gloucester, (an illegitimate son, on whom King Henry had recently bestowed a name, a title, and a wealthy bride,) to ascertain the cause of Ceorcil's absenting himself from Court. But the answers hazarded by Gloucester served only to augment her vexation. He replied by entreating his sister to banish Sir Kenric from her recollection, since it needed but a show of further favour on her part to draw down on the object of her care the most cruel persecutions of the King.

"Be warned by the fate of our uncle Robert," whispered the Earl of Gloucester. "That he was an obstacle to the projects of the King, sufficed to condemn him to a barbarous extinction of sight, and eighteen years' imprisonment."

Against the frightful inference thus hinted, the young Empress began loudly to exclaim. But, in the midst of her anxieties, on account of one whom a single interview had thus unaccountably promoted to her good graces, King Henry signi-fied his intention to proceed to Normandy, to

demand from his vassals the same pledge of allegiance to his daughter which he had received from his commons of England; and Matilda, who, from her early marriage and long residence in Germany, had been prevented accompanying her father in former expeditions, was gladdened by the prospect of beholding the cradle of her illustrious ancestors—the Castle of Rollo, the founder of her line—the early abode of her grandfather, the Conqueror—the sunny meads of the Seine—the gorgeous churches—the princely dwellings of Caen and Rouen.

With the versatility of her sex, she soon ceased to trouble her thoughts for the courteous knight who had done service for her in the lists; and, though Sir Kenric was known to have disappeared mysteriously from the dwelling of Earl Waltham, and was lamented of the English nobility, as a most accomplished youth, who, by force or stratagem, had come to wrong, Matilda embarked in her gorgeous galley, without so much as a prayer to the King that search might be made into the affair, and the aggressors yielded to punishment.

Glad was the heart of the lovely young Empress when, after a day's propitious sailing, the white cliffs of Fécamp appeared in sight. Her life had been a series of progresses and triumphs. She had become habituated to the glare and tumult of festivity, till the very heart within her was hardened by the atmosphere of pomp and ostentation. The wrongs of the oppressed, the sorrows of the poor, were forgotten, while her young eye dwelt upon glittering jewels, shining silks, and waving plumes. As she presided peerless over the lists, or sat aloft listening to the minstrelsies and clashing goblets of the gorgeous banquet, there was no world elsewhere for Matilda.

A heavy lesson, however, was in store for her. The Saxon parentage which so recommended her to her English subjects, created an equal prejudice against her among the Norman lieges of King Henry. The bold barons of the duchy swore that they would rather groan again under the sceptre of Robert the Devil, than submit to be swayed by a distaff; and, contrary to all that might have been anticipated from a country so civilized, her beauty, instead of working miracles in her favour, was converted into a cause of offence.

"This woman," cried the rough barons of Tan-carville, Eu, and Harcourt, "hath no thought save for the jingling of minstrels, and garniture of robes of estate. Give her the jewels and car-canets of the duchesses of Normandy, and a tiring-glass wherein to view her fair visage, and send her back content to Westminster! But for us, a warrior for time of need—for us, a grave councillor for strait of peril—for us, a chief who, in his chain-mail, and mounted on a gallant war-horse, can lead us on to victory! No mincing woman-sovereigns for Normandy! 'Tis contrary to feudal usage—'tis contrary to decent usage—'tis contrary to sense and judgment! If King Henry must choose a successor, be it his young

nephew, Stephen of Blois, whom he might have wedded with this fair-faced widow, ere the count took to himself a bride of his own selection. Stephen is a brave and stalwart man. To Stephen will we gladly do service for our land. But away with this woman-prince, whose sceptre is a gittern, and whose senate a council of coifs and stomachers!"

The gauntlet thus thrown down, all Normandy stood forward to resist the summons of the King. Instead of the triumphs predicted to her, the young Empress found herself condemned as the illegitimate offspring of a revolted nun—as a pretender and usurper. Ecclesiastics, from the pulpit, denounced the daughter of "Sister Edith, of Wilton Abbey, falsely styled Matilda, Queen of England."

"Behold!" said they, "the hand of Providence is on the generation of the blasphemer of the altar. With the Prince, her son, perished the pride and prime of the noble houses of Normandy; and, for the Princess, her daughter, a yet more fearful sentence shall be accomplished! The man who weds with Maud shall be stricken with the sword; and with foul disease the children borne unto them. Therefore, oh, therefore be the race accursed in Normandy! Let them not sit in the seat of our rulers. Let them not defile the steps of our altars. Home with them to the land of the Saxon and the idolater!"

These hostilities were clearly stirred up by the party which, from the catastrophe of Prince William's grievous end, had been rallying round the standard of the Earl of Blois. But they were not the less alarming to Henry and his daughter. The King, who, from the agonizing hour which bereaved him of three of his offspring, had been overwhelmed with melancholy, appeared to hearken with peculiar despondence to the denunciations of the church. Though aware of the falsehood of the allegation against his wife, (who, though bred in a convent, had, from personal repugnance, refused to pronounce the vows of the order,) the unhappy King doubted not that his cruelty to his captive brother had called down upon his head the ire of Providence. The premature death of his sons and son-in-law, seemed to inspire terror of his alliance; for no suitors presented themselves for the hand of his daughter, whose beauty and heirship to the throne of England placed her above all other princesses of Christendom.

"I shall not live to fold a grandchild in my arms," was the ever-recurring cry of King Henry. "My race is doomed! Beaucherk will bequeath no inheritors to the loyalty of Britain."

His anxieties were shortly increased by the troubles of a neighbouring state. Fulk, Count of Anjou, (surnamed, from his custom of bearing a branch of broom or *genest* upon his helm in guise of plume, "*Plante Genest*," a name afterwards Anglicised into Plantagenet,) was pursuing, in conformance with the spirit of the times, his fanatic adventures in the East, leaving his country to be harassed by cruelties and exactions; and Henry, who had volunteered his

protection to young Geoffrey, the heir of Anjou, could not refuse his aid in reducing to submission the turbulent Angerine nobles, who took upon themselves the control of his inheritance.

Abandoning, therefore, his personal dissensions with his Norman subjects, the King placed himself at the head of a numerous army, and marched towards Angers—leaving the young Empress and her train, with a sufficient escort of men-at-arms, intrenched in the strong Castle of Arques, in Talon, one of the most important citadels of Normandy.

The impatience of the fair Maud, at this sudden change of prospects, was scarcely to be controlled. Already she had imbibed the strongest prejudices against Normandy and the Normans, by whom her rights were so insolently impugned; and to devote to the dreariness of a gloomy fortress in a sequestered valley those golden hours of youth which she had trusted to devote to the gorgeous halls of Westminster or Winchester, and the trophied galleries of Windsor, was a cruel disappointment. Of all her female train, there was only one, the Lady Ada de Tancarville, whose society was supportable to the spoiled heiress of the English throne; and even against her the King, her father, had breathed a word of warning at parting.

"Confide not too tenderly to any of Norman birth," said the King, on taking his way from the stern embattlements of Arques. "These people love you not, my dear Maud, and will be apt to spread snares for thy undoing."

Nevertheless, when the young Empress observed with what zeal her fair companion laboured, even in that secluded spot, to minister to her enjoyments, it would have been black ingratitude to persist in the mistrust suggested by the King. The Lady Ada despatched messengers to her father's castle, at Tancarville, to procure, for the recreation of her lady, the choice falcons in which the old baron took delight; managed to train for her entertainment a company formed of the acolytes of the church of St Remy of Dieppe, by whom mysteries were performed in the grand hall of the donjon; and, while the Empress, surrounded by her maidens and women, whiled out the summer day upon the battlements of the watch-tower, commanding the beautiful valley of Arques, with its noble forest, rich pastures, and winding stream, procured the favour of Sire Guy de Harcourt, the governor, to exercise his billmen and bowmen in mimic warfare in the vale below—a fitting sport and pastime for the leisure of a queen.

For these considerate attentions, the lovely Maud was duly grateful; and the influence of Lady Ada soon exceeded that of any former favourite. The Empress loved to sit alone with her noble attendant beneath the canopy erected upon the platform of the donjon, to shelter her from the summer heats; engaged in deep discussion of the mysteries of religion, politics, love, or fashion. The jealous rivals of the Lady Ada adduced the two latter topics as exclusively occupying the attention of the noble ladies; the

faithful partisans of Maud, the former. But it was in presence of her whole train the Count de Tancarville's daughter acquainted the Empress that a minstrel, of singular proficiency, had been, for some days, exercising his art in the guard-room, for the diversion of the soldiery. "And, good sooth, it were a shame and scandal to have it whispered," persisted the wily lady, "that there came a minstrel to the gates of Arques; and that there were none to shew favour towards the *gai science* but a bluff captain and his unlettered men-at-arms."

On this hint, the ladies of the young Empress surrounded her with entreaties, that the minstrel might be admitted to her royal presence that very afternoon; when Maud, after some show of reluctance, either real or feigned, acceded to their prayer. Her Majesty's almoner, Brother Anselmus de Gisors, was required to be in attendance, to afford countenance to this introduction of a stranger into the royal sanctuary; and it was noticed, that the learned priest and the Norman lady in waiting exchanged significant glances when, on the entrance of the minstrel, the Empress half started from her seat, and, after manifest and uncontrollable changes of countenance, let fall her veil over her face as she gave ear to the strains with which her young countryman was emboldened to amuse her royal leisure.

For, though the Norman ladies by whom, as a token of conciliation, King Henry had seen fit to surround the Empress, noted only in the *jongleur* a youth too manly and stalwart for his graceful calling—one who had far better become the lists of chivalry than the clerical weeds in which he was habited—the daughter of King Henry beheld in the intruder the well remembered knight who, in the tilting yard at Windsor, had so gallantly worn her colours, Sir Kenric of Waltheam, the flower of the Saxon chivalry!

PART II.

From that eventful hour all was changed in the Castle of Arques. Instead of the listlessness wherewith the Princess had heretofore sat amid her maidens, watching, with weary eyes, the progress of their embroidery, or listening with uneasy ears to the tedious homilies of Father Galfridus, the chaplain, she now began to betray unwonted care in the choosing of her tires and the readiness of her palfrey for morning exercise. Her monotonous walk upon the battlements no longer sufficed her; the bracing air of the cliffs by Candecôte being necessary for the maintenance of her health, or the cool shade of the wood by St Nicolas d'Alihermont for her refreshment.

No one found ought to urge against this sudden accession of activity. There was peace in the country. Brawlers were not likely to intrude upon her Majesty's pleasures; and those of the little court, who had been overpowered by the contagion of royal ennui, were right glad to adopt, without too curious investigation, a

happier frame of spirit. Cheerfulness shone upon the brow of the young Empress, health dawned in brighter colours upon her cheek, and the knights and dames of her train rejoiced at being authorized to resume their health and happiness.

Lady Ada de Tancarville had little difficulty in obtaining from her kinsman, Sire Gay, the governor, that the companies of spearmen and bowmen, appointed for the especial escort of the Empress in these equestrian expeditions, should consist of picked men, the vassals of the Count de Tancarville, whose soldiers were of high account in the King's army for discipline and training; and thus encompassed, Maud was at liberty to go and come as she listed; sometimes to take her pleasure in the noble pastime of hawking—sometimes to dream away refreshing hours on the seashore beneath the cliffs by Pourville—sometimes to penetrate towards the ancient Gaulic intrenchment or city of refuge, which bore the name of Caesar's Camp, purporting to have been an Oppidum of the epoch of the Roman Invasion.

It was summer—gorgeous, glowing, glorious summer. The woods with their trembling foliage, the sea with its gentle tides, seemed to confess the genial influence of the season; the meads and vales were enamelled with a thousand wild flowers; the shelving downs above embalmed the air with their aromatic herbage; even the stern battlements of the fortress of Arques were rendered fragrant by the yellow blossoms of the wall-flower bursting into bloom from every rift. The birds poured forth their joyous clamour from the boughs—the grasshopper was merry in the green field—the dragon-fly heaved in brilliant elasticity over the reeds of the Bethesda and the Saône; and the roughest peasant-boy, labouring in the fields, felt that, in the midst of summer gladness, his heart must expand into song, or burst!

If such the general influence of the season, was it likely that a young and lovely Princess, abandoned to the impulses of nature, should listen unmoved to the prayers and protestations of one who, with the connivance of persons engaged for her counsel and protection, was ever by her side? When Sir Kenric of Waltheam was introduced, by the cunning stratagem of the Count de Tancarville's daughter, into the Castle of Arques, the sole sentiment evinced by Maud was surprise. She had almost ceased to think of the hero of her transient love dream; and, perhaps, would have never more recalled him to mind, but for the art with which the Lady Ada, on learning, in a moment of listless gossip, that the feelings of her royal lady had been for a moment disquieted, brought back to her presence the dangerous English subject, who was likely to distract the Empress's wishes from a suitable alliance. But leisure, listlessness, and the vacuity of mind generated by a right royal education, soon afforded space for the growth of a master passion; and the accomplished knight, who was scarcely less than the Empress the

dupe and victim of the Lady Ada, unconsciously served the purposes of a Norman faction.

The devotion of Sir Kenric towards King Henry's daughter, or rather towards the grand-niece of King Edgar, was a sentiment of mingled loyalty and love. From the moment of beholding her in her Dalmatic robe of satin, studded with golden stars, presiding over the lists at Windsor Castle, the deference he had affected as a stepping-stone to courtly favour, became an overwhelming attachment. The counsellors of the King evinced their clear-sightedness in pointing him out to Henry as a youth likely to attempt some rash enterprise to attract the notice of the Empress, and promote the interest of the English cause; and so rapid and so active had been the precautions taken to intercept all further intercourse between the Empress and her young admirer, that the kinsmen and friends of the Earl Waltham became alarmed for Sir Kenric's safety; and, ere that knight had time for resistance, he was conducted by his father's authority on board a vessel lying in the Thames and about to sail for the Mediterranean; and, within three days of the tournament at Windsor, while the emissaries of the court were vainly attempting to obtain a clue to his retreat, had already, in a stout merchantman, passed the channel of St George.

Sir Kenric meanwhile was irritated beyond all patience by this undue exercise of paternal authority. On landing in Sicily, instead of pursuing his way to Palestine, according to the letter of Earl Waltham's instructions, he lost no time in retracing his steps towards the Northern Litteral. The partiality of Henry's daughter, pointed out to him by the Earl, his father, as a source of peril and loathing, was to him a sacred appeal. If Matilda's heart really inclined towards him—Matilda the Empress, whose every word and look was indelibly engraved in his soul—it was his duty to hasten back to her feet, and devote himself eternally to her will—even if exposed to the utmost enmity of the Norman Court—even in the fatal presence of the King. With this view, defying the surveillance of the trusty squires to whom he had been given in guidance by his father, Sir Kenric fled from Sicily, and sailed for the coast of France.

The pilgrim, after a brief sojourn at Avignon, where the Pope, driven from his Italian States, was then residing, pursued his way towards Thoulouse, for the purpose of gaining the north, through Aquitaine and Anjou. In that city of poesy and romance, his strains in honour of the Empress Maud soon attracted such universal admiration, that the Lady Ada, when exercising her ingenuity for the discovery of the object of the Empress's dormant affection, had little difficulty in detecting the enamoured Sir Kenric in the English troubadour, who had won the golden opinions of Languedoc and Aquitaine, by his *virelays* and feats of arms.

To attract him into Normandy by a pretended message from the descendant of his Saxon princess, was a matter that needed only boldness for the

attempt. Within a few weeks of the Empress's confidential disclosure to Lady Ada, that, of all men living, Sir Kenric Gecoril had alone excited emotion in her heart, he was standing in presence of his future Sovereign. Ere a more familiar meeting could be brought to pass, it was essential for the Lady Ada so far to deceive him, as to admit that the summons was despatched by herself without the participation of her royal mistress. But she protested that she had acted only from zeal to restore health and happiness to her illustrious friend, by recalling to her presence the object of her dearest affections. So artfully was the game of deceit carried on around the young couple, that it needed not long to insure the smiles and indulgence of the royal recluse of Arques, for the knight who had defied time and place, peril and persecution, for her sake. Encouraged by evil counsel, Sir Kenric scrupled not to declare to the daughter of kings his passionate attachment; while, encouraged by evil counsel, the daughter of kings did not hesitate to avow in return that she was deeply sensible to his devotion.

Under such auspices, the growth of love is of rapid progress. The Lady Ada, aware that the cautious King had left especial instructions with the Sire d'Harcourt regarding Earl Waltham's son, had warned him to present himself at the castle as a Provençal minstrel; under which quality he obtained unmolested access to the Empress. Certain that her father would not for many months return to Normandy, she had no fear that the adventurous knight should be detected by the Normans composing her little court; and, blessing her fate that the age and infirmities of the Lady Godfreda d'Ypres had detained her in England, Matilda acceded to Lady Ada's recommendation, that the Provençal *jongleur*, who found such small encouragement among the unlettered bores of Normandy, should be enlisted in her service so long as she remained immured in the iron fortress of Arques. When, however, for the first time, the Empress beheld Earl Waltham's son habited in her household livery, like some poor hireling minstrel, she felt convinced that the dignity of his department must betray him to the household, or at least to the practised eye of d'Harcourt, as a disguised noble. She saw how gracefully "William the troubadour" submitted to the duties of his calling; how gaily he recited ballads for the amusement of the chambermaids; how sweetly warbled *complaintes* for the delight of the ladies in waiting; and, above all, with what sober and scholar-like discretion he argued with Brother Anselmus or Father Galfridus. All these sacrifices were, she knew, made for her sake; and it was difficult to withhold a smile as the reward of so much love! Already the songs of the minstrel-knight had made her name renowned at the courts of Raymond of Thoulouse, and Roger of Sicily. The rumour of his devotion to the daughter of Henry of England had drawn the attention of the Tanquerville party towards his retreat; and the vanity of her sex

enlisted itself with the weakness of her heart, to further the pretensions of the enterprising and interesting stranger.

When *now* she lingered on the battlements in the stillness of the summer twilight, William the *jongleur*, as well as the Lady Ada and her favourite wolf-dog, were suffered to be in attendance ; and it was noticed by the warders and sentinels posted on the adjacent turrets, that, so far from witching with minstrelsy the ear of his liege lady during these interviews, the discourse of the Provençal with his noble companions was breathed in as low a voice as when Brother Anselmus was admitted to the honour of pouring ghostly counsel into the ear of his royal charge. It was only after the banquet, or when seated amid her maidens in the hall, that the troubadour was required to make proof of his skill. At all other times, the Empress seemed to take greater delight in listening to his recital of the wonders of foreign lands ; the sweetness of southern countries, with their gentle airs and sunny fruitage ; and the pastimes of courts less rude and warrior-like than the kingly circles of Normandy and England. It may be inferred, at least, that such were the themes with which the stranger recreated the ears of the Queen. For so closely was William stationed behind her chair of state, or kneeling on the rushes beside her, that it was impossible for the most curious ear to obtain a snatch of their discourse ; and it was but from the varying expression of the lady's countenance—now eager with curiosity, now softened by emotion, now harsh with displeasure and disdain—that the spectators obtained any index to the subjects on which the eloquence of William was untiringly exercised. The latter sentiment, however, rarely disfigured the lovely countenance of Maud. The projects of the Normans for the Empress's enthrallment in a derogatory marriage, were thriving almost beyond their expectations.

Every day, when the palfrey of the Princess, with its footcloth and housings of crimson and gold, crossed the drawbridge on her way to the forest, amid the numerous train by which she was escorted, William, though never prominently placed, was ever to be found, ready, in case of emergency, to place his hand upon the rein, or guide the impatient steed of the Empress through the fords by St Aubin, or up the steepes towards Janval. The minstrel, as by especial privilege, and to lighten the burthen of the way with ditties and romances, was accustomed to pace at the stirrup of the Empress or the Lady Ada, from the moment they were beyond espial from the castle ; and when fairly launched into the country, the Princess would bid her guard of bowmen retire to a distance, to insure her from approach ; and while her ladies and pages dispersed themselves in the forest, would proceed onwards with her two favourite companions, to enjoy, secure from molestation, those higher flights of poetry and romance which are never imbibed so sweetly as under the noble canopy of Heaven, while the glorious influence

of the works of nature outspread around attune the soul to lofty contemplation.

One of the favourite haunts of the Empress, was a fair and wooded acclivity situated between Arques and the sea-shore, wholly secure from the frequenting of the neighbouring peasants. For lo ! amid its shady recesses stood the *leproserie* or leper-house of Janval !

At that period there were many lepers in the land. The constant transit of pilgrims and warriors between Palestine and Christendom, was fatally apt to transport the scourge of the Assyrian provinces to the fair field of Europe. Many a city of the south had been again and again desolated by the plague ; and many a noble family of the north, afflicted by the spectacle of one of its young and promising members, " a leper as white as snow ! " Divers leper-houses or infirmaries were accordingly set apart for the cure of this hideous distemper ; usually served by brothers of the severe religious orders, and avoided by the surrounding population as spots consecrated to misfortune, and marked out by the awful finger of divine wrath.

Among these was the leper-house, consecrated at Janval to St Mary Magdalen in the year of grace 1083, by Duke Robert of Normandy, whom reigning in his Castle of Arques over the province of Talon ; and with such repugnance were its precincts regarded by his subjects, that, saving in the intercourse needful to obtain alms and medicaments for the sick, the brothers ministering to the afflicted inmates of the leper-houses presumed not so much as to accost a fellow-creature.

It was towards this fatal spot, nevertheless, that the young Empress, to secure to herself, unmolested, the society of him who alone excited interest in her listless bosom, was fond of directing her wanderings. At the distance of one hundred yards round the *leproserie*, grew an ancient belt or grove of beech-trees ; beyond which, the unhappy victims were never suffered to penetrate. They were allowed, indeed, to emerge from the walls only on two days of the week, during the hour succeeding the ringing of the Angelus ; and, at other times, the beech-grove and its environs were wholly deserted—a lonely and unfrequented place, where the chaffinches and linnetts perched fearless on the lowest boughs, in blessed security from the cruelty of the human race.

Such was the ill-omened trysting-place selected by the Empress and her true knight, for the interchange of their vows of affection. In that fated grove, not a sound reached their ears—not a step startled their solitude—as they sat together on some mossy mound, enshrouded by the drooping branches of the glossy-stemmed beech-trees ; gazing, through their leafy screen, upon the distant ocean, or on the tranquil valley below, with its grazing herds and glassy waters. There needed no prohibition to secure them from the intrusion of even the most privileged straggler of the royal train. Not a breathing soul at Arques, saving the twin who, at all oaks,

desired to emancipate themselves from observation, would have approached the accursed limits of the *leproserie* of Janval.

"We are safe here!" was the earnest ejaculation of the Empress, whenever they approached the silent confines of the lazaret, whose lofty walls of flint and deeply-embanked moat assumed, on days of strict *clôture*, the aspect of a prison.

"We are safe here!" echoed the Knight, gently leading her towards the closest shelter of the grove, and spreading his cloak upon the ground, that they might sit fast by each other's side, for the interchange of those vows of tenderness which, though now of daily occurrence, were unwearied to their infatuated hearts.

"We are safe here, my beloved, my queen, my idol! And here, in presence of that Almighty Being in whose sight all men are equal, hear me renew my vows to love and honour thee, in trouble, in sickness, in old age, as in this golden hour of beauty and prosperity! Hear me swear to obey thee as my liege and Empress—to love thee as my bride and mistress! Though, during thy royal father's lifetime, it were both vain and unbecoming to harass him with prayers for sanction to an union so adverse to his ambitious views, the infirmities of the King forbid much prolongation of our suspense. There is no treason in recalling to mind, that, in his address spoken last winter to the Barons of England, Henry avouched that his anxiety for the regulation of the succession arose from the certitude, that, before many months, he must be summoned to his dread account. When that day, beloved Matilda, shall arrive, the anointed Queen of England will have nothing further to fear from the intrigues of fastidious nobles! Once on the throne, thou wilt be free to avow the preference of thy gentle heart; and I, to devote my strength of arm to thy defence. There shall be no thorn in thy path—no bitter in thy cup. The heaviest cloud that overshadoweth thy gentle head, shall be no darker than yonder filmy vapour of silvery threads floating betwixt thee and the clear azure of the summer skies."

Such words and protestations, uttered by the mellow, manly voice of the seeming minstrel, and enforced by the impassioned glances of the dark eyes fixed upon her face, and the tender grasp of the hands enclasping her own, were as music in the ears of Matilda. She forgot the stern counsels of the King, and the severe lessons of divines and statesmen, as she listened to the vows of Earl Waltheam's son. The kingdom of England, the duchy of Normandy, receded from her view. She saw only the fair young knight, to whom every hair of her head was dear as his life's blood; she heard only the rapturous vows which declared her peerless among women—more than Queen—more than Empress—even the Sovereign of his soul.

Sometimes, carried away by consciousness of his deep affection, the lovely Maud would pass her ivory hand caressingly through the clusters of chestnut hair which mantled round the noble

brow of her beloved. Sometimes, bewildered in dreams of future happiness, she painted the joys of that happy time when, supreme in her palace of Westminster or Castle of Windsor, she should be at liberty to enthronise him by her side, renouncing her authority as Queen, to obtain the holier distinctions of a dutiful and loving wife.

"There may be those who will blame thine elevation, my Kenric," whispered the Princess, in these, her softer moods—"people who know not thy valour, thy nobleness, thy brilliant accomplishments, thy true and trusty heart! But, even to these murmuring subjects, over-jealous for the honour of their Sovereign, we may reply, that, among the Saxon Tierns, none rank higher than Leofric, Earl Waltheam, the descendant of our Mercian Kings. Whereas, the Norse adventurers who, after subduing Normandy, were allowed, by the fortune of war, to conquer England!"

"Even when advocating my cause, sweet heart," interrupted Sir Kenric, "disparage not thine own illustrious condition; nor, to efface the disproportion betwixt us, forget that thou art widow of a Cæsar of Germany—daughter to a King of England! It is my glory to be indebted to thy love alone for raising me to equality with thyself. Nay, I would be chosen as the wandering minstrel, rather than as son to a Saxon Thane, or descended from a chief of the Heptarchy. Were I a worm at thy feet, Matilda, thy choice and attachment would honour me above the honour of princes!—rather be the object of thy gentle love than heir to Anjou and Aquitaine! I swear to thee, dearest, I shall be content to have lived and died, so it be written on my tomb, 'Here lies the man beloved by Maud of England!'"

The more lowly the views of Sir Kenric, the more generous, of course, became the projects of the Empress.

"Nay, but thou shalt be King," was her reiterated protest. "Never will I sit in King Edward's chair at Westminster, or submit my brow to the consecrated oil, unless thou sharest my throne, while the proud Barons tender us their homage of allegiance! Gladly will the English throng to the feet of a prince of their tribe and lineage; and, for my Norman subjects, let them dare but wag a finger against the partner of my selection, and away with them to their necessitous province! Neither largesse nor benefaction for such as presume to withhold their submission from the lord of my bosom's choice!"

"It were, in sooth, a triumph," cried the Knight, "to humble the pride of these insolent Normans, by whom thy right and title have been impugned; and to aid in redressing the wrongs of the English, on whom, during the last three reigns, the conquerors have been permitted to trample! I would fain behold the people of England—the people by whose thews and sinews the land hath been cultured into fertility—restored to the enjoyment of their ancient rights, and relieved from the heavy oppression of laws framed in a tongue unknown to them, and en-

forced by tyrants, who leave them plunged in the night of ignorance, that they may remain patient and unresisting. I would behold my fellow-subjects *razze*, Matilda, that they may have cause to love and honour their Queen! Thy mother's and my father's people must not be condemned, as was the threat of thy ill-fated brother, to live chained like oxen to the plough, to provide the bread of tyrants. Give them to enjoy an equal distribution of the law of the land—an equal share of its profits; and behold, enfranchised thousands shall bless thee, and labour with their heart's blood, that the name of Britain may remain honoured among the nations!"

The young Empress smiled at Sir Kenric's enthusiasm; but she assented while she smiled; and William the minstrel cherished the dear delusion, that his influence over the mind of the Queen would convey peace and prosperity to the island kingdom!

Meanwhile, the days drew on. The corn ripened in the fields, and the fruit of the vine hung heavier on the wall. But, though autumn was approaching, the messengers dispatched from Angers by King Henry to the Castle of Arques, conveyed no prospect of his return. The revolt of the Angerine Barons was of a graver nature than he had anticipated; and bidding, in his letters, his daughter be of good cheer, for that all would eventually be well, his Majesty confessed a fear that, till the feast of the Epiphany, or, at soonest, Christmas tide, it would be unsafe for the Empress and her train to meet him at Caen or Rouen.

With an exulting voice did Matilda deliver this intelligence to Sir Kenric. "How fair thou art, dearest, when gladsome thoughts smile out of thy blue eyes upon my face!" he exclaimed, folding her fair hands in his own, and drawing her closer towards him beneath an overspreading beech, under which they were sheltering from the rays of the setting sun. "Be ever thus joyous, my Matilda, thus loving, thus pure, thus true! all worldly thoughts gliding from thy mind like rain-drops from the rose-leaf, whose brightness they are forbidden to sully! Superior to the pitiful aspirations of thy sex, thy desires are not for the pomps of courts, the glittering of jewels, or clashing of cymbals. This calm retreat is thy happier empire; this beechen shade thy appropriate canopy. For these, shared with thy chosen love, thou dost joyfully abjure the tapestried chamber and the robe of estate."

"Is not my throne established on that most glorious of foundations, a devoted human heart?" whispered the young Empress, laying her hand upon the manly arm whose every pulse throbbed responsive to her touch. "I give thee up, God wot, my poor kingdom of England. But thou, my Kenric, dost surrender more—even the governance of thy noble soul. A man's mind constitutes a more glorious empire, than one of mere royal prerogative; and on *thine*, beloved, do I enthrone myself! In thee I rule and govern! I am an empress, *thine* empress,

whenever, as now, I behold tears gather in thy glistening eyes, while listening to my avowals of affection!"

"What wouldst thou deserve, what punishment—what pain," faltered the knight, after a pause of deep emotion, "wert thou hereafter tempted to betray the trust my adoration reposes in thy love!"

"Betray thee?" reiterated Maud, with an incredulous smile. "For whom or what should I betray thee?"

"Not from the wantonness of woman's sickle will!" cried Sir Kenric—"for to that thou art superior; but the intimidation or persuasion of others; thy father's authority and reprobation, might, at some moment or other, move thee to renounce an attachment against which, I admit, reason and prudence have much to urge."

"Never!" cried the Empress, with indignation. "I say to thee again and again, never!"

"Be not too strong in denial!" persisted the young knight, kissing the hem of her embroidered robe. "Thou knowest not how potent the counsel of learned divines—the importunities of loving friends!"

"Friends have I none, save only thee!" cried the Princess. "Nay, hearken and I will pledge myself by an oath more fearful than ever yet was spoken by woman's tongue."

"I ask no oath, I wish for none!" cried the noble Saxon, "lest I bring guiltiness upon thy soul. Thy word, sweet heart, sufficeth!"

"It sufficeth not!" persisted Maud, "or thou wouldst not bend upon me these searching and anxious looks. I swear to thee, therefore, as my plighted love, that, if ever I suffer either prayer or authority to prevail over my affection so as to yield my heart or hand to another, the God of vengeance shall deal with me even as with the wretches in yonder spital. Let me become unclean and loathsome in the sight of men—let me die the victim of sore and searching leprosy!"

As she uttered these terrible words, Matilda raised to heaven the attestation of her clear blue eyes and ivory hands; and, for some moments, Sir Kenric abstained from reply.

"Does not my vow suffice?" faltered Matilda at length, mortified by his ungrateful silence.

"I could have framed a stronger!" was the mild answer of her lover.

"A stronger?" cried Matilda, her cheeks flushed with vexation.

"There is a moral pang exceeding all we nerve ourselves to bear in the flesh!" resumed Sir Kenric. "Had I desired to bind myself in irretrievable bonds, I should have entailed the penalty on those I love. *Then* were the compact immutable."

"I pray the Almighty, then," exclaimed Maud—determined to fulfil the whole measure of his exactions, and again pointing towards the walls of the lazaret, "that, should I fall in my vows of fidelity towards thee, the being most

dear to me on earth, may live and die the suffering inmate of yonder mansion of misery!"

Touched to the soul by the unreserved generosity of a vow expressly calculated to appease the jealousies of a heart in fear of rivalry, Sir Kenric now snatched to his bosom the beautiful woman in whom at that moment he beheld far more than queen or empress; while the light of joy, gleaming in the eyes of Matilda, avouched that she was experiencing the delight consequent upon a generous action. Habituated to the pageants and trappings of royal life, she was conscious of their incompetency to promote one hour of human enjoyment. Under the influence of a pure and disinterested affection, her heart was becoming attuned to higher purposes.

Scarcely was she released from the dear embrace rewarding her self-sacrifice, when the Lady Ada, who had studiously absented herself, made her appearance, to point out to the lovers that the sun was already below the horizon. In the happiest frame of mind, accordingly, they descended hand in hand the shrubby hill of Janval, without even a parting glance at the gloomy retreat—sole witness, save the accusing angels of God, of the solemn engagement entered into by Matilda of England.

On the return of the royal train to the Castle of Arques, all was in confusion! Even after a second summons of the squire of the body in attendance upon the Empress, the warder neglected to let fall the drawbridge; so absorbed was he in examination of a body of armed men advancing from the farthest extremity of the valley towards the fortress. As they drew nearer, their purpose was seen to be amicable; their colours being those of England and Normandy intermingled. But while the fears of the watchman subsided, those of the Empress were awakening. This cohort, perhaps, brought tidings of her father; perhaps announced the arrival of the King!

She had only time to attain her bower chamber and assume her usual dignity of demeanour, when the horn was blown, and an audience demanded of her in the name of King Henry, by no less a personage than Turgis, Bishop of Avranches, charged with an especial mandate from her father; not merely a letter of paternal counsel, acquainting her with the progress of his arms, but a sternly-worded command to get in readiness to attend the lord Bishop to his presence, seeing that he had matters for her private ear which admitted of no delay. A second ordinance invested the prelate with full powers of authority in the Castle of Arques, as guardian of the person of the heiress-apparent of England, who was to be governed by his judgment, till she found herself in presence of her father.

"I crave your Majesty's courtesy to observe," said the Bishop, after delivering his credentials, "that so urgent is the business necessitating an interview between you and my gracious master, that I have already presumed to order

your litter and an armed escort to be in attendance at daybreak; (we must needs halt for the night at the Abbey of Montvilliers;) till when, I am under the painful necessity of interdicting your Majesty's egress from this chamber."

"A prisoner?" cried Maud, with indignation. "What means, my good Lord, I beseech you, this sudden outbreak of authority on the part of the King? Does his Majesty forget that, albeit his daughter and ward, I am also an estated dowager, anointed of the Holy Roman Empire? I pray you let there be no more of this, lest I be compelled to disparage in your sacred person the wisdom of my father."

"In this same Duchy of Normandy, madam, whereof your title as successor to the throne is still unadmitted, the sign-manual of Henry I. of England conveys paramount authority," replied the haughty churchman. "I would fain avoid all contention or displeasure with so fair a lady; and, therefore, entreat her to be admonished in time, that to submit to a lesser evil, will be to avoid the penalty of a greater. Till daybreak, to-morrow, meanwhile, I humbly withdraw from your Majesty's presence."

Overwhelmed by this startling defiance, Matilda, after his departure, remained silent and motionless in her chair of state. No one came to her assistance. All communication with her ladies was forbidden—guards were posted on the staircase leading to the royal apartment; and at every issue thereof, she was under arrest, she was a captive! Malicious tongues had borne to her father tidings of her recent proceedings; and the measure of Henry's vengeance was about to fall upon her head!

The night drew on. At her usual hour for retiring, instead of her train of ladies, there appeared in attendance only two aged nuns, sisters of St Catherine of Arques, who were often in waiting at the Castle in cases of sickness or emergency; and from their brief replies to her agitated interrogations, it was clear that they were acting under authority.

"Retire to rest, gracious madam—be advised, and retire to rest," whispered the younger of the sisters, as she stooped to remove the embroidered pantoufles of the Empress. "You have trials in store that may task the exercise of all your strength and fortitude."

At this insinuation, which she doubted not regarded the partner of her fault, Matilda rushed to the door of her apartment, and, with loud outcries, demanded an interview with Sire Guy d'Harcourt, or the Bishop of Avranches. But the sole reply vouchsafed consisted in the crossing of spears and partisans at the entrance, to remind the princess that she was a prisoner. After exhausting herself in vain exclamations, the royal captive soon betrayed the weakness of a mind easily elated in prosperity, easily depressed by adversity. One moment, she indulged in invectives and menaces; the next, in devout appeals to the interposition of the saints. There was no real dignity of mind in the haughty

daughter of Queen Maud; no confidence in the steadiness of her own purposes, or in the strength of her father's affection. She was willing to stoop to any submission, to secure enlargement for herself and immunity for her lover. The mere crime of having attached herself to a Saxon of noble birth and royal descent, seemed to have so lowered her in her own esteem, as to justify the anticipation of cruel rigour on the part of King Henry.

Apprehensive of the extremities to which the young princess might be driven in her despair, the two venerable sisters watched all night beside her couch; and at day-dawn, the door of her apartment being thrown open, the prelate again appeared to lead forth his illustrious charge. Resistance was in vain. Matilda paused only to bestow a largess on the poor nuns who stood weeping at her plight, and to entreat their prayers in her behalf; then, letting fall her veil, to conceal the tears she was unable to repress, she passed through a closely serried file of armed men unto her litter. The portcullis rose, the drawbridge fell, and the heiress of the English throne was borne, under a numerous escort, from the hoary walls of the fortress, whose towers frowned sternly over the captivity, or perhaps over the mangled remains of the truest knight in Christendom, Sir Kenric de Ceoril!

PART III.

Thrice did the cortège, escorting Henry's daughter, pause for a night's rest, ere Matilda was ushered into the presence of her father. Sleep visited not, however, her eyelids, nor was she prevailed upon to break bread for her refreshment. Terror had taken possession of her soul; not only for her friend and lover, but for herself. It was impossible to guess to what barbarous extremities Henry might be instigated, on discovering that the daughter, in whom he prided himself, and whom he had delighted to raise to the imperial and royal estate, had flung herself into the arms of a minion, of a race abhorrent to his Norman pride, with the sanction of traitors who derided the trust reposed in them by their King!

The nearer the unhappy princess approached towards Rouen, the greater her panic. She expected to confront, unsupported, the rage of her father. She expected to be repelled from his knees—to be dashed upon the flinty pavement—to be immured in solitary shame, and hurled from her high ascendancy as heiress to the English throne. Robert, Earl of Gloucester, the illegitimate, but favourite son of King Henry, would doubtless be preferred in her place. When from afar off she beheld the royal standard of England floating on the towers of St Mary, her heart, instead of warming to the Leopard, sank heavily in her bosom, and, more dead than alive, she was lifted from her litter at the gates of the palace. Scarcely conscious of what was passing, she saw not that the troops, drawn out to do her honour, saluted her, by declining the points of their lances as she passed; nor noticed that

it was into the arms of her brother of Gloucester she was received, and borne into the presence of the King. But she *did* note with amazement, that to the very threshold of the great hall did King Henry advance to receive her; and that, so far from hailing her as a criminal, or an offender, his Majesty, who was clothed in robes of estate, and surrounded by the chief nobles of his court, saluted her as "trusty and well-beloved daughter and Queen," and bade her welcome to Rouen.

"Thou hast made good speed of thy progress, Maud," continued the King, leading the Empress by the hand towards the upper end of the hall, where a dais was erected, "which well accounts for the fatigue wherewith thou art overwhelmed, and the disorder of thine array; and must equally account, lady fair, to thyself, for the absence of thy bridegroom, who scarcely reckoned to meet thee here before to-morrow, for the execution of the marriage contract. But be of good cheer. At morning, Geoffrey of Anjou and his father will be here; at noon, the banquet and betrothing!"

At this cruelly sudden intimation of the fate impending over her, concerning which a harsh grasp from the mailed hand with which the king was guiding her, admonished his daughter that she should betray no surprise, a deep groan escaped the bosom of the harassed woman, and she fell senseless on the pavement of the hall; and while the Earl of Gloucester, motioning away all interference, bore her in his arms towards the wing of the palace containing the women's apartments, his Majesty proceeded to excuse to his Norman Court the indisposition of the fair traveller, as arising from bodily weariness rather than the emotions of so critical a moment.

It afforded, meanwhile, some solace to the wounded heart of the young Empress, that, on recovering her consciousness, she found herself in a secluded chamber alone with her brother Robert.

"Be comforted!" whispered the Earl. "Albeit the King knows all, and is sorely moved against thee, his desire to promote thy union with our young kinsman of Anjou will secure thee against all outward demonstrations of his displeasure. So apprehensive is he lest rumours of the backslidings of Arques should reach the ear of Count Geoffrey and his father ere the contract be fulfilled, that thou must prepare for the immediate solemnization of nuptials purporting to unite with the Crown of England one of the fairest provinces of France."

"Those nuptials shall never be!" cried Matilda, starting from her couch, and flinging back her dishevelled hair. "Is the daughter of King Henry so much a slave to his caprices, as to be denied the privilege of the poorest flax-wench, who will have neither suitor nor husband save of her choice?"

"Calm thyself," replied the Earl of Gloucester, unawed by this outbreak of violence. "The poor flax-wench enjoys but that single privilege;

the Queen of England a thousand. The loyalty and feudal service of the people, and a rich portion in all their havings, are for the Queen. Let the Queen requite them in her turn with fair example of Christian humility, womanly modesty, filial submission, and, above all, a discreet governance of the passions given to be our ordeal upon earth. Shall it be said that Maud of England, with all her fair breeding and enlightenment, had so little command over herself as lavish her favours on a subject—a Saxon adventurer—when the representative of one of the noblest houses in Europe sued for her hand?"

"I will none of Geoffrey Plantagenet!" cried the Queen, with obduracy. "The youth is a likely youth, whom I regard as my father's ward, and my own kinsman. But my heart and soul are pledged to Sir Kenric of Waltheam; and while he lives, none other shall be my husband."

"Let the King hear so much at thy lips, and that Saxon's days were short in the land!" cried the Earl. "Thy minion, my poor sister, lies in the lowest dungeon of the fortress of Arques; and shouldst thou evince so much as reluctance to-morrow, in pledging thy vows to the young Earl of Anjou, a cruel death will be his doom. Harsh counsellors away the ear of King Henry. The Sovereigns of Christendom, never disposed to much tenderness of mercy, have learned in the East black lessons of cruelty and oppression. Torture, mutilation, sufferings without a name in our language, are now hourly inflicted both in France and England, on Saxon and on Norman. Against this English knight, the King is incensed beyond all patience; and I warn thee, sweet heart, as a loving brother and friend, that, if thou wouldst recover thy father's favour, and redeem from torment the partner of thy levity, (styled high-treason by the King,) thou wilt submit to a marriage every way honourable; which, but for thy fond favour to an English boor, would have gratified at once thy pride and predilections."

Often and impressively were these sage counsels reiterated, ere the young Empress could be brought to believe that her father's will was inexorable; and that her sole chance of preserving the life so dear to her, and obtaining pardon for her noble confederates, was unqualified submission. At length, the eloquence of the Earl so wrought upon her mind, that she consented to accept his mediation, tender in her name to Henry a dutiful submission, on condition of obtaining from his hand, previous to the signature of her marriage contract with Geoffrey Plantagenet, a warrant of indemnity for Sire Guy d'Harcourt, the Lady Ada de Tancarville, Father Anselmus of Gisors, and all others suspected of abetting her indiscretions; with a safe conduct out of the British dominions for Sir Kenric of Waltheam, to secure his liberty and honourable entreatment.

Among the admiring crowds who witnessed on the morrow the splendid ceremony of the espousal

of Maud, daughter to Henry King of England, with Geoffrey son of Fulk, Earl of Anjou, not one of those whose eyes were fixed upon the pale but lovely countenance of the bride, (whose brows were encircled with an imperial coronet of precious gems, and her robes of cloth of gold, richly hemmed and guarded round with minever,) suspected that the accomplishment of the ceremony had been purchased with such bitterness of grief as during the preceding night racked the bosom of the despairing Matilda. Exhorted by the Bishop of Avranches, in the name of God and his saints, to fulfil her destiny as a Princess, born of the blood royal, and appointed by the will of the Almighty to the high duty of self-sacrifice—admonished by her brother of Gloucester, that resistance to Henry's will would yield up her ill-fated lover to hasty and ignominious death—Matilda's resolution had finally given way. In the presence of Fulk, Earl Anjou, the great vassals of the English crown, and the leading Barons of Normandy, Eu, and Anjou, she gave her hand to the noble youth, with whom her marriage had been so hastily concerted, and, lo! the trumpets announced to the assembled throng that Maud, the Empress, was again wedded to a royal prince! Amid the loudest of their tumults, however, a still small voice seemed breathing into the ear of the bride, that the guilt of perjury was upon her soul!—and though prelates consecrated her with their benedictions, and the King with a hollow embrace, Matilda staggered from the altar, a broken hearted woman—withered in her best affections, and a mark for the indignation of an all-seeing and all-righteous God.

Vain were the caresses of her youthful bridegroom—vain the gratulating acclamations of the people. From that day, the demeanour of the English Princess became harsh and ungracious to all approaching her. From the Normans, she feared treachery—from the Angerines, abhorrence—from the English, contempt. Though reconciled by her submissiveness, never again did the King take her cordially into his arms. Even her brother Robert, by whose instrumentation her marriage with Geoffrey Plantagenet had been brought about, secretly condemned the feebleness of soul which had first pledged her in a degrading engagement, then permitted her to break asunder the sacred tie.

During the first year of their union, the Earl of Anjou and his bride abided together in his princely palace on the Loire; and unwearied were his efforts to dispel the habitual melancholy of one whose gaiety of character had, in former years, constituted her chief attraction. Recalling to mind how cheerful he had beheld her at Windsor Castle, he laboured to create around her the pastimes and pleasures of merry England—bow-matches, tilts, jousts upon the Loire; hawking, hunting, and other sylvan sports. But, alas! nothing availed to dispel the settled melancholy overclouding the countenance of the bride, nor to thaw the icy reserve with which she repelled the advances of her youthful bridegroom. The hope of perpetuating his line, the ostensible motive of

King Henry for hurrying the nuptials of his daughter, without having previously obtained the assents of the Barons of England and Normandy, was scarcely likely to be gratified ; since the Countess, affecting to treat as a child a spouse so many years her junior, never suffered him to approach her presence, save when occasions of public festivity exposed them together to the notice of the King. The Earl of Anjou, who, on occasion of so brilliant a marriage, had ceded to his son the government of the County, soon departed for the East, where, after uniting himself in second nuptials with the daughter of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, he succeeded to his throne. There was none, therefore, save Henry, to take heed of the disunion prevailing between the youthful couple ; and so little was the King of England inclined to confront the inquiries of his daughter, touching the fulfilment of his contract with her concerning Sir Kenric de Ceorill, that he rarely entered her apartments ; and on her removal to her husband's capital, pursued his purpose of reducing to submission certain of his rebellious Barons in Normandy.

Among her Angerine subjects, meanwhile, the unpopularity of Matilda assumed an alarming appearance. Overwhelmed with sadness, haunted by unceasing remembrance of her broken vows, and the fearful penalty entailed upon those who might become dear to her, her care was to avoid all intimacy with the unfortunate youth compelled to become her husband ; and her fixed resolve to avoid becoming the mother of a child predestined to loathsome disease. But this afflicting apprehension was locked within the depths of the soul ; and the Angerine nobles, attributing her reserve to scorn of themselves and their young Count, regarded her with rage and abhorrence.

"This woman, whom the English are proud to style Empress," cried they, "disdains the humble appellation of Countess of Anjou. Her sullen grief is for the husband shrouded in his imperial sepulchre at Spire. Nothing short of an empire will content her ! She despiseth our fair province. She hungereth after the homage of the haughty Barons of England. Let her go ! We will none of such misproud queans in Anjou." These dissatisfactions did but aggravate the breach between Geoffrey and his wife. Already the young Earl, though but in his seventeenth year, evinced tokens of the harsh and obstinate despotism characterising his after life ; and, thwarted in his ambition of becoming father of a race of English Kings, and stung to the quick by the disdainful reserves of Matilda, Geoffrey opposed no interdiction to her proposal, on the year succeeding their marriage, to return to Henry's protection.

"I will go to my father !" faltered the young Countess one day, when composing her spirit in solitude, after being exposed to severe mortification by the rude Barons of Anjou. "At his feet I will implore pity and forgiveness. This hateful marriage may yet be dissolved. When he learns by how perilous a vow my soul is enthralled,

he cannot refuse to consign me to the arms of the husband of my choice."

Nevertheless, when the afflicted Maud presented herself in presence of the King, who was then sojourning at Caen, and admitted that she was but in name the wife of Geoffrey Plantagenet, whose roof she had deserted, and from whom she was about to demand a legal divorce, the long-suppressed rage of King Henry broke out.

"Back to thy husband, minion," cried the King. "Though my weak indulgence, and a desire to conceal thy shame, determined me to overlook the offences of the knaves and fools, thy abettors at Arques, know that the arch-traitor is still in my power ! The same dungeon at Arques, which for years chastised the perfidy of Osmont de Chaumont, the traitor of Brenneville, still holds in durance the slave, thy paramour ; and so surely as I find thee not, ere many weeks are over thy head, a penitent and submissive wife, the fellow dies on the gibbet."

Horror-struck by intelligence for which she was unprepared, by knowledge of that astuteness on the part of the King which had formerly induced Blewit, his grand justiciary, to exclaim, "The King praises me—I am lost !" Matilda began to revile her own pusillanimity for not having already enforced the fulfilment of his royal promise, to set at liberty the injured Kenric. Little, however, as she was now inclined to rely upon the word of the King, she saw that her sole chance of saving the object of her affections was by establishing herself under the protection of the Bishop of Avranches, as the unmourning but broken-hearted wife of Geoffrey Plantagenet.

Year after year passed away, and the unfertile marriage of his daughter seemed to deal retribution upon the harsh dealing of Henry. Distracted between anxiety for the fate of one whom she still regarded with unhallowed affection, and the terror of giving birth to a diseased and afflicted being—a shame to the royal houses of Europe—Matilda attempted to propitiate Divine wrath by the liberality of her gifts to the Church—laying the foundation of endowments which still uphold, in Normandy, the memory of her name ; and when, six years after her hated marriage, young Henry (afterwards crowned King of England under the title of Henry II.) was born to the still sorrowing woman, she trusted, as she gazed upon the fair and unblemished face of the infant, that the wrath of the Almighty was appeased, and the fearful vow breathed beside the leper-house of Janval effaced from the eternal archives of Divine vengeance.

The birth of a second son, Geoffrey, destined to succeed to the Earldom of Anjou, in due time succeeded, and at length, three years after that, of Henry, a third infant, William, Earl of Mortaign, came to seal the hollow union of Plantagenet with the still lovely Maud.

But, though the prelates of Anjou, and the Bishops of Evreux and Avranches, had managed to instil into the mind of the royal penitent the

her only chance of obtaining remission for past offences was by becoming mother to a race of Princes destined to confirm the pacification of Europe, and to keep up the war against the infidels, her heart remained impiously unweaned from its first affection. Contend as she might against the spells of memory, it was impossible to forget, amid the barbarous insults of her Angerine subjects and disregardful husband, the accomplished knight to whom she had been an object of adoration, and whose heart was as humane, and whose views as liberal and enlightened, as those of Geoffrey Plantagenet were narrow and despotic. In spite of herself, the revolted wife still adored the recollection of him she was never again to see; and little did she suspect that this lawless attachment secured her present exemption from the penalty of her awful vow. "The object dearest to her on earth" was still the English knight, alone entitled to demand from heaven the accomplishment of the sentence! Matilda had, however, other punishments awaiting her.

Henry I. had not long survived the joy of holding a grandson in his arms. On his deathbed, in presence of Hugh Archbishop of Rouen, the Earls of Leicester, Warrene, and others, he confirmed to his daughter Maud, and her offspring, the succession of the throne; and to his son, the Earl of Gloucester, a rich portion of his treasure; without mentioning the Earl of Anjou, who had displeased him by claiming possession of the Duchy of Normandy as part of the dowry of Matilda. The dying and penitent King, however, shewed himself, for the first time, sensible of the claims to which he was subjected as a man and a Christian, by recommending earnestly to his successors *the care of the poor*, the restoration of all forfeited estates, and the recall from exile, and deliverance from prison, of all offending subjects.

Scarcely, meanwhile, was the body of the deceased monarch removed from the Cathedral of St Mary of Rouen, to the vaults of Reading Abbey, when the trials of his daughter commenced. Many of her Norman and English vassals refused to recognise the legitimacy of her children, born of a marriage to which their consent had never been obtained; and while Matilda was despatched by Geoffrey Plantagenet into Normandy, to secure her rights, Stephen Earl of Blois effected that memorable landing in England which was to add to the list of her Norman kings a grandson of the Conqueror.

It was in vain that Matilda, supported by her half-brothers, Robert Earl of Gloucester and Stephen of Caen, immediately followed, taking up her abode in Arundel Castle, under the protection of her father's widow, Alice of Louvain. Excluded from the throne of her ancestors, forbidden to approach the royal palace of Windsor, so dear to her recollections, the Queen gave way to despair. Though occasionally successful at the head of an army of mercenaries, her sufferings were most severe. At one period she was compelled to fly from Oxford, at midnight, in the

depth of winter, with only three attendants, and to cross the Thames at Wallingford over the ice. At another, when besieged by Stephen in the Castle of Devizes, so long the prison of her uncle Robert, she escaped by submitting to be enclosed in a coffin, and carried out of the gates in a funeral procession, as for interment.

For a short period, indeed, her arms were successful; and, recognised by the Husting of London, the daughter of King Henry took up her royal residence in the Conqueror's Tower, on the banks of the Thames, and prepared to enjoy the rights of her inheritance.

The evil genius of Matilda, however, prevailed. The first inquiry of the Queen, on visiting the Palace of Westminster to receive the homage of her barons, was for Earl Waltheam; and, while the demand proved most offensive to her influential Norman adherents, her own heart was racked by the reply that "the earldom was extinct; Kenric, the last of the Ceorcls having perished in foreign climes." Struck to the soul by this intelligence, Matilda gazed with listless and unconscious brow upon the noble vassals presenting themselves to do homage, who quitted the palace indignant at her haughty indifference; while, having obeyed with equal recklessness and unconcern the suggestion of her brother Stephen of Caen, that, at her first interview with the citizens of London, she should make claim to the levy of an exorbitant talliage, and renew the obnoxious tax known by the name of Danegelt—her unpopularity was complete.

Revolt soon broke out. Stephen was recalled to the throne by the repentant people, and Matilda driven with contempt from the kingdom of her fathers. Harassed by the long continuance of civil war, the English were not likely to be tempted to further rebellion; and the despairing Countess of Anjou, trembled at the thought of confronting her ambitious husband, thus cruelly thwarted in his expectations of establishing the future sovereignty of his son. She was aware that young Henry and his brother shared in the aspiring views of their father, as well as in his antipathy to herself; and severe was the trial to find herself a dethroned Queen, a detested wife, a despised mother, and, above all, a self-accusing Christian.

But Matilda knew not as yet the full extent of her calamity. The sword of divine vengeance was still suspended over her head, her sentence had still to be accomplished.

Though Stephen held undisputed sway in England, many towns, cities, and castles of Normandy remained faithful to her cause, or were held in awe by the valour of her husband and son. The county of Eu still held to its allegiance; and the Castle of Argues and city of Rouen were garrisoned with Angerine troops. Severe as was the trial to her feelings, Matilda determined, therefore, to take up her abode in the city which had witnessed her ill-fated nuptials; and while Geoffrey and his elder sons carried on the war, she was permitted to recall to

her charge her youngest boy, William Earl of Mortain, the inheritor of her own beauty and the scholarship of Henry Beauclerk.

It was impossible to behold a fairer youth than young Mortain, when, prepared to atone to his beloved mother for the indifference of her elder children, he knelt humbly at her feet in the very hall which had witnessed the signature of her marriage-contract, and raised to hers the soft mild eyes which were as those of some youthful saint. Though destined, like his brothers, to the career of arms, the high courage of William Plantagenet was redeemed from the harshness peculiar to his line, by accomplishments of mind and manners derived from the lessons of his renowned tutor, the Abbot Raoul of Cluny. Though an expert swordsman, the young Earl was a profound scholar; and those who detested the ambitious egotism of Geoffrey and his elder sons, predicted that the glory of the sinking family would be renewed in William. Every day tended to add new graces to his person, new acquirements to his mind; and now, for the first time, Matilda felt that there was joy in being a mother!

The deportment of the young Prince towards her whom he had known only in sorrow and adversity, was tenderness itself. His voice softened, and his looks declined, whenever he accosted his now gentle and humiliated mother, whom he revered as the consoler of the poor, the foundress of colleges and monasteries, the liberal benefactress of hospitals and lazarets. From the church of St Nicaise at Rouen to the leper-house of Janval, not a charitable institution in the country but had cause to venerate her munificence! He knew, too, that, in another year, he must bid her adieu, in order to receive the long coveted honours of knighthood. The King of France had consented to become his sponsor in arms; and William burned to do honour to so illustrious a protector.

It was on the day succeeding the feast of Pentecost, on the year of Matilda's return to Normandy, that, having summoned the Earl of Mortain to her presence, for the delight of bestowing upon him a cast of hawks which she had caused to be fetched from Norway for his use, that the Abbot presented himself before her with excuses, that the Earl, her son, had been suddenly smitten with a sore disease.

"Your Grace may be pleased to remember, that, while instructing me during Holy Week, to put up at the altar of St Mary, an especial mass of intercession for your royal son, the object dearest to you on earth, a company of palmers entered the church on their return to England from Palestine. And, but that I tremble to instigate a surmise so afflicting, I should suggest that infection was in their garments; and that my young and promising pupil—my William—my pride—my glory—*was stricken with leprosy!*"

The frantic shriek of Matilda warned him to desist from this horrible insinuation. Flying, in spite of the ecclesiastic's entreaties, to the couch of her son, Matilda, regardless of conta-

gion, regardless of danger, took him into her arms—pressed his disfigured form to her bosom—and to her lips the long tresses of his once lustrous hair, now dimmed and matted by the influence of foul disease.

"My own—my child—my idol!" cried the frantic woman. "All that I loved—all that was to reward me for the sorrows of my harassed youth!—must thou, even thou, become the victim of my crime!"

The counsels of the learned of all nations were speedily put in request by the prudence of the Abbot; and tidings of his son's misfortune duly conveyed to the Earl of Anjou. But in vain. The most skilful leeches of Rouen, Paris, and Montpellier, had already pronounced the Earl of Mortain to be an incurable leper!

"Let him retire to a cloister!" was the harsh sentence of Geoffrey Plantagenet, on learning the family calamity. "My eyes must not be offended by the aspect of his uncleanness."

"Let him find a tranquil retreat in the leproserie of Janval," added Matilda, in a subdued voice. "For thither will I follow my unhappy son; and, in the garb of a Sister of Mercy, minister to his sufferings."

Even this poor consolation was, however, denied her. Before the completion of the buildings which Matilda commanded to be added to the lazaret for the reception of the illustrious youth about to become its inmate, the Countess was commanded by Geoffrey Plantagenet to set sail for England, to prepare the way for the landing of her son Henry, to whom he had already resigned the Duchy of Normandy, and who was now invited over, by the factious subjects of his cousin Stephen, to assume possession of the crown of England; and, ere the young and illustrious patient could be installed in his gloomy abode, in a condition in which he was scarcely reconciled to live by the dictates of profound piety, his distracted mother was again forced upon the field of battle, and compelled to forward the ambitious projects of a son by whom she was detested.

It was not till the accidental death of Stephen's only son and heir (an event attributed by the superstitious of the times to his recent sacrilegious pillage of a domain consecrated to the blessed martyr, St Edmund) had opened the way to young Henry's succession to the throne, shortly afterwards confirmed by an act in Council passed by the King, that Matilda was released from her arduous duties, and permitted to retire once more into Normandy, to abide with "the child in whom her soul delighted."

Towards the feast of St John, in the year of grace 1153, the young Duke of Normandy and his bride, the Duchess Aliena, or Eleanor, of Aquitaine, having already sailed for Harfleur, to regain their good city of Rouen, the Countess of Anjou landed at the port of Arques, then a fishing village, dependent on the fortress of that name, but soon to be magnified into the flourishing town of Dieppe. As the vessel in which she had embarked approached the shore of Normandy, the tearful eyes of the agitated mother,

fixed yearningly upon the wooded heights of Janval, visible far off at sea above the harbour. She longed to be once more by the side of her youngest born, to gather into her soul the precious accents alone unattainable by the deteriorating progress of disease. She longed to hear herself addressed as "mother," by a voice less harsh than those of her sons, Henry and Geoffrey. She longed to console and to be consoled by the afflicted one, on whose head her perjury had called down so heavy a measure of punishment!

A quarter of a century had elapsed since Maud, a widow and an Empress, had departed from the grim towers of the castle of Arques to perpetrate her fault. Yet even the disastrous vicissitudes of the harassing interim had not effaced from her recollection the features of the well-known landscape. She had seen it in her dreams—she had seen it in her waking reveries. While presiding over councils at Westminster, or engaged at Winchester in penitential prayers beside the grave of her mother, the moated wall of the *léproserie* at Janval, with its associations of anguish and remorse, had often seemed to hover before her eyes, and cast its shadow upon her soul. As she now approached the spot so encircled round with lofty trees that the stately chapel and refectory recently added to the foundation by the Earl of Mortain were wholly concealed from view, Matilda checked more than once the pace of her mule, that she might compose the agitation of her heart ere she entered the presence of her son. Her attendants, attributing these repeated pauses to the fatigues of her voyage, craved permission to seek for her use the litters of the Lady Avelina de Tracy, wife to the commandant of Arques, to enable her to ascend the hill—so little did they enter into the struggles of a mother's heart, burning to strain in her arms the object of her dearest affections, yet dreading lest some irrepressible start of horror should betray to the sufferer the momentary repugnance excited by the loathsome nature of his disfigurements! The tender and pathetic letters of the young Earl had prepared her to find him fearfully changed by the progress of disease. She dreaded to have lost in the leper all trace of her beloved William. Perhaps even the melancholy lustre of his serene eyes was lost amid the encroachments of his affliction? Perhaps even his voice was changed?—perhaps his very nature?

"Shrink not from the poor leper, O my mother, when you again behold your son!" was the tenor of the last letter he had addressed to her. "Cut off from intercourse with my kind—debarred the sweet affections of my age—condemned to heavy seclusion, lest even the beggar on whom I presume to bestow alms should recoil from his benefactor—alone—alone in the world—let me still find comfort in thee! Though no longer fair and spotless as when nestling in thy bosom, and rewarding thee by my infant smiles for a mother's sufferings, my heart is still unchanged; nor hath the plague-spot eaten into my soul! These—these are pure as ever;

still worthy to love thee—still worthy to be beloved! Others may judge them less favourably. But *thou*, beloved mother—*thou*, of whose flesh I am the flesh—*thou*, whose caresses linger in my recollection till my poor disfigured frame thrills with the impression—*thou*, whose words of endearment are indelibly written in my soul, and recur refreshingly to mine ear in the night season, when my torments are greater than I can bear—*thou*, sweet mother, be merciful. Let me not see that I am loathsome to thee. Let pity be in thine eyes towards my sufferings, as in those of the tender women who watched beside the Calvary of Christ. Let the leper of Janval forget himself one single blessed hour in the cherished son of Queen Matilda.

"There is one among the holy brothers ministering to the inmates of this refuge of affliction, whose lessons have instructed me to overcome with patience a chastisement purifying the soul to blessedness. But Father Edric, though my hourly companion and ghostly comforter, hath attained so high a mark of sanctity as to loathe as sinful all demonstration of human affection. When ministering to my sufferings, I sometimes attempted to press my feverish lips to his hand in token of gratitude. But he rebukes my vain effusions of sensibility; and it is only my mother's heart I can hope to soften into an avowal that the God of peace hath endowed us with impulses of tenderness, that in our pilgrimage of sorrow we may love each other even as he hath loved us.

"Return, therefore, O mother! to thy long-suffering child, that a happy moment may shine upon the Leper-house of Janval."

Matilda shuddered as she called to mind the piteous terms of this heart-rending epistle. She was approaching the spot. Already, she was beneath the shade of the spreading beech-trees, whose growth had so prospered as to shut out all glimpse of the summer sky. The moated wall, doubled in extent, was before her, screening the chapel dedicated by the Earl of Mortain to St Mary Magdalen, beneath whose altar she trusted that, at some future hour, her ashes would repose beside those of her son; and, lo! above the square gateway, according to the custom of the times, was carved a shield, emblazoned with the arms of England, Anjou, and Normandy, announcing the spital to be a royal endowment. Descending from her mule, the Countess approached on foot the scene of her humiliation, blessing Heaven that the sun had sunk while she was slowly ascending the hill, and that twilight was upon the dreaded spot.

Vespers were celebrating in the chapel, the gates of which were widely flung open to admit the salutary sea-breezes, so vital to the enfeebled inmates of the place. Clad in the same linen ephod assigned to all the patients of the *léproserie*, and careful to seek a place undistinguished from those of his companions in misfortune. William of Mortain was not, at the first glance, discoverable to his mother. Having let fall her veil over her mourning habit, Matilda half-

concealed by the rich Saxon columns of the portal, kneeled submissively on the pavement during the remainder of the service. She scarcely dared raise her eyes, as, one by one, at the conclusion, the lepers went forth to enjoy their customary recreation in the grove, though their linen garments swept the raiment of the kneeling woman, whose humble attitude in that desecrated place seemed to point out as a mendicant the daughter of a line of kings.

At length, amid her tears, a gentle voice greeted her ear, bidding her, if she was in need, repair to the refectory for relief, and, in compassionate accents, inquiring the motive of her anguish. It was the voice of her son—it was the voice of William. Raising, with indescribable emotion, her eyes towards his face, she beheld, through the misty twilight, the emaciated but not loathesomely disfigured countenance of him whose expressive eyes were still as those of an angel! But scarcely had an ejaculation of thanks to Heaven burst from the lips of the weeping mother, when her eyes fell upon the face of the Benedictine brother by whom he was accompanied, whose sallow brows were distinctly apparent beneath his cowl to the woman kneeling at their feet.

“Rise, rise, O blessed mother!” cried the Earl of Mortain, instantly recognising the beloved voice, whose ejaculation, at that moment, reached his ear. “Thou art come at last, then, like summer rain to the thirsty desert! Oh, that I dare hold thee in one dear embrace! Father Edric—my friend, my counsellor—turn not away thus reproachfully that I yearn for the endearments of my mother. Even so tenderly as thou hast watched over my recent sufferings, did this woman attend upon my happy infancy! Mother! I pray thee, know and thank this reverend comforter of my afflictions.”

But Matilda was now overpowered to stupefaction by excess of emotion! For, behold! she was under the roof of the *léproserie*; and in the twain by whom she was raised from the ground, and laid in the open air upon the greensward of the surrounding cemetery, she recognised in the gloomy recluse, who was devoting himself to the solace of her child, the injured lover of her youth; in the royal leper whose scalding tears fell unheeded upon her hand—“*the object dearest to her on earth*”—the victim of her perjury, the manifestation of the accomplishment of the wrath of Heaven.

The hand of God was upon the memorable three, assembled, at that moment of retribution, under the roof of the *LEPER-HOUSE OF JANVAL*.

* * * * *

Centuries passed away. The scourge of other

times and climates ceased to afflict the nations of Europe; and, at the epoch when the arms of Henry of Navarre conferred immortal renown on the Castle of Arques, the leper-house, devoted to general purposes, had assumed the name of the infirmary or *maladrerie* of Janval. Curtailed by the lapse of years of its princely dimensions, the tomb of William of Mortain, the founder of the chapel was now exposed to the injuries of the elements; and the learned inscription, commemorating his pious life and early death at Janval, in the year of redemption 1168, was already partly obliterated.

The rich endowments bestowed upon the *léproserie* by his mother, the Empress Maud, Countess of Anjou, were shortly afterwards assigned in council to the service of the Hotel Dieu at Dieppe, by which the revenues are still enjoyed; and the spital was dismantled and became deserted. Throughout the succeeding century, however, on the festival of St Mary Magdalen, and at the feast of St John, the clergy of the neighbouring church of St Remy repaired to the decaying chapel for the celebration of mass; till, at the close of the eighteenth century, the ruinous condition of the building necessitated its desecration. The remains of the *maladrerie* were assigned to the farmers of the estate; when the gravestone of William Earl of Mortain was removed and placed among the royal sepulchres of the capital of Normandy.

The embankments of the moat are now alone visible, surrounded by a grove of lofty beech trees, bequeathed to the soil by the original veterans of the place. The traditions of the spot are still, however, sacredly preserved; and many a ghostly legend is related by the peasants of unsightly forms seen wandering in the twilight over the precincts of the ancient cemetery. When the neighbouring sea is sufficiently calm to admit of the ringing of the Angelus at St Remy being heard on the heights, the villagers of the hamlets cross themselves with anxious devotion, if they find themselves within view of the grove. Often have I beheld them at eventide hurrying homewards, lest night should surprise them on the detested spot.

Among the dungeons of Arques is shewn the gloomy retreat where, during twenty years, an English knight was incarcerated by Henry the First of England, and released only by the death of the king. The walls of that noxious prison reveal nothing of the prolonged tortures endured by Sir Kenric of Waltham; but the records of many chronicles and charters attest the tender care of the Empress Maud, and the pious resignation of William Earl of Mortain, during his retreat in the *LEPER-HOUSE OF JANVAL*.

SCROLL OF A LETTER TO THE QUEEN, ON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

To the Editor of Tai's Magazine.

Mrs SMITH and Mrs BROWN had a conference with my wife a few evenings ago, the subject of which was betrayed to me by the following letter, which dropped from the reticule of one of the ladies. The poor women seem to know little of the proper forms of address employed towards majesty; but you will excuse them, and will, I think, be touched by the sincere simplicity of their appeal.

The Address of a few Respectable Women of the Middle Class, to her Majesty Queen Victoria, on the subject of signing Warrants for the Execution of Criminals.

MADAM,—So we must address you, with distance and respect; but our hearts overflow with feelings which at this moment would rather prompt us to write as to a friend on whom we bestowed our deepest pity. Why do we pity, you proudly ask. Because imagination depicts you to us as signing a death-warrant; and we shudder as we contemplate the image even in fancy. Yes, we are full of compassion for you—you, who are but an instrument, a tool, bade to act by the barbarous laws of your country. We feel that to us it would be as awful to write the word which should command the death of another, as to prepare to meet the King of Terrors ourselves. But your ministers and the judges of the land, who stand around you, were you to express this our sentiment, would say, "Ignorance, weakness, cowardice! It is for the good of society that the death of the guilty is commanded." Ay! but we know that this ignorance, this weakness, this cowardice, was the rule of life of Him who came down from heaven to teach man his duty to man. Had He who possessed divine power possessed only human judgment, how would he have acted when surrounded by the infuriated rabble of a degraded city? Raising that hand which could have called down instant death, he would have said—"There is a murderer, there a robber, there an adulterer, there an incendiary—let each die!" Or, using the coward plea of self-defence, which society has justified, he would have said—"All these hate me without cause: they thirst for my blood: they are murderers in desire: they force me to command their death, that I perish not by their hands." But no! He chose to die rather than be just as man is just; he said—"Father, forgive them: they know not what they do!"

"They know not what they do." And after this example has been eighteen centuries before our eyes, shall we continue to deal condemnation on those who know not what they do?

How is life known to you but by its vanities, its splendours, its pleasures, its comforts, and by the simple feeling that it is dear to you? You know not that it would be dearer yet, if the means of existence had been dealt out to you

day by day in a scanty pittance from the hard hand of a task-master, until the soul of the slave had become yours—until at last, when the pittance was refused, you would have been tempted to commit crime to prolong that life. How many thousands of such are there! Do they, degraded till reason is almost lost, do they know what they do?

You know not how many thousands of your fellow-creatures are educated, trained, step by step, in vice, from the cradle to the prison or the scaffold. To them virtue, and honour, and immortality, are names unknown: life is the only good; and to grasp in any way aught that can give it value or prolong it, is, to them, what is right. Do they, thus uninstructed, know what they do?

You know not to how many thousands in this land the sacred volume, which contains the commands—"Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt do no murder; Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour"—is a sealed book. Nor do you know how many, in the close and noisome lanes of crowded cities, remain pent up, to conceal either vice or wretchedness; and never seek the house of God, where they might hear those commandments. Are they, who break laws of which they are ignorant, guilty? Do they know what they do?

Think not that we would lead you by casuistry to the opinion, that all vice springs from ignorance, or want of right reason—that it should no more be punished than idiocy. Far from it. We know that the just Ruler of this world has not left the vices of the ignorant unpunished, although a greater condemnation is pronounced on those who sin under the law; and we know that those who aspire to rule societies must also humbly aspire to follow His great laws of justice. Dread responsibility! Do they understand those laws? When they say, Punish! have they asked why the Deity punishes? Have they looked into the whole constitution of nature, which shews that the object of His punishment is to make better? Have they looked into the intention of our holy religion, which says, "Leave time for repentance, that it may work newness of life?"

We ask not that the criminal should go unpunished; nor do we ask that he should be sent back to a society which taught him only evil. We say only to him who would condemn—Let thy brother live—he knew not what he did; let him live, that he may know; let him live, that he may offend no more; let him live, that he may deserve freedom; let him live, that he may taste the bitterness of repentance and the sweetness of hope; let him live, that he may teach others how great the wretchedness of vice, how great the mercy of God; let him live, that he may yet be happy, for life was given for happiness, and the vicious cannot have tasted it; let him live,

because humanity pleads for mercy; let him live, because Christianity commands it.

Oh, may sentiments of piety and humanity become yet more deeply fixed in your heart!—sentiments of charity and pity for the poor, the wretched, the vicious, with whom, in the kingdom of spirits, where distinctions and titles are unknown, you must stand before the throne of judgment! Our prayers in sincerity and truth are ever yours.

Thus their address ends, unfit, indeed, to be presented to any royal personage; yet the appeal made to one may waken some Christian sentiments in the many. If I might add a word on this subject, which is by women naturally regarded on the side of religion and feeling alone, I would remind my readers that Nero wept when first called on to sign a death-warrant; and I

would ask those who counsel adherence to the good old customs of past times, have they ever considered how much of the vast tide of vice that poured in on his soul, was owing to the breaking down of the barrier of natural feeling which made that act so repugnant to him? But if it was odious to even a Pagan, what should it be to a young woman, a Christian, whose feelings must be a hundredfold more keen, whose conscience a thousandfold more enlightened? The demoralizing effect of public executions on the masses, is of no account with legislators—let then the womanly feelings and the virtue of their sovereign be of some. What would now be the fame of Elizabeth, if, free from the bloody stains which rest on it, she had acted from the conviction, that to command the death even of the guilty is forbidden by the Christian religion!

THE BROOM O' THE HIGHLANDS.

BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

THE broom o' the Highlands!—'tis surely the same;—
Na! here it may only be kent by its name.
The broom, yellow broom—it is even the same;—
Na! here 'tis a' droopin', it isna at hame.

For there it is stalwart, an' gowden, an' lang;
'Tis the joy o' the peasant, the theme o' his sang;
The bonny wee birdies hop through it wi' glee,
An' its flow'rets rejoice i' the hum o' the bee.

But here 'tis aye stinted, an' paly, an' weak,
An' has nocht o' its ain but the tear on its cheek;
Nae birdies, nae bairns, gaily lilt in its praise,
Nae lassie's heart louns as it draws her glad gaze.

The winter comes on wi' its cauld, killin' frost,
But the pride o' the north a' its vigour has lost;
The blasts o' the mountains pass o'er it in vain,
But here it maun dee—for, alas! 'tis its lane.

'Tis thus wi' the Scot when he quits his ain land,
The land o' his forebears, for ony strange strand—
His manly bauld bearing's nae langer the same,
He's kent like the broom only just by his name.

They ca' him sae paughty, they ca' him sae sleet,
They ca' him sae pauky, because he wad flee
Frae the snares an' the wiles that encompass him round,
For the words o' his mither are a' noted down.

He pines for the strath where the burnie's aye pourin',
He pines for the braes where the linn is aye roarin';
For gowd an' for siller he's stricken wi' care,
An' he longs for the sough o' his ain native air.

But if aiblins the garb o' his country he see,
The sigh frae his heart an' the tear frae his ee
Are burstin'—an' how her sweet sangs mak' him fain!
Oh! he feels an' he looks the brave Scotsman again.

THE POET'S REWARD.

"I cannot express what my feelings were on first hearing a song of mine sung by a beautiful young lady in Ettrick, to her harpichord.—Hogg.

HONOUR to old Philosophy,
And all her stately homes!
She sits on foreheads clear and high,
She breathes in reverend tomes;
Hers the pure fame, the tranquil lot,
Remote from strife and wrong:
Yet these rewards I covet not—
I'd rather write a song.

Proud Eloquence, for ill and good,
With stately march and free,
Moveth amidst the multitude,
Like sea-god on the sea;
By her the mighty men are weak,
By her the weak are strong:
Yet will I not her favour seek—
I'd rather write a song.

The story-telling art around
A halo bright appears,
When sparkling things with smiles are crown'd,
And tender things with tears;
O'er many a heart the charm'd page
Holds influence deep and strong:
Yet doth not this my hopes engage—
I'd rather write a song.

There's one reward doth all eclipse,
And this shall be my prize—
To see my thoughts move ruby lips,
Enlighten glorious eyes;
To hear a silver-sounding voice
Sweetly my words prolong:
Say, what reward can more rejoice
The bard who writes a song?

ALEXANDER'S DISCOVERIES IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.*

MANY is the goodly and entertaining volume of travels which the young Victoria's gallant knight, Sir James Alexander, has put forth; although those before us are the first in which he has come forward as an original discoverer. If he has not, in his new capacity, added a very great deal to the existing amount of geographical or commercial information by his late African expedition, he has contributed a fresh chapter to the social history of the human race, and presented some striking and fair aspects of the state which we are pleased to term savage or barbarous. These, together with the personal narrative of the traveller, which is often deeply interesting, constitute the chief attractions of the best work which Captain Alexander has yet produced, although its title-page may arrogate rather more than its contents bear out.

The African expedition, which Captain Alexander had gone to the Cape of Good Hope for the express purpose of undertaking, was delayed for some time in consequence of the late Caffer war, of which he has written an account. Since then, by the way—and it is always pleasant to note improvement—his views about slavery, and especially concerning the rights of the aboriginal tribes, seem to have become more just and enlarged; and, although he makes no open recantation of the hasty and erroneous opinions put forth in his former book on the internal affairs of the African colonies, and upon the bad policy of the colonial functionaries, he at least evinces a desire to conciliate, or not farther offend, that “religious party,” which, in order to vindicate his new friends and patrons in the colony, he formerly chose to vituperate.

The recent journey of Dr Smith, whose narrative has not yet, we believe, been published, changed the original object of Captain Alexander's expedition, which was Delagoa Bay; and, as he was determined, after coming so far, to go somewhere, and seems to have had, in the colony, what the Irish call “a strong back,” his ultimate point became the tracts inhabited by the *Damaras*, a nation of which very little was known, and generally the country to the north of the Orange River, on the west coast. Government, and the Geographical Society, contributed the necessary funds for an expedition extending to about four thousand miles, including, of course, many roundabouts and zig-zags, and occupying above a year.

Those who read for entertainment and for instruction in the science of human nature, will commence at Cape Town, and go along with the traveller; while those who only wish to acquire precise scientific information, not to be found in other narratives of discovery, may safely omit a very considerable portion of preliminary matter; for it is not until we enter upon the second volume that new ground is fairly broken. Captain Alexander set out on the 10th September

1836, in high spirits, under the most favourable auspices, and with every advantage that could ensure a happy result to the expedition. He had originally seven attendants, afterwards increased to a band of fifty, with every requisite for prosecuting the journey with comfort and security; and they were all required long before it was concluded. In passing through the settlements, the traveller makes many judicious observations, and points out useful reforms and improvements. He also gives an amusing account of the domestic manners of the gross-feeding Dutch boors, who are, in some respects, greater *bears*, if not barbarians, than their African neighbours. When he had reached the valley of the Olifant River, Captain Alexander rejoiced in all the glorious freedom of the Bush:—

I could dress as I liked, could rise and lie down when it suited my pleasure, went fast or slow, sang aloud or kept silent, ate my food with an appetite of the keenest Savigny edge, and was gratified with the appearance of picturesque hills and broad and verdant plains, was cheered with the sight and sound of birds and insects; while lizards of various colour, with yellow or green scales, tipped with red and gold, continually hurried across our path, or an occasional snake would glide among the stones and bushes, with its striped or spotted skin. On the road, light-heartedness is indispensable.

The settlers in that part of the colony which the traveller had now reached, occupy very wide ranges of pasture, in order to save the grass about their principal residences; and they roam about in Tartar fashion during the months of July, August, September, and October. In the course of their advance, the party reached one of the field residences of Mynbeer Nieuwoud, situated in a sheltered nook among the hills, adjoining the *Swart Doorn* or Black Thorn River. It consisted of a few irregular wigwams, formed of bent boughs covered with yellow rush mats. By these stood the kraals for the cattle, and the waggons which transported the family, with their household gear, from one to another of these African *shielings*. The residence of Mynbeer Nieuwoud, to which the traveller was hospitably invited, may serve as a fair specimen of all, and of the pastoral mode of life in the back parts of the colony:—

Nieuwoud was a very burly man, in a broad-brimmed hat, blue jacket, and ample skin trowsers; and, as is the custom of the boors, his pipe was seldom out of his mouth. He is a very civil man, and bears a good character for kindness to his people. His wife sat at the door, in a close cap and blue cotton gown, sewing: There were two or three long guns slung at one side, and a pair of low stools were in the hut; but neither table, chairs, nor bed; karosses, or mantles of sheep skin, spread on the floor at night, and rolled up in a corner during the day, served the place of the latter; and when the farmer gave the order to “*Schenk een zoopjé*,” (pour out a dram), and then to “*Skep op*,” (set the victuals on the table), a waggon chest was drawn from one side, on which a cloth was spread, and pewter plates arranged. Two large menses of boiled mutton were then produced, and boiled wheat, when, on the words “*Kom zit bij*,” we placed our stools alongside of the chest, and each drawing a pocket-knife, we made a vigorous assault on the

viands, washing them down with warm milk, handed to us by a Hottentot female.

After the repast, we carried our stools outside the door, to a blazing fire in front of the hut, and sat conversing about country matters till it was time to retire for the night.

Leopards and Boschmans are sometimes troublesome in this district. One of the former lately killed eleven horses here before it was destroyed itself. Boschmans, hovering about the frontier, too, carry off a single sheep or a cow now and then from the flocks and herds in the field, which they kill and devour in some neighbouring dell among the mountains.

The Boschmans here, as elsewhere, have neither sheep nor goats, nor do they cultivate grain or melons. At one season of the year, they catch with their dogs the fawns of the springbok; at another, the nests of the white ant are robbed of grass seed, and of the ants themselves, for food. Flights of locusts they delight in, and honey is sometimes most abundant; roots are found after rain by their green shoots; and, in the months of July and August, ostrich eggs supply the wants of these "children of the desert."

When they visited Nieuwoud in their seasons of scarcity, he killed a sheep for them, and gave them a small present of tobacco, to prevent their robbing him.

The Wesleyan and other missionary stations, upon which the traveller came in the course of his route, are described, though with less minuteness than many readers will desire. These moral oases are the most beautiful feature in the African wilderness. Shortly after passing the temporary headquarters of Mynheer Nieuwoud, the party—

Descended to a valley called the Two Rivers, where we found a community of Little Namaquas, belonging to the Wesleyan mission station of Lily Fountain. They were living in mat huts in a glen. The men were decently dressed in leopard skin or tanned jackets and trousers; and the women in sheepskin karosses and tanned petticoats.

We got milk for tobacco from the yellow-faced and Chinese-looking Namaquas; and, passing through the valley, we again ascended by a steep road to the higher parts of the Kamiesberg, where we saw the strange koker boom, or quiver tree, with its thick and silver-green trunk, hollow arms (from which quivers are made), and leaves like those of the aloë. We passed through level tracts, which were covered with crops of corn; and, on the 10th of October, a month after I had left Cape Town, we reached the elevated and beautiful Wesleyan mission station of Lily Fountain.

The station of Lily Fountain is placed about 4,000 feet above the sea, and immediately under one of the peaks of the Kamiesberg. The highest peak, six or seven miles distant, and south, from the station, is estimated at 5,000 feet in height. In the sloping mountain valley of the station is found a good church, school, mission-house, and out-buildings; a productive garden, watered by an abundant fountain, which poplars overshadow; whilst around are the mat hats of the Namaquas of the station.

My worthy friend, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, first formed this interesting station in 1817. He was succeeded by Mr Edwards, who laboured here for fourteen years most successfully. Part of the remains of the Little Namaqua nation was here collected—there are eight hundred on the books of the institution; and I was quite surprised and pleased to see the quantity of land they cultivate, stimulated as they are to exertion by the missionary, under whom are two corporals and six councillors, or heads of families, elected by the people by ballot.

The Namaquas of Lily Fountain had sown latterly about 100 muids, or 20,000 lbs. of wheat annually, and had raised from this 1,500 or 2,000 muids. Mr Edwards was absent at Cape Town when I arrived at the

station, and a thin-looking corporal (Buchan) resided me. I thought that he was very poor from his appearance, and I intended offering him the head and liver of a sheep I was about to kill, to keep him from starving, when I found, to my surprise, that he grew forty muids of corn annually, had a span of fourteen oxen, a waggon, twelve horses, and seven hundred sheep and goats.

Once a month disputes are settled here in council, which are principally for cattle trespassing on corn land; and those brought before the council can of course appeal from its decision to the field-cornet of the ward, or magistrate of the district. Yearly a herd is appointed, and yearly the ponds must be cleared out for the cattle. For misdemeanors there is no flogging, but a fine of grain is imposed. If honey-beer is made, the maker of it is expelled the station; and no native dances are allowed, for they open the door to vice, the dancers being in the habit of remaining to sleep where they danced, and relations hearing of this, quarrels ensue. Thus the missionary, besides having his spiritual duties to attend to, the farming, carpentry, and smith's work, has much to do with the temporal matters of his people.

Captain Alexander remained at Lily Fountain for some time, in consequence of an annoying circumstance, not of interest to the public, and—where will troublesome visitors not intrude?—was tormented with the visitations of the Boors, who seem *bores* of the first magnitude. Yet their endless questions were only very natural in their situation. They were such as—

If I was not afraid to travel alone?—If the Governor was "versch," (pronounced fresh,) or in good health?—If the King was an old carle?—How many children the Governor had?—If they were married or single?—If I was tired of this place? These with their answers, would, perhaps, occupy an hour and a-half: the lusty boor, all the while, sitting in the middle of the bed, for want of a chair; while I, in my turn, would ask if the farmer was married; the number of his children; would repeat the old story of the rust in the corn; the horse sickness, and wolligchaap, (Merino sheep: asked how far it was from one place to another; when the game was to be got: then would hint how much I had to do—shewed my writing materials—which would merely produce a drowsy "yaw;"—would look at my watch, and, on being asked the time, hear, as usual, the reply of, "het iz niet laat," (it is early yet); and, as a *dernier resort* to get my wax-seated visitor out of the room, I would be compelled to put on my hat, with an apology for being under the necessity of visiting a patient.

"Zo," says the Boor, "I'll go with you, Mynheer;" and, once up and out, he goes to look after his riding-horses turned out to graze, one of which is, perhaps, (fortunately for me,) lost; which affords me some hours quiet, until I give him his "bread and cheese," and see him fairly in the saddle, with "grootems ta hais," (compliments to all at home.)

The Boors entertain the same feelings of jealousy and aversion to the Hottentots, which the Americans do to the negroes. It would not be difficult, in the United States, to find parallels to the facts stated in this extract, in every particular:—

A missionary told me that he had halted at a farmhouse on a Saturday, intending to remain there over Sunday, so as not to be on the road on the day of rest. On the Sabbath morning, he proposed to the farmer to assemble the people and hold service, which he assented to, and called his wife and children.

"Where are the Hottentots?" asked the zendeling. "The Hottentots!" cried the farmer; "you would not have them with us also? We are told in the Bible that the sheep are to be separated from the goats, and I cannot, therefore, admit the Hottentots."

"Very well," said the missionary, "as I am sent to teach all mankind the way of salvation, I cannot consent to hold worship unless white and black both join in it."

The farmer would not agree to this arrangement, on which the missionary very properly went out to his waggon, and, calling his driver and leader, he prayed with them. Presently he heard the people in the house singing a hymn, and then the door opened, and the farmer halloed to his people to bring the horses, and tread out the corn on the threshing floor. And thus was the Sabbath spent!

Though the farmers affect to have a great abhorrence for any admixture of black blood, yet, strange to say, I saw, at a farm house, several dark children running about, who, I was told, were the offspring of one of the daughters of the family by a Hottentot youth. Another of the daughters of the same family married a Boor, and, seven months after marriage, produced a black child, which, a trader seeing, asked "Hoe kom dat? (How did that happen?) When the husband coolly replied, "that one day his wife was going out and was frightened by a black man whom she suddenly saw behind the door, and that the child became black in consequence." The wife was by, and, on hearing this, she merely laughed. So both parties "thought no harm."

The next step of the journey, in point of interest, was to the London Mission Station of Komakas, where the traveller was kindly received by the worthy and venerable German missionary, Schmelen.

Komakas consists of a long mission house of one story, a church, and out-buildings, situated under a mountain of about a thousand feet high, and facing the south, and some rocky hills. In the valley, and opposite the buildings, were the mat huts of the Bastards and Namaquas of the institution. To save the grass about the station for another season, most of the people of Mr Schmelen were in the field with their flocks and herds, and only about thirty or forty were now present.

There was a small wind-mill for grinding corn, also a good garden; and no less than five fountains of excellent water were in this green and secluded valley, in which the distant roar of the sea can be heard, and over which peace seemed to wave her olive branch.

Mr Schmelen had laboured for upwards of thirty years in the wilderness of Great and Little Namaqua land, and in the region of the Orange River, principally. No one can be more highly respected than he is by the natives; among whom he has been very successful as a teacher, and over whom he has great influence. Single and solitary, he wandered about with the people, living often on game, and without bread, for a great length of time. He established the station of Bethany, occupied it for some years, and at last was forced to abandon it, as shall afterwards be recounted. He had travelled further to the north in Great Namaqua land than any white man previously.

Mr Schmelen is compactly made, and combines great energy with excellent judgment and good nature. His first wife was a Great Namaqua woman, who led a most exemplary life, and by whom he had several children; his second wife is from the Cape, and is most active and indefatigable as a schoolmistress. May they both long labour in their sphere of usefulness!

Two Rhenish missionaries were at Komakas during Captain Alexander's visit. An interesting description of the tribe among whom Mr Schmelen labours, must be omitted here, from its great length; but will be read with pleasure in the original. They are naturally a well-conditioned race, of whom much might be made, merely by the observance of justice. The following observations merit attention; and let it be remembered that the traveller is by no means among the enthusiastic friends of the aboriginal tribes.

Many of the Namaqua tribes are very rich in cattle, which they would willingly barter within the border for cloth and cutlery; but they are afraid at present to ven-

ture into the colony without being adequately protected. I asked one or two of those living about the Orange River why they never took their cattle into the colony, but preferred going to Angra Piquena Bay with their herds; before reaching which they often suffered most severely from thirst on the road; and when they did get there, they were often grossly imposed upon by the whalers; obtaining only two quart bottles full of coarse powder, or forty bullets, for an ox; and even sometimes being made drunk, and getting nothing at all for their property. To this, they replied, that they had tried once to take cattle into the colony; but that the first farmers they met abused them—asked them whose cattle these were they had stolen; if they had been plundering the Damaras; and said, "*Vordoom de Hottentots!* what business have they with cattle?" So, becoming afraid of violence, and seeing that they had little chance of fair dealing with the white men, they had never ventured to the borders of the colony again.

One cannot conceive a more dastardly and selfish spirit than that which could induce white men to behave in the manner that some of the whalers do. The natives wish to deal fairly, and part with their property, in their ignorance, for the value of a few pence; and, not content with getting them on these terms, the captains and crews of some whalers actually rob the natives, careless of the bad effect which this conduct will have in future dealings between the ships and the Namaquas.

On shore, everything is promised; but when the natives are induced to go on board with their cattle, they are either frightened into parting with them for next to nothing, or they are made drunk, and sent on shore without any remuneration; and still, with all this, they prefer Angra Piquena to the colony.

I said, "A magistrate unconnected with the farmers is required on the borders." At present, the magistrate at Clanwilliam is too far distant, and the field-cornets and the farmers are all related or connected; every one is oom or neef (uncle or nephew) to his neighbour, so that it is not very likely there can be much justice got out of a field-cornet on the servant of his nephew complaining of ill treatment. Besides, most of the old farmers cannot get over their thorough contempt for the coloured races. It is, therefore, evident, that, unless the magistrate is a man without local connexions and prejudices—unless he does what is right, without minding the breath of popular applause—the *vox popularis aures*—he will do little good in this quarter.

In a few days afterwards, a case exactly in point occurred:—

Paul Lynx, the chief of the Orange River, a strapping fellow, with one eye, and a peculiar savage look, came with two or three of his counsellors, and laid this case before me for decision, and on which we sat in solemn conclave in a mat hut.

That for ten or twelve years, Paul Lynx's people had caught the seals on the island before mentioned, had preserved their flesh, on which three hundred had annually subsisted, and had sold their skins. That lately, a white man, anxious to acquire possession of the Seal Island, though it was many miles beyond the border, had actually memorialized the Governor for it, and had shewn them a paper which he said was the Governor's answer to his memorial, granting him the Seal Island. He had asked Paul to put his mark to a paper, giving up the Seal Island, or allowing this trader alone to obtain the skins at his own price. The Namaquas then asked me if the Governor had any power to give away their Seal Island; and if I thought he had done so. I said he certainly had no power to grant to any one an island which was at least forty miles beyond the border; and that the paper which had been shewn them must be a forgery—which it was—and that they might rest assured that no Governor of the Cape would attempt to annoy them, or deprive them of their property. They then said, "We shall shoot the white man if he attempts to catch seal on our island." I told them on no account to use any violence.

Suitable advice was given them; and it is to be hoped that they have profited by it. Were

we asked to point out the practical uses of agitation, we should go no farther than to instance the Cape colony, and the efforts of its friends at Cape Town and in England.

We must notice one more missionary station before plunging farther into the wilderness. It is that of Bezondermeid, occupied by that veteran labourer in the vineyard, the Rev. Mr Wemer, a German, under the London Missionary Society:—

Nothing can be conceived more desolate and forbidding than the appearance of the country about Bezondermeid, at this the hot season of the year. Some black and bare hills bounded sandy and bare plains, on which, beside the dry bed of a stream (in which there was one hole for water) stood three or four mat huts and a waggon. This was the picture of the station.

Mr Wemer, living like his flock in a mat hut, was seventy-four years of age; and during a great part of his life had moved about among three hundred of the natives south of the Great River, he and Mr Schmelen being the only two missionaries between Lily Fountain and the Great River. Mr Wemer had a very tidy native wife, by whom he had several children; one was in arms when I was at Bezondermeid. Ye dwellers in cities, nourished in abundance, think of the life this old man was leading! and yet he seemed cheerful and contented, particularly when I gave him a supply of tobacco, of which he was in want, to supply his meerschaum pipe. But for a year he had not tasted bread, and had been out of salt for six months. Till my waggon came up, he regaled Mr Schmelen and myself on boiled salt beef and Bush tea.

Could not some portion of the funds of the London Missionary Society be applied to pensioning off such aged and faithful labourers as Mr Wemer, so that, in their latter days, after years of privation and hardship, they might partake of, at least, the common necessities of life? I am sure it is unknown to the directors of the Society what some of their old missionaries suffer.

Let us hope that this valuable hint will not be wholly disregarded. The full reward of such labours as those of Wemer are not of this life; yet something might be done for the solace of the old age of those self-devoted men, when they are inclined to leave their important stations on the outposts of humanity. This we imagine would not be frequent.

Instead of the information, which, by dint of pertinacious inquiry, the traveller continued to obtain about the Great Namaquas—and which, if not incorrect, must be crude, and much less to be depended upon than what is communicated by the German missionaries, who are, as it were, naturalized in the country—we shall give as a specimen of Captain Alexander's best narrative style, and as an interesting picture of what man is capable of performing, his account of Henrick the Hunter.

On the 13th March we continued our journey over the same delightful country as we had seen the day before, and in two hours and a half descended to the bank of the Gnuanip river, (whose name is untranslatable,) and outspanned at Tuais (or Mud) Fountain, where lay Henrick the hunter "par excellence."

From Tuais we saw the long line of the 'Un'uma, or Bulb mountains, two or three thousand feet high, east of us, and between us and them was the Koanquip, a branch of which was the Gnuanip.

In the evening, Henrick came from his huts to visit me; he was a spare made and athletic Namaqua, of forty years of age, about five feet eight inches in height, nose low, but inclined to aquiline, teeth rather promi-

nent, but covered with his lips; a good-humoured smile about his mouth, and altogether with a very amiable and intelligent expression of countenance. He was beautifully formed, deep chested, small waist, and muscular arms, thighs, and calves, without any extra flesh beyond what was necessary to give perfect symmetry to his figure. His feet were small, as is usual among the Namaquas, but his instep was particularly high, and even rose in a sort of knob in the middle: this may have added to his astonishing power as a runner.

The reader must not imagine I indulge in a traveller's license when I say that Henrick could catch and kill zebras by fleetness of foot: I believe he has often done this; for I have seen him turn zebras towards the guns; and when I tell how he managed to catch them, I may be believed; if not, I must lie under an evil imputation, which I would willingly avoid—for, *Hora et semper*, now and always "Truth me guide."

When Henrick's powder ran short he took a hunting knife in his left hand (for he was left-handed, and continued so, though it was through his left arm he had received a ball at the skirmish at Bethany) and knowing there were zebras in his neighbourhood, he went out to the field to seek them, to their grazing ground, and to run them down.

Walking on his toes with an elastic springing step, at the rate of upwards of five miles an hour, he paced over the plain, glancing at the ground for foot-marks, and on each side of him, with his keen eye. The prints of the compact hoofed zebras are observed on the sands, and presently the troop itself is seen grazing near. Henrick stoops, disencumbers himself of every skin covering which might encumber him, even to his leopard skin cap, and steals as near as he can to the game without being perceived; but the watchful eye of the stallion discovers the hunter, when he leaves the cover of the bushes, and, giving the alarm to the rest, the whole gallop off. Henrick, without putting himself to the top of his speed at first, follows them; the zebras stop to graze, Henrick running like a race horse, with his stomach near to the ground, bounds toward them. Away they rush again, snorting, and tossing their stripped heads in the air, and switching their light and mule-like tails in the pride of fancied fleetness and freedom. The hunter "sits on their skirts," and relaxes not from his pursuit for a moment; he clears stones, bushes, and other impediments; after three or four miles he is in perfect wind; the ground seems to fly from under him; and, as he expressed it, he was now unable to distinguish the heaven from the earth. The zebras stop and graze occasionally, as before; but it is now but for an instant, for their enemy is closing with them; he drives them towards a steep face of rock; they hesitate about the means of escape; Henrick is amongst them in a moment, and, seizing one of the stripped troop by the tail, he swings it to one side, throwing the whole weight of his own body towards the ground at the same time. The zebra falls on its side, when Henrick instantly plunges his knife into its chest, and then allows it to rise and run off; it keeps up with the rest for a short distance, then gradually falls behind the troop, weak from loss of blood. Its comrades wait for it till Henrick again dashes forward, repeats his fatal thrust, and if two stabs are not sufficient to stretch the zebra dead on the plain, a third is given, which rolls the beautiful body lifeless on the ground, covered with dust and perspiration. The successful hunter then returns to his huts, to send his people with pack oxen to bring home the prize.

Henrick is rivalled now in fleetness by his eldest son, Jan; which would not be, says the father, if it were not for his own crippled arm. Lately, the two were out in pursuit of giraffes, and getting close to three, the father told his son to assist him in stabbing the last; but Jan said, "No: let us attack the first and largest." Which they did; and after a smart pursuit, managed to stab the first with fatal effect.

It must be borne in mind that horses come up with both zebras and giraffes, but still the powers of both Henrick Buys and his son must be very astonishing to enable them to rival horses, and thus to show what a

man is capable of accomplishing with temperance and training.

On the 14th March it thundered and rained all day, to our great refreshment. Thermometer at sunrise 69°; at mid-day 75°. I gave presents, as usual, to Jan and Henrick Buys, and to their wives, whilst tobacco and the fiddle put every one in good spirits; and on the advent of the expedition to Tuala, there occurred a sort of festival among the dependants of the two brothers. Some of the dancers shewed a good deal of humour in their performances of imitation reels—they stooped near the ground in going through the figure, then sprang up, beat the ground rapidly with their heels, kicked up before and behind, stopped suddenly, looked their partner earnestly in the face, and with the cry of "hoet," bobbed their heads forward, and then went through the figure singing an accompaniment. There was a little Damara too, with a pot-belly, who imitated the reed and fiddle very comically, accompanied with dancing. There were exhibitions with bows and arrows, lances, and wrestling, &c. Presents of cows and sheep were brought, but which, of course, I took care to pay for. More sheep were also brought for cotton handkerchiefs, which were here so wonderfully attractive that one of the prettiest girls in the place, or that I had seen on the north side of the Orange river, came, and, to my surprise, offered to marry me for a cotton handkerchief! I was thus in the predicament of St Anthony in the Wilderness.

Though thus tempted, Sir James did not yield. He was, indeed, at this time engaged in collecting jackal skins, to form a cloak for the beautiful ideal of his matrimonial dreams, and which promises to become as famous as that which Lieutenant Lesmahago presented to his bride Tabitha Bramble.

Henrick Buys the hunter, and his brother Jan Buys, with their cattle and attendants, were now added to the travelling party, which, as the way became more dangerous, had gradually been increased until it now reached, men and boys, about fifty souls. The Buys had been represented as cut-throats and robbers; but upon their fidelity and courage, Captain Alexander was led to place much of the success of his expedition and the safety of himself and his people. His confidence was well placed, though the number of hungry men to be fed, in the country through which they were to pass to the sea, greatly augmented difficulties which at length became quite appalling. The aim of Henrick's gun was unerring as his fleetness of foot was unequalled; but his venison became at last all too scanty for the number of his voracious comrades. Soon after the traveller had been joined by the brothers Buys, the expedition entered the Boschman country. This was on the 20th of March, and they travelled for many hours without perceiving any trace of the inhabitants. There is something so fresh and animating in the following description, that, though foreign to our object, we cannot resist this one African pell-mell hunt.

Extensive plains were before us; on our left hand, beyond them to the west, were blue ridges in the distance between us and the ocean; whilst on our right the table-topped range of the 'Un'uma continued. We crossed the Humabib (root water,) where there was grass, water, and shade, and then missing Henrick the hunter, we looked out before us, and saw dust rising at the foot of the mountains. We knew that this must proceed from large game; accordingly, I rode with Kuieip and his men towards the right, whilst the rest of the people distributed themselves to cut off the wild animals, whatever

they might be. We dismounted and lay down behind bushes in an extended line. The cloud of dust approached us, and below it seemed to dance several black bodies; it came near, and seven zebras, following each other, galloped towards us. It now appeared that Henrick and two or three men had run on before, and had turned the zebras towards our gun. It was a fine sight to witness the mares, young males, and a foal halt, whilst a powerful stallion, with his mane, as if newly hogged, and his tail switching his striped thighs, come on singly, to reconnoitre my horse and the riding oxen. He came close to the bush where I lay, but I kept quiet till the whole troop should pass. In the meantime, an impatient hunter crept towards the halted group of plump and round females, and fired into them without effect. The stallion, snorting wildly, galloped back to his charge, and the whole passed us rapidly, and received our discharge; long tracks of dust followed their heels. One fell on the plain, as it was breaking the line of the people facing the mountains, but, recovering itself, it was tracked by its bloody spoor towards the Koanquip, and was nearly come up with by two of the people, when a party of Boschmans appeared, intercepted, and secured the prize.

We saw white-rumped springboks ahead, and went after them; and then among hills on the right a troop of gemsboks appeared, the antagonists of lions, with their long straight horns, like that of the fabled unicorn. We made a dash at the gemsboks, and intercepted them as before, between our extended hunters and the mountain; but it fell dusk. The old ones all escaped with apparently slight wounds, whilst only a young fawn, in appearance very like a brown calf, with a short tail, was secured alive. We carried it with us to the waggon, and gave it the cow's milk.

To an African traveller goats are invaluable; they can accompany him everywhere, and live where cattle would pine away and die; though the cattle of South Africa are assuredly the most hardy and enduring in the world.

Captain Alexander had five or six of these useful creatures, which, scanty as was the supply of milk which they afforded, proved a source of great comfort in the dry and parched land which he traversed. In the course of the narrative of the expedition, many curious facts as to the habits and history of the lion are stated, which will be new to naturalists. The Boschmans appear an inferior race to the Namaquas, and in a low state of barbarism. They had never seen white men; did not admire them, and fancied them flayed!—but they expressed little surprise at anything, save the facility of obtaining light with Lucifer matches.

The sight of Mr Schmelen's waggon had, at first, produced great consternation among them; they ran away from it for a whole night, and constantly jumped over the track of the wheels of this wild monster, which tracks they imagined its foot-marks. On another occasion, Mr Schmelen sent out an old waggon with a hunting party, when one of the fore-wheels was broken, and the waggon remained standing in the field for two months, at the end of which time a Boschman came to Mr Schmelen's place, and said that he had seen the missionary *pack-ox* standing in the field for a long time, with a broken leg; and that, as he did not observe that it ate any grass, he was afraid that it would soon die of hunger if it was not taken away! This, however, is not worse than the Highlander in the Forty-five, fancying the stolen watch a living thing, which had died when it ceased to tick.

At halting, one night, Captain Alexander be-

came alarmed to hear that some of his young Namaquas had ill-used the women of a Boschman party, who rested near them. To prevent a repetition of such outrages, he told the men of the Boschmans, next evening, to remain near him with their families, and he would prevent the women from being troubled. "The Boschmans said—'Take the women; the people may do with them as they please; what else is the use of them?' Seeing the Boschmans' feeling on this point (beasts could not have been worse) I now thought that the occurrences at the Great Fountain were not of so serious or disgraceful a nature as I had at first imagined they were."

A favourite mode of spending the evening hours when the cavalcade halted, was hearing Henrick or his brother relate their hunting exploits, and those of their father *Cobus*, who had also been a mighty hunter. Their feats, especially with the black rhinoceros, an animal which appears as ill-conditioned as it is ugly, beat those of Squire Waterton all to naught. This is one story told by Jan, which may serve as a specimen:—

"Once on a time, my father took his sons out to hunt; he only had a gun, and we had assegais and knives. At first we were very unsuccessful; we found nothing till the second day; we were very hungry, when we came on a rhinoceros. The old man soon wounded it in the leg, and he then told us to throw stones at it, to make the wound worse. You know how Namaquas can throw stones; so we crept upon the rhinoceros, followed it, and threw stones with such effect, that it at last lay down from pain. I being armed with a knife, then approached it from behind, and commenced to hamstring it, while my elder brother, who is now dead, *Cobus*, remarkable for two strange rings round his eyes, tried to climb over the back of the rhinoceros to thrust his lance into its shoulder, (it would have been very dangerous to have gone up to its shoulder on foot;) he had just begun to climb, when the rhinoceros rose suddenly with a terrible blast of snort, and we all ran off as fast we could to a tree, and there held a consultation about our further proceedings.

"We had not been long at the tree, when the rhinoceros, observing where we were, rushed towards us with his horns at first in the air, and then as he came near, he tore up the ground with them. We scattered ourselves before him, when *Cobus* getting in a passion, stopped short in his flight, called the rhinoceros an ugly name, and turned and faced it. The rhinoceros, astonished at this unexpected manœuvre, also stopped and stared at *Cobus*, who then commenced calling out loudly and abusing the monster; it now seemed to be seized with fear, for it sidled off, when *Cobus*, who had a heart like a lion's and was as active as an ape, immediately pursued the rhinoceros, seized the tail, sprung with its assistance on its back, rode it well, and plunging his assegai deep into its shoulder, it fell, and was despatched by the rest of us. Hungry men can do extraordinary things—and this is a true story."

"I do not doubt it in the least," I said, "for I know that all the Buys have first-rate courage."

The thoughtlessness of a Portuguese youth, who formed one of Captain Alexander's train, threw the whole party at this time into great peril and difficulty. He had wandered away one evening, while a group of the Boschmans, who were to act as guides, were at sundown exhibiting their national dances for the amusement of the traveller, with unbounded hilarity and entire confidence. The guns fired off as signals to the wanderer alarmed the native guides in the midst of their sport, and they fled to the moun-

tains with their women and children, imagining they were about to be killed by the Whites and Namaquas. They left all their goods, in their haste, to the mercy of the strangers, taking only their arms. Suspected of evil intentions, and thus abandoned by their Boschman conductors, who alone knew the country and the watering places, the situation of the party became alarming, especially as they were at the last watering-place for nearly sixty miles, the weather very hot, the oxen and horses emaciated and weak from their previous exertions, and a desert of heavy sand lying between them and the Kuinip River, which, when they approached it, might, for aught they knew, be dried up. There was now, however, no retreating, and the sufferings and horrors of the journey fairly commenced. They were of no ordinary kind, and the narrative becomes painfully and intensely interesting.

If the Boschmans had not deserted us, we should have crossed the barren waste comfortably enough, for both men and cattle might have drunk half way from holes in a rock; but where to look for these now, we were quite at a loss.

On the 4th of April, I found the Namaquas washing clothes, and some their bodies, in the only drinking place we had at Ababies. I am not very nice, but this was *too much*. However, I was now compelled to keep my temper, and to content myself with reproving the people for their excessive thoughtlessness. The oxen came late at night from the upper part of the river. I asked the cattle guards if they had been at the water with the beasts, and they said they had; but next day, when it was too late, I found out that the cattle had not been taken to the water at all, and early on the morning of the 5th, we left with thirsty oxen.

Our course was north-west, whilst the Chuntop left us, and inclined to the west, to disappear in the sand before it reached the ocean. The waggon moved slowly along, but frequently stuck fast, and it was most painful to be obliged to use the whip to the unfortunate cattle. After five hours, we got to a dry and nameless river, and most of the Namaquas dispersed to look for water, but found none—thermometer 90°.

I sat down for some time on a hill, and waited till the waggon and pack-oxen came on, and though I saw a large flock of springboks below me, no one was after them; water, not flesh, was our only desire; the train, with two or three drivers, passed on. I saw a few long-legged plovers moving about, and after five more hours, we halted at half-past eleven at night in a valley of grass between low hills. The poor oxen were so knocked up with the heavy sands they had passed, with the heat of the day, and with thirst, that they could not touch a blade of the dry pasture, amongst which flights of locusts lay nestled for the night, here and there, and chirruped like young sparrows. I distributed all the water I could spare from the waggon among the people; for, with their usual improvidence, the Namaquas had converted the goat skins I had given them to carry water for themselves, into clothes bags, and now, consequently, they were reduced to extremity. I lay down, thinking that to-morrow night most of the party are to perish.

Long before dawn I was awake from an uneasy sleep by Aaron the guide calling out to the people, "*Keires! Keires! Rise! rise! the sands are heavy, and the Kuinip is far off.*" I never got up with more uncomfortable thoughts. I rode to prevent the thirst as much as possible, but my horses neither answered whip nor spur: they were quite dull and very much knocked up, particularly the grey, poor Old Night, for whom I as well as my people entertained a great regard. I first made his acquaintance during the Caffer war in 1835, and up to this day he was always lively and alert. But my horses had a bad groom in Magasee, also first seen in

Caffer-land. I thought, from his previous life among the Caffers, that he would have been my best hand on the road and in the bush; but he turned out the black sheep of the party, a lazy, worthless fellow, who neglected his horses, and whose only enjoyment was sitting talking with old Aaron, "*par mobile fratrum*," pretending to preach after the manner of a missionary; and, most strange to say, collecting the tobacco oil (a deadly poison) from his own and other pipes, that he might suck it. This powerful narcotic made him, perhaps, more indolent than he would otherwise have been.

We moved slowly on—that is, the headmen and my own people, with the waggon and pack-oxen—for the rest set off in advance in quest of water, and disappeared. Some hills shewed themselves on our left, and far in the distance on our right, twenty-five miles at least, rose a great tabular mountain called Tans, or the screen, for it shuts in all the lesser mountains and hills near it; on each side of Tans extended black mountain chains.

Grey sand and gravel were around us on every side, and single blades of grass waved with the hot wind on the bare and burning face of the desert. The silence was deep and profound, for not a bird or insect was to be seen or heard. The poor cattle, halting every few minutes, were ready to drop with heat and thirst, and tried in vain to bellow. After accomplishing a distance of about twelve miles slowly and painfully, the sand deepened so much that we could get the waggon on no further, and therefore we outspanned; and, as the only chance of saving the horses and cattle, I sent the whole of them off under old Jan, after the people who had gone towards the river, and remained myself by the waggon with Kuisip, Ghoubid, Henrick Buys, and my white men. We had with us a few quarts of water to support us in this region of drought.

In the afternoon, whilst sitting under the shade of the waggon, which appeared in the midst of the desert of Tans like a ship cast away far at sea on a reef, we were visited by a singular little bird the colour of sand, and about the size of a lark, which ran round us, apparently examining the strange visitants of the waste. One's desire of collecting was suppressed by the sight of this kindly and curious visitor. In the evening we went to the nearest sand-hill to the west, and hunted about for roots of shrubs and grass to make a fire, and collected sufficient to roast small pieces of meat for our supper. Expecting the oxen to come to us on the morrow, and placing our entire trust in Providence, we lay down at night and slept without being disturbed, though afterwards we heard that Boechmans were about us during the hours of darkness.

The whole of the next day we looked in vain for the oxen; we saw no signs of them, nor of any of the people; in the evening a gemsbok was tracked and shot about a mile from the waggon. We were now impressed with the belief that no water had been found in the Kuisip, where the people first reached it under a black mount which we saw in the distance to the north, and which I named after the well-known secretary of the Admiralty, Sir John Barrow.

No more water remained with us than barely sufficient to support the life of two men for one day, and, as I felt myself bound "to stay by the ship" to the last, I told the three Namaqua head men, that I intended sending away my white men to-morrow morning, to give them a chance of saving their lives, and that I intended (if no help came) to remain by the waggon till the water was expended, and if one of the Namaquas was willing to stay with me in following the spoor of game to lead us to the water, which we might find about Mount Tans, distant eight or nine hours from us, I should be very glad.

After a consultation, it was arranged that Choubib should stay with me, and Kuisip, Henrick Buys, and my four white followers, in the meantime should leave us to shift for themselves, and in the hope of meeting again; but whether that would ever take place was very problematical. I comforted the people the best way I could, by telling them it was not unlikely the men who had left us were resting the oxen for a day at the water, be-

fore they returned with them to our assistance at the waggon; that to-morrow, when Kuisip and the others should leave me to look for water, and should happen to fall in with natives, their guns would sufficiently protect them; and that they must not now give way to despair, but exert themselves to the last.

Having all eaten a little biscuit soaked in water (about the last of both we had,) we lay down to repose for a few hours beside the waggon wheels. "Another night of misery," said one of the white men to his comrade; and so it was, for great thirst and anxiety made it so. In an uneasy sleep, I dreamt that I saw a person spilling water on the ground, and that I ran up to him and fought with him for doing so.

At one in the morning of the 7th April, I got up and sent off the people, with Henrick Buys, carrying only their duffle jackets and arms, and accompanied by my poor dog. Kuisip, the excellent chief, whom I always found very quiet and obliging, declared that he would not leave me, but would stay with Choubib and myself, till we also should abandon the waggon on the following morning, if no help came to us.

We tried to sleep again, and at sunrise, we three deserted mortals were awake by the barking of a Namaqua dog, which had joined us, and on looking up we saw two black objects approaching; thinking they were Boechmans, we made ready to fire, if their appearance was suspicious; but they came straight to the waggon without hesitation, and turned out to be two Damara men (slaves under the Namaquas), who had been despatched by Jan Buys with a small supply of water for us in the stomach of a sheep, and in the pericardium of a rhinoceros. We partook of this thankfully and eagerly, and then asked the news.

They said that the distance to the water was great, and that they had set out yesterday morning at sunrise, and had only reached us now; that there were several high sand-hills between us and the river, and that it was impossible the waggon could get over even the first of them. It also now appeared that many of the people had nearly perished on the 6th. A number of them had fallen down one after another among the sand-hills; and with their skins dry, their eyes bloodshot, a contraction of the throat, and their mouth covered with a crust, they lay helpless and dying. Some cried like children for help; some nearly blind; and others, mad with thirst and the heat of the sand, had asked their companions to make a hole and bury them, for that they were dying, and could not go any further. That Jan Buys and the stronger of the party had gone on to the Kuisip with the cattle, which had then been three days without a drop of water. That the people and cattle, when they saw the water in the river below them, ran down as if they had been crazed, and cutting their legs on the rocks, they scrambled down a steep precipice to reach the bed of the river, and throwing themselves into the water, they lay in it, and drank till the water ran out of their mouths again; and that after this excess, some of them had been attacked with a sort of cholera. That Jan had then returned with skins of water and pack-oxen, to carry off those who had sunk down in a dying state among the sand-hills, and had saved them all! This last intelligence was very gratifying.

The worst was now apparently past; though abundant hardships and trials were yet in store. It was found impracticable to get the waggon forward to the Kuisip, on account of the heavy sand-hills and precipices about the river; and news came that some of the oxen had fallen down the crags and broken their backs, that some of the dogs and of the sheep were dead, and that Captain Alexander's favourite steed, *Night*, was dead, and his other horse dying. The lazy Caffer groom had also lost his riding ox and all his clothes, and was nearly dead himself; and finally, Jan Buys, who had come back with these Job's-messenger tidings, had seen

nothing of his brother Henrick and the white men! The waggon was now abandoned, and the ammunition, stores, clothes, and objects of natural history collected on the journey, made up into packs to be carried forward by the oxen; and these arrangements completed, with a melancholy but resolute spirit, Captain Alexander followed the people and pack-oxen up the sand-hill, looking back upon the waggon, like an unfortunate commander upon the wreck of his gallant ship. But no language can equal his own in the description of the melancholy feelings excited by these complicated distresses:—

Another melancholy sight now presented itself: poor Night, with apparently a number of dark Boschmans about him; but they turned out to be immense black vultures, which had already committed sad havoc on the head and stomach of my old and faithful servant.

We passed over no less than seven sand-hills, which were very steep. On the north side, and on their summits, were tufts of stick grass. Half way we met some of the Namaquas with a supply of water in the stomach of another gemsbok, and of which we gladly drank. After seven miles' ride in the dark, we found ourselves on the brink of a precipice, and we looked down into a black yawning gulf, at the bottom of which, and about six hundred feet below us, glimmered a fire. This was in the bed of the Kuisip. The Namaqua head men wished me to sleep where we were; but I was so anxious about the fate of the white men and Henrick Buys, that I resolved to make my way to the fire below.

Accordingly, staff in hand, and guided by our Jan, I scrambled and slid down by a narrow, broken, and dangerous path, fit only for goats or baboons, the precipitous descent to the Kuisip. Jan being stout, got some heavy falls. When half way down, the people, hearing our voices, set fire to a dry tree, to light us on our perilous way, and they were then seen running about in the red glare like demons in the devil's den—the name we gave this hole.

Elliot and Magasee soon after joined me to assist me down; and at the bottom I was very glad to find Henrick Buys, and Taylor, Robert, and Antonia, all alive, but lying down and very much exhausted. They said their joints were stiff with their walk in the night through the sands; and that with drinking so much water, in which they could not help indulging, their stomachs were quite out of order, and that they could eat nothing. I asked them how they fared after they left the waggon; they said they had lost one another in the dark, had wandered about, and had laid down in the sand-hills till sunrise, and in the extremity of their thirst they had been forced to resort to the last means to try and alleviate it, but that this had increased it.

Most of the bullocks were recovering, but the horse, England, which was below, was standing under a rock with some untasted grass before him. I lay down near him, and in the morning, when I awoke, not seeing him, I went up the deep and fearful looking bed of the river, enclosed with frowning precipices, in search of him, but he was nowhere to be seen. On returning to my kaross I found him stretched out dead, within a few feet of where I had lain.

The above long extract, and what in the original follows it, is, we think, exceedingly creditable to Captain Alexander in every respect. His difficulties were not yet over; but his excellent sense and stout heart bore him bravely through; and fortunately his health never failed. He left his favourite dog, Moses, lying dying by the carcase of his second horse, England, in the place he had named the Devil's Den.

Their further course lay along the Kuisip river towards the sea. They had now about four-

teen pack-oxen laden with their goods, and the happy prospect of supplies of grass and water, abundant and unfailing. Their progress was slow, and, so early as the second day, no water could be found! while the oxen suffered severely from the heat. Their route was generally in the bed of the dried-up river, and the heat 93°. At the close of a march of twenty-one miles in this temperature, and when the oxen had had no water the day before, the traveller was about to despond, when one of the party appeared with a gay countenance, and pronounced the magic word '*kams!*' (water). The people set up a joyful shout, and the Namaquas set off to quaff the nectar, leaving the others to care for the cattle. There were still four miles to travel before the welcome water was reached, at this charming spot:—

This place was to us, parched and hard-wrought as we were, a little Paradise. I felt again quite contented, seeing how the people and cattle were enjoying themselves, repining under the trees and among the reeds. On the reeds, by bringing two or three together, the red-headed weaver bird had hung its light grassy nest, which waved in the air with the wind. In the evening, I went up the hills on the north bank, to look for the sea which we were striving so hard to reach; but I could see nothing of it. Bare and extensive plains lay to the north, and at my feet were large crystals of hornblende imbedded in quartzose rock.

We had not got any game for some days; the sheep were almost all eaten, and the broken-backed and lame bullocks devoured by my forty followers. Not knowing that we should obtain any supplies at the sea, (and we were almost certain we should find no game there,) we were now reduced to very short commons. A sheep was made to go a long way, and none of us ever had sufficient to appease our hunger. The Namaquas asked for a bullock's hide, which we had kept to make shoes of, and, roasting it at the fire, they pounded it between stones, and devoured the whole of it. I partook of it also, and found it very tough, but not disagreeable to the taste: to be sure, at the time, I could have eaten my saddle for hunger; and I certainly thought that our leather trousers must soon furnish a meal. Old Choubib was a great talker and a great eater; and when he got a morsel of meat before him, he made always a large hole in it. An ingenious device was fallen upon to cheat him of his usual portion. When he sat down to eat, one of the white men asked him a question on some subject, he answered it at length; then another would ask his opinion on something else, and thus he would be kept talking whilst the rest were busy eating from the mess; and, when he had finished his discourse, he found but a scanty morsel left.

We halted four-and-twenty hours, and then went on again. Shortly after we left the reeds, we saw the footmarks of men. Many of the Namaquas got alarmed at this, and wished to pack off, that we might ascertain who and what the strangers were. We had many stories among the people of the wild men who lived by the sea at the mouth of the Kuisip, of their killing white sailors, of their bloody battles with the Damaras, &c. But I would not consent to delay: we went on, and, after fifteen miles' march, having lost all the cliffs and crags which, higher up, had enclosed the river, we offpacked on its grassy bed. By moonlight we saw a place which looked damp, and digging there we luckily found water.

But water was not always thus easily found, nor were the hardships of the travellers yet near an end. It might, however, be tedious to dwell longer here upon what, in the original work, by many minute touches, so powerfully interests the sympathies. On one weary day, in their

painful progress towards the sea, they had almost touched the verge of despair. Our traveller tells—

When matters were in this miserable state, I saw Kuisip approach, with two or three of his people; I hesitated at first to ask him the news, but at last said—"Is there water?"

"Yes," he answered, "and we passed it on our way here."

"Is there enough for the men and cattle?"

"There is enough."

On hearing which the poor people's eyes, which had been clouded with despair, immediately brightened, and they gave themselves up to joy. "Kams, 'kams!"—water, water, was heard on every side.

To compare great things with small—as the soldiers of the gallant Moore, languid with their distressing retreat, rose fresh from the heights of Corunna, with the prospect of a contest, so did my people, exhausted with their thirsty journey, acquire a new life with the prospect of moistening their parched bodies.

Little did our friends at home then suppose that we were delighted beyond measure at finding two little holes full of muddy water. Ye, whose tongues have clove to the roof of the mouth with thirst, can appreciate the exceeding relief we now experienced at the immediate prospect of wetting our cracked lips!

It is not wonderful that impatience and discontent prevailed among the men at this time; but their leader managed their feelings with great address, and, before matters came to extremity, they found some natives who were induced to place confidence in them, and from whom they obtained useful information respecting the Damaras. On the 19th of April 1837, they at last saw the ocean, now first reached at this point from the Cape—and pitched their tent near Pelican Point, in Walvisch Bay, in lat. 22° 55' S. They were in the greatest want of food, and were most thankful on finding a large dead stranded fish, and obtaining supplies of clams. Their biscuit was all done, and, as they never had vegetables of any kind, they had all become tired with flesh, save the Namaquas, who are neither fish nor bread eaters. Bread is, indeed, only the food of civilized men. The natives of Walvisch Bay live much on fish, and now upon the carcasses of the whales killed by the crews of the whaling ships which frequent the place. These seem to be only Americans; and Captain Alexander's earnest hopes of some British ship appearing in the bay, which had long encouraged his people, were sadly disappointed. The Bay people had either fled on the appearance of the armed party, or were not there at that season, for none were seen save some very old women, and a few young men, who seemed to act as scouts, and always went about armed. On shifting their first position in the bay, an American whale-boat was seen nearing the beach, and some of the party were nearly frantic with joy, which Captain Alexander felt more moderately. He says—

The crew, seeing such extraordinary figures as I and my men were, with our beards, ostrich plumes, hunting frocks, and arms, hesitated to land; but hearing us speak English they stepped ashore, and, in the cool New England way, they shook hand with us without saying a word, when one of them, a mate, said—"What gang do you belong to?" Now, *gang*, in Yankee phraseology, does not mean, as with us, a gang of robbers, slaves, or convicts, but merely a company; so I, having travelled the States,

from Chesapeake to old Kentuck, answered, without feeling annoyance, that we had come from the Cape of Good Hope so far, on an Expedition of Discovery; on which the mate, with a half incredulous look, answered, "Oh, H—l!"

I asked what ship had anchored in the bay, and the mate said she was the Commodore Perry, Hoborn master, from New England—"and there is my captain," pointing to a lusty man in his shirt sleeves, who had just landed from another boat. The captain came up in a friendly way, and said he thought we were shipwrecked mariners, for he had never seen or heard of white men before in this section of Africa, said he should like to see our camp, "at the head of the navigation," and "guessed" we should like to come on board, and eat a little ship-biscuit and drink a glass of grog. I thanked him, and said that I was on the look-out for a new "location" for my tent, but would be with him by-and-by. I then directed Taylor to accompany the captain in his boat on his way to the tent, and went with Robert, Elliot, and the guide, among the sand hills, to find another watering place.

We had been landing another cabalja, and had left our shoes in charge of a boy. At first, on the soft mud, we felt no inconvenience, but when we got on the burning sands we longed for the receipt of the Fire King; however on we trudged, crossed the mouth of the Kuisip, in which there appeared to have been water only after floods in the river; toiled up and down the sand hills, and found, in different valleys between them, six or eight holes, in which was brackish water; but we saw no place where the oxen could have found food half so good as where they were, though the pasture there was coarse enough.

After labouring for four hours under a hot sun, sometimes half-way up to the knee in sand, and with our feet scorched with the heat, stung with the quick grass, and bruised with the baked clay, we reached the tent, and found Captain Hoborn and his people there. We had nothing to offer the strangers but some *haras* fruit and brack-water, which last the Americans could not swallow. I told them that we had suffered so much from want of water of any kind, that sweet or brack, clear or muddy, was all the same to us, provided we got a belly-full of it.

"That's d—d hard, I swear," cried the carpenter of the whaler.

"Can we get any green or fresh here?" (vegetables or fresh meat) was next asked.

"We have seen none yet," I said; "we are ourselves much in want of provisions, and would be glad to trade with you for a little ship's beef and biscuit."

"What can you miss?" was asked.

"Some rope, knives, sambuks or whips of rhinoceros hide, pipes, and zebra-head skins for pouches."

"Well, come on board, and see what we have got, and speak to the Niggers here, will ye, for some fresh for us, and we'll miss them a musket for two or three bullocks."

I went off with the Americans toward the boat "at the head of the navigation," and we found it high and dry, with the boat-keeper asleep in it. He was saluted with this strange abuse—"You've been taking a dodger, eh! you damned h—l!" and we then put our shoulders to the gunwale of the boat and shoved her over the mud into deep water again.

I was hospitably entertained on board the Commodore, and enjoyed especially the biscuit, potatoes, and penquin's eggs boiled hard, the yolk of which is capital eating. Captain Hoborn said he thought of remaining four months at Walvisch Bay, that he was now looking out for hunchback whales to come in every day to breed, and that they had already got some fish lower down the coast. They never heard of any British whalers coming to Walvisch Bay, but saw an English brig at Angra Piquena lately, and said that our people seemed to overlook the fishing on the African coast almost entirely, which is certainly true.

I told the Americans several stories of the chase, in return for their good fare; and one of the mates "calcu-

lated" that he would make his fortune in a month if he had "that runner of ours" (Henrick) in New York.

The Namaquas were cheated in attempting to trade with the Americans—a circumstance which, we fear, is not rare in commercial transactions between the civilized and the barbarous of all nations; but when Captain Alexander pointed out the *mistake*, it was rectified.

No British ship appeared, the American succours were just nothing, and the Namaquas became impatient to return home. The situation of the party and their leader was certainly not enviable, nor their prospects brilliant. Digging for clams was a frequent employment; and Captain Alexander good-humouredly remarks:—

It was rather an odd employment to go down on one's knees, as the tide was receding, and black shags and white gulls were screaming round one, and wingless penguins were shuffling along the beach of the dark main, and to dig with one's hands in the wet sand, and at half a foot under the surface, to find the desired shell-fish. I have not much of "the kid glove or silver fork" in me; still this occupation rather spoils my nails; but what will not one do for dear life—for food! We got bushels of clams at Pelican Point; and they ate very sweetly at the tent.

They at last got the Bay people to exchange a few lean sheep and goats for cutlery, and such articles of traffic as they still possessed; and one of the American captains, "a worthy, kind-hearted man," offered to run over to St Helena with the traveller, and those persons he had brought from the Cape, for £70, or the price of one whale. But from this proposal his gallant spirit revolted; and he accordingly held council with the head men about their further proceedings:—

Henrick Buys said he would go with me to the world's end if I chose; the determination of this fine fellow and prime hunter was quite an "I pre, sequor" one; and I highly appreciated his resolves and merits; as to Kuisip, he was also willing to assist me with his own services and those of his people; but he was under the guidance of the cunning old fox, Choubib, the interpreter; who, seeing that the man-of-war, from which he expected so much, did not arrive, did all he could to persuade me to return by the shortest road to the Orange River, pretending that he was quite alarmed about my resolution to go to the eastward, that we should now certainly perish either from hunger, thirst, or the wild Damaras; and that the only chance he saw of saving the expedition was by returning to Ababies again, and recrossing the Great Flat.

I answered that I would sooner die than again see Calabash Kraal, where began our greatest miseries; that if he did not choose to go farther with me, I should now give him the musket and the other things which had been promised him, and that he might depart in peace; but that nothing could induce me to give up the attempt to penetrate to the east. Seeing that he could not carry into effect his own secret intention of returning direct to his people, he at last said he would also accompany me to the sources of the Swakop and Kuisip.

Choubib was no favourite with my people. He was a short-tempered, pragmatical old fellow, and was also excessively greedy; he carried with him sundry bags, in which he stowed away whatever odds and ends were lying about; small bits of tobacco, straps, buckles, needles, buttons, soap, &c., and it was very difficult to prevent a positive fight between him and my attendants, white and coloured, so capacious and quarrelsome was he.

As we could have now done without him, (having Henrick Buys, who could also interpret for me,) I wished Choubib to leave for the sake of harmony; but he would not; and even tried to persuade me to remain longer at

the sea for the man-of-war. I had waited a fortnight and saw no signs of her; and we had had so much difficulty in getting a small supply of provisions, that I could not remain longer by the sea side, eating up everything, and consequently was obliged to move. Why Choubib was so glad when he first saw the whale boat, was because he thought it belonged to the man-of-war I expected, and that, if I sailed in her, to him would fall my bullocks, stores, &c., and that he would obtain besides, a handsome present from the vessel!

Captain Alexander speculates about the capabilities of Walvisch Bay, which, as a station, he imagines, to possess many advantages besides a good climate. The accounts which he received from native chiefs and guides about the nations to the northwards, or in the interior, are so confused and contradictory that little reliance is to be placed on them. One nation of *Nubees*, or red men, to the north of the Bay, whom the Bay chief, Quasip, had once visited, strongly excited the traveller's curiosity; but he could get no one to go with him to the place indicated.

With two Boschmans for guides, the party left the Bay, suffering from hunger in ascending the Kuisip, as they had suffered more dreadfully from thirst in descending it. But they sometimes diverged from the course of this river; and the cattle found abundant grass, and the men zebra flesh, while Captain Alexander ventured to kill the fattest heifer as a regale on approaching a land of greater plenty. They were now near the country of the Damaras, the scene of the traveller's original and principal discoveries. In the first Damara village, no inhabitants were found:—

The huts were of a conical form, and were composed of stakes meeting at top, and covered with grass. Round the bottom outside were placed stones to keep the grass from being blown away. To some of the huts there was a sort of porch to exclude the wind. Each hut was about ten feet high; and the whole eighteen were arranged at some distance from each other, in a circle. In the middle was the dancing place; but there were no kraals for sheep or cattle.

The village was a mile distant from the water (a pool of the small river Numsep, or man's-kaross-lay-aside,) that the wild beasts might not be disturbed in their passage to the water by the vicinity of man. The hill above the village is a place of retreat; and it is the custom of the Damaras to sound an alarm, upon the sight of strangers, with a cow's or deer's horn, and to run up the hill to defend themselves, if necessary, with arrows and stones.

About the Numsep, the number of rhinoceroses was very great; old and fresh traces were seen everywhere.

We now saw miles of hedges, about three feet high, laid to direct the wild animals to pitfalls placed here and there for them; the pitfalls for the rhinoceroses were four feet deep and four broad, with branches and leaves over them, and were consequently not large enough to take in his whole bulk, but were only sufficient for his fore legs, which the people said was the best way of securing him; as his legs once in, they have no purchase with which to raise his body. There were also other means for securing the smaller game.

I ascended an eminence above Abashouap, and was much struck with the grandeur and beauty of this part of Damara Land. Looking towards the east, and at the distance of eight or ten miles, rose the huge mass of the Tans mountain, with its square top and furrowed sides; lesser heights were beside him, whilst the whole country was a series of ridges and valleys, on which were scattered dwarf trees and bushes, whilst fine grass waved gently in the breeze in every direction.

Huts, three and four together, of the same construction as I had lately seen, were observed in many parts of the varied and extensive landscape; but I did not see a human being. The guides said that, last year, there had been a drought and famine in the land, many of the Damaras had died of hunger, and the others had moved off for a time to the eastward, where more rain had fallen.

The cattle were now beginning to recruit from the plentiful supply of fresh grass; and though the fatigues of the journey were still severely felt, Captain Alexander's flattering consolation was, that "no white man" had ever before ascended the heights which they traversed. As the people are quite as little known as their country, we shall copy the first account of this dull race of highlanders.

I now learned from my guides that we were in the immediate vicinity of a Heis, or Damara village, which had not been deserted, as the others had been, which we had already past. I had not allowed any firing for four-and-twenty hours, as I was afraid of alarming the Damaras, and I now sent off Oahap alone, to prepare the Damaras for our seeing them, and to assure them that they should not be harmed in any way.

On the evening of the 18th of May, Oahap came down the glen, at the bottom of which we lay, with the head man of the Heis, and three others, at which I was much pleased.

These hill Damaras were about five feet seven inches in height, and in colour and feature had all the characteristics of the negro, even to the projecting shin bone. They came with long staves in their hands, and without arms, in token of friendship and confidence, though perhaps their weapons were not far off. Their hair was peculiar; that is, it was cut off quite round the head, and an inch above the ear, leaving only the hair on the top of the head—in the manner of the Roundheads of the Cromwellian period. They wore short karosses of deer skin, and softened flaps of skin before and behind, to cover their nakedness; and in the hind flap, which was longer than the fore one, there was a pocket for holding roots, &c. They wore soles or sandals.

The head man was about forty-five years of age, and was a pleasant and communicative person. He said he would make one of his men guide us to the next village, Oahap and Numeep having fulfilled their bargain in bringing us among the Hill Damaras.

I asked the head man how he lived at this season, and he answered, "Badly enough. We are now eating mice, lizards, roots, and sometimes leaves."

I inquired if he had always lived where he now did, and he said, "We have always lived among these hills; and we never knew of any other land."

I asked if he had anything to do with the Damaras of the Plains. "No, nothing," said the head man, "they are our enemies; they are black like ourselves; but they speak a different language; we speak the language of the Namaquas; and the Damaras of the Plains, or Kamaka Damap (Cattle Damaras) speak a language of their own."

I told him that he and his people must not be frightened at white men, and that I intended visiting his village next morning. He answered, "Though we never have seen white men before, yet we always expected to do so. We heard always that they would one day come into the land, and we now saw these strange men. I shall tell my people not to run away to-morrow."

We packed at sunrise; and the cattle going by a circuitous but easier path, north and east, I walked up the glen with a few men and riding oxen to the Damara village. We found it in a small mountain valley, surrounded with granitic rocks, amongst which were trees and shrubs, and with a citadel hill close at hand to retire to, on occasions of alarm. The twelve conical huts were arranged in a circle, and we now saw Damara women as well as men.

The women had their hair cut in the same way as the men, and many of them had lost two joints of one of their

little fingers, which they said they had cut off when they themselves had been sick, or their children had been ill. Cowrie shells hung from their heads, and half way down their faces. They wore short karosses on the shoulders, and over the fore flap or apron there were hanging short thongs, on which were strung pieces of reed, bones of hares, beads, blue and white stones, &c. The hind flap, like the men's, was provided with a pocket, for what the Dutch call "veld kost," country food, as bulbs, the fruit of the *mysebryanthemum*, &c.

By the doors of the huts lay bows and arrows, like those of the Namaquas; and in the grassy covering of the huts was stuck the usual throwing assegai. Clay cooking pots of a conical shape were in every hut.

The hill Damaras are a numerous nation, extending from the heights south of the Swakop to the Little Koanquip river, and they live in small communities under head men, in the manner we now saw them doing, without one supreme or paramount chief of the nation. They are commonly called Koup Damap, or Dung Damaras, by way of reproach by the Namaquas; whilst the Namaquas themselves bear a similar contemptuous epithet, among their constant foes, the Damaras of the Plains. I think 'Humi or Hill Damaras is the best term for the people with whom we had now to deal.

"We call them Koup Damap," said a Namaqua, "because they keep nothing to kill, and not even dogs to catch the fawns of the springbok, as the Boschmans do."

As the Hill Damaras have no cattle to transport mat huts from one place to another (in the manner of the Namaquas,) their huts are permanent, and last for a long time; and sometimes they are covered with bark instead of grass.

The Hill Damaras cultivate no grain; only sometimes raise a little tobacco.

Few people are more simple in their habits than the Hill Damaras, and among them there are hardly any ceremonies on those occasions when most other nations shew marked peculiarities. Thus, when a man wishes to marry a girl, he goes to the father with a present of bulbs and striped mice, to feast the old gentleman; and, if he is accepted as a son-in-law, he adds to the *onions and mice*, an assegai or two, bows and arrows, a couple of karosses of springbok or rabbit skins, &c., and some of which he gets back again. They then dance a little, (they make no honey beer at a marriage,) and the bridegroom carries off his wife to his own huts. Among primitive folks, like the Damaras, none live in single blessedness.

Superstitions of different kinds were found among the Namaquas and Boschmans; but the stupid Hill Damaras have no religion or worship, either real or superstitious. They believe, the interpreter said, in neither God nor Devil.

The party came unexpectedly upon a large village of the Namaquas, who had shortly before defeated the Plain Damaras in three severe fights, and taken their cattle from them, but conciliated the Hill Damaras. This warlike expedition had been led by the great Namaqua chief, Aramap, who had procured some guns, which gave him an immense advantage over the Damaras, who knew nothing of fire-arms.

We now approach the heart of Captain Alexander's peculiar discoveries.

On the 24th of May, Aramap's brother, with several other Namaquas, came on riding oxen, and in their best apparel, to me, and to conduct me to the great chief. I left Nares with them. We passed over one of the finest plains I had seen in Africa, covered with sweet grass, and with high trees, and bushes dispersed on it in detached groups, and among which wild horses were seen. We approached the banks of a river with a strange name for such a scene, the *Kel-kurup*, or "First ugly river;" and we found its banks rather steep, and with pools of water in its bed, which was about seventy yards broad. Looking across it, there appeared to be a great town of Nama-

qua and Hill Damara huts, round and conical. The whole plain was covered with huts, in hamlets of five and six together; and cattle and sheep-kraals beside them. We had got then to "the fertile plains and fine cattle country," which were laid down from native report on Arrowsmith's map; and I was much rejoiced to think that the ship of war had not come for us, or we should have missed seeing the three hundred miles of new country we had just passed over, after leaving Walvisch Bay, and the very fine region for grass and game we were now in.

The landscape, besides being beautiful from the abundance of trees and pasture, (amongst which large herds and flocks were seen grazing in every direction,) was imposing by reason of the picturesque and primitive mountains to the north and east, and placing the town of Niais (or very black) as it were in a vast amphitheatre. The first mountain to the north had four summits; and as it had no particular name, I dignified it with that of the Hydrographer to the Admiralty, as Captain Beaufort had been of the greatest assistance to the expedition. The most distant mountain, a blue peak, (Karubee, or Roll Mount,) was subsequently named at the Royal Geographical Society after myself, whilst south of this was Huhap, Thorn Glen Mountain, Hubies, (much, or) the Great Mountain, eighteen hundred feet high, square topped, with a peak at the southern extremity, and whose sides were deeply furrowed. South of Hubies was Nahabip, or Tortoise Mountain, and some minor heights. I named this group of mountains, the most picturesque I had seen, after our most gracious Sovereign Lady, the Queen.

After enjoying the view of the detached mountains and of the plains at their feet, and calculating that, in the scattered town of Niais, there must have been about one thousand two hundred souls, I crossed the Kei-kurup, and halted on the other bank, where I directed the people to unload the cattle. Aramap now came from his hut, attended by several of his old people. He was a little, modest-looking man, with the usual Namaqua features, as to high cheek-bones, narrow eyes, and prominent lips, but his nose was slightly inclined to aquiline. He had nothing in his outward man to denote the bold and intrepid warrior, who had beaten the formidable tribe of Kamaka Damap, and had thus saved the Namaquas of the Upper Fish River from annihilation. But Aramap, like other great commanders, though short, is distinguished by a daring mind, by good judgment, and by very active habits.

He said that it was unsafe to "pack off" near the river, for lions swept along it almost nightly, and had lately carried off both sheep and cattle from his people; accordingly, we carried up the baggage, with assistance, to a clear space adjoining Aramap's hut, who erected mat screens to shelter the people, and who did all in his power to render us comfortable.

Here, then, was I now at Niais, far in the interior of Africa, but seated once more in my tent, and in the midst of abundance! It is true that we might be attacked by Kamaka Damaras, but having Aramap near me, who knew so well how to deal with them, I had no anxiety on this score. We might now have swam in milk if we had been so disposed; night and morning the women brought us great quantities to exchange for large-eyed needles; Choubib also had opportunities for getting drunk on honey beer, and though we had nothing in the shape of bread or vegetables, yet of flesh we had plenty. Aramap gave me a handsome present of pack and slaughter oxen, and of sheep. I gave him a cloak, medal, pipe, shawls, axes, beads, handkerchiefs, &c., in return, and we became great friends.

From this liberal and brave chief, Captain Alexander procured a great deal of information about the countries beyond him, but found no encouragement to go forward, either through the plains of the Damaras or to the Eastern Ocean. He also obtained information from some Kamaka Damaras, whom he found here prisoners of war.

They are a much finer race than either the *Hill* or *Cattle* Damaras. The men are square-built, and muscular; the women tall and graceful, with handsomer features than the other Damaras. From one of the women he heard that, at some of the creeks on the coast, they traded with white men, exchanging their cattle for iron, knives, and calabashes. Where this commercial intercourse takes place with the Portuguese, Captain Alexander is at a loss to guess; but he imagines it may be Great Fish Bay.

While here, Captain Alexander enjoyed a lion-hunt with the warlike chief Aramap, and killed one noble animal, of which the Englishman got the skin, and the Hill Damaras the carcase. Some fearful stories are related of the ferocity of lions in the plains of the Damara country. The latter tribe live apart from the conquering Namaquas, and act as their herdsmen. The traveller tried to converse with their chief, who, to his serious questioning upon his thoughts of life and death, replied, like a philosopher—"If I live, I live; if I die, I die: but the lambs are in charge of the children, and I must go away and look after them"—and he held out his hand for the expected piece of tobacco.

Resolved that, however it might be as to thirst, they should not again want provisions, Captain Alexander here increased his flock to the number of 160, giving in goods about a sixpence a-head for a sheep, and a gown-piece or a shawl for an ox.

On the 31st of May, Captain Alexander reluctantly turned his face Cape-ward. Having done his utmost to make an extensive sweep, he was satisfied that, in his circumstances, man could do no more. The greater part of the population of Niais turned out to see the party depart, many of their woolly heads ornamented with the gaudy handkerchiefs just obtained in barter. The chief Aramap, "his fine large wife," and his head people, accompanied the traveller to point out a copper mine. Aramap and his people are anxious for missionaries. The women, in particular, said—"Send us teachers for ourselves and for our children."

As the traveller proceeded, those who had joined him in his progress were gradually dropping off to their own places. Before parting, he obtained some farther geographical information from Henrick the Hunter, concerning the tribes in the interior, and about a short route to the Bechuana country; but it is probable that part of Henrick's intelligence, as the newspapers say, wants confirmation. His brother Jan, whom we left so long ago, had now safely reached the banks of the Koanquip, with the waggon, which was restored to Captain Alexander, and repaired for the farther homeward journey. Jan had his own share of adventures in this enterprise.

Among the numerous marvellous stories which the traveller picked up among the Namaquas, some were of baboons. One *brownie* of this species had acted the part of shepherd to a Namaqua man. It remained with the flock all day, and at night drove them home, riding upon a goat. The

milk of one goat was allotted to its use, with a small allowance of other provisions, and, honestly stocking only its own goat, it was careful to guard the milk of the rest from the children. This hairy shepherd held the service for about a year, when it was killed in a tree by a leopard. Captain Alexander does not vouch for the truth of the story. Another tale of this kind almost rivals Hogg's famous *Pongos*; and many of the fables and traditions of the Namaquas display both fancy and invention. Captain Alexander rates them far too low.

Captain Alexander had the satisfaction to return to Cape Town, on the 21st September, in high health and spirits, and to bring back all his people in the same condition. He also brought many skins of beasts and birds, and a good collection of dried plants. He hopes that extended intercourse with the people beyond the Orange River, may result from his expedition,

for the mutual benefit of the colonists and the natives. One main use of his entertaining work, is placing the character of the aborigines in a true and very favourable light. The people represented as cut-throats and robbers, were found, when tried, faithful, honest, and friendly; nor, in any single instance, was life put in peril among these tribes; while, but for their help, the traveller must either have abandoned the enterprise, or perished miserably with his people.

In conclusion, the reader will be glad to learn that, shortly after his return to the Cape and civilization, Captain Alexander bestowed the cloak of skins, much to his own satisfaction, and embarked with his lady for London, where they landed on Christmas Day—and thus with a wedding ends this strange eventful history, and the most entertaining book of travels we have opened for many a day.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Sketch of the Civil Engineering of North America.

By David Stevenson, Civil-Engineer.

THIS volume contains much that, in the present state of excitement about railroads and other great public works, will interest many persons in this country. The author, a highly respectable civil-engineer in Edinburgh, was professionally attracted by the marvels told of the engineering works of America; and, as he could find no satisfactory account of them, he resolved to take advantage of a period of professional leisure, and examine for himself. He has done so effectually, and supplied to others of the profession the want which carried him across the Atlantic, and from Quebec to South Carolina; to the great western lakes, and generally to examine all the important harbours, and lake navigations, steam-navigations, water-works, railroads, canals, bridges, and whatever in the United States can particularly interest an engineer. He appears to have been everywhere well received, and treated with liberality and kindness, both by the public functionaries, and those private individuals who had it in their power to communicate information.

In a Republic, they are *frugal* even in their great public works. Mr Stevenson visited many of the American ports; and he says—"I found that accommodation for vessels of great burden had been obtained in so satisfactory a manner, and at so small an expense, as could not fail to strike with astonishment all who had seen the enormously costly docks of London and Liverpool, and the stupendous asylum harbours of Plymouth, Kingstown, and Cherbourg. I have little hesitation in saying, that the smallest of the post-office packet-stations in the Irish Sea, has required a much larger expenditure of capital than the Americans have invested in the formation of harbour accommodation along a line of coast of no less than 4000 miles, extending from the Gulf of St Lawrence to the Mississippi. But the deeply indented shores of America present many natural facilities for forming harbours at small cost. The piers and breakwaters on the lakes are often more substantially formed than those of the harbours on the Atlantic coast; and this is found to be requisite to their stability, as gales

and storms on the lakes are often very severe, and the lake waves become as formidable as those of the Ocean. The lake navigation of America closes about the end of November, and does not open until May; and in some seasons the ice has not disappeared even at the end of that month. Mr Stevenson has devoted one chapter to river, and another to steam navigation. The steamers of America he describes as built upon no fixed or general principle. Every builder follows his own ideas and opinions; and they cannot all be best. The different principles of construction, and ways of gaining the one great end, *speed*, are minutely explained. Mr Stevenson made a voyage from New York to Albany in the Rochester, a steamer whose average speed was above fourteen miles an hour; but sometimes above sixteen miles and a half. She draws only four feet water; and the power of her engine is greater than that of any British steamer.

In the United States, there are now 2700 miles of canals, 1600 miles of railways finished, and thirty-three railways going on, which, when completed, will give 2500 miles of railroad. "The seal," says Mr S., "with which the Americans undertake, and the rapidity with which they carry on every enterprise which has the enlargement of their trade for its object, cannot fail to strike all who visit the United States, as a characteristic of the nation. Forty years ago, that country was almost without a lighthouse, and now no fewer than two hundred are nightly exhibited on its coast; thirty years ago, it had but one steamer and one short canal." In road-making the Americans are far behind Europe; which is, however, mainly owing to physical obstacles, to the want of proper materials, and their severe and protracted winters. Travelling on *Corduroy* roads through the forests might, in a Catholic country, form a convenient, if not too severe a mode of penance. The railroads of America are much more cheaply constructed than ours, from the low price of timber, and from the proprietors of the land not being allowed those large *concealing* damages which English landholders claim and obtain; yet all the rails are brought from England.

We have all heard of the Americans moving a house

on wheels; but believed the locomotive dwellings to be always constructed of wood. And this was once true; but now they make brick buildings shift their quarters, those shifty Americans. What will they do next? Mr Stevenson saw the operation performed on No. 130, Chatham Street, New York, and was so much interested that he delayed his departure for three days to witness it. Could he but transport the method to London alone, it would be worth a fortune. Meanwhile, the travelled house, No. 130, Chatham Street, is described as twenty-five feet in width, fifty in depth, and four stories high. We wish we could copy out the entire process, for it is exceedingly interesting. Like many of Mr Stevenson's descriptions, it is illustrated by cuts. The people of New York think nothing of an operation which we would consider far more curious than a balloon ascent, or a man walking on the water. They do not even move their furniture; they are an economical people, and may consider that one carriage may do for all. Perhaps the family do not put out the fire or suspend their usual business; and, at any rate, they need not. Mr Brown, who occupied the lower part of the house as a carver and gilder's shop, carried Mr Stevenson to the upper story after No. 130 had been fairly set down in its new site, that he might convince him there were no rents in the walls and ceilings of the rooms. He was astonished to find one of them filled with plates of mirror-glass and picture frames, that had never been removed from the house. The glass alone, thus moved, was valued at £300. House-moving is necessarily a slow and expensive process. No. 130 had to fall back only 14½ feet, and it cost about £200, and took seven hours to move, after five weeks of preparation. Mr Stevenson saw a church that had been moved 1100 feet; but it was made entirely of wood, though it had galleries and a spire. A house-mover is now a business in the American towns.

Mr Stevenson's work must possess great interest and value to scientific men, and especially to those of his own profession, whether at home, in America, or upon the Continent. As it will be fully noticed in the scientific journals, and is not exactly in our way, we leave it, with the conviction that the author deserves well of his country and of his profession.

The Book of Family Crests.

We could not have supposed it possible to cram two volumes—arranged in the form of a dictionary—with crests, mottoes, and descriptions of the blazonry of crests. But here they are—1st, the dictionary of all English proper names, and of terms used in heraldry; next a brief history of heraldry, with a glossary of the terms used in the blazonry of crests; and, finally, cuts of the crests themselves—extraordinary monsters many of them are, though there is amusement in hunting them up, and trying to extract meanings from them. As this is the most comprehensive work of the kind attainable at reasonable cost, we have no doubt that it will be a desirable one to many.

Goyder's Epitome of Phrenology.

This very cheap, tidy, and neat tome forms a lucid compendium of phrenology. It exhibits the print of a bust, with all the organs marked upon it; and a History of Phrenology, with a variety of miscellaneous information, is followed by an account of the discovery, nature, and functions of each of them. A second edition of Mr Goyder's "Philosophy of Acquisitiveness" is also before us. It is a sensible treatise on Covetousness and Avarice, written

in a truly Christian spirit; and if people let its phrenology alone, we suppose it will not meddle with or harm them.

Memoirs of a Prisoner of State.

The most popular foreign book which has appeared in England for several years, is probably the "Memoirs of Silvio Pellico." "The Prisoner of State," though a man of inferior note, and possessing nothing of the genius which has embalmed the story of the Martyr of Italian Freedom, has produced a work which will be read with interest in England, from reasons altogether independent of the author. The translator, an Italian from his name, has stripped the book of many of its ornaments, and yet left it sufficiently embellished. The prisoner of State was a young Frenchman, named Andryane, who, residing at Geneva, became acquainted with certain Italian refugees, and was by one of them induced to undertake a secret embassy into Italy, for the purpose of rousing the patriots. He had no sooner undertaken this rash mission than he repented; and he may fairly be styled as much the victim of his own inconsiderateness, as of liberty, or of Austrian emissaries. The papers entrusted to him at Geneva were found in his possession at Milan, where, in consequence, he suffered a tedious imprisonment, during which he was in daily fear of his life. The mode by which the prisoners of State, secluded in different chambers, contrived to hold communication, is very curious; but, now that the Schoolmaster is abroad, might be mischievous in the penitentiaries and bridewells of England—so we shall pass it.

The narrative of the State prisoner, M. Alexander Andryane, breaks off abruptly and provokingly, just as he approaches the castle of Spielberg, and is about to become the inmate of the dungeon of Count Confalonieri—"the hero," may we say the *Wallace*, of modern Italy. Count Confalonieri is described as the purest of patriots, and the most exalted and amiable of men; one who inspires the enthusiasm of attachment to his own person, and devotion to the cause of freedom, in all who approach him. His wife is described as not less noble. Their public virtue is of exuberant Italian growth; the colder northern world has need of such heroic examples. In *Salotti*—a zealous functionary of the Austrian Government at Milan, and a willing tool of despotism, who undertook the inquisitorial examination of the prisoners, and was ever eager to make discoveries of plots and conspiracies, whether they existed or not—there is a complete delineation of a tyrant's instrument, a modern chief inquisitor, cruel, cunning, and circumventing.

Political Discourses. By George Ramsay, B.M. Trin. Coll. Cambridge.

The careful analysis of these five Discourses by a philosophic Conservative would occupy far more space than we can at present afford. The author displays acuteness in investigation, and power of reasoning and reflection; and, although his bias is often apparent, he argues fairly and dispassionately, and with the advantage of good arrangement and a remarkably lucid style.

An Essay on Food. By W. Grisenthwaite.

This title is probably chosen to attract attention to a work—and certainly a very ingenious one—the object of which is to subvert the entire received system of physiology, and establish a new theory, we may say, of animal life. We have neither leisure nor space to let our medical readers into Mr Grisenthwaite's grand secrets respecting the waste of the body, the true cause of animal heat, &c., and must be contented at present to intimate the existence of his extraordinary hypothesis.

Essay towards a Science of Consciousness.

By J. L. Murphy.

This queer, and, in some respects, clever dissertation, is dedicated to Mr Owen by an ardent disciple. Though decidedly hostile to what he denominates *supernaturalism*, Mr Murphy is also opposed to the Malthusian doctrine and the principles of phrenology, at which he makes shrewd hits. Like the Chinese and the Hebrews, it is in the chest, the bosom, the heart, the stomach, he places the seat of consciousness and of spiritual impulses; and he makes a plausible story out of this hypothesis. Although the work is a strange jumble of truth, plain sense, and the wildest extreme of Mr Owen's doctrines, it has a redeeming spirit of earnestness and honesty about it, which covers a multitude of sins.

The Oracle of Rural Life; an Almanac for Country Gentlemen.

An admirable little work; and, we hope, to be a permanent one. Besides the *utility* department, which is amply supplied by a calendar, lists of fairs, instructions in gardening and farming operations in the different months, from high authority, Nimrod holds forth on his favourite topics of horses and hounds, hunting and racing, and Tom Oakleigh on the gentler branches of "woodcraft" and grouse shooting. There is also a great deal of information about the hunting packs kept in different counties; and, altogether, the "Oracle of Rural Life" is a delightful *melange*. It is embellished with numerous spirited and characteristic illustrations, very well executed; and, with all these excellent qualities, is wonderfully cheap.

MOXON has just published nearly the whole of Rogers' Poems, in one neat, low-priced volume. Though Mr Rogers' admirers are chiefly of a class that can afford fine paper and print, and costly embellishment, his refined and classic pages deserve to be placed within the reach of those who may be better endowed with poetic taste than the more substantial gifts of fortune. The Whig Horace is, besides, become a sort of antediluvian to the present generation; and his pure and classic gems may form to our ruder, but more vigorous and impassioned age, an improving study.

POLITICAL PAMPHLETS.

SIR ARTHUR BROOKE FAULKNER has published a Letter addressed to the RADICAL REFORMERS of GREAT BRITAIN, in which he is as radical as any of them, save on the one question which to many of them is now the all-in-all, Universal Suffrage. He thinks the Radicals unwise to press almost the only point upon which there is diversity of opinion among Reformers. He may, in a prudential view, be right; but when we remember how magnanimously the working class behaved while we were all struggling together for the bastard or supposititious Reform Bill, how can we blame them? Sir Arthur's suggestions are of more worth than his objections. He says, in reference to Radical tactics:—

If such a course be impolitic, let me suggest your sending delegates, should it not be too late, to confer with your Parliamentary friends (the tried integrity and talents of such men as Hume and Oroté, Molesworth, and others, ought not to lie idle at a time like this) for the purpose of coming to a distinct understanding on the minimum which you will be content to accept, in place of the maximum which you would extort. Should the present Government be well disposed, (which I wholly distrust,) your moderation would clothe them with strength to grapple with their adversaries; if ill disposed, it would as surely and completely expose their treachery, and furnish the

most irresistible of all arguments for taking any further steps we might see necessary.

Sir Arthur blames the Reformers for discontinuing agitation in 1832 until every object was gained. He is right and wrong. In the first place, the people were caajoled into the belief, that in the Bill and the whole Bill, every object was gained; and, secondly, though men think a good deal of their country and posterity, they must, in the meantime, attend to their families and their business. Disinterested and patriotic agitators are not the rich and leisured. After exposing that antiquated delusion, virtual representation, Sir Arthur proposes to give the people a control over the Government without Universal Suffrage, and one of instant possession; and this is the most practical part of his letter:—

The people alone (he remarks) can be trusted to manage their own business, by watchfully superintending and controlling their representatives. *My plan is, therefore, to constitute popular meetings a permanent power in the state, a sort of fourth estate of the constitution.* We have had enough of experience to show, that desultory gatherings, no matter what the amount of numbers, can never be relied upon as a sure and steady check to perfidious rulers; such assemblies being no sooner dispersed, than the knaves are at their dirty work again. Besides, while the agitator is left to his discretion to convene the people, they have no assurance that they will be called upon to meet, perhaps, when it is most necessary that they should be up and stirring. I would, therefore, have these meetings not contingent or casual, but periodical, say annually, at the close of the Parliamentary Session. . . . At present, the people are, by the fiction of being present in the persons of their deputies, made consenting parties to every act of the legislator, no matter how atrociously inimical to their best interests. They are made consenting parties to their own starvation by enacting the Corn Laws; by his consent the Dissenter is rated to support the Church, the Irish are tithe-hunted, the country 800 millions in debt for a ruinous war, and Queen Adelaide gets, with your consent, £100,000 a-year. While the popular meetings were periodical, the people would have constant successive opportunities of discussing their opinions before throwing them ultimately into the shape of petitions to Parliament. Their views, as they become enlarged by this discipline and the progress of instruction, in place of being hastily taken up and crudely presented, would challenge all the respect which repeated and patient consideration could confer. We should then no longer depend upon an accident for calling for the expression of popular feeling; such as famine, want of employment, a commercial crisis, or the like; nor should we be driven in a fit of revenge, to devise such wild expedients, as starving our legislators into their duty by a "strike," "abstinence from taxed articles," or any such feeble contrivances, which would only recoil upon their authors.

A Patriot's Third Letter to the British People; with a Second Letter to the Operatives, a Second Letter to the Queen, &c.

Here we have another Radical Baronet's effusion, who is much more hot-breathed than Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, and who "goes the whole hog," reminding us, indeed, of the hot youth of Sir Francis Burdett. All that we can do is to cull a few pithy sentences from Sir William Boyd's free, easy, and very unceremonious epistles. To the People he says—what, indeed, every one who cares for them says—

All future benefits which may arise to yourselves must be from yourselves. The boasted Reform Bill of the shuffling, imbecile, reptile Whigs has turned out, so far as good to you is concerned, not worth the parchment which was speiled in drawing it up. Let us ask, What then has it done? It has placed the present Ministry in office, where they fondly hope to remain, as the Tories did, for nearly half a century, to fill their empty pockets, at your expense; and to provide for—a burden to the country—every naturally-born idiot who can claim relationship with them. My countrymen, in this vast metropolis of London, can you go East, West, North, or South, without hearing what is in every one's mouth?—that the Whigs and the Court are playing into each other's hands; and

hat they care not a single farthing for the true interests of the nation.

Having given the Tories their mittimus—"Depart, ye cursed!"—he proceeds:—

We are told, however, that the Whigs have given us the Reform Bill, the value of which is described with great truth and correctness in "The people's petition," where it says—"The Reform Act has effected a transfer of power from one domineering faction to another; and left the people as helpless as before. The fruit, which looked so fair to the eye, has turned to dust and ashes when gathered." Yes, my countrymen, you justly estimate the present made to us by the proud, aristocratic Whig, Grey; it was a proper emblem of his own measures, and those of his party, in its being good for nothing; it answered his purpose, however, by placing him in power; and enabling him to provide for, at the expense of the country—by placing them in office—every useless block-head who could claim cousinship with him; after which, he *magnanimously* retired. He had seen a ghost, forsooth, and his nerves were much shaken.* If it were so, it must have been the fiend Hypocrisy grinning in his face.

On the evening of the first of May, the Whig Government was guilty of an act which has filled to overflowing the measure of their iniquity—I mean their decision, by a majority, in Parliament, to pay, from the resources of this country, a yearly pension of twenty-one thousand pounds to the King of Hanover. Notwithstanding the impropriety of their conduct in granting an extravagant Civil List to the Queen—an additional income to her mother—the monstrous annuity of £100,000, with a palace, to the Dowager Queen Adelaide—there is in that pension to the King of Hanover the grossest insult to the British people—combined with guilt of so deep a dye that it is sufficient to fire the brain and lacerate the hearts of all who are not willing slaves. It is pointing the finger of scorn in our faces; and saying to us, in language impossible to be misunderstood, Poor, credulously-generous people, see what fools you have proved yourselves in entrusting us with the government of the country, on the silly supposition that we would act towards you with honesty or principle!

* Alluding to the report that he had seen a spectre.

I have now endeavoured to lay before you a correct view of the conduct of the Tory and Whig factions. The former, the Government of the aristocracy, was a proud, corrupt, energetic, sassy tyranny; the latter, the Government of the shopocracy, or as it is usually termed, the shopkeepers' Government, is a mean, shuffling, crawling, equally corrupt tyranny; it exactly resembles a set of rascally tradesmen determined to cheat their customers, so far as the confidence placed in them will permit; these two factions started from opposite sides, terminate in one centre, that of despotism. No men ever became ministers, however, with more excellent prospects than the Whigs; they enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the country, and had only to proceed forward in the straight path of honourable principle and independence, making the good of the nation their first object; and, although they have been in office but a very few years, from their misconduct, their name has already become a byword; and should they remain in power even a couple of years longer, there is every probability that, when we may wish to describe an individual as all that is conceivably and inconceivably infamous, we shall simply term him a Whig. Wm. Lamb, otherwise Viscount Melbourne, doubtless thinks himself very clever, whilst neglecting the interests of the people, that he has not failed to lavish their money upon the Court; but I would tell this superficial man of pleasure, this twister of ringlets, to whom we may with correctness apply the Persian Allegory, "O my soul," said a stick, "could I but get at him;" that, if the sentiments of courage and freedom be not extinct in Great Britain, he will find himself miserably mistaken; and that the conduct of his ministry will only tend to draw upon the Court itself the indignation and contempt of the people.

Having thus done for the Whigs and Tories, Sir William is not much more merciful to the leaders of the Radical party. He, indeed, vies in abusive and intemperate language with the worst writers of any of the three parties. He avows himself a tardy convert to Universal Suffrage and the Ballot, as he, in this resembling every other Reformer, "places not the shadow of a hope in the honesty and good intentions of the Whigs."

POLITICAL REGISTER.

RIGHT OF FREE DISCUSSION.—Lord John Russell, at the dinner given to him by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, in alluding to the recent meetings of the working classes, said—"There were some who would, perhaps, put down such meetings; but that was not his opinion, nor that of the Government with which he acted. He thought the people had a right to free discussion. It was free discussion which elicited truth. They had a right to meet." Why, then, do you not, Lord John Russell, who have been now eight years in office, repeal the Gagging Bills of Pitt and Castlereagh, and restore us the right of free discussion, and the freedom of the press as it existed forty years ago? Why do you allow the Six Acts of Castlereagh, against which your party was so eloquent when out of office, to continue to disgrace the Statute Book? Simply because, though it may be very well to talk of the People's right of free discussion at a Lord Mayor's dinner, you and your Government wish to continue to have the power, which the infraction of the Constitution by Pitt and Castlereagh gives you, to pounce on the leaders of the People, whenever it may suit your convenience. Some of the Ultra-Radical organs seem to think that the Government has not the power, if it had the inclination, to put down meetings such as those which have been held of late; but let them not be mistaken, and become the victims of the popular notions entertained in Great Britain about the *right* of free discussion and the liberty of the press. Whatever may have been the case formerly, there is certainly no such right under the present state of the law. Free discussion, whether oral or written, is merely *tolerated*, and may be put down whenever "the powers that be" think fit; and, notwithstanding the boasting about the increased intelligence of the

age, and the physical power of the masses, it is by no means certain that a Minister of the nerve and courage of Castlereagh could not, in three months, render the People as quiet as they are on the Continent in regard to political subjects. It is not so long ago since 1819, when the People were awed into submission; and, were the Tories to get back to power, they would not long tolerate the free discussions which are going on.

We do not say this from any approbation of the conduct of the present Ministry or of the Whigs generally; for we have repeatedly said, that it is most disgraceful to the whole party that they have not long ere now repealed the gagging acts. But we say it for the purpose of warning those who take part in public meetings. The after-dinner oration of the Home Secretary would, on a trial for sedition, be very little regarded either in the King's Bench or in the Court of Judiciary. For what is the state of the law? Sedition, we are told by English lawyers, "consists in attempts made by unauthorized public meetings, (and all popular meetings are unauthorized,) by speeches, or written publications, to disturb established institutions, or the peace and order of society. A public meeting is unlawful, which assembles under such circumstances of terror, arising either from excessive numbers, the alarming manner of assembling, or otherwise, as endangers the public peace, or tends to excite the fear and apprehension of the people. The general rule of law, in regard to public meetings, is, that numbers constitute force, force terror, terror illegality." There is far you! Fifty persons would be considered "numbers," as we shall see presently. Mr Hume, the greatest authority among the writers on the Criminal Law of Scotland, tells us, that sedition comprehends "all those practices,

whether by deed, word, or writing, or of whatsoever kind, which are suited and intended to disturb the tranquillity of the State, for the purpose of producing public trouble and commotion, and moving his Majesty's subjects to the *dislike*, subversion, or resistance of the established Government and laws, or settled frame and order of things." Among the illustrations of what sedition is, he gives, "such a work as would hold that all monarchy and hereditary rank, or all clerical dignities and establishments of religion, are an abuse or usurpation, contrary to reason and justice, and unfit to be any longer suffered." So that, in Scotland, the maintenance of Republican principles of government, or of the Voluntary system in religion, is, in Mr Hume's opinion, seditious! He gives us another example of sedition—viz., the maintaining "*that the Commons are a mere nominal and pretended representation, and entitled to no manner of regard.*" The punishment of this sort of sedition, in Scotland at least, is transportation. This is now held a settled point. Then we have an offence called leasing-making, which means, in Scotch law, "the publicly declaiming, or privately writing or speaking any purpose of reproach or slander of his Majesty's person, estate, or government; such, for example, as if any one should charge the king with adultery, or describe him as a common liar." Leasing-making also includes slander of the great officers of state. One would have thought that the common law was sufficient for putting down these verbal offences; but the factions who have, in alternate succession, ruled us for the last half century have thought otherwise. Thus, "every house, room, or place in which any person shall publicly lecture, or any public debate be had on any subject, for the purpose of raising money from the persons admitted, shall be deemed a disorderly house, subjecting the keeper to a penalty of £100 a-day, unless previously licensed by two Justices of the Peace." So that the meetings which have been held in the Waterloo Tavern, when money was collected at the door, were illegal; and, indeed, all our lecture-rooms are apparently "disorderly." A public meeting of above fifty persons, held in the open air in London or Westminster, for the purpose of petitioning the Queen, or either House of Parliament, for alterations in matters of Church or State, is illegal, if the Parliament is sitting, or any of the judges at Westminster Hall. Almost all clubs and associations for political purposes, are illegal. Then we have the law of libel, which is thus defined:—"With respect to *individuals*, anything is deemed a libel which tends to injure the feelings or reputation; and, with respect to *Government*, anything is libellous that tends to hold it up to hatred, contempt, or *disrespect*." The Roman law has always been reprobated for the doctrine that "whatever pleased the Prince has the strength of law;" but our own laws, in as far as respects freedom of discussion, are much more tyrannical; for, from what we have stated above, it is plain that the following definitions are not overstrained:—Sedition may be defined, whatever discussion displeases the Government; leasing-making, whatever displeases the King, or the great men; and libel, whatever displeases a private individual. We shall shew, in our next number, how the liberty of the press has, of late years been curtailed; but we think we have said enough for the present, to show how far the people have the *right* of free discussion. Indeed, we will venture to say that very few meetings of the Liberal party have, of late years, been held, in which some offence or other against the law, as it now exists, has not been committed; and the people will never be able to meet and discuss their grievances with perfect safety, until not only the statute book is thoroughly examined, and all the enactments against popular assemblies, associations, and political discussions expunged, but also until the common law, as extended by Tory judges and lawyers, has been curtailed.

THE CORN-LAWS AND THE WORKING CLASSES.—

We beg such of the working classes as oppose a repeal of the Corn-Laws, on the ground that a repeal would reduce the rate of wages, to reflect on the following facts, and then consider whether there is not every probability of a reduction of wages, or rather of a great proportion of them obtaining no wages at all, if the Corn-Laws are

not repealed without farther delay. Some time since, Mr W. R. Gregg was examined before a Select Committee of the House of Commons on manufactures, commerce, and shipping; and the following is a summary of his evidence:—He had personally examined the cotton mills in Austria, Hungary, and Naples, and had procured minute information regarding those in Switzerland, the Tyrol, and the North of Germany. In the mills he examined, he found the newest and most improved machinery. Recently, before he left England, a new machine had been imported from America, named Darnforth's Throstle, not twenty of which had been erected in England, and that machine he found in operation in the neighbourhood of Vienna; it having been made, not from a model or drawing, but merely from its principle having been made known. Wages are from one-half to one-third lower than in this country, including persons of all ages and of both sexes. In France, the average, per week, is 5s. 8d.; in Switzerland, 4s. 5d.; in Austria, 4s.; in the Tyrol, 3s. 9d.; in Saxony, 3s. 6d.; at Bonne, in Prussia, 2s. 6d. At Naples, the spinners are paid 6s.; while ours get 28s.; the rovers, 2s. 2d.; while ours are paid 7s. The hours per week during which the people are employed, are as follows:—In the north of France, 72; in Alsace, 84; in Prussia, 72 to 90; in Switzerland, 78 to 84; in Austria, 72 to 80; in the Tyrol, 80; in Saxony, 72; in Baden, 84; and in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, sometimes as high as 94. The prices of provisions are—the best meat from 2½d. to 3d. per pound; bread ½d. per pound—or 2d., instead of 10d., as in Edinburgh at present, would purchase a 4lb. loaf; potatoes, the eighth of a penny per lb., or 1½d. per peck. Mr Gregg stated that the work people consumed as much meat as those employed in our mills, that they were in every respect in as good a condition, and that their wages would purchase as much of the necessaries of life, in the countries we have mentioned, as the operatives of Manchester could with their higher wages in that town. All over the Continent, the cotton manufacture is rapidly extending. In France, the ratio of increase, from 1812 to 1836, was 310 per cent; in England, only 270. He farther stated that, in his opinion, the repeal of the Corn-Laws would be beneficial to the workman; and, as to its effect on the cotton manufacture, he had ascertained that two-thirds of the manufacture were exported, and he was confident that the permanency of our cotton manufacture could only be secured by an assimilation of the prices of the necessaries of life in this country to those in the Continental states.

The efforts that foreigners are making to introduce manufactures into their respective countries, is unprecedented. We know on the best authority that the Emperor of Russia has had, for some months, an agent here, engaging the most skilful workmen, in various branches of manufacture. As soon as a workman or overseer is hired, he is put on Russian pay, and instructions are given to him, at whatever cost, to make himself master of the most recent improvements in his particular manufacture. He is authorized to bribe the workmen to exhibit their masters' machinery; and we have every reason to believe that some of the most recent improvements in the spinning and weaving of flax, tow, and cotton, will be put into operation at St Petersburg before the end of the present year. There were lately, at Nottingham, no less than nine parties from Calais, Lille, and St Quentin, who are purchasing or contracting for machinery to export to France. No difficulty whatever is found in exporting the machinery, notwithstanding the prohibitions against its export. These parties declared, in all companies, that the French have determined to have the trade from England. At Lille, numerous stocking-frames, upon the English principle, are in the course of erection. In the countries adjoining the Baltic, growing grain for exportation has been, in a great measure given up; and the capital formerly employed in that pursuit, turned towards manufactures.—It is obvious that, if we lose any considerable portion of our export trade, there will be a superabundance of operatives in this country, and that wages must fall. Indeed they must have fallen ere now, had it not been for the immense demand for labour, created, of late years, by the

railways; but this demand must now rapidly decline, as the chief lines are nearly completed.

Another circumstance that shews the necessity of a total repeal of the Corn-Laws, is the increase of the population of this country. Since 1828, when the present law was enacted, the population of the United Kingdom has increased three millions, and continues to increase at the rate of one thousand a-day! There is little waste land now which can be brought into cultivation; and it is impossible to suppose that such improvements can be made in agriculture, as to keep pace with the increase of population. If, therefore, we insist on being fed from our own soil, there is only one way of doing it, by resorting to coarser food—in other words, to potatoes; for we have nothing else to retreat upon; and any one who has been observant of the agriculture around our large towns, for the last quarter of a century, must see that the growth of potatoes is yearly increasing, and must now form the food of a very large portion of the people. If the working classes think this a desirable state of matters, it is more than we do; but they are, of course, the best judges of their own affairs.

One of the arguments in favour of the fluctuating scale of duties is, that it keeps prices steady. But there cannot be a greater mistake. For, taking even the annual average, we have the following fluctuations in the price of wheat:—1829, 66s. 3d.; 1830, 64s. 3d.; 1831, 66s. 4d.; 1832, 55s. 8d.; 1833, 52s. 11d.; 1834, 46s. 2d.; 1835, 31s. 4d.; 1836, 48s. 6d.; 1837, 55s. 10d.; in the week ending 25th December 1835, the average was 36s.; and in that ending 31st August 1838, 74s. 5d., nearly double, not the lowest price, but the average of the whole year 1835. Another argument is, that the working classes were in better circumstances during the war than at present, and that it is immaterial to them what is the rate of wages, as wages rise with the price of food. Lord Milton, however, in one of his pamphlets on the Corn-Laws, has shewn that this is a perfect delusion, and that labour was never worse remunerated than during the period of high wages and high prices. He proves this by the decisive test of the quantity of food wages could purchase at different periods; and this, in truth, is the only means by which it can be ascertained whether wages are high or low. In Scotland, a day labourer earned, during the early part of the war, 9s. a-week in summer—the annual average price of wheat being about £3 a quarter; but, when it had risen to £6:5:5 in 1812, the wages were not 20s., as they ought to have been according to the landlord's theory, but only 12s., the highest point they ever reached, and at which they continued only for four years, notwithstanding the high price of food, and that the demand for men for the army and otherwise was so great that it was with the utmost difficulty that a sufficient number could be got during harvest to bind up the sheaves. In the years of famine, 1800 and 1801, when, without any depreciation of the currency, wheat averaged 115s., the day-labourer's wages were only 8s. a-week. Have wages, we may ask, doubled since 1835, when wheat was one-half its present price?

The high price of food is a matter of much more consequence to the working classes than to any other class. Take, for example, the middle classes—very few individuals spend one-half of their income on food, many not one-fourth; but take the case of a labourer, making 10s., 12s., or 15s. a-week, it will be found that from three-fourths to four-fifths of his wages are expended on food, and at least two-thirds of it on bread and meal alone. In this manner, it is the operative not only who feels first, but who all along feels most severely the high price of food; and nothing but ignorance or downright infatuation, can make him object to a Repeal of the Corn-Laws. We doubt not that their eyes will be opened before next year at this time.

It is far from being true that wages rise with the price of food, as the Universal Suffrage men would lead us to believe. Lord Milton has shewn that this was not the case during the last war; and here is a statement, taken from Mr Lowe's works, (p. 203,) extending over a larger period, which shews the fallacy of the notion:—

Years.	Weekly Pay.	Wheat per Quarter.	Wages in Price of Wheat.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
1742 to 1752	0 6 0	1 10 0	102 pints.
1761 to 1770	0 7 6	2 2 6	90 ...
1780 to 1790	0 8 0	2 11 2	80 ...
1795 to 1799	0 9 0	3 10 8	65 ...
1800 to 1808	0 11 0	4 6 8	60 ...

THE DEAD WEIGHT.—Simple persons imagined that because the half-pay and pensions were pretended to be given to the officers and soldiers who fought during the war, or to their widows and children, that the Dead Weight would rapidly diminish, and in a short time become extinct. It is now twenty-three years since the battle of Waterloo; and, taking the average age of the officers and soldiers who then retired on half-pay or were pensioned, at forty-five, very nearly one-half of them, according to the ordinary law of mortality, must now be dead. But the dead weight has suffered little or no reduction, and, of late, it has shewn a tendency to rise rather than fall. Thus, in 1832, the military half-pay and pensions amounted to £2,625,090; in 1837, to £2,702,258. The naval half-pay, in 1836, was £1,498,580; in 1837, £1,532,470. The ordnance half-pay, in 1836, was £154,053; in 1837, £157,405. On the total of the three military services, the increase was £114,411 in one year. The retired allowances in the civil department, in 1837, was £529,526, and the total of both military and civil service, £4,921,660. This is an enormous sum to pay annually for retired allowances. Why the civil servants of the Government should not save money for the support of their old age, like other people, is more than we can see; and were the officers on half-pay, who are willing and able to serve, put on active service, as opportunity occurred, not only would a large sum be annually saved to the country, but our army and navy be placed on a much more efficient footing than at present. And why is this not done? Simply because the sons and connections of the aristocracy must be provided for out of the public purse, that the law of primogeniture may be kept up, and the whole estate given to the eldest son. We see in what manner Lord Althorp's boast, that the Whig Government was to be carried on without patronage, has been realized!

GOLD CURRENCY.—Owing to the practices of "sweating" or washing the gold coinage with acids, and shaking it in bags, which are afterwards burned, and the gold collected by exposing the ashes to a high temperature, the diminution of the weight of the gold coinage is so rapid, that it appears, from experiments made at the mint, in 1833, that the sovereigns of 1817 had lost 8s. 10d. in each hundred pounds; those of 1821, 9s. 1d. per hundred; those of 1825, 6s. 8d.; and those of 1829, 6s. 2d. per hundred; whilst, upon the half-sovereigns coined in 1817, the loss, according to the same experiments, was as great as 16s. 4d. per two hundred; of 1821, 13s. 10d.; of 1825, 13s. 6½d.; and of those of 1829, 6s. 2d. per two hundred half-sovereigns. At the same period, the total gold coin in circulation was estimated, by Mr Horsley Palmer, at £30,000,000; and, supposing that the average diminution of weight was 10s. per cent., we have a loss to the public, and a gain to the "sweaters," of £300,000. It does not appear to be generally known, that "sweating" the coin is an offence of no lower degree than high treason. By 5 Elizabeth, c. 11, "Whoever shall wash, clip, round or file—and, by 18 of Elizabeth, c. 1.—"Whoever shall impair, diminish, falsify, scale, or lighten the proper coin of this realm, is to be deemed an offender in high treason. The English laws of treason were substituted for the old Scotch laws against that crime by the treaty of union; and the statutes of Elizabeth are, unquestionably, in full force at this moment in all parts of Great Britain.

SCOTLAND.

CALTON JAIL.—The disgracefully crowded state of this jail was some time ago brought under the notice of

the Town Council, in as far as regards the criminal prisoners; but no notice has been taken of the situation of the debtors. Formerly, each debtor had for himself a cell as a sleeping place, and there were one or two large apartments in which the debtors could sit during the day; they had also a pretty extensive airing ground. But now, to make room for the numerous criminals, the whole debtors have been crowded into a dark apartment on the ground floor, not fifteen feet square, a place which was formerly used, we believe, as the kitchen; and here they must sleep, cook their victuals, see their relations, and transact any business they may have to do, all in public. There have been, of late, from eight to ten debtors generally confined in this place, and their sufferings it is needless to describe. Farther, one-half of the airing ground has been lately cut off by a high wall; so that it is only for an hour or two during the forenoon that the sun can shine into it. The cause of all this misery, both to debtors and criminals—and there are unquestionably, among the latter, many persons innocent of the charges imputed to them—is the long vacation of our courts of justice. From 12th July to 12th November, yearly, justice may be said to be asleep in Scotland. It is now six weeks since the Circuits terminated; and we do not think it would have been any very great hardship, had three out of the six Judges of the Court of Justiciary come to Edinburgh for a week, and tried the criminals whose cases were ready for trial. There must, or, at least, there ought, if the crown lawyers do their duty, to be sixty or eighty criminals, whose cases ought to be ready; and if the repose of the judges cannot be broken in upon during the vacation, we submit that it is incumbent on the Government to issue a commission to such lawyers as are willing to work in Autumn, for the purpose of clearing our jail. A few years ago, an additional circuit to Glasgow during the Christmas recess was established. Something similar should be done for Edinburgh, during the Autumn. It is fearful to think what a mass of vice is at this moment congregated on the Calton Hill, and how rapidly the young and inexperienced culprit, accused, perhaps, of some trivial offence, and how many persons altogether innocent, are becoming demoralised by the constant association with old and hardened offenders. This state of things ought no longer to be tolerated. A public meeting of the inhabitants should be held, to memorialize the Secretary of State on the subject. It is quite impossible that relief could be refused, if the case were fairly represented. An obvious remedy is to extend the sittings of the Court of Session for a month annually, according to the authority given by 1 William IV. c. 69, § 10; for, if the judges were once collected together in Edinburgh, they would hardly object to proceed with criminal business.

IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN CATTLE, &c.—For a short period after the termination of the war, foreign cattle, poultry, &c. were allowed to be imported on payment of a moderate duty. The effect was to produce a very great fall in the price of provisions. Cobbett, writing in September 1814, remarks:—"How surprised you must have been to see the wheat, barley, oats, neat cattle, sheep, hogs, and poultry of France crowding upon our shores the moment that peace was made. From everything I hear, and indeed I see quite enough, I am convinced that, in ordinary years, France is able to supply us with food equal in amount to that of all our counties on the borders of the Channel. This ought to be regarded as a great blessing. There is annually a great fair for neat cattle at Barnet in Hertfordshire. Hither are brought the cattle from Scotland, Wales, Devonshire, and elsewhere, to be distributed among the numerous graziers and stall-feeders of the southern and eastern counties of England. When exhibited at the fair, the cattle cover a space of ground about two miles in circumference. Now, I have no scruple in saying, that I am fully convinced, from my own observation, and from information gathered nearly on the spot, that the French have, since the month of May last, (in three months,) brought to and sold in this country a far greater number of neat cattle than are brought in any one year to this great national fair. Let any one estimate the effect of such an importa-

tion. The effect really has been to reduce the value of every man's stock above *one-third*." This, however, was soon put a stop to for the benefit of the *landed interest*. In October 1814, Cobbett writes:—"France was pouring in upon us food of all kinds, till a stoppage was put to the entry of cattle, and till other articles of food were taxed at our custom-houses. In this country you cannot go by a farm-house, or over a heath, without seeing French cattle, sheep, and hogs. We were eating turkeys at 4s. each, and geese at 2s. before the stoppage took place. How many a waiting, watery mouth has this stoppage disappointed!" We have thus had a practical example of the benefit which a free trade in cattle, &c. would confer on the people of this country.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—Dr Chalmers has been on a tour of agitation on this subject, which has naturally led to increased activity on the part of the Voluntaries. At a meeting held at Paisley, the Rev. D. King of Glasgow put the matter in a clear light by a very short statement. Dr Chalmers maintains that there ought to be a minister for every 2000 of the population. Now, there are 917 parishes, and 1100 places of worship belonging to the Establishment in Scotland, some of which places of worship have more than one clergyman. The population is 2,500,000; so that there are only 2300 persons to each church, without taking into view the Dissenters at all, who have 839 clergymen. It is plain, therefore, that, even on Dr Chalmers' own showing, there is, so far from destitution, a superabundance of church accommodation; for it is in vain to suppose that accommodation in the Establishment should be provided for Catholics, Unitarians, and the other denominations of Dissenters.

POLICE REGULATIONS.—One of the most absurd of these regulations is that which prevents carters riding on their carts, even when empty, and although they have double reins. We believe that nowhere else has such regulation been made. In Glasgow the carters all ride in their empty carts, and have a moveable seat for the purpose, which fixes in to the middle of the cart. It is obvious that, with such a seat, the carter has as much command of his horse as a person in a gig, or the driver of a coach; and there is much less chance of accident, as the carter sees better about him than when walking at the side of his cart. The Glasgow practice should be adopted here without further delay.

THE BIBLE MONOPOLY expires on the 17th July next, and the Select Committee of the House of Commons have recommended that the patent to the Queen's printers should not be renewed; that Bibles and Testaments, from presses of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and from the Queen's printers in England and Ireland, should be allowed to be freely introduced into Scotland; that the General Assembly and the four Scotch Universities should be empowered by license from the Queen to appoint a printer of the Holy Scriptures, and that all other persons should be permitted to print them on finding security for the conformity of the text with that now printed; and that interpolation or corruption of the text should be made an indictable offence. It has been proved, by the evidence taken before former Committees, that, while the monopoly of the Queen's printer has increased the price of Bibles one-half, it has not secured accuracy; and that a great annual loss was sustained by the public revenue offices in Scotland being furnished with stationery by the Queen's printers, and not from the stationery office in London.

CANADA.

It appears, from the United States papers, and private accounts, that, though tranquillity prevails in Canada at present, fears are entertained of fresh disturbances during the winter. We should think, that, with the immense force, military and naval, at the disposal of the Governor, any outbreak would be speedily put down, and that there can be no one so foolhardy as to attempt an insurrection at the present moment. Lord Durham, before his resignation, was said to have devised a scheme for consolidating the whole of our North American colonies into one federal government. The scheme, if it really was Lord Durham's, does him honour; although it found no favour in the sight of the Ministe-

rial press, nor, as we may suppose, in the eyes of Ministers themselves. It was too liberal, too just, to obtain the approbation of Lord Melbourne or Lord John Russell. They had evidently intended to reject Lord Durham's constitution. Instead of resigning his government, and leaving the colonies in confusion, at the instigation of his feelings of resentment against his "friends," Lord Durham should have submitted to the inevitable consequence of his own errors; and continued to discharge his duty to his country and the colonies. When the Ministry should have rejected his wise and liberal plan of a new constitution for the colonies, then would have been the time for him to resign. We fear there is little chance of Lord Durham being prevailed upon to resume his office; and as little of his successor proposing a scheme of colonial government that will be accepted as satisfactory by the Canadians. Had Lord Durham been able to carry through the plan attributed to him, one of two results was sure to follow: either the colonies would have retained their connexion with the mother country—a connexion cemented by good will and mutual interest; or they would have parted in peace, when a separation became inevitable, or highly desirable. As things now are, we see no prospect of any government of her American colonies by this country, but one of undisguised force. Such a government cannot long continue. The discontents in Lower Canada, and others of the colonies, in conjunction with the now pressing question of the boundary with the United States, make it impossible that we should retain these colonies—and the sooner, in our opinion, we get rid of them the better. They are a source of endless expense, and expose us to continual quarrels with foreign powers; the patronage the various offices in them affords, fosters corruption at home; and, sooner or later, do what we like, they will become independent. But there is no chance of our rulers, present or future, having the sense to give up their supremacy over them till our troops have been defeated in a protracted and expensive war. Whether we look to the past, the present, or the future, we find colonies a source of expense and annoyance.

AUSTRALIA.

In the accounts which have been recently published and extensively circulated of this colony, little or no notice is taken of the natives: and hence some of the emigrants who lately sailed seemed to think that they might settle in any part of the country, however distant from the present settlements, without risk. This, however is by no means the case. It appears, from the best authenticated accounts, that attacks by the natives are by no means rare; and the *Sydney Herald* of the 21st May, states, that fifteen men, who were on their way to Port Philip with sheep and cattle, were attacked by a body of the natives, amounting to 300; seven of them killed on the spot, and one so severely wounded that his life was despaired of. The project to discontinue sending out convicts was regarded with some alarm, owing to the scarcity, and consequently high wages, of labourers of every kind. Hill Coolies from India had been tried, but were found not to be fit for hard labour; many of them had absconded, and all required to be sharply looked after. In these circumstances, perhaps, the most eligible place of settlement at the present moment is the new colony in South Australia, although the land is much dearer there than in the older settlement. The settlers, indeed, derive the advantage of the high price; for, by act of Parliament, the commissioners for the colony are bound to expend the revenues arising from the sale of land in sending out emigrants of the working classes. At present the land is divided into sections of eighty acres, the present price of which is £1 per acre; and by paying the price in London, the purchaser is entitled to have taken out, at the expense of the commissioners, four persons of the labouring class, two of each sex. The purchaser is also entitled to a lease of 640 acres of pasturage, at a rent of 40s. a-year; but this

lease, we believe, must be given up when the land is sold. Although it is little more than two years since the colony was established, it contained, by the last accounts, 6000 inhabitants, and there were eighteen vessels lying in the harbour.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The state of trade in the manufacturing districts is not at all satisfactory; and much distress during the winter is anticipated. At Leeds, both in the Cloth Halls and in the warehouses, little business has of late been done. At Huddersfield, the demand for plain woollens has been dull. At Bradford, a reduction of 1s. a-piece on goods of inferior quality has taken place; and at Liverpool, the market for cotton twist has been much depressed; and the demand for cotton wool has hence been very limited.

The *Preston Chronicle* says that the hand-loom weaving trade is at its last gasp. Most part of the goods now woven are paid for with less than three shillings a-piece, and wages are from twenty to forty per cent. lower than those paid when meal and potatoes were one-third cheaper. The fact is, the Corn-Laws have all but ruined the trading community; but the ensuing winter will put them to the test.

AGRICULTURE.

The reports from nearly all parts of Great Britain concur in representing the wheat crop as under an average, and of inferior quality. In Fife, it is said, that the wheat is very deficient, and is far below an average. Barley will not yield on an average over the country more than four or four and a half bolls an acre. Oats are a very fine crop, but very late. Beans are in some cases fine, but peas are a complete failure. In Roxburghshire, by the 12th of October, the pools had been repeatedly covered with ice, and much grain in the Highland districts remained uncut. At the same date, the crops in the moorlands of Stirlingshire were quite green, and only fit for cattle. There was also a failure of the potato crop, and prices had in consequence risen. It is to be feared that most of the grain which was not cut by the middle of October will be worth little or nothing.

The Irish crops, which appeared luxuriant on the ground, have turned out in thrashing less abundant than was anticipated; and the quantity is indifferent. The wheat crop is said to be one-third short of an average; but barley and potatoes are good crops, and oats unusually productive. No great supply need be expected from abroad, for the crops in Germany are deficient, and Canada will require all that the United States can afford to export. At Dantzic, the price of fine mixed wheat had risen, by the end of September, to 45s. 6d., and the accounts of the crop were so unfavourable that it was doubted by the best informed corn-merchants if 50,000 quarters of grain in all could be shipped from Poland next year. The French Government has shewn uneasiness lest any wheat go out of the country, and has hastened the time for imposing the duty of 5s. on each quarter exported, although the operation of the French corn-law, and the rise of the price, would have of themselves accomplished this result. In Belgium, the export of wheat has been prohibited. It has been doubted by persons well qualified to judge, whether two millions of quarters of wheat are to be purchased at any price over the whole world for exportation to Britain. This is the pass to which keeping up the supremacy of the loaded interest has brought us!

At the Falkirk Tryst, commencing on the 8th October, 60,000 sheep, and 50,000 black cattle, were on the ground. The demand both for sheep and cattle was very brisk, and the whole were sold. Black-faced wethers brought from 16s. to 20s., and the best 23s. One lot of 1,500 brought 27s. White-faced wethers, from 28s. to 30s. Black cattle brought fair prices, but not higher generally than at the September Tryst. The market was quite overstocked with horses, and prices were low.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1838.

LETTER TO THE QUEEN, ON THE STATE OF THE MONARCHY; BY A FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE.

"*Anything for an easy life*" is, according to a new *Junius*, who has just risen on the London world, the leading maxim of the Premier, whether in his public or private capacity. The Durham panic having passed away, and, like all excessive panics, flatly enough, and the Russian panic not having yet taken a definite form, her Majesty's Government has again relapsed into its former state of suspended animation. To expect that Parliament will be summoned, whatever perils may threaten the country, from war, famine, or intestine feud, until the Queen shall come to London for the season, is manifestly idle. The distance of that troublesome locality, Brighton, should the Court go there, must, of itself, render Lord Melbourne's Palace-duties more severe; and that exposed coast position is, besides, more difficult to defend than the avenues of the stately fastness of Windsor Castle. The merely public or national business must, of course, give way to the convenience of the Premier; who, after all, when his years and habits are considered, is to be pitied as a hard-worked gentleman. His industry may lie in a quite different direction from that of his predecessors in office; but no one can deny that it is great and incessant. For a few months after the accession of George III., Lord Bute played a somewhat similar part, until public indignation cut short the attempted thralldom, and restored the young King to his constitutional functions and the love of his subjects. But Lord Bute's duties were light when compared with those of Lord Melbourne.

Respect for the station of the Sovereign, and a feeling of pity, delicacy, and even regard, inspired by the sex and youth of the Queen, have kept down the expression of indignation at certain unconstitutional and indecorous exhibitions, which, however familiar they may have become to the public eye, are not for that one whit more agreeable. But the sentiment of disapprobation, if not of disgust, is more deeply rooted, and far more generally spread, than her Majesty's Ministers seem to be aware. Nor is it going too far to affirm that the monarchical principle has been more freely brought into question in this country within the last eight months, than at any period since the Restoration.

These reflections have been forced upon us by the perusal of a bold and well-timed Letter, addressed, by a FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE, to the Queen, upon matters deeply involving her honour as a Sovereign, the safety of the monarchy, and, above all, the tranquillity and happiness of the country. The able and high-toned remonstrance to which we allude, is not limited to party or temporary objects, all of which it disclaims as worthless and insignificant compared with the mighty interests of which it treats. Of its authorship we know nothing; and we do not pretend, from a line, to tell how

"Painters write their names at Coe."

It is enough that its important contents afford us both text and commentary; and we fully believe that we could not more beneficially to the public interest, occupy a few of our pages, than by endeavouring, as far as lies in our power, to make them generally known. The new *Junius* is evidently no every-day person. His glance is too broad and far-reaching for a partisan; he is too liberal for a mere Whig, and far too outspoken for a "glozing-tongued" courtier. Earl Grey might thus have laid down the constitutional character and functions of the Sovereign; but not thus would he recognise popular rights, and the necessity of their wide and immediate concession. Not one of the Radical leaders is likely to thrust so directly to the point, or assume courage to tell truths so severe to royal ears. But it is idle to indulge in conjecture; the author will be found out: and, whether he be or not, we regard him chiefly as the vehicle through which is conveyed to the country solemn truths, most needful to be spoken, and to be spoken now.

THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE takes leave to address her Majesty, rather than her servants, for two reasons—first, because he wishes to convey instruction to her subjects, and fears there is no name among her Ministers to ensure attention to his teaching; and, secondly, that, though the truths he has to tell her Majesty may be more wholesome than palatable to her taste, the Whig body-guard by which she is surrounded may not have the courage to keep from her eyes a paper bearing her superscription. If they keep back the Letter, it can only be under the pretext that it is "disrespectful" in manner. This the

frank-spoken writer wholly disclaims; manfully assuring the Queen that he who treats her as a rational being, and speaks to her as the most really illustrious persons of both sexes within her dominions are addressed, treats her with as much real respect "as any mortal ever can receive from the children of men." The Queen might have sufficient good sense, and enough of the becoming diffidence of youth and sex, to be satisfied with this measured though really respectful address; but those about her will be as sure to carp at its tone as to misrepresent its object. To herself it might be enough that a true Friend of the People and of the Monarchy approached her with the language of truth and sincerity, and poured into her inexperienced and bewildered mind lessons of wisdom and warning; but this may not suffice, and outcry in certain quarters is sure to arise at so bold an attempt to disabuse the understanding of the Queen. "I acknowledge you," he declares, "as my sovereign."

I am an experienced man, well stricken in years. I bend myself respectfully before you, a girl of eighteen, who, in my own or any other family in Europe, would be treated as a child, ordered to do as was most agreeable or convenient to others—whose inclinations would never be consulted—whose opinion would never be thought of—whose consent would never be asked upon any one thing appertaining to any other human being but yourself, beyond the choice of a gown or a cap, not always upon that:—yet before you I humble myself as one anxious to conciliate your favour to my principles, to gain your approval of my opinions. I sit down to write a letter intended for your perusal in the first instance, and I acknowledge that your agreeing or differing with me upon its subject-matter may have the greatest influence upon the destinies of four-and-twenty millions of people. I pass over all the soldiers and the councillors by whom your throne is surrounded, all the holy prelates who minister at your altars, all the learned judges who distribute justice to your People in your name; and I lay at the feet of one just emerging from childhood, wholly without practice of government, absolutely without experience of mankind, utterly ignorant of all or almost all the things that go to accomplish a ruler of the people, those opinions, the result of a long life of political observation, no little political experience, and a diligent study continued above half a century of the most eventful period in the whole history of our species. Is not this sufficiently respectful? Does not this shew deference enough for your station; or, if your courtiers will have it so, for your person?

The experienced sage having thus bowed the pride of intellect and manhood to gain the favourable regard of the youthful Princess, proceeds to shew the danger in which the monarchical principle, if not the monarchy, is placed by a young girl being called to exercise its functions, and the severe trials to which it must be exposed in the present fluctuating state of opinion.

Children both in France and England have before now held the sceptre, or have been presumed to hold it; and in England, in our Sixth Harry's instance, a slaving idiot was called upon to satisfy the "longing desire of his faithful Commons, by making a sign that he heard their prayers;" but Queen Victoria is very plainly told, that it is fit that she and her courtiers and Ministers should remember that, since these regal times, have come the Repub-

lican times of both France and England; and, if the experiment has once failed, of men exercising their imprescriptible right of governing themselves, it is only because they had assumed, before they were properly prepared and qualified to use, that right. Since this great experiment has failed, improvements have been proceeding with giant steps both in Europe and America. The writer proceeds—

And we have also found that, with a thing so excellent as a giant's strength, men have learned the wise and the humane lesson, how tyrannous it is to use it like a giant. Nevertheless, the power is acquired. On the western side of the Atlantic, it is exerted without control; and it is your fate to have the experiment tried in your person, how far a monarchy can stand secure in the nineteenth century, when all the powers of the executive government are intrusted to a woman, and that woman a child.

From what has been premised, you will at once perceive that matters personal to you form no part of my subject. I have higher things and more mighty interests in view, than any of those questions which keep your courtiers and your Ministers on the alert, and in anxious inquiry, "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same." I care not a straw to what men you may most probably give your confidence, on what women bestow your favours; when you may choose to be married, or whom to marry; how far your habits may resemble the business-like propensities of your father and the late king, or the pampered indolent ones of George IV.; if you are likely to be extravagant or parsimonious; to consult Belgian or English friends; or apt to spoil your mother by your indulgence; or to become jealous of some new Duke of Cornwall's natural alliance with the enemies of your government.

The Friend of the People regards none of those things. He fixes his attention on a single point—on the one essential question, the constitutional character and functions of the Sovereign, be that sovereign George, William, or Victoria.

Our constitution being a mixed monarchy, does this really mean an aristocracy or a commonwealth? or, if you please, an aristocratic commonwealth, in which the nobles or the people alone are to rule; or is it a government in which the sovereign, as well as they, has an effective voice? In other words, is the king a mere figure of speech, to represent the executive power, as the crown is a figure for the king—and can the whole functions of the constitution be performed by the monarch's name being used in accordance with the will of the two Houses of Parliament? Or does not our system assume, as one of its foundations, that, besides the voice of the Lords and Commons, a deliberative and independent discretion in the selection of ministers, and in the choice of measures, shall be exercised also by the sovereign? Is the king a mere cipher, or a significant figure, in our polity?

That this question has been oftener put than answered, is very certain. But, as it has latterly been put a vast deal more frequently than at and soon after your accession, so has it been far oftener answered; and, by all but a few speculative republicans, answered in one way, that way being an affirmation of the real and substantial authority vested in the king. A year has made great changes in the feelings of exuberant loyalty and unmeasured affection which greeted you on your first public appearance—feelings which, if they were sincere, and meant anything more than curiosity, did the People little credit; for what possible claim to national gratitude, or to public confidence, could you possess, when you had never rendered a single public service, except by surviving the Princess Charlotte, nor been tried or known in any one particular, except that nothing unfavourable to you had ever transpired? But the folly of this general excitement has been outstripped by the gross injustice which has followed; and, as you were popular without having done a single thing to gain the esteem of the People, so you are become unpopular without having

done any one thing to forfeit their favour. The People have shewn a kind of waywardness by no means unusual; and having awoke from the trance of loyalty that had come over their senses, they are vexed at having let them be overpowered, and are out of sorts with you, instead of being ashamed of themselves. However, the fact is undeniable; and, without the frail protection of that ephemeral favour which followed you last year, your authority, and the monarchy of which it is parcel, are about to undergo a scrutiny the most rigorous and unparing that ever sifted any human institution.

Am I apprehensive for its ultimate fate? Friendly to this form of government, and believing it to be better suited, at least to our present condition, than a republic, do I feel alarmed lest it should be overthrown? I answer the question, though with much hesitation and some difficulty, upon the whole, in the negative; because I think that the People of this country are, generally speaking, favourable to monarchy; and that the republican party is, in point of numbers, not a majority; in point of weight from property, rank, and capacity, a most inconsiderable minority indeed.

With the anxious hope, rather than any firm assurance of the ultimate safety of the monarchy, the Queen's fearless correspondent proceeds to take a statesman-like retrospective view of the condition of the country before the passing of the Reform Bill, and of the mighty change begun by what he denominates the Revolution of 1832, which, in itself, he regards as only the beginning of the beginning. If the old, corrupt state of things had remained untouched, the case must have been different from that which we see. Now he says:—

I perceive the most manifest increase in the prevalence of even pure republican doctrines. I know that the favourite occupation of the community at large is to dwell upon the anomalies of kingly government, and to count its cost, while no pains whatever are taken to recommend it, or to meet the coming storm, by propping up the regal fabric with popular supports. On the contrary, the line is drawn deeper and broader than ever, between the few and the many—between the few who are to share in the administration of our affairs and the many who are to be for ever excluded from all participation in it. Nor can I bring myself to regard the property-qualification, by which this line of separation is traced, as in the least degree calculated to make the existing state of things more safe or more natural, unless I can also bring myself to believe that the arrangement which shuts the door against the million is the better or the wiser for putting all property in the same jeopardy with all power, by reminding the great body of the People that they are disfranchised because they are poor.

The old arrangement, of a House of Commons, nominated by the court and the aristocracy, was strenuously supported by the Duke of Wellington, and the other leaders of the present Opposition; while another party—that, namely, of Lord Melbourne, and the other leading members of her Majesty's present Government—were equally hostile, though they differed in their plan of hostility. We must, however, quote this very characteristic passage:—

The Duke and his men openly and honestly resisted every proposition for the disfranchisement of even the most corrupt borough, and would not hear of transferring the franchise, most scandalously abused, to the largest and wealthiest manufacturing towns. The Viscount, [Melbourne,] who had then no men of his own, but was a follower of Mr Huskisson and Lord Dudley, was friendly to the more unfair and insidious manœuvre of granting a very little bit indeed—just enough to wear

in order to resist with the more effect the consummation equally dreaded by both these classes of politicians—the fearful consummation which should restore the People to their rights. Both the Duke's party and the remnant of Mr Canning's party foresaw the tide that approached. The former gallantly stood up, resolved to try their strength against its surge; the latter, more wary in their generation, turned their backs and ducked down, in the hopes of the wave passing over them, and leaving them unscathed. The Duke's men were swept away; the Canning men, by a sudden change of measures, contrived to get upon the flood, and it carried them into port; where they must, for some little time, have found themselves in strange company, among men, like Lord Grey, all whose lives had been spent in supporting reform. In port, however, they were; and in a port which those good gentlemen never willingly quit, to fare forth on any wild adventure of principle or public character, or any romantic voyage of discovery in quest of the *terra incognita* of political consistency. So they remained in Downing Street while the revolution of 1831-2 was effected, and wore themselves active workmen in the grand operation by which the whole parliamentary constitution of these realms was placed upon an entirely new foundation—quite as much as if it had been taken to pieces, pulled down, and built up again, with but a few bricks and beams (forty-shilling freeholds and votes of freemen) that had formed any part of the old edifice. This great and bloodless change—the most important alteration by far that our form of government ever suffered; the largest, indeed, that any country ever underwent without violence—was effected while you, Madam, were yet in the nursery; and it was the fashion of the courtiers, at Kensington, to congratulate your royal mother upon all the storm being well blown over long before it became your lot to fill the throne—a feeling much more natural than sagacious. For, assuredly, the most turbulent and difficult times through which your predecessors ever passed, while the ancient Parliamentary Constitution remained, were calm weather and smooth water compared with those that await your Majesty under the new dispensation, and the perils with which that dispensation necessarily compasses you round about.

So ends this sly and very curious passage; and having noticed the tactics of Canning and the Duke; who, if wrong in refusing all reform, were, at any rate, clear-sighted to its consequences and consistent in their opposition, the Queen's Monitor thus contrasts the position which the old Tory party had to maintain, with that which the Whig-Tories, the once Reform, but now Finality Ministers, have to defend. That of the Duke of Wellington was far from being easy to defend. But he tells the Queen—

How much less easy is that in which your Ministers have chosen to intrench themselves, when, having let in the People, they would maintain a vain conflict with countless numbers; when, having avowed that the Lower House of Parliament is intended for a true representation of the community at large, they declare that the whole community shall be absolutely excluded from all share in electing it, except the trifling fraction of the People which is possessed of property to a certain amount! This is the slippery footing on which your present Ministry has taken post; this is the exposed ground on which these feeble and defenceless men have chosen to contend against the country. Reformers, opposing all improvement; advocates of popular rights, contending against the whole privileges of the People; enemies of the aristocracy, that loathes, if possible, as much as it scorns them, yet sacrificing themselves in fighting against their own natural allies, the multitude upon whom that aristocracy would trample; as individuals, feeble to a byword; as a party, weak to a laughing-stock; as a government, compared with whom, it has truly been said, Mr Addington's and Richard Cromwell's were vigorous and secure; yet rejecting all aid from the only quarter

to which they can look for succour ; utterly without the chance of any help to save them, any accident to ward off their destruction, except the restored confidence of the country ; yet resolved, at all hazards, to make the breach irreparable, and to forfeit that confidence for ever !

Such is the position of your present Ministers ; but also such are the Ministers to whom you have, I will not say given your confidence—you have only continued to confide in them, because you chanced to find them in office at your accession. Before, however, we proceed to consider the inevitable consequence of the fatal line which they have chosen, deliberately chosen, to take, and the utter impossibility of their keeping by it, except to work their own ruin, it is necessary to pause for a moment, at this point, because your Majesty is here concerned.

They are *your* Ministers, *you* are pleased to keep them filling up all *your* offices, and constantly about *your* person. You are surrounded by them, and by their partisans of either sex, in a manner hitherto unknown to the people of this country. Downing Street, Whitehall, are no longer the resort of the Cabinet. The official residences are deserted ; and one palace holds the Sovereign and the servants of the public. This novel, inconvenient, and not very seemly excess of royal favour, is at once injurious to the public service, and personally advantageous to the Ministry : for, although it must necessarily prevent them from attending to the duties of their several departments, and thus make them far worse Ministers than they might, by more diligence and harder work, become ; they care mighty little for this, provided they gain a further hold on your mind, and shew the country more strikingly how unbounded their influence is over your Majesty. The absolute impossibility of thus holding any communication whatever with the numberless parties who have daily claims upon their attention, is manifest. Whatever business they may transact, beyond royal promenades, and rides, and banquets, must needs be transacted in writing ; and consequently the affairs of this country are now carried on pretty much as they would be if those to whom they are intrusted were living abroad. When you return to London, some months hence, no doubt part of this serious evil might be removed ; but only part. The Ministers will be in London, and we shall no longer be governed by course of post ; yet the chief among them will have their whole time divided between sleeping and attendance in your palace : no time for calm discussions ; none for careful preparation of dispatches, and other state papers ; none for meditation, to inform and enlarge their views, on the great questions that occur ; none for reading, if they ever think of so vulgar an occupation.

The Friend of the People entreats her Majesty to allow her Ministers (if possible, we presume) to attend a little more to their duties, were it only to give them an opportunity of making up, by assiduity and industry, for what they lack in capacity for business. But other, and far more important considerations than the fate of her Ministers, are urged upon the Queen. "Consider, Madam, if you please," says this grave and stern monitor—not much more courtly or "glozing-tongued" than was John Knox with another youthful queen, the levity and gaiety of whose court, long before imprudence and guilt had marked her to misfortune, afford a closer parallel to the present state of the English court than any that the history of this kingdom affords—

Consider, Madam, whether all this exuberant favour is more beneficial to others than to themselves. You are identifying yourself with them in a way which your wary grandfather never dreamed of with his greatest favourites. You are delivering yourself up into their hands, far more fettered and helpless than your indolent uncle George IV.,

or your easy and well-natured predecessor, ever, for an instant, contemplated ; though the one was surrounded by men as dear to the aristocracy of Church and State as these men are the detestation of both ; and the latter had for his ministers the chosen favourites of the people. Reflect, I do beseech you, on this position in which you are placing yourself. It is true, and you lately used expressions which prove you to be aware of it, and shew your conviction, that this Ministry has none other support but yourself. On you, and on you alone, their existence depends. With an overwhelming majority of the Lords against them ; with all the Church and nearly all the landed interest their implacable enemies ; with a feeble and precarious balance of the Commons returned during the heyday of your accession to the crown, and their first acquisition of royal favour ; with the People altogether alienated from them, and regarding them as the main obstacles to all reform and to all improvement—where, indeed, shall they look for strength, or anything like it, but to you ? A word from your lips, and they sink into utter insignificance ; while a firm majority of both Houses—that in the Commons trebled by a dissolution—would at once support the government which should succeed to their places. But all this only shews the more clearly, that upon you rests the responsibility of the existing state of things ; the praise if it be for good, the blame if it be for evil.

I know well enough the lesson which you and all sovereigns have been made to learn by heart—that the king of this country has no responsibility. In one sense this is true ; and, in that sense, nothing but a violation of the constitutional law, or a subversion of the dynasty, can make you responsible. In that sense, your celebrated ancestors, the first Charles and the second James, were wholly irresponsible. It required a rebellion to make martyr of the one ; and a revolution to make an exile of the other. But there is a sense in which you are just as responsible as the meanest of your subjects. Morally, you are responsible ; and really, as things are nowadays managed, I know none of your Ministers more responsible than yourself. They may lose their places indeed ; so far your condition is less precarious than theirs, and depends less upon your conduct. But punishment for a bad Minister, or, which is the same thing, for a man who has no kind of talents except to be an agreeable member of society, and who chooses to play at being Minister because he finds (he says) the excitement of it pleasant ; for the public guilt of such a man there is no punishment, by the modern practice of our government, beyond that to which kings are as liable as their servants—the hatred and the scorn of their country. If the just demands of your People shall be disregarded ; if their lawful rights shall still be withheld from them ; if the men who have abandoned all their principles, forfeited every pledge, truckled to each adversary in proportion as he was wrong and strong ; deserted each friend who preferred being in the right to being in their good graces ; if these men shall still be suffered to rule the country in *your* name, and in *your* name to obstruct the progress of general improvement, then, Madam, be you well assured that a day of reckoning will soon come, in which you, and not they, will have to stand the scrutiny of four-and-twenty millions of people, resolved to make their pleasure known, and to speak very plainly their whole mind upon *your* conduct.

Will the young, heedless, beleaguered lady be permitted to read and ponder this ? Is there near her person one, were it but one, sincere and intelligent friend, who might teach her to apprehend the full import of lessons so important and so impressive ? Has the sound, constitutional doctrine, so clearly and forcibly laid down in the passage which follows, ever, we wonder, formed the theme of her daily and hourly conversations with Viscount Melbourne, her favourite Minister ?—for, doubtless, it enters into the first rudiments of the sound education of an English Prince.

Although Lord Melbourne's agreeable small talk may never have diverged into this dull direction, if the Queen will read this Letter, she may find the real, substantial, actual, tangible responsibility of the sovereign for the choice of his Ministers, so plainly laid down, that the capacity of a child, fit to discern right from wrong in the simplest question of morals, may apprehend it. "Believe me," the Monitor of royalty concludes—

Believe me, whatever those subtle doctors may say, the bulk of mankind look to the SOVEREIGN, and to the SOVEREIGN alone, as the party responsible for the choice of the Minister.——But there are far more important interests at stake than the fate of a Ministry: or, permit me respectfully to say it, the fate of a Monarch; else I should not have given myself the trouble of writing these pages. The best interests of this country are involved in the misconduct of the Government, and in the confidence which you continue to give it. My hopes are indeed slender that they will retrace their steps, and once more deserve the People's favour. My prayer is, that the People's steady determination may attain the People's fixed purpose, without any shock to the public peace.

The Queen's correspondent again adverts to the mighty change wrought by the Revolution of 1832, the effects of which are only beginning to be understood. From that era, a new conduct, and a new principle of policy in the Government, became matter of necessity, although we imagine that neither Lord Grey nor Lord John Russell have yet discerned this. After this mighty change, it is said—

Little knots of politicians, courtiers of St James's, or of Devonshire House, or Apsley House, or Holland House, could no longer expect to settle, in their more select meetings, the affairs of this great empire. Above all, there was an end of the absurd notion, that it signifies not how the House of Commons may be chosen. The People were now acknowledged to be the electors of their representatives; and the function of those representatives was declared to be, speaking the sense of the community at large. Then, if such be now the admitted origin, and such the avowed use of the Lower House, what shall be said of the arrangement by which a mere handful of persons are alone consulted in the selection of the members? How can any one, who maintained the necessity of giving the people a choice in the government of their country, affect to believe that it is enough if this share be conveyed to a few, all the rest being excluded; to thirty thousand men, for instance, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, there being above three hundred thousand in that district; and still more, if precisely the same share in the legislature is enjoyed by a place having two hundred or three hundred voters, and by a province having between twenty thousand and thirty thousand? Can any distribution of political influence be more revolting to common sense than that which awards to a paltry town like Harwich, precisely the same share with London or Westminster, or the West Riding of Yorkshire; giving to five thousand or six thousand persons the self-same voice in the conduct of public affairs with a million? Or, if we view the absurdity in its larger scale, by taking aggregates instead of individual anomalies, what defence shall be made for a system which gives to fifteen boroughs, whose inhabitants are short of one hundred thousand, as many representatives, and as much direct power in the legislature, as all Middlesex, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, with their six millions of people, and their countless resources of industry, and wealth, and skill?

This is the language of a decided and a far-going Reformer. His advocacy of a vastly extended constituency, and of equalized electoral districts, is powerful and strenuous; and this subject occupies nearly as much of "The Letter"

as the more direct address to the Queen. In yielding or withholding these rights, he sees the peace of the country and the safety of the monarchy involved; and he turns back to consider so important a matter more deliberately.

That the adversaries of reform have now gained a complete victory, all must allow. They see the whole fruits of the change, so much dreaded, by them, blighted in the blossom; they find their opponents ranged on the same side with themselves, and eager to prop up every abuse by the very same means themselves had in vain attempted to employ for the obstruction of all improvement. They find that any risk of the People gaining their due weight in the government is chimerical, as long as the Reform Ministry, or rather the poor remains of the Reform Ministry, hold the reins of government; and they feel confident that no other liberal party will, for ages to come, be possessed of power to improve and to annoy.

I beg it may only be recollected, how very large a proportion of all the arguments ever used with effect to subvert the old parliamentary system, are precisely those to which I have been adverting. What was the reason which made all men feel the rotten boroughs to be wholly untenable? Was it not that there is a gross absurdity in five or six hundred persons electing a hundred members, while as many hundred thousand elect none at all? But wherein does this differ from the absurdity of fifteen thousand electing one hundred members, while four or five millions have not amongst them the fraction of a vote? The old system was condemned, because seven petty boroughs chose as many members as all Middlesex, town and country, together with the counties of York and Lancaster. Is this outrage on common sense much diminished, when, instead of seven petty boroughs, the same thing must now be affirmed of fifteen? The old system was ridiculed, and has been exploded, because units of the population had as great weight in naming the representatives of the whole community, as hundreds of thousands. Have we gained very much, in our progress towards making this scheme rational, by constituting tens for units? . . . Assuredly, had Mr Canning or Mr Huskisson survived to see their party placed in the cross-fire which they have now to sustain, from the real reformers on the one flank, and the equally consistent enemies of all reform on the other, we may conceive with what glee they would have undertaken the easy task of exposing the utter inefficiency of the reform, should it stop here; inefficiency for all other purposes except to uncover the nakedness of the system which acts upon certain principles, up to a certain point; and then abandons them, to adopt their contraries, and make a result as incongruous as any impossible monster that ever was created by a wild imagination. But the gross absurdities of the old system were not the only causes of its downfall. It sinned against all the principles which ought to regulate the conduct of the government towards the People.

Our readers do not generally belong to the class which most requires enlightenment on this subject; so we forbear pressing it farther.

The ten-pound-house qualification finds no more favour with the Queen's Monitor than the present numerically unequal constituencies, or than any one branch of the exploded system; and this prepossession he perhaps carries too far. If wealth, he argues, were to be made the criterion of respectability and independence in the voter, the ten-pound qualification is so low as to form no test at all; and, moreover, swarms of dependent creatures were by it made sharers of the legislative power, while other multitudes of men, among the most independent and respectable of the whole community, were deprived of all voice in the management of the public affairs. The Friend of the People is surely too severe upon that class of voters which Earl Grey's Bill de-

lighted to honour. He beseeches her Majesty's attention to the anomalous character of that part of the constituency; but above all, to reflect upon the character and claims of the class excluded—his favourite class it would seem—the intelligent and skilful among the working men.

I beg of you, Madam, to reflect for a moment upon the class of persons whom the present system excludes from all share in the choice of their representatives. It might seem enough to say at once, in order to make us pause, "All the labouring classes of the community are shut out; all those upon the strength of whose arms our realms depend for their defence in war; all those upon the work of whose hands your people depend for food, for talent, for lodging." All are treated like the cattle upon the soil they till, or like the serfs upon those foreign soils, whose produce we are not suffered to purchase, in order that the country gentlemen, the lilies "which neither toil nor spin," may have larger nominal incomes than they could appear to enjoy, were bread sold at its natural value. But so much for justice; what says prudence, a monitor often listened to by the ears that justice finds deaf? Those men, the labouring population of the country, the disfranchised classes, are to be counted by millions, while the privileged body is to be numbered by thousands. How long will the many suffer themselves to be governed and despised by the few? If, however, I am told that men may be stout of heart and strong of arm, without having the head required to consult on state affairs, and choose those who can best consult for them, my answer is twofold: *First*, I am confident little learning is required to teach men what measures of peace, of freedom, of justice, of tolerance, are most deserving of support; what laws are wanted for relieving us of heavy burdens, for reducing the unequal pressure of those which are indispensable; for promoting and protecting industry, by removing obstacles to our trade at home and abroad; what men of independent station and character, of honest and plain minds, of clear manly understandings, and of good moral and religious repute, are most worthy of trust, and best calculated to join in making or in mending our laws. The qualification which an elector wants the most of all is independence of other men—having a will of his own—freedom from corrupt feelings—resolution to think for himself. If the farm labourers and cottagers are too much under the dominion of their employers, (and I am inclined to think that the ballot would not prevent them from following blindly, but voluntarily, their landlord's course,) this is no reason why the countless myriads of workmen in our towns should not be both enfranchised by an extension of the suffrage, and protected from all undue influence in the exercise of it.

My second answer then to the proposed objection is this:—The workmen in the towns are, without any doubt and with hardly any exception, fully qualified to exercise the franchise; and, generally speaking, they are incomparably fitter to be intrusted with it than the small shopkeepers—let me say, than any shopkeepers whom it has been my lot to know. Their intelligence is great, and it is daily increasing. Their information upon political subjects is not exceeded by that of any rank in the community. Many classes, and most numerous classes of these, are persons of extraordinary skill in difficult crafts; many unite a refined taste with expert manual dexterity; many work at things which require great scientific knowledge. Think only of the outrageous folly of a test which allows the most ignorant creature that ever walked upon two legs, to vote, because he rents a small hotel, and which no book, or pamphlet, or penny magazine, or even weekly paper, ever entered; and excludes from all voice, at all elections, whether municipal or parliamentary, a journeyman optician, whose lodgings are filled with mathematical instruments and works of natural philosophy, and who occupies his leisure hours in studying the discourses of Newton and Laplace. But, again I say, independencies more valuable than even knowledge; which, politically considered, is chiefly valuable because it makes a man think for himself, and

scorn the dictation of a master, and spurn at the bribes of a candidate. Are the ten-pound shopkeepers men who scorn dictation and spurn at bribes?

The severe and bitterly sarcastic description of the *shopocracy*, which follows the above, pleases us much less, though it is not without a colour of justice; while to the eulogium upon the working men we most heartily subscribe. They have already established, and upon sure grounds, that claim to the franchise which the Friend of the People eloquently demands for them.

A good workman is to the full as independent of his master as his master is of him—in many crafts, a great deal more so. Among those men you never hear any demand for the ballot. No; they demand the right to vote! Give them *that*, and they will exercise it, like men, in the face of day; and leave the little shopkeeper, smirking behind the counter when my lady condescendingly steps in, to sneak behind the ballot-box when my lord is pleased to command his vote—or his account. Yes! these men, the ornament, the pride, and the glory of their country, are not suffered to choose her parliament; and are condemned to political annihilation. Those men whose exquisite skill and admirable dexterity carries the fame of your arts into every sea that a ship can plough, teaches envy to the proudest of your rivals, and inculcates admiration, almost to worshipping, on every tribe, however remote, as soon as its existence is known—whose miraculous industry maintains a struggle against all disadvantages of climate and of soil with the most favoured nations of the earth; nay, even bears up against the intolerable burdens which representatives they never had any choice in choosing, have laid upon them: these men from whom our whole capacity of continuing the government is derived, who nourish our commerce, who supply our revenue, whose genius and whose toil are necessary to our existence, are treated as if they were beasts of burden; and never are suffered to interfere in the management of those public affairs which, but for them, would be hurled into instant confusion and destruction! These are they who now demand, not the ballot, but the *FRANCHISE*; and the *FRANCHISE* they must, they will, they shall have!

Madam, have a care! Have YOU a care! I beseech YOU, have a care! This question cannot, it must not, be trifled with! You have Ministers whose incredible folly it is to fancy, because you are for them, they may turn round, against all their pledges, upon the People. Those Ministers have been supported when the court frowned upon them—partly from the reluctance of many friends to risk a Tory government, partly by the Irish members, under the direction of an individual. As long as they were ill at court, they affected a care for reform, and stood by their promises to Ireland.

Having shewn that the last shreds of support which the Ministers possessed, through the tergiversation of O'Connell, and the pitiable credulity of the Irish people, and also through the petty corporators—Tories wearing Whig clothes, since the latter became a fashionable and profitable costume—seeing these are about to fall them, and having foretold the fate of the Government, the Queen's uncourtly Monitor concludes with an exquisitely discriminating and graphic sketch of her Majesty's Prime Minister. We do not so much as hazard a conjecture as to the authorship of this pungent and stimulating, and, as we hope, efficacious epistle; yet there are touches in this particular delineation, which look as if it could proceed from but one pencil. Who, save one, could thus penetrate, thus dissect, and, as it were, turn inside out, the enervated and lax individual which it was one of Lord Brougham's most fatal and least par-

donable errors to have aided in shuffling into that station for which he was by nature and training, in every essential point of view, so eminently unfit? Yet this is one of Lord Brougham's errors which has hitherto escaped condemnation, while his great public services and noble attempts to serve the People are converted into crimes. But, to return to our text—of Lord Melbourne the Queen is told—

The fate of your present Ministry is sealed. But the struggle to displace it will shake other powers than those of Downing Street. If you be your father's daughter, and your uncle's niece, you are not made of very yielding materials. Besides, you are young, and quite without experience. The indolent, careless individual who (with the help of his Canning-school companions) governs you as entirely as he leaves Parliament and the country to govern themselves, no doubt tells you—"It is all nothing, all a fancy, all a dream; nothing in it, nothing at all." He has an unusual contempt for all opinions, all doctrines—this he mistakes for being practical; indeed, for all subjects whatever, which he thinks is profound; nay, for all men, not even excepting himself—which he fancies is sagacious and enlarged. Of course, he laughs at the people, and laughs much at their leaders; forgetting that men may be very respectable who, by mere accident, are following contemptible enough leaders—as truly the present fortunes of the ministerial party might easily have taught him, had he really known as much as he pretends of the maxim which, in old times, was said to come down from heaven; forgetting, too, that the difficulty in great popular movements is not to find good leaders, but numerous followers, and that the former may very swiftly be changed when the latter are quite ready. As his constant maxim seems to have been, both personally and officially, "*Anything for a quiet life*," doubtless he has inculcated the same seductive and perilous doctrine upon his young mistress; and it would be wise and well, if all she had to trouble her repose, were the question, who should be asked to dinner, or who to dance? or if all the occupations of her station were, to do what her Ministers seem resolved she shall wear out life in performing—endless entertainments, constant amusements, everlasting parties, unceasing exhibition, and perpetual locomotion. But, Madam, if your whole duties consisted in these things, we might have them all performed just as well at a much lower rate. I will not say, with Thomas Paine, that "an able-bodied man might be easily got to do the work of king for five hundred a-year;" but assuredly a great saving might be made upon our royal establishment, if at the head of it there were not placed a great functionary, whose services require such a rare union of talent and judgment with firmness and with virtue, that I conscientiously believe it is hardly possible to pay for it too highly. But then we do pay very dear for it; and we must have something like it, or we are cheated. If then, the maxim of "*Anything for an easy life*" is to rule the sovereign, as it does the Ministry, the People must have their share of it too; and, believe me, Madam, there is nothing that would more tend to give them an easy life than a cheaper government. This is a doctrine which your Ministers of course will laugh at. They can only lose their places. Nay, the same men who, to serve King William, gave up all enmity to Reform; and, when they had got all they could by being Reformers, to serve your Majesty, gave up Reform itself—how do I know that they would not, to serve the People, give up all enmity to a commonwealth, as soon as they saw such a change inevitable? They assuredly never defended monarchy more stoutly than they did rotten boroughs; and, to tear them from Windsor, would take no greater wrench than it did to sever them from Old Sarum.

History records many greater wonders than such betrayal and desertion.

The mind of the young Queen is farther poisoned, or, at the reader's choice, is farther

warned of her danger, and enlightened upon the true character of those who have won, to abuse her confidence; and her blunt Monitor states that he takes this liberty from his attachment to monarchy, (in the present state of society,) and an exceeding averseness to any change. He is deeply interested in the fate of the Queen, because the peace and prosperity of the country are involved in hers; and, therefore, the Friend of the People cannot be indifferent to it. "Your silly courtiers," he remarks—

Affect to call this a scanty measure of loyalty. Mind them not. They who hold this moderate and rational language will be found standing by you, with pen, and tongue, and sword, when that vile and false generation have been scattered to the wind by the echo of the first cheer which the multitude will give upon the first battalion refusing to fire on them; ay, and standing by you when it is no "*easy life*" to do so, and when the great patron of the "*easy*" doctrine, and the agreeable exemplar of the "*free and easy*," will be roaring out peals of laughter at the romantic folly of those who go against the grain, cling to monarchy now that it is out of season; and display an ardent affection for your person, after the imbecility of your advisers has stripped you of a crown!

The experiment has been twice tried, in cabinet-making, of a Ministry excluding all the men of all parties who possess and deserve the nation's confidence. First, Mr Addington failed in it, at the beginning of this century, and retired from the attempt with discomfiture and a nickname. The second experiment of this sort is now pretty plainly drawing near its natural close; and then will begin an experiment in constitution-making of a far more important kind, which has also once before been tried, and failed—that of a Government founded on popular principles, and excluding the great body of the People from all share in the conduct of it. I venture fearlessly to affirm, that, if it was found nearly impossible in 1832 to keep out the whole People from their share of power, it will be now absolutely impossible, after letting in the few, to exclude the many; and that whatever was done at the former period will be found to make the conflict which now awaits us incalculably more desperate. The most numerous class of the community, the most industrious, the most skillful, the creators of all wealth, and payers of almost all taxes—nay, themselves in the aggregate by far the richest class in the country—will not, you may be well assured, much longer suffer a state of things to continue, which gives to the other, smaller, weaker, poorer class, the whole legislation, the whole government, and the whole expenditure of the state. Sooner or later, that is to say, a year or two sooner or a year or two later, admitted they must and will be within the pale of the constitution. But it is of the greatest possible importance that this admission should be soon, not late; and it is of unspeakable importance to the monarchy and to your Majesty. I will tell you very plainly why. All the interval that may elapse before this consummation, how think you it is to be employed? I mean, employed by the excluded classes. In preparing to obtain admission? In combining to make their way good? In knocking at the door of the Constitution? In pressing against the door till they force their way? No such thing. They will prepare, they will combine, they will knock. They will press—no doubt of it—as men are wont to do who find the door of their own house barred against them. But they will also, as such men are very apt to do, pass the time they are kept outside in asking what those knaves are doing within; and not merely in such awkward inquiries; but in somewhat angry exclamations, and, I fear, even in somewhat sturdy resolutions to make those change places with them, who have kept the door of their house shut in their face. Depend upon it, Madam, such will be the occupation of your People, while you continue to keep them out. A constant, vigorous, unsparring scrutiny of all the parts of our system is beginning—a close examination

of all its defects is undertaken. But this inquiry will go much farther if the time is prolonged. Account, an accurate account, will be taken of the expenses of monarchical government. Every particular will be canvassed.

We cannot go farther into detail.

However strongly inclined, we must not copy out the entire contents of this remarkable state missive, and shall therefore compress as much as possible, though the task is not easy. The inevitable tendency of the democratic principle is pointed out, though the Friend of the Monarchy does not once employ the obnoxious word; and the reasons for conciliation and prompt concession to the righteous demands of the People are forcibly stated. Finally, the epistle closes with a solemn warning to Prince and People which the writer fears may be in vain. It is his belief that there is yet time to avert the evils which he has foreseen and foretold, and which no friend of the present order of things can contemplate without dismay. "But if this time"—and we entreat the attention of all those who hope to live and thrive by Whiggery to the warning—"if this time

Shall be spent in miserable expedients to prop up a falling system, without getting a beam from the only quarter whence sound timber is to be had—the People; if the wretched folly of the Reform Bill being *final* is again to be broached, 'as the only answer to our just demands; if the outrageous absurdity—rather let us call it the blunder, too gross for even any part of Ireland—is to be committed, of calling that bill a *final experiment*; or if, which is about as ludicrous, the self-sufficient boast is to be vapoured forth by men, mere human lawgivers, of any measure man can devise being by possibility other than experimental; then I foresee neither comfort for your Majesty's days, nor length for your reign, nor safety for

the monarchy; nor, what I value infinitely more, peace for your realm. But if the lessons of political wisdom which experience hath taught in all ages be listened to, and the courage be shewn—the prudent courage be shewn—of placing the Government upon a broad, a secure, popular foundation, then, knowing as I well do that no other structure ever can be stable in this land; that there is no other remedy for a state of things like the present, which actually leaves the country without any semblance of power or authority anywhere; that this hopeless impotency at home and abroad, this abnegation of all Government everywhere must continue to paralyze us, let whoever will be in office, until our system is fixed upon a deep and solid popular foundation; and convinced that a building so based must defy all shocks, I look forward to your Majesty's reign, not only as perfectly safe, but unspeakably glorious; and to your People as finally rescued from all the perils that beset them.

That the *Almighty and All-wise Disposer of events*, He in whose hands are the hearts of men, may endow you with the wisdom to desire this blessed consummation, and the firmness to work for it, is the devout prayer of every real

FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE

So closes this memorable Letter; which, however it may be viewed at Court, cannot fail to make a deep and solemn impression on the public mind; and to be received as more akin in spirit and in object to the warnings given by the prophets of Israel to their kings—or to the remonstrances of Knox directed to a giddy and self-willed young Queen, duped and misled by her favourites and flatterers, and blind to the dangers which, in a great national crisis, were gathering darkly around her—than to the adulatory and fulsome writings with which courtiers really insult the essential human and rational dignity of princes, while they affect to view them as demi-gods.

SONG.

OLD IRELAND FOR EVER !

OLD Ireland for ever !—hurrah for the Isle

Where eyes ever sparkling, and wit ever new,

Give life to the blarney, and warmth to the smile,

Which, stealing the heart, yet enraptures it too !

Let your fools and your fops for their beauties go roam—

The true son of Erin finds plenty at home;

And, in troth, with his arch little nymph, it were strange—

Where'er till that moment of bliss he might range—

If, when tasting her lips, he could think e'en of change.

Old Ireland for ever, &c.

Let them boast of the bloom of each orient bower,

And quaff till they wink the cold juice of the vine;

But where like the *prairie* was e'er there the flower ?

Or where like *potheen* was there ever the wine ?

Yet the hills of old Erin are smiling in green

O'er valleys as lovely as ever were seen ;

Nor are wanting the bowers by the bright flowing stream
Where oft, 'neath the light of sweet Cynthia's beam,
Och, who hath not whispered some little love dream ?

Old Ireland for ever, &c.

Old Ireland for ever !—hurrah for the boys

In whose fists the shillelah's no gum-stick, I trow ;

But whose hearts, though they glory 'mid danger and noise,

Are not the less kind at the end of the row.

Och, it is not your *outspeken* darling, you know,

Whose anger feeds malice for brother or foe ;

For, when the first thunder of passion is o'er,

Though beat, if 'twas fairly, he thinks on't no more ;

Nay, he'd fight for the *friend* who had thumped him before !

Then, old Ireland for ever !—hurrah for the Isle

Where eyes ever sparkling, and wit ever new,

Give life to the blarney, and warmth to the smile,

That, stealing the heart, yet enraptures it too !

CHRISTMAS.

THEY watch ! a shepherd band upon the plain,
Keeping their flocks from ravenous beasts by night—
When, lo ! in heaven as of a sun the light,
And voice symphonious of a choral train !—
"Glory to God most high ! on earth again,
Peace and good will to man !—for, dawning bright,
A star in Bethlehem riseth, that shall reign
Pre-eminent, when other planets wane—

The Star of Jacob, sung by prophets old ;
Light of the world, before whose glorious shine
All other lights are waxing dim and cold,
Doomed, by the power that made them, to decline ;
But thy dominion, Infant God, shall be
Lasting and wide as thy eternity !"

ON THE OPENING OF THE SHEFFIELD AND ROTHERHAM RAILWAY.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THEY come! the shrieking steam ascends,
Slow moves the bannered train;
They rush! the towering vapour bends;
The kindled wave again
Screams over thousands, thronging all
To witness now the funeral
Of law-created pain.

Behold it, Omgathorpe,* behold!
Look down, and cry, All hail!
Skies! brighten into blue and gold,
O'er all the living vale!
Pale, lingering foxglove! you, ye trees!
Thou, wood of Tinsley! tell the breeze
That Hell's dark cheek turns pale!

For Mind shall vanquish time and space;
Bid east and west shake hands;
Bring over ocean, face to face,
Earth's ocean-sever'd strands;
And on his path of iron bear
Words that shall wither in despair
The tyrants of all lands.

Eternal River!—roaring still,
As roared thy foamy wave
When first each wildrose-skirted rill
Heard moorland echoes rave—
Thou seest, amid thy meadows green,
The goodliest sight that earth hath seen
Since man made fire his slave.

Fire-kindling man! how weak wast thou
Ere thou hadst conquered fire!
How like a worm, on Canklow's brow,
Thou shrank'st from winter's ire!
Or heard'st the torrent-gathering night
Awake the wolf, with thee to fight,
Where these broad shades aspire!

But he whom cold and hunger ban,
Whom law and ease belie,
Who vainly asks his fellow-man
For leave to toil and die,
Is sadder, weaker, than wast thou,
When, naked here, on Winco's brow,
Thou dashed the wolf defy.

* Omgathorpe, Canklow, Winco, and Tinsley, are hills and woods, portions of the scene.

† The Don.

In vain thou mak'st the air a slave
That works, and will not tire;
And burn'st the flame-destroying wave,
And rid'st on harness'd fire—
In vain, if millions toil unfed,
And Crompton's children, begging bread,
Wealth-hated, curse their sire,
Fire-kindling man! thy life-stream runs,
Ev'n yet, through sighs and groans:
Too long thy Watts and Stephensons
With brains have fatten'd drones!
O Genius! all too long, too oft
At thee the souls of clay have scoff'd,
And sold thy little ones!*

Sold them to misery's dungeon-gloom,
To rapine's menial blow,
To beggary's brawl-fill'd lodging-room,
Where Famine curses Wo;
Then to the pest-den's workhouse floor,
To which good Christians send the poor,
By stages sure and slow.

But, lo! the train! On! onward!—still
Loud shrieks the kindled wave;
And back fly hamlet, tree, and hill,
White steam, and banners brave;
And thoughts on vapour wings are hurld,
To shake old thrones, and change a world,
And dig Abaddon's grave.

Eternal River! roaring now,
As erst, in earliest years,
Ere grief began, with youthful brow,
To live an age of tears;
Thou hear'st, beneath thy forests high,
A Voice of power, that will not die
While man hath hopes and fears.

He, conquering fire, and time, and space,
Bids east and west join hands;
Brings over ocean, face to face,
Earth's ocean-sever'd strands;
And on his iron road will bear
Words that shall wither in despair
The tyrants of all lands.

* I do not believe that men of genius are less able than other men to earn their living; but, if they attempt more, they are more liable to failure; and, if they live where men are robbed of three-fourths of their earnings, is it surprising that they do not thrive?

HOME THOUGHTS.*

BY THE LATE ROBERT NICOLL.

THROUGH Scotland's hills be far awa,
And her glens, where the clear siller burnies row,
I see them, and hear her wild breezes blaw
O'er the moors where the blue bells and heather grow.

Oh, hame is sweet!—but thae hames o' thine
Are the kindest far that the sun doth see;
And, though far awa I have biggit mine,
As my mother's name they are dear to me!

I love the tale o' thy glories auld,
Which thy shepherds tell on the mountain side,
O' thy Martyrs true, and thy Warriors bauld,
Who for thee and for freedom lived and died!

Land of my youth! though my heart doth move,
And sea-like my blood rises high at thy name,
'Boon a' thing there's a' thing in thee I love—
The virtue and truth o' thy Poor Man's Hame.

The Poor Man's Hame! where I first did ken
That the soul alone makes the good and great—
That glitter and glare are false and vain,
And Deceit upon Glory's slave doth wait.

Thy Poor Man's Hame! wi' its roof o' strae,
A hut as lowly as lowly can be—
Through it the blast ane cauldride does gae;
Yet, Hame o' the Lowly, I'm proud o' thee!

Scotland! to thee thy sons afar
Send blessings on thy rocks, thy flood and faem—
On mountain and muir, on glen and scaur—
But deeper blessings still on thy Poor Man's Hame!

* These, with some other poetical pieces, were sent by Robert Nicoll to a friend in Edinburgh, shortly after he fixed his residence in Leeds.

FEATURES OF COUNTRY SOCIETY IN THE VICINITY OF LONDON : WITH SOME EXPLANATION OF THEIR CAUSES.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

To William Tait, Esq.

Esher, Surrey, Nov. 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I had lately the pleasure of seeing you here, the Canterbury Riots were the subject of common conversation; you were expressing your surprise that such instances of popular ignorance should present themselves in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis; and I introduced to your notice several actuating influences, which appeared to dissipate a good deal of that wonder which, in common with people from the more northern part of the kingdom, you very naturally entertained. The fact is, that the state of society in the counties immediately bordering on the capital is very peculiar, and unlike that of any other part of the kingdom with which I am acquainted. Similar features, no doubt, are visible, to a certain degree, in other parts of the country, but nowhere do they possess the same strange prominence; for nowhere does or can the same amount of causation exist.

You would naturally imagine that, as London is the great centre of activity and talent—that, as there mercantile, philosophical, and literary ambition flock as to the chief theatre of exertion and reward—wealth and knowledge, and a quick spirit, would overflow together and diffuse themselves through the adjacent country. All inquiry, however, only proves that the farther you get from the metropolis, the more active is the disposition to a general diffusion of education amongst the people; and that nowhere does such gross ignorance exist as in the rural districts within fifty miles round London. The various reports of government commissioners, of parliamentary committees, and of popular societies, all testify to this fact. Look into the Reports of the Commissioners of Public Charities, into those of the Poor-Law Commissioners, and of the British and Foreign School Society, and you will find that all throughout the agricultural districts of the north of England the peasantry are better educated, and that pauperism consequently never assumed there the terrific aspect which it did in Kent, Essex, Sussex, Norfolk, and other southern counties. It was in Kent that Swing more particularly signalled himself by risk-burnings, and it was in Kent that the madman Thoms found such besotted votaries. The metropolitan journals have, one and all, joined in exclamations of surprise and indignation on this latter event. All have agreed in the strange fact of this dense cloud of rural ignorance with which the capital is encircled, but few or none have gone down into the real causes of its existence. Some have attributed it to the very nature of purely agricultural districts; others to the poverty of the peasantry, forgetting that a vast number of excessively

wealthy people are scattered all through those districts; others to the location of so many parsons at Canterbury, and other equally rational causes. It is worth while to inquire whether the country bordering on the metropolis may not be affected by some powerful influences which exist there only in equal strength, and which may pretty well account for the singular phenomena which, from time to time, draw the public attention to those districts, just for a nine days' wonder, and then leave them, without any genial interposition, to go on for a few years more, maturing fresh miracles of folly and credulity for the general wonder. I see a state of things existing in this part of Surrey which I never saw existing anywhere farther from the capital; but which must exist in a greater or less degree all round it. I will now attempt to describe it, and leave it to the reader to determine whether it may not account, more fully than any solution which has yet been given us, for a condition of ignorance and moral degradation of the peasantry so near the centre of British wealth, intelligence, and philanthropy, at once so wonderful and disgraceful.

We are here only fourteen miles from Hyde Park Corner. When we came to reside here, about two years ago, we were immediately struck with a peculiar state of society, a peculiar condition and tone of mind and manner, in the peasantry, which we were not able, all at once, to comprehend or account for. We were just returned from an extensive tour through various parts of the kingdom, and especially from one in which our object had been to see as much as we could of the peasantry, and to make ourselves as well acquainted as possible with their actual condition, both physical and intellectual; but we instantly felt that the peasantry and villagers here had moral features very different from any we had hitherto encountered, and those, in the main, not of the most attractive character. Of course we were naturally curious to ascertain the cause of this, and we have now satisfactorily explained the whole matter to our own minds, however I may succeed in doing so to those of others.

We soon observed that the population in this district consisted simply of three classes: the aristocracy; the little tradesmen who supply their houses with the common articles of consumption; and the farmers, with their labourers. The social relations bore a striking resemblance to those of the feudal ages. There were the inhabitants of the castle, or enclosed park; the sumptuary population of the castle hamlet; and the tillers of the land. The many intervening links of modern society in England, in general, were totally wanting. We had neither the great

tradesman, a man of large capital, living in the market-town, and depending not merely on this or that wealthy family for an existence, but on a numerous and independent public; nor the master manufacturer, with his warehouses and workmen, his extensive machinery and numerous people. We had nothing like a body of active, wealthy, and educated agriculturists, such as give impulse and life even to some rural districts; and as to that miscellaneous multitude of personages who animate towns and manufacturing districts with their various degrees of capital, and various descriptions of occupation, character, and religious or political persuasion, they had not a shadow of a representative here. Towns in the counties near London, compared with the towns of the midland and northern counties, are insignificant and inert. The attraction of the great wen, as Cobbett used to call London, is too powerful for them; it draws all their life, and the bulk of what would otherwise be their people and trade, into itself. They are like shrubs that grow beneath a great evergreen tree—they are chilled by its shade, and parched by its rain-defying mass of foliage, and exhausted by the hungry influence of its giant roots that spread themselves all through the soil that should nourish them. The bond of society here had but three links; and so little social connection had they, that they scarcely seemed links at all.

In the general disposition of things throughout England, the houses of the great landed aristocracy are thinly distributed. They occur, as you travel along, here and there. In the great mass of the habitations, they are the exception; but here they seem to constitute the majority. Wherever you go throughout the country, within twenty miles of London, and especially on the Surrey side, you find the stately mansions of the wealthy as thickly strewn as, in other parts of the country, you find the cottages of the poor. Or visit any of the pleasant eminences of this part of Surrey, and you will overlook a wide landscape of dense foliage—it is like one great and continuous forest. Penetrate into that part, and you find it to consist of the parks and policies of noblemen and gentlemen, in which they have shrouded themselves in woods, as if from each other's observation. It is amazing what numbers of proud and substantial mansions are buried in these woody seclusions; and what numbers of other goodly houses, in which men contrive to spend the amplest incomes. The whole track of country surrounding the metropolis, for twenty or thirty miles, but especially in Surrey, Kent, and Middlesex, swarms with the residences of the wealthy. The families of the aristocracy, who have seats and estates in distant parts of the kingdom, have seats again some ten, fifteen, or twenty miles out of London, where they can refresh themselves with a little quiet and country air and greenness during the season. Judges, barristers, wealthy professional men of all kinds, have their country houses at a convenient distance from London. The merchants have theirs; and the

vast mass of families "whose fathers have lived before them," and laid up good store of the gold to be won in towns, and of those who have won it themselves, and now seek to enjoy it, have, by the aid of Mr Robins, and such painters of the picturesque, found out and located themselves in terrestrial paradises in all the country round busy London, wherever there are pleasant places, and green pastures to lie down in. There is no similar space in the whole world, where such a host of wealthy people have built and feathered their nests, and where, to every charm of nature, they have added those of art and affluence; have created lawns of velvet softness, the richest gardens, the finest green-houses, the most productive hot-houses, and, with splendid establishments and equipages, are prepared to roll down the hill of life, on springs of the most approved construction, and in the perfection of cushioned and pillowed ease.

But why have all these people thus located themselves? For their own entire enjoyment, to be sure. They have not gone into these gardens of Eden to look after their fellow-creatures; to consider how much good they may do; in what way they may best labour to spread knowledge or happiness amongst their less fortunate countrymen; how they may most effectually advance the interests, and diminish the crimes and sufferings of humanity. If these were their objects, they might have found ample employment for their philanthropic desires in London itself; or they might have spread themselves far and wide through England, where there exist numerous masses of human creatures that are dreadfully in want of comforters, and advocates, and advisers—that are, through all their lives, struggling to live, and feel themselves, by some awful curse, of which they cannot comprehend why they should be the objects, thrown upon existence—

"As in a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow they are cast
To act and suffer."—*Childs Harold*.

They might find employment, and that of the noblest and most godlike kind, in making themselves acquainted with the evils that thus embitter the days of so great a portion of their fellow-countrymen, in ascertaining their causes, and raising their voices, and exerting their energies, and making their wealth mighty in the behalf of the neglected and the oppressed. There are manifold institutions for the amelioration of the condition of these wretched beings—for their instruction, for their physical, social, and moral advancement, in which their pains and their personal attention and influence would work wonders. How much political good they might effect! They might stand up, and manfully unwind the knots and webs of that fatally intricate policy, which dooms labour to be unproductive, and renders the ancient usage of Tantalus a mere scarecrow, to that of an honest man, working sixteen hours a-day, through the whole course of his life, (Sunday scarcely excepted,) in order to see his children half starved, and totally un-

educated. There are grievous evils in this country, operating on millions of miserable and despairing creatures, which might employ, most gloriously, all the powers and faculties of those who have, on their own account, no occasion to take any thought for the morrow. But such is not the object of the numerous and affluent class of which I am speaking. It is not their ambition. It does not belong to their creed or their philosophy. They are partly of the Norman blood, who have always deemed it their particular vocation "to live at home at ease," and rule the Saxons. They are partly the children of those who toiled and sweltered in offices, and behind desks in their warehouses, for the means of building a palace, and owning acres; and who talked of retirement so perpetually, that their sons and daughters have grown in the belief that a luxurious indolence is the great end of life. And they are partly of those who have plodded hardly for it themselves, in courts and on 'Change; and care not how the world goes, so that they have their easy chair and the morning paper. What are the groans of humanity to them? They never heard them when they were in the midst of the crush of the Great Babel itself.

It is not to be supposed, however, that all this class consists of the perfectly heartless and indifferent. No; there are unquestionably the average share of the amiable and well-disposed amongst them. There are, doubtless, numbers who are benevolently disposed, and who desire to do good in their day and generation. They give, as the printed lists shew, large sums of money to the great societies for humane and patriotic objects in town; and so far so good. But their great object is, like that of the majority of mankind, to enjoy themselves to the utmost—and to do that, they removed themselves from the scene of much action. They have purposely shrunk aside from the hot and dusty paths of human life, where misery sits by the way, and is grievously importunate. They have pounced on some sylvan nook—

"the choice retreat
Of latest grandeur from the city's noise;
And were it humbler, it in sooth were sweet;
But peace abhorreth artificial joys,
And pleasure, leagued with pomp, the zest of both
destroys."—BYRON.

And, in truth, from this sylvan nook they have still an eye on the city. They still hang wittingly and wilfully on the skirts of Babylon. They still keep a fixed watch on the fashionable world. They have still their "house in town." They are ready, at the first call of the awaking world of dissipation, to take flight to London. They would not, for all that England has to bestow, be out of the speedy reach of the opera, the levee, the morning "at home," and evening rout or concert. From their "coop-hole" they can still hear "the roar of the great Babel;" and, in the strength of that, they can bear to hear the rustle of green trees, and to breathe the pure air of the uncontaminated

heaven, for two or three months. That is, as all the world knows, the real condition of a great bulk of those whose splendid mansions stand in so many noble groves, and parks, and sylvan seclusions around London. They are, even so near town, there only a comparatively short period each year. The town season carries them away for half the year; and then they fly to watering-places or shooting parties, or some such thing, for another quarter. Those who stay in their country houses, and the rest, when they are there, are shut up in woods, and within park-walls, and see nobody but their own circle, who come in their carriages for morning calls and evening dinners. Of the people who live in the villages, and of the peasantry, they see nothing and know nothing. It is not likely that they should. They did not come there to make any acquaintance with villagers and peasants. That was not their object. They came there to enjoy themselves, and for that purpose they find ample matter amongst their own class. They have no feelings, sympathies, thoughts, pursuits, or conceptions in common with the children and tillers of the soil. They do not look upon them as having any claims to notice from them. They are not the people amongst whom they have grown. Part have sprung amid the swarming tribes of the city, too numerous to be grasped in any very lively sympathetic embrace. Part have stately houses and estates in some far-away county, and look upon the people there as the legitimate objects of their neighbourly concern. The rural people here are aliens to them; they live amongst them as mere visitors and strangers. The consequence is, that, as they form the principal and most important class, and as there is no middle class, in the common acceptation of the word, the working class are almost altogether an overlooked and unthought-of people.

In large towns, in manufacturing districts, in all districts where there is a mixed and money-making population, spite of the great quantity of extreme poverty, extreme and ill-paid labour, and too much neglect of the education of a very large portion of the artisan class, there are, nevertheless, causes and principles of action at work that constantly tend to cherish human sympathies, to quicken and civilise the very poorest, and awaken the most beneficial feelings and sentiments in the hearts of those who have the means of exercising an influence over their less fortunate brethren. These means of moral influence are there thrown within the reach of great numbers. It does not require a man to be very wealthy, or very accomplished, in order to be able to act on some portion of his fellow-men for their good. The great manufacturers are, for the most part, Reformers. The restrictions on commerce make them so. At the very least, they are Whigs. Independently of the natural sympathy with their work-people, which an intimate knowledge of them and their concerns is calculated to awaken, they know besides, that any great political measure is not to be carried with-

out the assistance of the multitude; and on this account they are drawn to cultivate on all points (except, perhaps, that of the rate of wages, where the interests of the two parties are diametrically opposed) the good-will of the working class. They promote schools, and savings-banks, and benevolent and provident societies, to help them in their need. They stand forward, on public occasions, when reform is sought, as their mouth-pieces and leaders. The tradesmen follow a similar course; and in all the numerous grades and varieties of trade, there is scarcely a man but has the power and opportunity to confer a good on some other man. Every man has his religious connection, his political party, his parish affairs, in which to exercise an influence. There are numbers of tradesmen who may be seen behind their counters, every day of their lives, (Sundays excepted,) as busy as bees, who yet could purchase the estates of some of our noblemen, and who yet find time, besides attending diligently at the receipt of custom, to do a world of business for the good of their neighbours. I could name plenty of them, and of our own Society too, who are generally as keen as anybody after "the matter of the coined money," who are up in a morning, and, with all the young people they can press into the service, are teaching schools till breakfast time; who have a busy, practical interest in a score of institutions, schools, savings-banks, artisans' libraries, tract societies, Bible societies, anti-slavery societies, &c.; and are always at the call of their fellow-citizens, the first to come forward with purse and voice, to put down oppression, and to call for public justice and public humanity. There are a hundred opportunities and incentives in the thoroughly mixed society of towns and manufacturing districts, which conspire to awaken the faculties and the affections, to stir all the best sympathies and the highest principles of human nature; to make men feel that they are men, and have it in their power to imitate the Divinity in his ceaseless work of beneficence towards his rational creatures. They are enabled to ennoble their own minds by the very offices and practice of doing good, and indulging, and thus strengthening all their highest sentiments; and, at the same time, to raise the tone, and increase the happiness of society around them. There are great privileges; but how different is the case of the mass of wealthy people in the districts of which I am speaking! Men and women, too, may be naturally very amiable; but the desire of good dies with the opportunity of doing good. When people shut themselves up in woods and parks, at a distance from common life, they abstract themselves from all stimulus to practical philanthropy. It is the direct consequence of luxurious indulgence, to lull both the faculties and the emotions into a voluptuous torpor. The only spur that they feel is to rival their wealthy neighbours in the splendour of their existence. They become indolent in habit, and fat in the heart. They live in a stately dulness. They have too much dignity to mix with the class that

may need their aid; to inquire into their condition, and promote their education. They cannot—it is an utter impossibility—like the wealthy tradesman, amalgamate themselves with all the pressing needs and interests of the struggling many. Their aptitude for it is destroyed; they have removed the struggling many out of their sight. How much higher and nobler a being, in the scale of human life, is the smallest shop-keeper, who devotes his scanty portion of leisure to the benefit of his species, than the wealthiest man, who shuts himself up in a wood, and forgets, in luxurious grandeur, the solemn responsibilities of humanity! I never traverse the rich country on this side London, thickly studded with magnificent abodes, without being reminded of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." Most readers imagine the scenery of his poem to be merely ideal; but Thomson wrote a great part of his poetry at East Sheen, near Richmond; and his opening stanzas are literally imbued with the spirit of the country around him:—

"In lowly dell, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground.

Was naught around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kist,
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was;
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh;
But, what'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest."

So much for this class of society. Let us now see what has been the effect on those below it. The next is the class of tradesmen. This was at first a strange puzzle to us. When a fresh family comes to settle in this part of the country, the tradesmen who supply articles for house-keeping, &c., immediately appear, hat in hand, to solicit its custom. You have a zealous levee of bakers, butchers, grocers, brewers, shoemakers, tailors, inn-keepers offering post-horses and chaises, blacksmiths, &c. &c. Having made your selection, you seem handed over to those particular people as their property, and every day they come driving round in their light spring-carts, to take orders and deliver what you want. Every other man appears to consider the rejection of his services as a real injury committed against him—such, in nine cases out of ten, will refuse to serve you afterwards, if you go to his shop. In all other places, you find tradesmen with whom you have not been in the habit of dealing, only the more civil and assiduous in their attentions if you enter their shop. They naturally hope to gain your commands by their obliging behaviour; but not so with those villagers. You have adopted a tradesman, and to him you may go.

My man, on one occasion, went into an apothecary's shop to purchase some small article. The apothecary, instead of giving him the article, looked at him and observed—"Oh, you are Mr Howitt's servant—he employs Mr —; you had better go there." The man said—"I am going to pay you for it." "Oh," replied the doctor, "I don't doubt that, but I don't choose to sell my articles to those who employ another doctor. If you want *anything, any time, for yourself*, you know, you shall have it with the greatest pleasure." My cook went into a shop to get an ounce of olive oil. The man took down his bottle, and was just in the act of filling her vial, when, looking at her attentively, he said—"I think you are Mr Howitt's servant?" She replied in the affirmative. "Ah, then, we have not got it," (holding the very thing in his hand all the time;) "you'll get it, you know, at Love-ridge's." That was our grocery!

On mentioning those and other singular facts of the same kind to an old inhabitant—"Oh, no!" he observed, "they won't sell you a single thing, unless you make your custom all over to them." We tried the experiment repeatedly, to be sure of so odd a circumstance, and always with the same result. They told the servants that anything for themselves they would let them have with pleasure; but that they would not sell anything to their master, unless they sold him all he wanted.

Another thing equally singular, was the surly and ungracious manner of some of the people that you did employ. They seemed as though, having once got your business, they were to hold it by prescription, in whatever manner they executed it; as though they looked upon you as their natural prey, and that you *must* take just what they please to give you. A shoemaker soled me a pair of shoes—one sole came off in at least three days. I sent it, and desired the man to make it good. When done, he brought it, and made a charge equal to the original one. I said—"No. I expect you to make that good without additional charge. I do not expect to wear out a sole in three days. You are bound to make good your bad workmanship." The man insisted that it was as good leather, and as good work, as any in England. "Then, why has one sole stood, and the other given way directly?" He could not pretend to tell that; all he knew was, that it was as good work as any man in the King's dominions could make. I desired him to recollect himself—that, if he persisted in his charge, I would pay him, but would not employ him again. He persisted. I then, at the recommendation of a neighbour, tried a man in the next village. This man's work was just as bad, and all his answer was—"The long and the short of the matter is, the shoes have worn out." "Yes, but then the time." It was no use adding any remark. The only reply was—"It was the best leather and the best work in England." Having occasion to call on a gentleman in the village, I mentioned the fact, and added, that I supposed, from this man's ungracious and cavalier manner

that he did not want custom. "The truth is," said the gentleman, "he is as poor as a rat; but such is the man's churlishness, that I have been obliged to leave him myself, and go to a village five miles off."

Now, to what are this gross impolicy, this surliness, and utter intractability of character to be attributed? There appears no assignable reason but ignorance, and insolent usage by the higher classes, or by their servants. These people have not a numerous class of customers, who, when they choose their tradesmen as their fancy dictates, still divide and afford plenty of customers for all. There are a certain number of wealthy families, whose custom constitutes the bulk of the business of the neighbourhood. If they miss them, they feel sore; a spirit of jealousy and surly ill-will is generated. They are too ignorant to perceive that no good is done by resentment—that the best policy is politeness and superior management; and they become unmanageable, churlish, and extortionate. What is still more ludicrous is, that these people deal out their bows and lifting of their hats, by the exact rule of what they hope to get out of you. There is nothing like the cheerful civility of more mixed, and I must say, more morally healthful districts. You do not meet an open smile and a respectful greeting; it is either a servile obeisance, or a surly stare. Nothing like such a salutation as passes in other parts of the kingdom of, "How do you do, sir?"—or, "I hope you are very well, sir," could pass. To the stately grandeur of the wealthy families, such a salutation from any one not exactly of their own grade, would be regarded as the grossest insolence, and resented accordingly by an imperious stare. The only salutation, therefore, in passing between those of different classes, can only be a lifting or touching of the hat; and you will soon find that your tradesmen and their servants, off with their hats with great reverence and at great distances.* But all others give you a silent and sort of bull-froggish stare. If you ceased to employ a tradesman in the morning of any given day, in the afternoon of the same, should you meet him or any of his men, they would give you the dead set of not knowing you, any more than if they had never seen you.

This is all very pitiable, but it springs out of the nature of things, and admits of no alteration while the constitution of society remains the same in the same districts. There are, of course, some very excellent exceptions amongst the tradesmen; but the general character is what I have stated it. It is very probable that Clarendon, which is here, having been a court, may have produced its effect; for courts cannot exist without communicating their corruptions even to rural districts; and all here agree, that the

* A friend of mine says, that one of his tradesmen's servants regularly takes off his hat as he passes his house, though nobody is to be seen, as if it were a church or some more sacred place; and that he believes, if the house were shut up and the family absent, he would do the same from mere habit.

social features of which I am speaking in this paper, are more aggravated hereabout than in most other quarters of the juxta-metropolitan districts.

If such, then, be the condition of the middle class, it may readily be divined what is that of the peasantry. They are in the most stupid state of ignorance. The first thing which struck us, in them was, the absence of that open, good-humoured look, which is common to the peasantry of the midland and northern counties. There was a sullen boorishness about them, that produced a very unpleasant impression. If you attempted to get into conversation with them, you found it a difficulty. Instead of evincing any satisfaction in your attention, they appeared suspicious and uneasy. They evidently were not accustomed to be addressed with any degree of familiarity by their wealthier neighbours. Farther observation soon shewed us that there was a great gulf placed between them and that class which, by its affluence and station, might work wonders amongst them, by diffusing education and intelligence. They never saw the rich, except as they passed them in their carriages, or as they themselves happened to be employed in their grounds. The only intercourse which ever passed between them, was what George Fox used to call "hat-homage." They felt that they were treated with perfect contempt by the aristocracy, and they naturally lost that manly and open look and carriage which a man ought in every situation to maintain.* However poor a man may be, and however wealthy his neighbour, he ought never to forget, for a moment, that

"A man's a man for a' that,"

It is a sentiment which cannot expire, without a certain nobility of nature expiring with it. Self-respect is perfectly consistent with respect to every one who is worthy of it.

But while the peasantry of these districts are neglected by the aristocracy, there is neither a numerous middle class to take up their cause, nor do they exist in such numbers, or in such union themselves, as to supply, in any degree, the want of patrons and helpers. They are scattered about in their cottages, and are dependent for a livelihood on the aristocracy, who seldom see them, or on the farmers, who are nearly as ignorant as themselves. He who imagines the farmers in these districts anything like the farmers in the midland and northern counties, is very much mistaken. The farms are rarely large, and the farmers are rarely men

of that capital and education which they are more northward. In the north, the wealthy agriculturists are active promoters of education amongst the peasantry; but nearer the metropolis, the bulk of the farmers resemble the smallest class of farmers from the north. They are honest, plodding old chaps, who can just read and write themselves, and hate most cordially any attempt to instruct the labourers' children. Perhaps I may here be allowed to quote a passage from myself.

"The villages themselves are often very picturesque. They are frequently scattered along extensive commons, amidst abundant woods and grey heaths; generally buried in their old orchards, and built with many picturesque angles and projections; often thatched, and consisting of old framed timber-work, or wood altogether, with gardens full of flowers, and goodly rows of bee-hives. . . . But the people themselves seem lost in their umbrageous hamlets, and on their commons unthought of. There is the village of Oxshott, some three miles hence. Go through it on a Sunday, when the agricultural people are all at leisure, and there they are, as thick as motes in the sun, in the middle of the village street. There is no church; nor any inhabitants, but farmers and labourers. Boys, girls, men, and women, all seem to be out of doors, and all in their every-day garbs. The colour of tawny-soiled slops and straw-hats gives, as a painter would say, the prevailing tint to the scene. The boys are busy enough, playing at ball or cricket. The men seem to pass their time sitting on banks and stiles, a-gossiping or smoking in groups. Scarcely a soul will move out of the way to let you pass. The intellectual condition of this obscure hamlet is strikingly indicated to every passer through, by a large school-house, bearing on its front, cut in stone, this proud title—THE ROYAL KNUT SCHOOL, founded in 1820;† but which has since been so far confounded, that its windows are broken to atoms, and it is at once recent and in ruins! This state of things should not be suffered to continue. The vast wealth of the aristocracy living hereabout, and the ignorance around them very ill accord. Amongst the affluent families in this county, there are, no doubt, many who would be anxious to secure an education to the rural children, if they actually knew that it was needed! In the village of Kewer this has recently been done; let us hope that other places will 'go and do likewise.'‡

In Kewer, a gentleman who happened to be a

* Servants, by the haughty treatment which they have been uniformly accustomed to, have also contracted a very peculiar nature and notions. They look upon it as a part of gentility to be imperious and reserved; and they despise any one who relaxes the reins of discipline, speaks to them in any but an authoritative tone, or shows them indulgence. It had always been our custom to use conciliating language, and show as much kindness to our domestics as possible; but we soon found that here they could not bear it. They grew at once familiarly insolent, or everything went as speedily to confusion and neglect. It was evident that, if you treated them with anything but strict and positive dictation, they looked upon you as nobody. A lady of our acquaintance, going into the kitchen to iron some muslin collars of her own, which she did not like to trust to the maids, was speedily informed by the cook, that "the last mistress she lived with was quite a lady, and never did anything." These hints were not lost. By continuing to afford them every substantial comfort, but treating them as persons without a choice or an opinion, we found them turn out very good servants.

† "The Rural Life of England," Vol. II. p. 364, 5.

north-countryman, and therefore awake on the subject of education, made an inquiry, and found two hundred children in the parish running about without the slightest chance of learning their letters. He raised, after many difficulties and objections, a subscription, and collected them all into a school, and not before it was wanted. As I have observed, the Parliamentary Commissioners give a deplorable picture of the ignorance of the agricultural population in the counties bordering on the metropolis. In some parts of Essex, Sussex, Kent, Buckinghamshire, and Berkshire, schools of any kind are represented as unknown; and that in others, not more than one in fifteen of the labourers is able to read. In this part of Surrey, the difficulty is to find a labourer at all that can read, and none but those who have had to do with them can tell the density of their minds. The rust of ages seems to be settled upon them. If ignorance were laughable, some most ridiculous instances of it might be given. When I came here, I asked the gardener who had lived all his life here, what house in the village Jane and Anna Maria Porter, the novelists, used to occupy. He told me; and added, gratuitously—"How much these ladies were made of by the gentry!" "And on what account?" I asked. "Oh! they made drawings for young ladies, or something." As I was going into Chertsey one day, I was curious to know whether anything was remembered of Abraham Cowley, who lived some time and died there. There is a stone tablet fixed in the front of his house, still bearing Pope's line—

"Here the last numbers flowed from Cowley's tongue;" so that one would think the house a matter of sufficient notoriety in a place of perhaps a couple of thousands of population. I asked two old women who sat on a bank at the town-end, if they could tell me whereabouts Cowley's house stood. "Cowley! Cowley!" said they. "What is he?" "Nay," I observed, "it is rather what was he?" Oh, then, they knew nothing about him, and they knew nobody of that name. "Well, but," I added, "it is Cowley, the poet, that I mean." "A poet? a poet?" said one old woman to the other, looking very full of wonder—"what is a poet?" They shook their heads and could make nothing of it. I repeated my inquiries to every person that I saw, but with as little success, till I got very near to the house itself, when I found a man who knew it. My two little boys, the eldest not more than seven years of age, who were with me in the chaise, were vastly amused that nobody knew what a poet was, and continued repeating the old woman's query at intervals all the way home—"A poet! a poet! What's a poet?"

Looking at the general appearance of the habitations of the peasantry, you do not see that squalid poverty which you do in many manufacturing districts—nay, you would say that they were well off. They have their gardens, and vines on

their walls, and a good stock of fruit trees generally. I was myself so far deceived by appearances as to think, that however great their ignorance, they were not physically ill off. An occurrence last winter shewed how much I was mistaken, and how little the aristocracy knew of them or their concerns. Towards the end of that severe winter, it was found that the greater part of them had been out of employ for five months, and were in a state of absolute destitution, without either food or fuel. It is only justice to say that, the moment it was discovered, a liberal subscription was raised to assist them. But what remedy for the future? Who goes amongst them to teach them habits of providence, or to see whether their earnings will admit of laying up anything against winter. I have suggested to several persons to establish a branch Savings' Bank for them; but the only answer is—"It is useless—they would not avail themselves of it."

I have now, I think, developed the elements of a curious state of society, and one which must dispel any wonder at the ignorance hovering round the metropolis. Where the chief and most influential class is devoted to a life of pleasure, and is cut off by its habits from all contact and all knowledge of the others—where there are wanting the many degrees of property, and the busy multitude that creates a feeling of independence—then the populace must be neglected and untaught. At all events, there must be a class of persons of active mind and liberal views, who will feel a lively interest in the education of the labouring community, before that education will be attempted.

Those who know anything of the aristocracy will not expect them to issue from their parks, and descend from their chariots, to teach the peasantry, while Taglioni can dance or Grisi sing. The village tradesmen are not more likely to become the apostles of education; and the farmers hate it.* Unless, then, some national scheme of education be established—or some Education Society extend its views to the land of the shadow of death round London—or other William Allans send out their emissaries to ascertain where there is most need of schools, and build them, as he built one at Lindfield in Sussex—it is to be feared that "the people who sit in darkness" in these counties will not see, at present, any great light; and that other Thoms may arise, and find plenty of votaries equally credulous. I am, my dear sir, yours very truly,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

* The Methodists, who effect so much with their preachings and their Sunday schools amongst the poor, wherever there is a dense population, seem to make no way in a scattered one. Here we hear very little of them, or of any other Dissenters; so that the excitement and intelligence which they generally bring with them are wanting. One would think that a field-preacher would find a fine opening in such villages as Oxshott; but none seem to be aware of it.

A BRIEF APPRAISAL OF THE GREEK LITERATURE IN ITS FOREMOST PRETENSIONS :

By way of Counsel to Adults who are hesitating as to the Propriety of Studying the Greek Language with a view to the Literature ; and by way of consolation to those whom circumstances have obliged to lay aside that plan.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

No question has been coming up at intervals for reconsideration more frequently than that which respects the comparative pretensions of Pagan (viz., Greek and Roman) Literature on the one side, and Modern (that is, the Literature of Christendom) on the other. Being brought uniformly before unjust tribunals—that is, tribunals corrupted and bribed by their own vanity—it is not wonderful that this great question should have been stifled and overlaid with peremptory decrees, dogmatically cutting the knot rather than skilfully untying it, as often as it has been moved afresh, and put upon the roll for a re-hearing. It is no mystery to those who are in the secret, and who can lay A and B together, why it should have happened that the most interesting of all literary questions, and the most comprehensive, (for it includes most others, and some special to itself,) has, in the first place, never been pleaded in a style of dignity, of philosophic precision, of feeling, or of research, proportioned to its own merits, and to the numerous “issues” (forensically speaking) depending upon it ; nor, in the second place, has ever received such an adjudication as was satisfactory even at the moment. For, be it remembered, after all, that any provisional adjudication—one growing out of the fashion or taste of a single era—could not, at any rate, be binding for a different era. A judgment which met the approbation of Spenser could hardly have satisfied Dryden ; nor another which satisfied Pope, have been recognised as authentic by us of the year 1838. It is the normal or exemplary condition of the human mind, its ideal condition, not its abnormal condition, as seen in the transitory modes and fashions of its taste or its opinions, which only

“Can lay great bases for eternity,”

or give even a colourable permanence to any decision in a matter so large, so perplexed, so profound, as this great pending suit between antiquity and ourselves—between the junior men of this earth and ourselves, the seniors, as Lord Bacon reasonably calls us. Appeals will be brought *ad infinitum*—we ourselves shall bring appeals, to set aside any judgment that may be given, until something more is consulted than individual taste ; better evidence brought forward than the result of individual reading ; something higher laid down as the *grounds* of judgment, as the very principles of the jurisprudence which controls the court, than those vague *responsa prudentum*, countersigned by the great name, perhaps, of Aristotle, but still too often mere products of local convenience, of inexperience,

of experience too limited and exclusively Grecian, or of absolute caprice—rules, in short, which are themselves not less truly *sub judice* and liable to appeal than that very appeal cause to which they are applied as decisive.

We have remarked, that it is no mystery why the decision should have gone pretty uniformly in favour of the ancients ; for here is the dilemma:—A man, attempting this problem, *is or is not* a classical scholar. If he *is*, then he has already received a bias in his judgment ; he is a bribed man, bribed by his vanity ; and is liable to be challenged as one of the judges. If he is *not*, then he is but imperfectly qualified—imperfectly, as respects his knowledge and powers ; whilst, even as respects his will and affections, it may be alleged that he also is under a bias and a corrupt influence ; his interest being no less obvious to undervalue a literature, which, as to *him*, is tabooed and under lock and key, than his opponent’s is to put a preposterous value upon that knowledge which very probably is the one sole advantageous distinction between him and his neighbours.

We might cite an illustration from the French literary history on this very point. Every nation in turn has had its rows in this great quarrel, which is, in fact, coextensive with the controversies upon human nature itself. The French, of course, have had *theirs*—solemn tournaments, single duels, casual “turn-ups,” and regular “stand-up” fights. The most celebrated of these was in the beginning of the last century, when, amongst others who acted as bottle-holders, umpires, &c., two champions in particular “peeled” and fought a considerable number of rounds, mutually administering severe punishment, and both coming out of the ring disfigured : these were M. la Motte and Madame Dacier. But Motte was the favourite at first, and once he got Dacier “into chancery,” and “fibbed” her twice round the ropes, so that she became a truly pitiable and delightful spectacle to the connoisseurs in fibbing and bloodshed. But here lay the difference : Motte was a hard hitter ; he was a clever man, and (which all clever men are not) a man of sense ; but, like Shakespeare, he had no Greek. On the other hand, Dacier had nothing *but* Greek. A certain abbé, at that time, amused all Paris with his caricatures of this Madame Dacier, “who,” said he, “ought to be cooking her husband’s dinner, and darning his stockings, instead of skirmishing and tilting with Grecian spears ; for, be it known that, after all her *not cooking* and her *not darning*, she is as poor a scholar as her injured husband is a good one.” And there

the abbé was right; witness the husband's Horace, in 9 vols., against the wife's Homer. However, this was not generally understood. The lady, it was believed, waded petticoat-deep in Greek clover; and in any Grecian field of dispute, naturally she must be in the right, as against one who barely knew his own language and a little Latin. Motte was, therefore, thought by most people to have come off second best. For, as soon as ever he opened thus—"Madame, it seems to me that, agreeably to all commonsense or common decorum, the Greek poet should here"—instantly, without listening to his argument, the intrepid Amazon replied, (*ὑποδραϊόσα*;) "You foolish man! you remarkably silly man!—that is because you know no better; and the reason you know no better, is because you do not understand *ton d'apameibomenos* as I do." *Ton d'apameibomenos* fell like a hand-grenade amongst Motte's papers, and blew him up effectually in the opinion of the multitude. No matter what he might say in reply—no matter how reasonable, how unanswerable—that one spell of "No Greek! no Greek!" availed as a talisman to the lady both for offence and defence; and refuted all syllogisms and all eloquence as effectually as the cry of *A la lanterne!* in the same country some fourscore years after.

So it will always be. Those who (like Madame Dacier) possess no accomplishment but Greek, will, of necessity, set a super-human value upon that literature in all its parts, to which their own narrow skill becomes an available key. Besides that, over and above this coarse and conscious motive for overrating that which reacts with an equal and answerable overrating upon their own little philological attainments, there is another agency at work, and quite unconsciously to the subjects of that agency, in disturbing the sanity of any estimate they may make of a foreign literature. It is the habit (well known to psychologists) of transferring to anything created by our own skill, or which reflects our own skill, as if it lay causatively and objectively* in the reflecting thing itself, that pleasurable power which in very truth belongs subjectively* to the mind of him who surveys it, from conscious success in the exercise of his own energies. Hence it is that we see daily without surprise, young ladies hanging enamoured over the pages of an Italian author, and calling attention to trivial commonplaces, such as, clothed in plain mother English, would have been more repulsive to them than the distinctions of a theologian, or the counsels of a great-grandmother. They mistake for a pleasure yielded by the author, what is in fact the pleasure attending their own success in mastering what was lately an insuperable difficulty.

It is indeed a pitiable spectacle to any man of

* Objectively and subjectively are terms somewhat too metaphysical; but they are so indispensable to accurate thinking that we are inclined to shew them some indulgence; and, the more so, in cases where the mere position and connexion of the words are half sufficient to explain their application.

sense and feeling, who happens to be really familiar with the golden treasures of his own ancestral literature, and a spectacle which moves alternately scorn and sorrow, to see young people squandering their time and painful study upon writers not fit to unlace the shoes' latches of many amongst their own compatriots; making painful and remote voyages after the drossy refuse, when the pure gold lies neglected at their feet. Too often he is reminded of a case, which is still sometimes to be witnessed in London. Now and then it will happen that a lover of art, modern or antique alike, according to its excellence, will find himself honoured by an invitation from some *millionnaire*, or some towering grandee, to "assist," as the phrase is, at the opening of a case newly landed from the Tiber or the Arno, and fraught (as he is assured) with the very gems of Italian art, intermingled besides with many genuine antiques. He goes: the cases are solemnly disgorged; adulatory hangers on, calling themselves artists, and, at all events, so much so as to appreciate the solemn farce enacted, stand by uttering hollow applause of my Lord's taste, and endeavouring to play upon the tinkling cymbals of spurious enthusiasm: whilst every man of real discernment perceives at a glance the mere refuse and sweeping of a third-rate *studio*, such as many a native artist would disdain to turn out of his hands; and antiques such as could be produced, with a month's notice, by cart loads, in many an obscure corner of London. Yet for this rubbish has the great man taken a painful tour; compassed land and sea; paid away in exchange a king's ransom; and now claims on their behalf, the very humblest homage of artists who are taxed with the basest envy if they refuse it, and who, meantime, cannot in sincerity look upon the trumpery with other feelings than such as the potter's wheel, if (like Ezekiel's wheels) it were instinct with spirit, would entertain for the vilest of its own creations—culinary or "post-culinary" mugs and jugs. We, the writers of this paper, are not artists, are not connected with artists. God knows it, as well as Mr Tait. And yet, upon the general principle of sympathy with native merit, and of disgust towards all affectation, we cannot but recall such anecdotes with scorn; and often we recollect the stories recorded by poor Benvenuto Cellini, that dissolute but brilliant vagabond, who (like our own British artists) was sometimes upbraided with the degeneracy of modern art, and, upon his humbly requesting some evidence, received, by way of practical answer, a sculptured gem or vase, perhaps with a scornful demand of—when would he be able to produce anything like that—"eh, Master Ben? Fancy we must wait a few centuries or so, before you'll be ready with the fellow of this." And, lo! on looking into some hidden angle of the beautiful production, poor Cellini discovered his own private mark, the supposed antique having been a pure forgery of his own. Such cases remind one too forcibly of the pretty Horatian tale, where, in a corner be-

tween two men who undertake to mimic a pig's grunting, he who happens to be the favourite of the audience is applauded to the echo for his felicitous execution, and repeatedly *encored*, whilst the other man is hissed off the stage, and well kicked by a band of amateurs and cognoscenti, as a poor miserable copyist and impostor; but, unfortunately for the credit of his exploders, he has just time, before they have quite kicked him off, for exposing to view the real pig concealed under his cloak, which pig it was, and not himself, that had been the artist—forced by pinches into “mimicry” of his own porcine music. Of all baffled connoisseurs, surely these Roman pig-fanciers must have looked the most confounded. Yet there is no knowing: and we ourselves have a clever friend, but rather too given to subtilising, who contends, upon some argument not perfectly intelligible to us, that Horace was not so conclusive in his logic as he fancied; that the real pig might not have an “ideal” or normal squeak, but a peculiar and non-representative squeak; and that, after all, the man might deserve the “threshing” he got. Well, it may be so; but, however, the Roman audience, wrong or not, for once fancied themselves in the wrong; and we cannot but regret that our own ungenerous disparagers of native merit, and *exclusive* eulogisers of the dead or the alien—of those only “*quos Libitina sacravit*,” or whom oceans divide from us—are not now and then open to the same palpable refutation, as they are certainly guilty of the same mean error, in prejudging the whole question, and refusing to listen even to the plain evidence of their own feelings, or, in some cases, to the voice of their own senses.

From this preface it is already abundantly clear what side we take in this dispute about modern literature and the antique.* And we now propose to justify our leaning by a general review of the Pagan authors, in their elder section—that is, the Grecians. These will be enough in all conscience, for one essay; and even for them we meditate a very cursory inquest; not such as would suffice in a grand ceremonial day of battle—a *justum prælium*, as a Roman would call it—but in a mere perfunctory skirmish, or (if the reader objects to that word as pedantic, though, really, it is a highly favoured word amongst ancient divines, and with many a

“philosopher,
Who has read Alexander Ross over;”)

why, in that case, let us indulge his fastidious taste by calling it an autoschediastic combat, to

which, surely, there can be no such objection. And as the manner of the combat is autoschediastic or extemporaneous, and to meet a hurried occasion, so is the reader to understand that the object of our disputation is not the learned, but the unlearned student; and our purpose, not so much to discontent the one with his painful acquisitions, as to console the other under what, upon the old principle of *omne ignotum pro magifico*, he is too apt to imagine his irreparable disadvantages. We set before us, as our especial auditor, the reasonable man of plain sense but strong feeling, who wishes to know how much he has lost, and what injury the gods did him, when, though making him, perhaps, poetical, they cut short his allowance of Latin, and, as to Greek, gave him not a jot more than a cow has in her side pocket.

Let us begin at the beginning—and that, as everybody knows, is Homer. He is, indeed, so much at the beginning that, for that very reason, (if even there were no other,) he is, and will be ever more, supremely interesting. Is the unlearned reader aware of his age? Upon that point there are more hypotheses than one or even two. Some there are among the chronologers who make him eleven hundred years anterior to Christ. But those who allow him least, place him more than nine—that is, about two centuries before the establishment of the Grecian Olympiads, and (which is pretty nearly the same thing as regards time) before Romulus and Remus. Such an antiquity as this, even on its own account, is a reasonable object of interest. A poet, to whom the great-grandfather of old Ancus Martius (his grandfather, did we say—that is, avus?—nay, his *abavus*, his *atavus*, his *tritavus*) looked back as to one in a line with his remote ancestor—a poet who, if he travelled about as extensively as some have supposed him to do, or even as his own countryman Herodotus most certainly did five or six hundred years afterwards, might have conversed with the very workmen who laid the foundations of the first temple at Jerusalem—might have bent the knee before Solomon in all his glory:—Such a poet, were he no better than the worst of our own old metrical romancers, would—merely for his antiquity, merely for the sublime fact of having been coeval with the eldest of those whom the eldest of histories presents to our knowledge; coeval with the earliest kings of Judah, older than the greatest of the Judean prophets, older than the separation of the two Jewish crowns and the revolt of Israel, and, even with regard to Moses and to Joshua, not in any larger sense

* In general usage, “*The antique*” is a phrase limited to the expression of art; but improperly so. It is quite as legitimately used to denote the *literature* of ancient times, in contradistinction to the modern. As to the term *classical*, though generally employed as equivalent to Greek and Roman, the reader must not forget this is quite a false limitation, contradicting the very reason for applying the word in any sense to literature. For the application arose thus: The social body of Rome being divided into six classes, of which the lowest was the sixth, it followed that the highest was the first. Thence, by a natural process common to most languages, those who belonged to this highest had no number at all assigned to them. The very absence of a number, the calling them *classici*, implied that they belonged to the class emphatically, or *par excellence*. The *classici* meant, therefore, the grandees in social consideration; and thence by analogy in literature. But if this analogy be transferred from Rome to Greece, where it had no corresponding root in civic arrangements—nam, by parity of reason, to all nations.

junior than as we ourselves are junior to Chaucer—purely and exclusively with regard to these pretensions, backed and supported by an antique form of an antique language—the most comprehensive and the most melodious in the world, would—could—should—ought to merit a filial attention; and, perhaps with those who had waggon-loads of time to spare, might plead the benefit, beyond most of those in whose favour it was enacted, of that Horatian rule—

“*vos exemplaria Græcæ,
Nocturnâ vorante manu, vorante diurna.*”

In fact, when we recollect that, in round numbers, we ourselves may be considered as two thousand years in advance of Christ, and that (by assuming less even than a mean between the different dates assigned to Homer) he stands a thousand years before Christ, we find between Homer and ourselves a gulf of three thousand years, or about one clear half of the total extent which we grant to the present duration of our planet. This in itself is so sublime a circumstance in the relations of Homer to our era, and the sense of power is so delightfully titillated to that man's feeling, who, by means of Greek, and a very moderate skill in this fine language, is able to grasp the awful span, the vast arch of which one foot rest upon 1838, and the other almost upon the war of Troy—the mighty rainbow which, like the archangel in the Revelation, plants its western limb amongst the carnage and the magnificence of Waterloo, and the other amidst the vanishing gleams and the dusty clouds of Agamemnon's rearguard—that we may pardon a little exultation to the man who can actually mutter to himself, as he rides home of a summer evening, the very words and vocal music of the old blind man at whose command

“—————the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rose to the murmurs of the voiceful sea.”

But pleasures in this world fortunately are without end. And every man, after all, has many pleasures peculiar to himself—pleasures which no man shares with him, even as he is shut out from many of other men. To renounce one in particular, is no subject for sorrow, so long as many remain in that very class equal or superior. Elwood the Quaker had a luxury which none of us will ever have, in hearing the very voice and utterance of a poet quiet as blind as Homer, and by many a thousand times more sublime. And yet Elwood was not perhaps much happier for *that*. For now, to proceed, reader—abstract from his *sublime* antiquity, and his being the very earliest of authors, allowance made for one or two Hebrew writers, (who, being inspired, are scarcely to be viewed as human competitors,) how much is there in Homer, *intrinsically* in Homer, stripped of his fine draperies of time and circumstance, in the naked Homer, disapparelled of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious antiquity, to remunerate a man for his labour in acquiring Greek? Men think very differently about what *will* remunerate any given labour. A fool (professional fool) in Shakapere ascertains, by a natural process of logic, that a

“remuneration” means a *testoon*, which is just sixpence; and two remunerations, therefore, a *testoon*, or one shilling. But many men will consider the same service ill paid by a thousand pounds. So, of the reimbursement for learning a language. Lord Camden is said to have learned Spanish, merely to enjoy Don Quixote more easily. Cato, the elder Cato, after abusing Greek throughout his life, sat down in extreme old age to study it: and wherefore? Mr Coleridge mentions an author, in whom, upon opening his pages with other expectations, he stumbled upon the following fragrant passage:—“But from this frivolous digression upon philosophy and the fine arts, let us return to a subject too little understood or appreciated in these sceptical days—the subject of *dung*.” Now, *that* was precisely the course of thought with this old censorious Cato: So long as Greek offered, or seemed to offer, nothing but philosophy or poetry, he was clamorous against Greek; but he began to thaw and melt a little upon the charms of Greek—he “owned the soft impeachment,” when he heard of some Grecian treatises upon *beans* and *turnips*; and, finally, he sank under its voluptuous seductions, when he heard of others upon *duns*. There are, therefore, as different notions about a “remuneration” in this case, as the poor fool had met with in *his* case. We, however, unappalled by the bad names of “Goth,” “Vandal,” and so forth, shall honestly lay before the reader *our* notions.

When Dryden wrote his famous, indeed matchless, epigram upon the three great masters (or reputed masters) of the *Epos*, he found himself at no loss to characterise the last of the triad—no matter what qualities he imputed to the first and the second, he knew himself safe in imputing them all to the third. The mighty modern had everything that his predecessors were ever *thought* to have, as well as something beside.” So he expressed the surpassing grandeur of Milton, by saying that in him nature had embodied, by concentration as in one focus, whatever excellencies she had scattered separately amongst her earlier favourites. But, in strict regard to the facts, this is far from being a faithful statement of the relations between Milton and his elder brothers of the *Epos*: in sublimity, if that is what Dryden meant by “loftiness of thought,” it is not so fair to class Milton with the greatest of poets, as to class him apart, retired from all others, sequestered, “sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.” In other poets, in Dante for example, there may be rays, gleams, sudden coruscations, casual scintillations, of the sublime; but for any continuous and sustained blaze of the sublime, it is in vain to look for

“The beauty of this famous epigram lies in the *form* of the conception. The first had A; the second had B; and when nature, to furnish out a third, should have given him C, she found that A and B had already exhausted her cycle; and that she could distinguish her third great favourite only by giving him both A and B in combination. But the filling up of this outline is imperfect: for the A (*loftiness*) and the B (*majesty*) are one and the same quality, under different names.”

it, *except* in Milton, making allowances (as before) for the inspired sublimities of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and of the great Evangelist's Revelations. As to Homer, no critic who writes from personal and direct knowledge on the one hand, or who understands the value of words on the other, ever contended in any critical sense for sublimity, as a quality to which he had the slightest pretensions. What! not Longinus? If he did, it would have been of little consequence; for he had no field of comparison, as we, knowing no literature but one—whereas we have a range of seven or eight. But he did not: τὸ ὑψηλόν,* or the elevated, in the Longinian sense, expressed all, no matter of what origin, of what tendency, which gives a character of life and animation to composition—whatever raises it above the dead level of flat prosaic style. Emphasis, or what in an artist's sense gives relief to a passage, causing it to stand forward, and in advance of what surrounds it—that is the predominating idea in the “sublime” of Longinus. And this explains what otherwise has perplexed his modern interpreters—viz., that amongst the elements of his sublime, he ranks even the pathetic, i. e. (say they) what by connecting itself with the depressing passion of grief is the very counter-agent to the elevating affection of the sublime. True, most sapient sirs, my very worthy and approved good masters: but that very consideration should have taught you to look back, and reconsider your translation of the capital word ὑψος. It was rather too late in the day, when you had waded half-seas over in your translation, to find out either that you yourselves were ignoramuses, or that your principal was an ass. “Returning were as tedious as go o'er.” And any man might guess

how you would settle such a dilemma. It is, according to you, a little oversight of your principal: “*humanum aliquid passus est.*” We, on the other hand, affirm that, if an error at all on the part of Longinus, it is too monstrous for any man to have “overlooked.” As long as he could see a pike-staff, he must have seen that. And, therefore, we revert to our view of the case—viz., that it is yourselves who have committed the blunder, in translating by the Latin word *sublimis*† at all, but still more after it had received new determinations under modern usage.

Now, therefore, after this explanation, recurring to the Longinian critiques upon Homer, it will avail any idolator of Homer but little, it will affect us not much, to mention that Longinus makes frequent reference to the Iliad, as the great source of the sublime—

“A quo, ceu fonte perenni,
Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis;”

for, as respected Grecian poets, and as respected *his* sense of the word, it cannot be denied that Homer was such. He was the great well-head of inspiration to the Pagan poets of after times, who, however, (*as a body*), moved in the narrowest circle that has ever yet confined the natural freedom of the poetic mind. But, in conceding this, let it not be forgotten how much we concede—we concede as much as Longinus demanded; that is, that Homer furnished an ideal or model of fluent narration, picturesque description, and the first outlines of what could be called characteristic delineations of persons. Accordingly, uninventive Greece—for we maintain loudly that Greece, in her poets, was uninventive and sterile beyond the example of other nations—received, as a traditional inheritance

* Because the Latin word *sublimis* is applied to objects soaring upwards, or floating aloft, or at an aerial altitude, and because the word does *sometimes* correspond to our idea of the sublime, (in which the notion of height is united with the notion of moral grandeur,) and because, in the excessive vagueness and lawless latitudinarianism of our common Greek Lexicons, the word ὑψος is translated, *inter alia*, by *sublime*, *sublimitas*, &c. Hence it has happened that the title of the little essay ascribed to Longinus, Περὶ ὑψους, is usually rendered into English, *Concerning the sublime*. But the idea of the Sublime, as defined, circumscribed, and circumstantiated, in English literature—an idea altogether of English growth—the *sublime byway of polar antithesis to the Beautiful*, had no existence amongst ancient critics; consequently it could have no expression. It is a great thought, a true thought, a demonstrable thought, that the Sublime, as thus ascertained, and in contraposition to the Beautiful, grew up on the basis of *sexual* distinctions, the Sublime corresponding to the male, the Beautiful, its anti-pole, corresponding to the female. Behold! we shew you a mystery.

† No word has ever given so much trouble to modern critics as this very word (now under discussion) of the *sublime*. To those who have little Greek and no Latin, it is necessary in the first place that we should state what are the most obvious elements of the word. According to the noble army of etymologists, they are these two Latin words—*sub*, under, and *limus*, mud. Oh! gemini! who would have thought of groping for the sublime in such a situation as that?—unless, indeed, it were that writer cited by Mr Coleridge, and just now referred to by ourselves, who complains of frivolous modern readers, as not being able to raise and sequester their thoughts to the abstract consideration of dung. Hence it has followed, that most people have quarrelled with the etymology. Whereupon the late Dr Parr, of pedantic memory, wrote a huge letter to Mr Dugald Stewart, but the marrow of which lies in a nutshell, especially being rather hollow within. The learned doctor, in the first folio, grapples with the word *sub*, which, says he, comes from the Greek—so much is clear—but from what Greek, Bæsonian? The thoughtless world, says he, trace it to *sub*, (hypo) *sub*, i. e., under; but I, Ego, Samuel Parr, the Birmingham doctor, trace it to *super*, (hyper) *super*, i. e., above; between which the difference is not less than between a chestnut horse and a horse-chestnut. To this learned Parrian dissertation on mud, there cannot be much reasonably to object, except its length in the first place; and, secondly, that we ourselves exceedingly doubt the common interpretation of *limus*. Most unquestionably, if the sublime is to be brought into any relation at all to mud, we shall all be of one mind—that it must be found *above*. But to us it appears—that when the true modern idea of mud was in view, *limus* was not the word used. Cicerio, for instance, when he wishes to call Piso “filth, mud,” &c. calls him *Cænum*: and, in general, *limus* seems to have involved the notion of something adhesive, and rather to express *plaster*, or artificially prepared cement, &c., than that of filth or impure depositions. Accordingly, our own definition differs from the Parrian, or Birmingham definition; and may, nevertheless, be a Birmingham definition also. Not having room to defend it, for the present we forbear to state it.

the characters of the Paladins of the Troad.* Achilles is always the all-accomplished and supreme amongst these Paladins, the Orlando of ancient romance; Agamemnon, for ever the Charlemagne; Ajax, for ever the sullen, imperturbable, columnar champion, the Mandricardo, the *Bergen-op-Zoom* of his faction, and corresponding to our modern "Chicken" in the pugilistic ring, who was so called (as the books of the Fancy say) because he was a "glutton;" and a "glutton" in this sense—that he would take any amount of cramming, (i. e., any possible quantum of "milling," or "punishment.") Ulysses, again, is uniformly, no matter whether in the solemnities of the tragic scene, or the festivities of the Ovidian romance, the same shy cock, but also sly cock, with the least thought of a white feather in his plumage; Diomed is the same unmeaning double of every other hero, just as Rinaldo is with respect to his greater cousin, Orlando; and so of Teucer, Meriones, Idomeneus, and the other less-marked characters. The Greek drama took up these traditional characters, and sometimes deepened, saddened, exalted the features—as Sophocles, for instance, does with his "Ajax Flagellifer"—Ajax the knouter of sheep—where, by the way, the remorse and penitential grief of Ajax for his own self-degradation, and the depth of his affliction for the triumph which he had afforded to his enemies—taken in connexion with the tender fears of his wife, Tecmessa, for the fate to which his gloomy despair was too manifestly driving him; her own conscious desolation, and the orphan weakness of her son, in the event which she too fearfully anticipates—the final suicide of Ajax; the brotherly affection of Teucer to the widow and the young son of the hero, together with the unlooked-for sympathy of Ulysses, who, instead of exulting in the ruin of his antagonist, mourns over it with generous tears—compose a situation, and a succession of situations, not equalled in the Greek tragedy; and, in that instance, we see an effort, rare in Grecian poetry, of conquest achieved by idealization over a mean incident—viz., the hallucination of brain in Ajax, by which he mistakes the sheep for his Grecian enemies, ties them up for flagellation, and scourges them as periodically as if he were a critical reviewer. But really, in one extremity of this madness, where he fixes upon an old ram for Agamemnon, as the leader of the flock, the *'αυτῆς ἀνδρῶν Ἀλαμύωνων*, there is an extravagance of the ludicrous against which, though not exhibited scenically, but simply narrated, no solemnity of pathos could avail; even in narration, the violation of tragical dignity is insufferable, and

* There is a difficulty in assigning any term as comprehensive enough to describe the Grecian heroes and their antagonists, who fought at Troy. The seven chieftains against Thebes are described sufficiently as Theban captains; but, to say *Trojan* chieftains, would express only the heroes of one side; *Grecian*, again, would be liable to that fault equally, and to another far greater, of being under no limitation as to time. This difficulty must explain and (if it can) justify our collective phrase of the *Paladins of the Troad*.

is as much worse than the hyper-tragic horizon of "Titus Andronicus" (a play which is usually printed, without reason, amongst those of Shakspeare) as absolute farce or contradiction of all pathos must inevitably be a worse indecorum than physical horrors which simply outrage it by excess. Let us not, therefore, hear of the judgment displayed upon the Grecian stage, when even Sophocles, the chief master of dramatic economy and scenical propriety, could thus err by an aberration so far transcending the most memorable violation of stage decorum which has ever been charged upon the English drama.

From Homer, therefore, were left, as a bequest to all future poets, the romantic adventures which grow, as so many collateral dependencies,

"From the tale of Troy divine;"

and from Homer was derived also the discrimination of the leading characters, which, after all, were but coarsely and rudely discriminated; at least, for the majority. In one instance only we acknowledge an exception. We have heard a great modern poet dwelling with real and not counterfeit enthusiasm upon the character, (or rather upon the general picture, as made up both of character and position,) which the course of the Iliad assigns gradually to Achilles. The view which he took of this impersonation of human grandeur, combining all gifts of intellect and of body, matchless speed, strength, inevitable eye, courage, and the immortal beauty of a god, being also, by his birth-right, half-divine, and consecrated to the imagination by his fatal interweaving with the destinies of Troy, and to the heart by the early death which to *his own knowledge** impended over his magnificent career, and so abruptly shut up its vista—the view, we say, which our friend took of the presiding character throughout the "Iliad," who is introduced to us in the very first line, and who is only eclipsed for seventeen books, to emerge upon us with more awful lustre;—the view which he took was—that Achilles, and Achilles only, in the Grecian poetry, was a great idea—an idealized creation; and we remember that in this respect he compared the Homeric Achilles with the Angelica of Ariosto. Her only he regarded as an idealization in the "Orlando Furioso." And certainly in the luxury and excess of her all-conquering beauty, which drew after her from "ultimate Cathay" to the camps of the baptised in France, and back again, from the palace of Charlemagne, drew half the Paladins, and "half Spain militant," to the portals of the rising sun; that sovereign beauty which (to say nothing of kings and princes withered by her frowns) ruined for a time the most princely of all the Paladins, the supreme Orlando, crazed him with scorn,

"And robbed him of his noble wits outright!"

* "To his own knowledge"—see, for proof of this, the gloomy serenity of his answer to his dying victim, when predicting his approaching end—
"Enough; I knew my fate: to die—to see me more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shores;" &c. &c.

in all this, we must acknowledge a glorification of power not unlike that of Achilles:—

"Irresistible Pelides, whom, unarm'd,
No strength of man or wild beast could withstand;
Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid;
Ran on embattl'd armies clad in iron;
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, unless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail,
Adamantean proof;
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanced
Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Priamides
Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel,
Or, groveling, soil'd their crested helmets in the dust."

These are the words of Milton in describing that "heroic Nazarete," "God's champion"—

"Promis'd by heavenly message twice descending;
heralded, like Pelides,

"By an angel of his birth,
Who from his father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told;"

these are the celestial words which describe the celestial prowess of the Hebrew monomachist, the irresistible Sampson; and are hardly less applicable to the "champion paramount" of Greece confederate.

This, therefore, this unique conception, with what power they might, later Greek poets adopted; and the other Homeric characters they transplanted somewhat monotonously, but at times, we are willing to admit, and have already admitted, improving and solemnizing the original epic portraits when brought upon the stage. But all this extent of obligation amongst later poets of Greece to Homer serves less to argue his opulence than their penury. And if, quitting the one great blazing jewel, the Urim and Thummim of the "Iliad," you descend to individual passages of poetic effect; and if amongst these a fancy should seize you of asking for a specimen of the *Sublime* in particular, what is it that you are offered by the critics? Nothing that we remember beyond one single passage, in which the god Neptune is described in a steeple chase, and "making play" at a terrific pace. And certainly enough is exhibited of the old boy's hoofs, and their spanking qualities, to warrant our backing him against a railroad for a rump and dozen; but, after all, there is nothing to grow frisky about, as Longinus does, who gets up the steam of a blue-stocking enthusiasm, and boils us a regular gallop of ranting, in which, like the conceited snipe* upon the Liverpool railroad, he thinks himself to run a match with Sampson; and, whilst affecting to admire Homer, is manifestly squinting at the reader to see how far he admires his own flourish of admiration; and, in the very agony of his frosty raptures, is quite at

leisure to look out for a little private traffic of rapture on his own account. But it won't do; this old critical posture-master, (whom, if Aurelian hanged, surely he knew what he was about,) may as well put up his rapture pipes, and (as Lear says) "not squiny" at us; for let us ask Master Longinus, in what earthly respect do these great strides of Neptune exceed Jack with his seven-league boots? Let him answer that, if he can. We hold that Jack has the advantage. Or, again look at the Koran: does any man but a foolish Oriental think that passage sublime where Mahomet describes the divine pen? It is, says he, made of mother-of-pearl; so much for the "raw material," as the economists say. But now for the size: it can hardly be called a "portable" pen at all events, for we are told that it is so tall of its age, that an Arabian thoroughbred horse would require 500 years for galloping down the slit to the nib. Now this Arabic sublime is in this instance quite a kin brother to the Homeric.

However, it is likely that we shall here be reminded of our own challenge to the Longinian word ὑψηλον as not at all corresponding, or even alluding to the modern word sublime. But in this instance, the distinction will not much avail that critic—for no matter by what particular word he may convey his sense of its quality, clear it is, by his way of illustrating its peculiar merit, that, in his opinion, these huge strides of Neptune's have something supernaturally grand about them. But, waiving this solitary instance in Homer of the sublime, according to his idolatrous critics—of the pseudo sublime according to ourselves—in all other cases where Longinus, or any other Greek writer has cited Homer as the great exemplary model of ὑψος in composition, we are to understand him according to the Grecian sense of that word. He must then be supposed to praise Homer, not so much for any ideal grandeur either of thought, image, or situation, as in a general sense for his animated style of narration, for the variety and spirited effect with which he relieves the direct formal narration in his own person by dialogue between the subjects of his narration, thus ventriloquising and throwing his own voice as often as he can into the surrounding objects—or again for the similes and allusive pictures by which he points emphasis to a situation or interest to a person.

Now then we have it: when you describe Homer, or when you hear him described as a lively picturesque old boy, [by the way, why does every body speak of Homer as old?] full of life, and animation, and movement, then you say (or you hear say) what is true, and not much more than what is true. Only about that word picturesque we demur a little: as a surgeon, he certainly is picturesque; for Howship upon gunshot wounds is a joke to him when he lectures upon *traumacy*, if we may presume to coin that word, or upon traumatic philosophy, (as Mr McCulloch says so grandly, Economic Science.) But, apart from this, we cannot allow that simply to say Ζακύνθος νερμώδης, woody Zacythus, is any

* On the memorable inaugural day of the Liverpool railroad, when Mr Huskisson met with so sad a fate, a snipe or a plover tried a race with Sampson, one of the engines. The race continued neck and neck for about six miles, after which, the snipe finding itself likely to come off second best, found it convenient to wheel off, at a turn of the road, into the solitudes of Chat Moss.

better argument of picturesqueness than Stony Stratford, or Harrow on the Hill. Be assured, reader, that the Homeric age was not ripe for the picturesque. "Pries on the Picturesque," or, "Gilpin on Forest Scenery," would both have been sent post-haste to bedlam in those days; or perhaps Homer himself would have tied a millstone about their necks, and have sunk them as public nuisances by woody Zante. Besides, it puts almost an extinguisher on any little twinkling of the picturesque that might have flared up at times from this or that suggestion, when each individual had his own regular epithet stereotyped to his name like a brass plate upon a door: Hector, the tamer of horses; Achilles, the swift of foot; the ox-eyed, respectable Juno. Some of the "big uns," it is true, had a dress and an undress suit of epithets: as for instance, Hector was also *καρυθαίολος*, Hector with the tossing or the variegated plumes. Achilles again was *διος* or divine. But still the range was small, and the monotony was dire.

And now, if you come in good earnest to picturesqueness, let us mention a poet in sober truth worth five hundred of Homer, and that is Chaucer. Shew us a piece of Homer's handywork that comes within a hundred leagues of that divine prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," or of "The Knight's Tale," of the "Man of Law's Tale," or of the "Tale of the Patient Griseldis," or, for intense life of narration and festive wit, to the "Wife of Bath's Tale." Or, passing out of the "Canterbury Tales" for the picturesque in human manner and gesture, and play of countenance, never equalled as yet by Pagan or Christian, go to the Troilus and Cressid, and, for instance, to the conversation between Troilus and Pandarus, or, again, between Pandarus and Cressid. Rightly did a critic of the 17th century pronounce Chaucer a miracle of natural genius, as having "taken into the compass of his 'Canterbury Tales,' the various manners and humours of the whole English nation in his age: not a single character has escaped him." And this critic then proceeds thus:—"The matter and manner of these tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and calling, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different. But there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty." And soon after he goes on to assert, (though Heaven knows in terms far below the whole truth,) the superiority of Chaucer to Boccaccio. And, in the meantime, who was this eulogist of Chaucer? Why, the man who himself was never equalled upon this earth, unless by Chaucer, in the art of fine narration: it is John Dryden whom we have been quoting.

Between Chaucer and Homer—as to the main art of narration, as to the picturesque life of the

manners, and as to the exquisite delineation of character—the interval is as wide as between Shakespeare, in dramatic power, and Nic. Rowe.

And we might wind up this main chapter,* of the comparison between Grecian and English literature—viz., the chapter on Homer, by this tight dilemma. You do or you do not use the Longinian word *ὕψος* in the modern sense of the sublime. If you do not, then of course you translate it in the Grecian sense, as explained above; and in that sense, we engage to produce many scores of passages from Chaucer, not exceeding 50 to 80 lines, which contain more of picturesque simplicity, more tenderness, more fidelity to nature, more felicity of sentiment, more animation of narrative, and more truth of character, than can be matched in all the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey." On the other hand, if by *ὕψος* you choose absurdly to mean sublimity in the modern sense, then it will suffice for us that we challenge you to the production of one instance which truly and incontestably embodies that quality.* The burthen of proof rests upon you who affirm, not upon us who deny. Meantime, as a kind of choke-pear, we leave with the Homeric adorer this one brace of portraits, or hints for such a brace, which we commend to his comparison, as Hamlet did the portraits of the two brothers to his besotted mother. We are talking of the sublime: that is our thesis. Now observe: there is a catalogue in the Iliad—there is a catalogue in the Paradise Lost. And, like the river of Macedon and of Monmouth, the two catalogues agree in that one fact—viz., that they are such. But as to the rest, we are willing to abide by the issue of that one comparison, left to the very dullest sensibility, for the decision of the total question at issue. And what is that? Not, Heaven preserve us! as to the comparative claims of Milton and Homer in this point of sublimity—for surely it would be absurd to compare him who has most with him whom we affirm to have none at all—but whether Homer has the very smallest pretensions in that point. The result, as we state it, is this:—The catalogue of the ruined angels in Milton, is, in itself taken separately, a perfect poem, with the beauty, and the felicity, and the glory of a dream. The Homeric catalogue of ships is exactly on a level with the muster-roll of a regiment, the register of a tax-gatherer, the catalogue of an auctioneer. Nay, some catalogues are far more interesting, and more alive with meaning. "But him followed fifty black ships!"—"But him follow seventy black ships!" Faugh! We could make a more readable poem out of an Insolvent's Balance Sheet.

* The description of Apollo in wrath as with *cosmos*, like night, is a doubtful case. With respect to the shield of Achilles, it cannot be denied that the general conception has, in common with all abstractions (as e.g. the abstractions of dreams, of prophetic visions, such as that in the 6th Æneid, that to Macbeth, that shown by the angel Michael to Adam,) something fine and, in its own nature, let the execution be what it may, sublime. But this part of the Iliad, we firmly believe to be an interpolation of times long posterior to that of Homer.

One other little suggestion we could wish to offer. Those who would contend against the vast superiority of Chaucer, (and him we mention chiefly because he really has in excess those very qualities of life, motion, and picturesque simplicity, to which the Homeric characteristics chiefly tend,) ought to bear in mind one startling fact evidently at war with the *degrees* of what is claimed for Homer. It is this: Chaucer is carried naturally by the very course of his tales into the heart of domestic life, and of the scenery most favourable to the movements of human sensibility. Homer, on the other hand, is kept out of that sphere, and is imprisoned in the monotonies of a camp or a battle-field, equally by the necessities of his story, and by the proprieties of Grecian life, (which in fact are pretty nearly those of Turkish life at this day.) Men and women meet only under rare, hurried, and exclusive circumstances. Hence it is, that throughout the entire "Iliad," we have but one scene in which the finest affections of the human heart can find an opening for display; of course, everybody knows at once that we are speaking of the scene between Hector, Andromache, and the young Astyanax. No need for question here; it is Hobson's choice in Greek literature, when you are seeking for the poetry of human sensibilities. One such scene there is, and no more; which of itself, is some reason for suspecting its authenticity. And, by the way, at this point, it is worth while remarking, that a late excellent critic always pronounced the words applied to Andromache *δακρυσιν ἰλασασα* (*tearfully smiling, or, smiling through her tears,*) a mere Alexandrian interpolation. And why? Now mark the reason. Was it because the circumstance is in itself vicious, or out of nature? Not at all: nothing more probable or more interesting under the general situation of peril combined with the little incident of the infant's alarm at the plumed helmet. But any just taste feels it to be out of the Homeric key; the barbarism of the age, not mitigated (as in Chaucer's far less barbarous age) by the tenderness of Christian sentiment, turned a deaf ear and a repulsive aspect to such beautiful traits of domestic feeling; to Homer himself the whole circumstance would have been one of pure effeminacy. Now, we recommend it to the reader's reflection—and let him weigh well the condition under which that poetry moves that cannot indulge a tender sentiment without being justly suspected of adulterous commerce with some after age. This remark, however, is by the by; having grown out of the *δακρυσιν ἰλασασα*, itself a digression. But, returning from that to our previous theme, we desire every candid reader to ask himself what must be the character, what the circumscription, of that poetry which is limited, by its very subject,* to a scene of such

intense uniformity as a battle or a camp; and by the prevailing spirit of manners to the exclusive society of men. To make bricks without straw, was the excess even of Egyptian bondage; Homer could not fight up against the necessities of his age, and the defects of its manners. And the very apologies which will be urged for him, drawn as they must be from the spirit of manners prevalent in his era, are reciprocally but so many reasons for not seeking in him the kind of poetry which has been ascribed to him by ignorance, or by defective sensibility, or by the mere self-interest of pedantry.

From Homer, the route stretches thus:—The Grecian drama lies about six hundred years nearer to the Christian era, and Pindar lies in the interval. These—i. e., the Dramatic and Lyric—are the important chapters of the Greek poetry; for as to Pastoral poetry, having only Theocritus surviving, and a very little of Bion and Moschus, and of these one only being of the least separate importance—we cannot hold that department entitled to any notice in so cursory a review of the literature, else we have much to say on this also. Besides that, Theocritus was not a natural poet, indigenous to Sicily, but an artificial blue-stocking; as was Callimachus in a different class.

The drama we may place loosely in the generation next before that of Alexander the Great. And his era may be best remembered by noting it as 333 years B. C. Add thirty years to this era—that will be the era of the Drama. Add a little more than a century, and that will be the era of Pindar. Him, therefore, we will notice first.

Now, the chief thing to say as to Pindar is—to shew cause, good and reasonable, why no man of sense should trouble his head about him. There was in the seventeenth century a notion prevalent about Pindar, the very contradiction to the truth. It was imagined that he "had a demon;" that he was under a burthen of prophetic inspiration; that he was possessed, like a Hebrew prophet or a Delphic priestess, with divine fury. Why was this thought?—simply because no mortal read him. Laughable it is to mention, that Pope, when a very young man, and writing his "Temple of Fame," (partly on the model of Chaucer's,) when he came to the great columns and their bas-reliefs in that temple, each of which is sacred to one honoured name, having but room in all for six, chose Pindar for one* of the six. And the first bas-relief on Pindar's column is so pretty, that we shall quote it; especially as it suggested Gray's car for Dryden's "less presumptuous flight!"

"Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight;

* But the *Odyssey*, at least, it will be said, is not thus limited: no, not by its subject; because it carries us amongst cities and princes in a state of peace; but it is

equally limited by the spirit of manners; we are never admitted amongst women, except by accident (*Nausicaa*)—by necessity (*Penelope*)—or by romance (*Circæ*).
* The other five were Homer, Virgil, Locrine, Aristotle, Cicero.

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god."

Then follow eight lines describing other bas-reliefs, containing "the figured games of Greece." (Olympic, Nemean, &c.) But what we spoke of as laughable in the whole affair is, that Master Pope neither had then read one line of Pindar, nor ever read one line of Pindar: and reason good; for at that time he could not read the simple Homeric Greek; while the Greek of Pindar exceeds all other Greek in difficulty, excepting, perhaps, a few amongst the tragic choruses, which are difficult for the very same reason—lyric abruptness, lyric involution, and lyric obscurity of transition. Not having read Homer, no wonder that Pope should place, amongst the bas-reliefs illustrating the "Iliad," an incident which does not exist in the "Iliad."* Not having read Pindar, no wonder that Pope should ascribe to Pindar qualities which are not only imaginary, but in absolute contradiction to his true ones. A more sober old gentleman does not exist: his demoniac possession is a mere fable. But there are two sufficient arguments for not reading him, so long as innumerable books of greater interest remain unread. First, he writes upon subjects that, to us, are mean and extinct—race-horses that have been defunct for twenty-five centuries, chariots that were crazy in his own day, and contests with which it is impossible for us to sympathise. Then his digressions about old genealogies are no whit better than his main theme, nor more amusing than a Welshman's pedigree. The best translator of any age, Mr Carey, who translated Dante, has done what human skill could effect to make the old Theban readable; but, after all, the man is yet to come who *has* read Pindar, *will* read Pindar, or *can* read Pindar, except, indeed, a translator in the way of duty. And the son of Philip himself, though he bade "spare the house of Pindarus," we vehemently suspect, never read the works of Pindarus; that labour he left to some future Hercules. So much for his subjects: but a second objection is—his metre. The hexameter, or heroic metre of the ancient Greeks is delightful to our modern ears; so is the Iambic metre fortunately of the stage: but the Lyric metres generally, and those of Pindar without one exception, are as utterly without meaning to us, as merely chaotic labyrinths of sound, as Chinese music or Dutch concertos. Need we say more?

Next comes the drama. But this is too weighty a theme to be discussed slightly; and the more so because here only we willingly concede a strong motive for learning Greek; here, only, we hold the want of a ready introduction to be a serious misfortune. Our general argu-

ment, therefore, which had for its drift to depreciate Greek, dispenses, in this case, with our saying anything; since every word we *could* say would be hostile to our own purpose. However, we shall, even upon this field of the Greek literature, deliver one oracular sentence, tending neither to praise nor dispraise it, but simply to state its relations to the modern, or, at least, the English drama. In the ancient drama, to represent it justly, the unlearned reader must imagine grand situations, impressive groups; in the modern tumultuous movement, a grand stream of action. In the Greek drama, he must conceive the presiding power to be *Death*; in the English, *Life*. What *Death*?—What *Life*? That sort of death or of life locked up and frozen into everlasting alumber, which we see in sculpture; that sort of life, of tumult, of agitation, of tendency to something beyond, which we see in painting. The picturesque, in short, domineers over English tragedy; the sculptural, or the statuesque, over the Grecian.

The moralists, such as Theophrastus, the miscellaneous or didactic poets, such as Hesiod, are all alike below any notice in a sketch like this. The Epigrammatists, or writers of monumental inscriptions, &c., remain; and they, next after the dramatic poets, present the most interesting field by far in the Greek literature; but these are too various to be treated otherwise than *en passant* and in detail.

There remains the prose literature; and, with the exception of those critical writers who have written on rhetoric, (such as Hermogenes, Diochysius of Halicarnassus, Demetrius Phalerus, &c., &c., some of whom are the best writers extant, on the mere art of constructing sentences, but could not interest the general reader,) the prose writers may be thus distributed: 1st, the orators, 2d, the historians; 3d, the philosophers; 4th, the literateurs, (such as Plutarch, Lucian, &c.)

As to the philosophers, of course there are only two who can present any general interest—Plato and Aristotle; for Xenophon is no more a philosophic writer than our own Addison. Now, in this department, it is evident that the matter altogether transcends the manner. No man will wish to study a profound philosopher, but for some previous interest in his doctrines; and, if by any means a man has obtained this, he may pursue this study sufficiently through translations. It is true that neither Sydenham nor Taylor has done justice to Plato, for example, as respects the colloquial graces of his style; but, when the object is purely to pursue a certain course of principles and inferences, the student cannot complain much that he has lost the dramatic beauties of the dialogue, or the luxuriance of the style. These he was not then seeking, by the supposition—what he *did* seek, is still left; whereas in poetry, if the golden apparel is lost, if the music has melted away from the thoughts, all, in fact, is lost. Old Hobbes, or Ogilvie, is no more Homer than the score of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" is Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

* Viz., the supposed dragging of Hector three times round Troy by Achilles—a mere post-Homeric fable. But it is ludicrous to add, that, in after years—nay, when nearly at the end of his translation of the "Iliad," in 1718—Pope took part in a discussion upon Homer's reasons for ascribing such conduct to his hero, seriously arguing the *pro* and *con* upon a pure fiction.

If, however, Grecian philosophy presents no absolute temptations to the attainment of Greek, far less does Grecian history. If you except later historians—such as Diodorus, Plutarch, and those (like Appian, Dionysius, Dion Cassius) who wrote of Roman things and Roman persons in Greek, and Polybius, who comes under the same class, at a much earlier period—and none of whom have any interest of style, excepting only Plutarch:—these dismissed, there are but three who can rank as classical Greek historians; *three who can lose by translation*. Of these the eldest, Herodotus, is perhaps of real value. Some call him the father of history; some call him the father of lies. Time and Major Rennel have done him ample justice. Yet here, again, see how little need of Greek for the amplest use of a Greek author. Twenty-two centuries and more have passed since the fine old man read his history at the Grecian games of Olympia. One man only has done him right, and put his enemies under his footstool; *and yet this man had no Greek*. Major Rennel read Herodotus only in the translation of Beloe. He has told us so himself. Here, then, is a little fact, my Grecian boys, that you won't easily get over. The father of history, the eldest of prose writers, has been first explained, illustrated, justified, liberated from scandal and disgrace, first had his geography set to rights, first translated from the region of fabulous romance, and installed in his cathedral chair, as Dean (or eldest) of historians, by a military man, who had no more Greek than Shakespeare, or than we (perhaps you, reader) of the Kalmuck.

Next comes Thucydides. He is the second in order of time amongst the Grecian historians who survive, and the first of those (a class which Mr Southey, the laureate, always speaks of as the corruptors of genuine history) who affect to treat it philosophically. If the philosophic historians are not always so faithless as Mr Southey alleges, they are, however, always guilty of dullness. Commend us to one picturesque, garrulous old fellow, like Froissart, or Philip de Comines, or Bishop Burnet, before all the philosophic proser that ever prosed. These picturesque men will lie a little now and then, for the sake of effect—but so will the philosophers. Even Bishop Burnet, who, by the way, was hardly so much a picturesque as an anecdotal historian, was famous for his gift of lying; so diligently had he cultivated it. And the Duchess of Portsmouth told a noble lord, when inquiring into the truth of a particular fact stated by the very reverend historian, that he was notorious in Charles the Second's court, and that no man believed a word he said. But now Thucydides, though writing about his own time, and doubtless embellishing by fictions not less than his more amusing brethren, is as dull as if he prided himself on veracity. Nay, he tells us no secret anecdotes of the times—surely there must have been many; and this proves to us, that he was a low fellow without political connexions, and that he never had been behind the curtain. Now, what business had

such a man to set himself up for a writer of history and a speculator on politics? Besides, his history is imperfect; and, suppose it were not, what is its subject? Why simply one single war; a war which lasted twenty-seven years; but which, after all, through its whole course was enlivened by only two events worthy to enter into general history—viz, the plague of Athens, and the miserable licking which the Athenian invaders received in Sicily. This dire overthrow dished Athens out and out; for one generation to come, there was an end of Athenian domination; and that arrogant state, under the yoke of their still baser enemies of Sparta, learned experimentally what were the evils of a foreign conquest. There was therefore, in the domination of the Thirty Tyrants, something to “point a moral” in the Peloponnesian war: it was the judicial reaction of martial tyranny and foreign oppression, such as we of this generation have beheld in the double conquest of Paris by insulted and outraged Christendom. But nothing of all this will be found in Thucydides—he is as cool as a cucumber upon every act of atrocity; whether it be the bloody abuse of power, or the bloody retribution from the worm that, being trampled on too long, turns at last to sting and to exterminate—all alike he enters in his day-book and his ledger, posts them up to the account of brutal Spartan or polished Athenian, with no more expression of his feelings (if he had any) than a merchant making out an invoice of punchcoons that are to steal away men's wits, or of frankincense and myrrh that are to ascend in devotion to the saints. Herodotus is a fine, old, genial boy, that, like Froissart or some of the crusading historians, kept himself in health and jovial spirits by travelling about; nor did he confine himself to Greece or the Grecian islands; but he went to Egypt, got bousy in the Pyramid of Cheops, ate a beef-steak in the hanging-gardens of Babylon, and listened to no sailors' yarns at the Piræus, which doubtless, before his time, had been the sole authority for Grecian legends concerning foreign lands. But, as to Thucydides, our own belief is, that he lived like a monk shut up in his museum or study; and that, at the very utmost, he may have gone in the steamboat* to Corfu, (i. e. Coreyra,) because *that* was the island which occasioned the row of the Peloponnesian war.

Xenophon now is quite another sort of man; he could use his pen; but also he could use his sword; and (when need was) his heels, in running away. His Grecian history of course is a mere fraction of the general history; and, moreover, our own belief, founded upon the differences of the style, is, that the work now received for his must be spurious. But in this place the question is not worth discussing. Two works remain, professedly historical, which, be-

* “In the steamboat!” Yes, reader, the steamboat. It is clear that there was one in Homer's time. See the art. *Phæacian* in the “*Odyssey*!” If it paid then, 2 *fortiori* six hundred years after. The only point unknown about it, is the captain's name and the state-cabin fees.

yond a doubt, are his; and one of them the most interesting prose work by much which Athens has bequeathed us; though, by the way, Xenophon was living in a sort of elegant exile at a chateau in Thessaly, and not under Athenian protection, when he wrote it. Both of his great works relate to a Persian Cyrus, but to a Cyrus of different centuries. The "Cyropædia" is a romance, pretty much on the plan of Fenelon's "Telemaque," only (Heaven be praised!) not so furiously apoplectic. It pursues the great Cyrus the founder of the Persian empire, the Cyrus of the Jewish prophets, from his infancy to his death-bed; and describes evidently not any real prince, according to any authentic record of his life, but, upon some basis of hints and vague traditions, improves the actual Cyrus into an ideal fiction of a sovereign and a military conqueror, as he *ought* to be. One thing only we shall say of this work, though no admirers ourselves of the twaddle which Xenophon elsewhere gives us as philosophic memorabilia, that the episode of Abradates and Panthea (especially the behaviour of Panthea after the death of her beloved hero, and the incident of the dead man's hand coming away on Cyrus grasping it) exceeds for pathos everything in Grecian literature, always excepting the Greek drama, and comes nearest of anything, throughout Pagan literature, to the impassioned simplicity of Scripture, in its tale of Joseph and his brethren. The other historical work of Xenophon is the "Anabasis." The meaning of the title is *the going-up or ascent*—viz., of Cyrus the younger. This prince was the younger brother of the reigning king Artaxerxes, nearly two centuries from Cyrus the Great; and, from opportunity rather than a better title, and because his mother and his vast provincial government furnished him with royal treasures able to hire an army, most of all, because he was richly endowed by nature with personal gifts—took it into his head that he would dethrone his brother; and the more so, because he was only his half-brother. His chance was a good one: he had a Grecian army, and one from the very *élite* of Greece; whilst the Persian king had but a small corps of Grecian auxiliaries, long enfeebled by Persian effeminacy and Persian intermarriages. Xenophon was personally present in this expedition. And the catastrophe was most singular, such as does not occur once in a thousand years. The cavalry of the great King retreated before the Greeks continually, no doubt from policy and secret orders; so that, when a pitched battle became inevitable, the foreign invaders found themselves in the very heart of the land, and close upon the Euphrates. The battle was fought: the foreigners were victorious: they were actually singing *Te Deum* or *Io Paan* for their victory, when it was discovered that their leader, the native prince in whose behalf they had conquered, was missing; and soon after, that he was dead. What was to be done? The man who should have improved their victory, and placed them at his right hand when on the throne of Persia,

was no more; key they had none to unlock the great fortresses of the empire, none to unleash the enthusiasm of the native population. Yet such was the desperation of their circumstances, that a *coup-de-main* on the capital seemed their best chance. The whole army was and felt itself a forlorn hope. To go forward was desperate, but to go back much more so; for they had a thousand rivers without bridges in their rear; and if they set their faces in that direction, they would have 300,000 light cavalry upon their flanks, besides nations innumerable—

"Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd; fierce fellows who understood no Greek, and, what was worse, no joking, but well understood the use of the scymitar. Bad as things were, they soon became worse; for the chiefs of the Grecian army, being foolish enough to accept a dinner invitation from the Persian commander-in-chief, were assassinated; and the words of Milton became intelligible—that in the lowest deep a lower deep had opened to destroy them. In this dilemma, Xenophon, the historian of the expedition, was raised to a principal command; and by admirable skill he led back the army by a different route to the Black Sea, on the coast of which he knew that there were Grecian colonies: and from one of these he obtained shipping, in which he coasted along (when he did not march by land) to the mouth of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. This was the famous retreat of the ten thousand; and it shews how much defect of literary skill there was in those days amongst Grecian authors, that the title of the book, "*The Going Up*," does not apply to the latter and more interesting seven-eighths of the account. The *Going Up* is but the preparation or preface to the *Going Down*, the *Anabasis* to the *Katabasis*, in which latter part it is that Xenophon plays any conspicuous part. A great political interest, however, over and above the personal interest, attaches to this expedition: for there can be no doubt, that to this proof of weakness in the Persian empire, and perhaps to this, as recorded by Xenophon, was due the expedition of Alexander in the next generation, which changed the face of the world.

The literateurs, as we have styled Plutarch and Lucian, though far removed from the true classical era, being both posterior to Christianity, are truly interesting. And, for Lucian in particular, though he is known by reputation only as a humorous and sneering writer, we can say, upon our personal knowledge, that there are passages of more terrific effect, more German, and approaching to the sublime, than anywhere else in Greek literature, out of the tragic poets. Of Plutarch we need hardly speak; one part of his voluminous works—viz., his biographies of Greek and Roman leaders in arts* and arms—being so familiar to all nations;

* "In arts," we say, because great orators are amongst his heroes; but, after all, it is very questionable whether, simply as orators, Plutarch would have noticed them. They were also statesmen; and Mitford always traces Demosthenes as first lord of the treasury and so forth. Plutarch records no poet, no artist, however brilliant.

and having been selected by Rousseau as the book for him who should be limited (or, like Collins the poet, should limit himself) to one book only—a foolish choice undoubtedly, but still arguing great range of resources in Plutarch, that he should be thought of after so many myriads of modern books had widened the range of selection. Meantime, the reader is not to forget that, whatever may be his powers of amusement, a more inaccurate or faithless author as to dates, and, indeed, in all matters of research, does not exist than Plutarch. We make it a rule, whenever we see *Plut.* at the bottom of a dictionary article, as the authority on which it rests, to put the better half down as a bouncer. And, in fact, Joe Miller is quite as good authority for English history as Plutarch for Roman.

Now remain the orators; and of these we have a right to speak, for we have read them; and, believe us, reader, not above one or two men in

a generation have. If the Editor would allow us room, we would gladly contrast them with modern orators; and we could easily shew how prodigious are the advantages of modern orators in every point which can enter into a comparison. But to what purpose? Even modern orators, with all the benefit of modern interest, and of allusions everywhere intelligible, are not read in any generation after their own, pulpit orators only being excepted. So that, if the gods *had* made our reader a Grecian, surely he would never so far mispend his precious time, and squander his precious intellect upon old dusty quarrels, never of more value to a philosopher than a tempest in a wash-hand basin, but now stuffed with obscurities which no man can explain, and with lies to which no man can bring the counter-statement. But this would furnish matter for a separate paper.

SONG FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER.

BY SAMUEL BAMFORD.

AUTUMN blithe is come again,
With her brown and merry train—
I caught a sweet glance of her face:
With a sickle in her hand,
She came o'er the golden land;
And reapers came shearing apace.

Bending lowly as they step,
First they hook, and then they grip;
Cut and carry, with hook and with hand.
Merry gleaners sing behind,
Sweet as viol of the wind;
For the poor still have joys in the land.

Blessed one is he who leaves,
By his furrows and his sheaves,
A crumb for the humble and poor;
Winter thorough shall he rest,
With his harvest hous'd and bless'd,
And no wail shall be heard at his door.

Now the cherry-lipped maid
Unto orchard bow'r hath stray'd,
Where the plums are all dropping adown;
And the apple, bright as gold,
On the soft green sward hath rolled;
And the sweet pear, so melting and brown.

Then come forth the aged dame,
And old John, a little lame;
And baskets are filled with the store.
Rarest fruit will soon be seen
At the market cross, I ween—
Such fruit as was scarce seen before.

Bonny Bess, and rosy Kate,
Are gone down through the gate—

Twain fairer are seldom a-field;
And, with each a handy fork,
They set cheerfully to work
At the drills where the potatoes yield.

There's "Red Farmer," dusky sweep,
(That's a famous sort to keep;)—
And "Pink Eye," and rough-coated "Rad;"
Food for ladyship or queen,
(Bacon slice or beef between,
And a jack of good ale, let them add.)

Now the carrots should be dug;
Up with turnips by the lug;
And earth them, withouten delay.
Whate'er weather then betide,
We can shelter or abide;
And let Winter come on as he may.

Hark! the olden ruffian's shout,
Leading storm and wassail rout,
Maiden frost stepping crisply before;
Strewing hoar on fallen leaves,
Painting windows under eaves,
Warning Autumn to linger no more.

Fuel stack is huge and round;
Cottage roof is thatch'd and bound;
There are brown ale and bread on the board—
Winter, bring thy wassail band,
Clog on foot and glove on hand;
Hearty welcome art thou as a lord.

Pleasures such for him who leaves,
From his garner and his sheaves,
A handful to comfort the poor!
Be the bleaser ever bless'd!
Days of peace and nights of rest
Keep affliction from dark'ning his door!

WINTER PIECE.

WITH scarlet berries glistening in the sun,
The holly from its snowy mantle peeps,
Minding of home, of Christmas cheer and fun,
And of old churches with the leafy heaps
Piled in ancient candlesticks aloft.
Beneath their coverlet so fleecy soft,
The fields lie sacred and uncropt; as age
The trees are reverend; a hermitage
Has not a deeper quiet than the groves,
Save when, amid the cold, the redbreast loves

At intervals to pipe his little song.
The wondering rustic, as he toils along,
Slow trudging through the snow, with wide-stretched eye
Gapes at the o'erladen stage that rattles by,
The heaps of boxes, Christmas-presents, game,
The joyous faces, and the dashing team;
And frequent turns, as he pursues his way,
The mighty wilderment to resurvey;
Lists to the strain that comes upon the wind,
And longs to be in that red coat behind.

W. H.

* These are Lancashire and Cheshire names for potatoes; they are probably cultivated in other districts under different names. It must be understood as a piece of characteristic simplicity that recommends such common things to "ladyship or queen." What else than a mere cottage rustic could suppose such refined beings capable of imbibing sustenance from "bacon slice," and "a jack of good ale," (though Queen Bess, and our late grandmothers, as it is reported, used to quaff from the foaming tankard?) Cobbett, who was thoroughly English in all his tastes, would have growled at this introduction of "the accursed root," unless the English liquor had mollified him. However, "such as I have, I give unto thee"—and a cottage rustic cannot be expected to offer anything better to "ladyship or queen."

THE NEW COLONY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, AND THE PENAL COLONIES.

WHATEVER may be wanting to the new colony of South Australia, it has, from first to last, never lacked *puffing*. Its friends are most indefatigable, its patrons most zealous: that they are equally impartial and disinterested, is with many a matter of extreme doubt. The principle upon which this highly-favoured new colony was organized, has excited warm discussion in the mother-country. It possessed some good features, some bad, and many more equivocal, and with what seemed a strong predisposition to run into *jobs*, and to promote selfish or class interests. But the time for arguing about the *semi-feudal* organization of the colony has passed away. Some objectionable things have been obviated, and others modified; and, now, the substantial question becomes, what are the real condition and prospects of the colony, and what are its ascertained capabilities, advantages, and disadvantages, and the causes of the preference to be given to it over the older settlements of New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, and Western Australia?

South Australia has lately excited considerable interest in Scotland, where people are repelled by the many evils and horrors attending the convict settlements. A few highly respectable Scottish settlers of capital have lately gone out, with the intention of fixing in the province, and also a good many labourers, as free emigrants, either under their immediate auspices, or connected with them. The unhappy state of affairs in Canada, has, for the present, arrested the current of western emigration, and is, indeed, converting Canadian settlers into emigrants; so that, in the opening year, the stream will be directed to some part of the Great South Land. Many families and individuals are already anxiously pondering their ultimate destination—that important step which, once taken, cannot easily be recalled. Each of the colonies has its advocates; each, moreover, has its peculiar and decided present advantages; but individuals, and especially heads of families, deliberating upon the step of changing their country, must look *forward* as well as around.

To the consideration of this important question, we come with as little bias as it is possible for human beings to feel; and, so far as South Australia is concerned, it so happens that nearly all our information has been derived from sources and persons liable to the suspicion of being but too favourable to the new colony, from direct personal interest in its prosperity. South Australia is, at present, in the ascendant with what to us is a most interesting class of emigrants—respectable labourers and artisans, and intelligent and educated small capitalists, aspiring to improve their condition, or to keep their place in society, after the struggle has become hopeless in the Old World. Now, it strikes us that some of this class are likely to give a preference to South Australia as their new home, without sufficient

knowledge and consideration, and from relying too implicitly upon statements sent abroad under the sanction of popular names. Very little is yet known of that colony, save the nature of its organization; nor is it possible to see a single advantage which it possesses to set against its drawbacks, save that immense one, the absence of a convict population. Yet enough has transpired, through the new colonists themselves, to shew that even this advantage exists more in name than in reality. The publication of the Report of the Committee on Transportation, or what is familiarly termed Sir William Molesworth's Committee, will be favourable to the new colony, with respectable settlers, by placing the moral condition of the penal colonies in the darkest and most repulsive light, and by accumulating their horrors in one frightful mass; but, for its few years, and its scanty population, carefully (in the lower class) selected from the *untainted* poor, we must own that South Australia is, in manners and morals, treading very hard upon the heels of its elder depraved brethren. In the mother-vice of these colonies, low drunkenness and debauchery, Mr Gouger, the Secretary of the Colony, already gives his own city of Adelaide pre-eminence over Hobart Town.

It is known, to all interested in the subject, that the land of the new colony was vested in commissioners, not, perhaps, in the way best fitted to promote the general public interests; but it is too late to turn to that topic now. These commissioners held discretionary, unlimited, and irresponsible power, for the allotment and sale of all the land in the province. Before a single settler had landed, £35,000 were raised in London by sales, which sum was applied to defraying the first expenses of forming the settlement. The land was then sold at twelve shillings per acre, the minimum price, and a very high rate indeed, compared with that of the other colonies; but then the full advantage came back to the purchaser, or, at any rate, to the colony, in the produce of the sale of all lands being at once consolidated in the Emigration-Fund, which was to bring out labourers. The money arising from the sale of crown-land in the other colonies, is now, in like manner, devoted to bringing out labourers, and young women as servants. The price of land in South Australia is now raised to £1 per acre, which must at once be paid into the Emigration-Fund. Though there are, we believe, numerous complaints of unfairness in allotting and disposing of land, and though, in all probability, there might at the outset, have been a little jobbing, the plan now fixed and acted upon, appears perfectly fair and above-board. The Commissioners—the absolute Commissioners—reserve the power of fixing what shall be sold, and in what quantities, but the sales seem fairly managed, by sealed tenders and a fixed order of giving pre-

erence. This power of allotting they hold, to prevent a straggling settlement, and to secure the alleged advantages of a denser population to the new colony, than if farmers were permitted to range about, and sit down where they please. The smallest of the sections is eighty acres, and two sections are about the smallest purchase that seems to be made. Every holder of 100 acres is entitled to the labour of three men and three women, the agreement as to wages and food, being, we imagine, quite free. The holder of a certain quantity of land in actual property, is now entitled to rent a range of pasturage upon very easy terms, as we shall afterwards see; and the rule as to locality, is lately so far relaxed in favour of extensive purchasers, that, if 4000 acres be bought at once, the offerer may point out a place where the commissioners are bound to survey 15,000 acres, and give him his choice out of this quantity of land. Very flattering accounts are given of the richness and fertility of the soil; but, we are bound to say, upon what appears exceedingly narrow experience, and insufficient data. It has always been said, that the soil of New South Wales is superior to that of Van Dieman's Land; but that of South Australia is in turn represented as very superior to the soil of Eastern Australia.

The raptures with which Captain Sturt spoke of the paradise he had discovered, affects people's imaginations to this day. Mr Gouger, the secretary of the colony, rests his opinion of the fertility of the soil upon the report of Colonel Light and of one or two more colonial officials who have made long journeys into the interior, and upon a letter published in *The True Colonist*, of Hobart Town, and written by a Mr Wade, a native of Van Dieman's Land, of considerable property, who has settled in South Australia. The exaggerated tone of his letter in other respects, renders this gentleman's testimony doubtful as to this exceeding superiority of the soil.

The natural productions of the province are, perhaps, similar to those of New South Wales; but we can learn little about them. We hear of no minerals save limestone, which is found about Adelaide town, and of no metals. The timber is useful for fuel and fences, but this is not a country of wood. The climate appears almost as hot as that of the West Indies, and at some seasons very variable; and the only decided natural superiority of the colony to counterbalance its natural disadvantages, are the alleged absence of those scorching droughts which are the bane of agriculture, as of stock and sheep, in New South Wales. One account states, that there are never three weeks without rain, and Mr Gouger asserts that hardly a week in summer passes without refreshing showers. But experience, unless it were that of the aborigines, who have not, we presume, been consulted, is still unable to pronounce on this important subject; and all observation tends to establish the fact of droughts being of as probable occurrence in the new colony as in the older one, and, if so, the evil must be aggravated by the greater heat of the climate.

But we prefer taking our testimony upon all debatable points from the mouth of the official people, the colonists, or those under their influence. We have seen that the entire sum obtained by the sale of land, goes to procure labour to cultivate that land, or to purposes necessary to the very existence of the colony; and we are willing to believe that, if there have been any abuses in this department, they will not again occur. For public objects, the commissioners are empowered to raise by loan, £250,000, on the security of the colonial revenue, and, failing that, on the land—a somewhat dangerous latitude. What debt has been incurred does not appear; and, probably, the £35,000 previously raised in London, has hitherto defrayed all the public charges of surveys, salaries, &c. &c.; for hitherto there seem to be no public works either executed or undertaken. There is not one bridge nor a mile of road yet made, so far as we learn.

The first settlement, and the capital of the colony, is the town of Adelaide, the site of which was adopted after considerable dubiety. It appears well chosen. It is situated six miles inland from Port Adelaide, and at about the same distance from a chain of hills, of which Mount Lofty is the most prominent, ranging in height to 2600 feet. The capital was planted so far from the sea for the sake of a plentiful supply of water, and to avoid the social evils which appear inseparable from all sea-port towns. It is divided by a stream, named the Torrens—in honour, we may presume, of a most zealous patron of the colony, and a speculator on its prosperity. Ground is reserved for a town at the harbour, which can easily, if the colony flourish, be connected with the capital by a railroad or canal. Great forethought has been shewn for the health, convenience, and pleasure of the future inhabitants, in laying out the city. Sites have been set apart for many useful public buildings; and around the town there is a park, 500 yards wide, reserved for public walks and drives. The town land was sold from the first at £7 an acre. It has risen rapidly in value, and may be expected to rise much farther. The example of Sydney and Hobart Town, and other colonial towns, where the most extravagant sums have been obtained for building ground, may be expected to introduce the speculating or gambling spirit into these transactions; but only a few persons can obtain prizes in this lottery, although the colony should flourish. Limestone is found, we have said, at Adelaide, and is applied to purposes of building; and fuel is obtained from the gum-tree. The locality is tolerably well covered with this and other useful kinds of wood. We hear nothing of even the smallest attempts at raising grain crops. Vegetables have thriven, and many fruits will no doubt thrive; but far more has been said on these minor subjects than the experience of the settlers can warrant. We hear nothing of success in raising even potatoes; and Mr Gouger advises emigrants to carry out best white biscuits from London, packed in japanned tin boxes, to keep off the

flies and white ants—"though bread of excellent quality," he says, "can now be had at Adelaide." It is decisive as to the heat of the climate, that Mr Gouger declares it too warm for currants and gooseberries. Pigs and poultry appear to thrive well, and to increase. Of sheep stock and black cattle no very decided opinion can yet be given. Every probability, however, is in favour of their thriving, although the soil should not prove so superior to that of the other colonies as it is declared. Even Mr Wade confesses his fears, that the immense crop of grasses which he saw on the plains will not stand the summer.

They bear an immense crop of grass; but I think they will not stand the summer. I am informed that they are very luxuriant grazing lands in the spring and fall of the year; but when I visited them it was the height of summer, (December,) and they then appeared dry. Some of them had been burnt while I was there; and I noticed, when leaving, some grass on a plain near Adelaide that had been burnt not a month previously, with new growth of grass at least four inches long.

In New South Wales, the natives set fire to the long grass, to favour their pursuit of the game; but we are not told who fired the plains near Adelaide. The climate, from the latitude, should not be hotter than in New South Wales; yet it is attended by all the Egyptian plagues of the swamps of the Mississippi. "The rivers," we are told "decrease in size as you approach the coast, and the grass is not so durable as inland." Mr Wade says, the climate, though hot, is very regular. But the letters of emigrants, published, and judiciously selected by the Secretary of the Colony, Mr Gouger, give contradictory testimony. Mr Wade "saw the thermometer at 132° on some days; but this is considered high;" but he saw no one with a cold. Now, influenza and catarrh are frequent in New South Wales, from the variability of the temperature. We do not hear of pestilential fevers, nor epidemics of any sort. Some of the emigrants speak of headaches, and there is a species of ophthalmia, occasioned by the hot wind; which disease, however, is denied by Mr Gouger, who states that the irritation in the eyes is occasioned by a small fly getting into them. He says, the climate, though hotter than the south of France, retains all the enlivening qualities of that delightful region. An emigrant labourer, named Chapman, and one of the select letter-writers, says of the climate—

Our summers, if we may judge from the last, are remarkably settled, and considerably warmer than in England; but the winter, or rather the rainy season and the spring, are, for aught I can observe, equally variable; but, although the changes are sometimes severely felt for the time, it does not appear that they are attended with that fatality, or rather ill health, so prevalent in the mother-country. It is quite common in this country to bask in the most agreeable sunshine for three or four days; and this will be succeeded by two or three days of cold wind, and frequently rain, now and then a hail-storm, but these are slight. The hoar-frost has made some of the potatoes droop, but we have no frosts like those of England; and, taking all circumstances into consideration, as well as soil and climate, nothing should induce me to return for a permanence. There is one thing justice compels me to mention: in the summer we sometimes have a hot wind which affects the eyes very materially; and I have known a person nearly blind for

three or four days. The common house-fly, the blue bottle fly, and the mosquitoes, are quite a pest in the hot weather; but slight veils of gauze will protect our faces, and wire-gauze is a most valuable article to prevent the fresh meat from walking away.

On this important subject Mr Gouger confirms the above as to the plague of insects—

In decayed wood, and in the bark of trees, small scorpions, centipedes, and tarantulas are frequently found: the sting of the first, and the bite of the two last, would, of course, be very painful; but, unless in the case of an infant or person of diseased habit, no fatal effect would be likely to ensue.

Of the insect tribe, however, white ants are the most injurious of any I have met with. They are very numerous; and wherever a quantity of dead wood is to be found, the white ants assemble. But they do not spare living timber; I have seen trees of large growth, apparently solid and healthy, filled with them: they have been perforated to the very top by the ants, and have become the habitations of millions of these pernicious insects. Nothing escapes them, or seems above or beneath their notice. During my stay at Glenelg, I was obliged to place all my furniture and boxes upon glass bottles, and watch daily whether or not these marauders had commenced their attacks: still I found the damage done me was considerable. They nearly destroyed a box of valuable linen; the corks of all the bottles, not sealed, which were in some large casks, were demolished, and the contents let out; while the temporary floor of my tent, one-inch-and-a-quarter battens, was quite destroyed.

Mosquitoes are very numerous and troublesome in some parts of the country, and especially to new comers. At the harbour especially, where there is an extensive mud-flat, skirted by mangrove trees, they are in myriads. Cultivation, however, and the removal of dead timber, soon drives them away to a place where they may remain undisturbed.

In giving advice to emigrants, he says—

You will find it expedient to purchase jars and vessels in which liquids and stores are kept, with covers to them; the number of flies which seem to claim a right to everything consumable by man, is extraordinary; and not only economy, but common cleanliness, requires protection from the persecution of these marauders. The large meat-fly of Australia, be it known to you, instead of depositing the germ of maggots, deposits them *actually living*; in order to preserve meat, therefore, hot, cold, cooked or uncooked, for a single day, go to a wine-worker's and purchase some wire-gauze dish-covers, and some pieces of strong but close wire-work, sufficiently large for the manufacture of a commodious safe on arrival out.

The country is not, so far as we see, much annoyed with venomous reptiles, though they are found. Guanas and lizards are common, but they are harmless. The large kangaroo and the emu are already retiring. The wild turkey, or bustard, is still found, and quails and wild ducks are rather plentiful. This, however, does not appear a country of game. Fish are found near Adelaide, but not in plenty or variety. This source of comfort and sustenance is, however, still nearly unknown, and it may turn out more productive. Cockles and mussels have been found in abundance near the harbour, and also a few oysters. In the Torrens, the only fish is a small delicate fish like a smelt.

In this colony, the vine may thrive; and cotton, tobacco, coffee, rice, the sugar-cane, the tea-plant, may be cultivated at some future period. Indian-corn and wheat crops may, to a certain extent, be relied upon; but, in the meanwhile, the great staple commodity is grass, and nothing

else is sure. If sheep-stock and cattle do not thrive as well as, or better than in New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land, the immediate prospects of the colony are gloomy. Mr Wade, the gentleman referred to as authority by Mr Gouger, on the question of the soil, is decided on the superiority of the new settlement, in these important cases. He says—

Men of capital would also find it advantageous to settle their flocks and herds in South Australia. I feel confident that the return on such beautiful pasturage would be considerably greater than here. They can also secure good stock-runs in advantageous situations. They would certainly have to pay £1 per acre for what they wish to purchase, or rather subscribe that sum to the labour-fund, as the produce of the land-sales is all expended in carrying labourers from the mother-country; where arrangements are making for sending a sufficient supply of useful servants, under thirty years of age. Then, again, the stockholder has the privilege of holding 1,280 acres of the unoccupied land, at a rental of £4 per annum, for every 80 acres he purchases. This privilege is given to buyers of land only, none but buyers being allowed to occupy grazing land.

It is not said how long the Commissioners are to continue this great privilege, though we hear of three years and a renewal, the preference to be given to the old tenant; and it is probable, they will not have much reason to withdraw the indulgence for a considerable time. We submit "to stock and store-farmers" this passage from Mr Gouger. If the quantity of land that he fixes, (four acres) for the subsistence of a sheep, be a just estimate, it gives a quite new view of all Australian farming. He is contending for the superiority of his own colony, and reasons thus:—

It has been urged by some that this mode of disposing of public land is nothing but a species of sale at a very high price, and that land can be got at a much lower rate in other colonies. In reply to this argument I offer the following facts relative to the only other British colony of which I have personal knowledge, Van Dieman's Land. I leave out of this question now the purpose to which the purchase-money of land is applied, because, though in the case of South Australia the money is returned in the form of imported labourers, in Van Dieman's Land colonists are brought to the settler's door by application to the government. In South Australia, land of the first quality is to be had in the greatest abundance by the payment of £1 an acre to the emigration-fund: of this land, upon comparison with much in Van Dieman's Land of the very best kind, two acres in a state of nature will be required to keep one sheep; in Van Dieman's Land no such land is now to be obtained of the Government; it is all appropriated; and of that which is now open, four acres would be required to keep one sheep. I speak upon this point, not only from my own observation, but upon the concurrent testimony of some of the oldest colonists and best judges in Van Dieman's Land. Again, in South Australia, land, peculiarly valuable by situation, can be obtained of the commissioners at the same rate as country land; in Van Dieman's Land it is now impossible to get any suburban or town lots without paying a very high price.

But Mr Gouger forgets that lots in the neighbourhood of Hobart Town or Launceston, if higher in price, are of rather more value than in the neighbourhood of the capital of Adelaide, and are likely for a long time to remain so. He contends, on another ground, that the highest-priced land is in reality the cheapest, as the fertility of the soil (in South Australia) gives two to one against Van Dieman's Land. Mr Gouger, in dis-

cussing the best way of employing capital, so as to obtain the most profitable return, considers, among other things, sheep-stock as one of the best. Taking the rate of increase of the flocks from that of Van Dieman's Land, which, however, he regards as far inferior to what South Australia, with its fertile soil and fine climate, must yield, he shews very flattering results, as likely to be obtained even in the infancy of the settlement. As we are convinced that, unless sheep, or rather wool, become the great staple, there can be no prosperity for the colony for generations, if ever, we submit these details fully to our readers:—

I have shewn this statement to some of the leading graziers in Van Dieman's Land, and they all agree that the data are under, instead of being beyond the facts.

In this calculation, the increase is taken at the rate of 80 per cent. per lambing season, and seven lambing seasons are supposed to take place in five years: the loss by natural and accidental deaths is calculated at five per cent. per lambing season. No deduction is here made for the expense of management, the produce in wool fully covering this outlay. The original purchase is supposed to be 500 ewes.

FIRST SEASON.			
Ewes.	Deaths.	Increase Lambs.	Ewes.
500	25=475	at 80=390=190	190
per cent.			
SECOND SEASON.			
Ewes of 1st Season.	Deaths.	Ewes.	Deaths.
450	190=360	360	170=190
THIRD SEASON.			
Ewes of 2d Season.	Deaths.	Ewes.	Deaths.
608	170=338	338	258=338
FOURTH SEASON.			
Ewes of 3d Season.	Deaths.	Ewes.	Deaths.
740	263=477	477	296=477
FIFTH SEASON.			
Ewes of 4th Season.	Deaths.	Ewes.	Deaths.
944	378=566	566	378=566
SIXTH SEASON.			
Ewes of 5th Season.	Deaths.	Ewes.	Deaths.
1177	471=706	706	471=706
SEVENTH SEASON.			
Ewes of 6th Season.	Deaths.	Ewes.	Deaths.
1477	591=906	906	591=906

Thus, at the end of five years, the 500 sheep originally imported, would have increased to 1,477 ewes, 1,182 lambs, and 1,602 wether sheep; giving a total of 3,068 sheep, and 1,182 lambs. I shall not carry on this statement to money results, but this can be done by any one who chooses to calculate it. The cost of fine-woolled ewes, two and four teeth, in Van Dieman's Land, in January 1838, was about 18s. each, and the net cost of freight to South Australia from Launceston is about 10s. a-head.

A Van Dieman's Land grazier will pronounce this calculation crude. He would smile, for instance, at my giving all the value of the wool for the expense of management; and he would ask why the wethers should not be sold from year to year, and ewes bought with the proceeds, whereby the increase would be naturally much greater; but I have been content with shewing what the profit is upon the lowest calculation and inferior management. At your leisure, you can add to the computation I have made the extra profit arising from selling males and buying females, without being afraid of building castles in the air.

Oxen and cows, again, are a very fruitful source of profit, and the luxuriant pastures around Adelaide keep them always in excellent condition. I am by no means going beyond the fact when I declare that oxen in South Australia, worked hard up to the day of their being slaughtered, make as good beef as the best I have tasted in Van Dieman's Land, and quite equal to any commonly sold in the English shambles. Pigs maintain themselves, and get fat, in the swamps by Glenelg, without any care being bestowed on them: they are increasing very rapidly throughout the province, and some very good breeds have been introduced.

Poultry of all kinds succeed very well, and are increasing fast.

Those who are curious or interested may compare the above with Captain Sturt's calculations.

We may here notice a fact most important to the welfare of the colony, which has occurred since Mr Gouger wrote his letters:—

Some enterprising settlers of New South Wales have driven over from that colony to Adelaide a herd of oxen: three hundred and fifty head of cattle arrived safely without the loss on the road of one animal. The road thus discovered will now speedily become the track of flocks of sheep and herds of cattle from the overstocked market of Sydney to South Australia; and the consequence will be, that animals for the knife will be provided at low cost, while fine-wooled sheep will easily be brought to the colony at low prices.

This is undoubtedly a satisfactory incident. We set less store by the fact of thirteen colonial ships being at one time seen in the harbour of Port Adelaide, as, although they were trading to the colony, there could not be *permanent* trade for them.

Besides the Commissioners—the sole proprietors or trustees of the colony—there is in the province a rival interest, or another interest, *The South-Australian Land Company*—a body of commercial speculators in England, who already hold one-seventh of all the country-land sold in the colony, and a sixth of the town sections. These wholesale dealers started at once as bankers, whale-fishers, ship-builders, store-keepers, store-farmers, and dealers in everything. Their whaling has hitherto failed, and also some other of their multifarious callings; and the Company are now contented with their profits as bankers, (in which capacity they may become useful,) and as extensive land-owners and ship-owners. They seem enlightened landlords. They give encouragement to tenants of small capital, and offer leases. They assist tenants (for a consideration—ten per cent., the legal rate of interest in the colony,) with loans to build homesteads and purchase stock. One good feature of these Absentee Australian lords of the soil, is, that the tenant may purchase his farm at any time during the currency of his lease, at a price stipulated at its commencement. The leases are for twenty-one years. Probably this Great Kangaroo Company now find that they have enough of land and to spare. However, as their interests are closely bound up with the prosperity of the colony, their influence and enterprise must be of great use in the beginning of the settlement. For it is still only beginning; and there cannot be too much caution employed by persons of capital, meaning to become settlers, in committing themselves to the chances of its still doubtful fortunes. The exclusive system, and the high price of land, makes it almost impossible for labourers to become proprietors. It was, indeed, an original object with the Commissioners to guard against small proprietors, and at once to establish, if not *castes*, classes.

The inducement of high wages, held out to labourers to become emigrants, if not altogether fallacious, we consider extremely equivocal. A few clever and active artisans, when anything is going forward, do make great wages; but the rate is very fluctuating; and provisions, from the mere circumstances of the infant colony, although there were no jobbing and monopoly, are exces-

sively dear, relatively to the highest rate of wages, and to prices in the older colonies. This must be for a time; but the evil will diminish. Mr Gouger states that when he was in Hobart Town in February 1838, "the emigrant labourers, who arrived from Ireland, could find no employment; and the streets of Hobart Town were accordingly as much infested with beggars as any town in France." In some parts of Van Dieman's Land, labour is cheaper than in England; while in other parts it is much higher. But, if emigrant free labour is thus plentiful, the complaint of the evils of convict labour is removed, as the settlers need no longer employ convicts. Emigrants for South Australia, if to be taken out at the expense of the emigration-fund, should be *bona fide* labourers, not handicraftsmen or artisans, though those possessing the common and necessary trades, as shoemakers, carpenters, tailors, masons, &c. &c., are, we believe, tolerated, if not welcomed. They must, if possible, be married, and not under fifteen nor above thirty, though this last rule has been relaxed. A good feature of the scheme is, that the number of the sexes should be as nearly as possible equal, so young single women may go out if under the protection of their friends. Children above one year are to be paid for. But there is some talk of relaxing this rule too. The colony requires young recruits and great encouragement. The free emigrants receive the necessary attention on landing from an agent; and employment is provided for them until they are hired by the private settlers. Mr Gouger frankly warns this class against indulging absurd expectations about their condition in the colony. There, labouring men must live by the sweat of their brow, as everywhere else. Disappointment, and its attendant, discontent, if not idleness and dissipation, are sure to follow the downfall of the towering hopes of finding a new Cockaigne, a Lubberland, where the fowls fly about ready roasted, crying, "Come, eat me." Imaginations of a similar kind are apt to affect the fair sex, of which Mr Gouger relates this diverting instance.

There is a standing joke in Adelaide against a young woman, who, having married just before she left England, got, during the voyage, certain elevated notions of her newly acquired dignity. On the emigrants from her ship landing, a gentleman walked down to Glenelg to hire a servant, and, seeing this person standing on the beach by her boxes, he walked up to her, and, after talking a little about the voyage, asked "if she was engaged?" "Engaged," said she, with a simpering yet modest smile, "I am married, sir?" "Oh! my good girl," rejoined the inquirer, "I beg your pardon, I, too, am married, and certainly did not mean the kind of engagement you supposed. I want a servant, and wish to know if you are hired." "Hired, indeed!" said she, in a very altered tone, and bridling up to her full height, "do you think I mean to work, then?—no, indeed, my husband will never allow that; he will keep me." The event, however, has not justified the prophecy; and, having recovered her senses, she now works hard. Colonization is hard work; and no one, unless possessed of a considerable capital, ought to think of going to a new country, unless he is disposed to put his shoulder to the wheel in good earnest.

The consequence of a sudden and great rise of wages, is often idleness, and rum and spirit-drinking; which, according to the Secretary,

flourish quite as luxuriantly in this choice community, as in the old penal settlements. Mr Gouger is forced, reluctantly, to own that there is more drinking of the demoralizing kind in his own settlement than in the others. "In Adelaide," he says, "a dozen drunken people, mariners and labourers together, are to be found daily at those dens of iniquity, the gin-shops. In Van Dieman's Land, (and I draw the contrast with great sorrow,) during a three months' residence, I have not seen a half dozen men intoxicated." But a dozen mariners and labourers could not keep even one Adelaide gin-shop in brisk trade; and we hear of many such "dens" in the young colony, and apprehend that there is, at the outset, not a much higher rate of morality in the new than in the old settlement, nor much difference between the free emigrants of South Australia, and the *emancipists* and *expirees* of Van Dieman's Land. This last colony, however, is in a more healthful moral condition than New South Wales. The criminal sessions are held quarterly at Adelaide. While Mr James was there, (who has lately published a work upon South Australia, which we have not yet seen,) fourteen criminal convictions, as we learn by the newspapers, were obtained. Some of the persons convicted were banished to Van Dieman's Land! and one man was executed, under circumstances dreadfully revolting. His crime was shooting at and wounding the sheriff. He appears to have been a desperate character—and, probably, in the circumstances of the society, his execution may have been justifiable; but, alas! for such a necessity so early in the history of this pet and pattern colony. And what are we to conclude of a population of about 2500, very carefully selected, which already affords a criminal calendar like the above?

As to the prospects of working men in the new settlement, we should imagine that, for labourers, there may be a very considerable demand; and also room for a small number of the ordinary handicrafts, and even for a few glaziers, plumbers, and such like callings. But it must be evident that, in a population so small, leaving out that the wealthier part, at least, bring full supplies from England, there cannot be much demand; and that an artisan who finds over employment for a time, may shortly fail of work. "Labourers," says Mr Gouger, "of all kinds are wanted;" and "shepherds, especially from the Highlands, would obtain high wages." But shepherds have high wages at home, or equivalent advantages. In speaking of wages in all of these colonies, the public hear always of the prizes, and seldom of the blanks; or rather, in this lottery, it seems all prizes and no blanks. Mr Gouger treats the matter with candour in his own particular case, though his general assurances may be too flattering. For some months, he gave to six men "accustomed to all kinds of colonial labour—such as clearing land, grubbing of trees, fencing, and gardening—6s. a-day." But, he adds, "These were *skilful* men, and each worth two of those just landed from England. They were all Irishmen."

And 6s. a-day must, no doubt, have been deemed immense wages to an Irish labourer, dear as potatoes and all kinds of provision were then in Adelaide. Mr Gouger says that they are not dear; but many will take leave to differ from him who read his rates:—

Provisions are by no means dear: excellent beef and mutton are always to be obtained for 1s. a pound; salt beef and pork for about 9d.; kangaroo, 9d.; wild ducks, 1s. each; quail, 6d.; snapper, about 6d. a pound; and other fish in proportion. Fresh butter is 2s. 6d., and salt butter 1s. 6d.; milk, 10d. a quart; flour, 55s. the barrel of 196lbs.; sugar, 6d., and tea, 3s. 6d. and 4s.

With so many colonial ships in the harbour, and Van Dieman's Land so near, to look to no other quarters, we cannot understand why flour, salt beef, and pork, and the unexercised commodities of tea and sugar, and soap, should be so high.

In those letters from emigrants which Mr Gouger brought to England to their friends and relations, the rate of wages and the price of provisions are frequent topics. One steady man, named Simons, a blacksmith, who, from the nature of his trade, has prospered exceedingly at Adelaide, gives a rather interesting account of his progress. He sets out by complaining loudly of the conduct of the captain, surgeon, and superintendent of the ship in which he went out: but Mr Gouger affirms, that this must be a solitary case, and it may fairly be supposed that the Commissioners and their agents will try to ensure good treatment to those they are bringing out. Simons writes—

Good labourers, of any description, are now getting 5s. 6d. to 6s. per day, and they were and are very much wanted: tradesmen can get 10s. per day; but most that is wanting is carpenters, bricklayers, and masons. I can earn myself £1 per day, and not work so hard as I did in England for 7s. Beef and mutton is plentifully supplied by the commissioners at 1s. per pound; potatoes is very dear at present; but the next season I expect they will be cheaper than they are in London, as they grow very fast, as likewise do most vegetables. Fowls breed three or four times a-year; all cattle breed very fast, so that we may expect meat soon to be very cheap. Shoes is exceedingly dear; clothes is much cheaper than we could expect. Parrots and cockatoos are plentiful, which are excellent eating; there is plenty of kangaroo, but very shy, as likewise is emus, turkeys, geese, and ducks.

Dear brother and sister, if you can rely on my word, I would advise you to come out to Australia, where you will better your condition tenfold, as also would James Tupper, as he could by shingle-splitting earn £1 a-day, as it is an article of great consumption. Please to inform your mother if she will send R. Tupper out, Mr Gouger, the bearer of this letter, will bring him out with him, and I promise to do the best in my power for him. I have bought an acre of land in the city of Adelaide which cost me £8, which is now worth £50, without anything being done to it, and land of every description is increasing in price every day. We have now got a comfortable stone cottage and a good shop, with two fires constantly a-going, and a good garden well stocked with vegetables. My brother is now at work with me, and is doing very well.

This is one of the great prizes. A man named Cronk—who was probably skilful in colonial matters, as he had previous experience in both the other colonies, and seems to have been employed at Adelaide to negotiate with the Aborigines—writes thus—

Dear kindred, I do not know what sort of account

you have heard of this place : my opinion is, as many more, that there is every promising prospect of a flourishing colony. The town is improving very fast, and we have not had to undergo one-half of the inconveniences as I expected we should, for we never have been short of provisions yet, for the vessels are continually coming from Sydney, Van Dieman's Land, and other places. We have some large flocks of sheep, and herds of bullocks and cows, also horses ; and vessels still coming in with stock and provisions. The land produces very fine rich grass, of various sorts ; the town is beautifully situated on two spots of rising ground, with a strong running stream of water through the centre, which runs all the year round. The town is surrounded by large plains. The people that has made gardens, their crops has turned out very fair crops ; I have seen small spots of wheat and oats, looks remarkably well at present. Any person coming out here can never regret it, for labour will always be in full demand, and I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing my brothers and relations out here. I have one acre and a quarter of land in the town, which will become very valuable in the course of a few years. My master gave £5 per acre, and I have been offered £80 for it ; but I refused to sell. I sold three-quarters of an acre, as I purchased for £10 per acre, I sold for £23 a few days after. Labour of every kind is in full demand. Wages here is, for labouring men, about 30s. to 36s. per week ; mechanics, from 50s. to 60s. per week. Price of provisions ; fat beef and mutton, 1s. per pound ; salt pork, 10d. ; butter, 2s. ; fresh butter, 3s. ; sugar, 8d. ; tea, 3s. ; kangaroo, 9d. ; milk, 8d. per quart ; beer, 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. per quart. Dear mother, I hope you have received the letters I have sent you, five in number ; for I am in expectation of seeing my brother John, and William Gray here shortly ; also, a letter from you. The gentleman, Mr Gouger, has had the kindness to favour me with bringing these few lines to London for you, which he will be so kind as to send you a letter where he resides, as you can ask any question of the colony, and of our way of employment ; and if either my sisters or brothers would like to come out here, he will have the kindness to give you every instruction how to proceed.

There are letters now in England from emigrants and settlers, of a very different complexion from the above ; but these have not come through Mr Gouger's care, and we look only to his selection, professing to take the most favourable view possible of the colony. The wife of one of the emigrants writes to her parents very circumstantially. Her husband had acted as cook on the outward voyage, for which he was to receive £5. At Adelaide he got into immediate employment as a butcher, at £2 a-week, with an allowance of fresh meat and a little milk. His employer was a store-keeper, for whose wife his wife *charred*. To those who love the "simple annals of the poor," Anne Cooke's epistle will have an interest besides the information which it conveys.

We had a most excellent man and perfect gentleman for our captain, and I must say the same by our doctor, which made things very pleasant on board. Our doctor was likewise very clever in his profession, which, I am sorry to say, I had occasion to prove. I was taken with sea-sickness before we got to Portsmouth, which continued till within a week of our landing ; for some weeks, I never left my bed, except to be lifted out to have it made : at the end of that time, my bed used to be laid on the deck of a morning, and I was taken up and laid upon it. Indeed I suffered much more than any other person on board, and we had a great deal of illness. A person of the name of Rush brought two children on board with the whooping-cough, which our little darling, Peter, caught, and suffered for two months on board with it, as it had such an effect upon his bowels. You have no idea of the miseries of illness on board of ship ; the

dear little fellow seemed a great deal better the last week or two we were on board ; and on Saturday, the 21st October, we landed, and everybody was delighted with his little tricks in the boat, as we came to shore ; you might have taken a lease of his life, to all appearance, but he changed poorly in the morning, about eight o'clock, and on Sunday morning, about six o'clock, he had a dreadful fit, and continued out of one into another, till Tuesday night, and from thence gradually sinking till Thursday night, at twelve o'clock, when he expired like a lamb. My tears fall so fast, I can scarcely see to write at all. I endeavour to resign myself to the will of God, but nature will have its way ; and it seems hard, after bringing him so many miles, to lose him now. The doctor says it was the cough, and that his lungs were entirely gone. Dear father, if you could call and tell Mr Hutt, the mischief it caused letting those people bring such a complaint on board, as there was three died on board with it, besides my little dear, and there are at least twenty bad with it now here, I think they would be more particular in future. Notwithstanding all my trouble, I am now getting as strong and hearty as ever I was in my life ; the climate seems to have such wonderful effect upon my constitution, and indeed on everybody's that conduct themselves sober and steady. The heat, yesterday, at twelve o'clock, was 100° in the shade, and for all that, your appetite is as sharp as in frosty weather in England. *We seem to be always hungry, which proves the healthiness of the climate.* Indeed, it is a wonderful country ; a complete natural garden. The flowers which grow wild about, would shame many English gardens, and to see the trees and beautiful evergreens about the fields, it looks like a fine park.

The provisions are at present very high : fresh meat, 1s. per lb. ; butter, 2s. ; bread, 1s. 8d. per quarter ; sugar, from 7d. to 8d. per lb. ; tea from 4s. to 5s. ; pepper, 2s. per lb. ; soap, 7d. to 8d. ; coffee, 2s. per lb. ; but wearing apparel would frighten you. Boots and shoes are dearer than anything. Men's shoes, from 12s. 6d. to £1 a pair ; boots from £1 : 10s. to £2 : 10s. Women's in proportion. Straw bonnets, £1 : 6s., that would be about 8s. at home. I shall do well by the thimbles, hooks, and eyes, and other things I brought out with me, as they are an immense price here ; I have already sold some. I send this letter by Mr Gouger, a gentleman who will be so kind as to call on you, and he will give you £5 from me, if you will be so good as to lay it out in the following articles.

The articles wanted are strong leather boots, for both husband and wife, from a shop in Skinner's Street ; worsted stocking shirts for the husband, and flannel petticoats for the wife. Their experience of the colony would not be much, as they came to anchor on the 17th of October, and the woman's letter is dated the 7th November. This "always hungry" woman, upon her fortnight's knowledge, urges all her friends to come out. She was getting a pint of porter a-day from her mistress, while it was selling at 1s. 2d. a-pot !—and she continues—"Pray tell whoever thinks of coming out they must make make up their minds to be sober, as liquor, being so cheap here, it is the destruction of many here ; it is quite dreadful. Dear mother, I daresay you remember I am twenty-five years old to-day ; I wish you was here with me."

Mr Gouger cannot say quite so much for the sylvan beauties of the land of their adoption as romantic Anne Cooke. The trees he thinks "by no means handsome." The umbrageous part of the large trees is generally at the top. There is a yellow wattle of great splendour, which, when in flower, emits a most fragrant odour. There are also many well-grown and ornamental

shrubs. The beautifully plumaged and splendidly coloured parrots and small birds of the other Australian colonies are found here.

There is a local necessity for the strong half-boots which Mrs Cooke ordered. Among the novel delights of the colony, there is one to be provided against, thus noticed by Mr Gouger:—

The clothing required in South Australia is just what you have been in the habit of wearing in England, but add thereto some blue camlet or light white jackets, to be worn during the summer season instead of a cloth coat. A supply of leather gaiters and strong gardening gloves will be found very useful; and you will in general find high-shoes or half-boots the best protection for the feet. There is a kind of spear-grass bearing a bearded seed, which much inconveniences pedestrians during half the year, and for protection against which gaiters or half boots are required. The seed is very sharp, and sticks into the feet and ankles with great pertinacity, unless they are well protected from it.

Brass and iron bedsteads are by far better than wood, and *mosquito-curtains* will assuredly be required by all new-comers. Good mattresses cannot be had in the colony; you will not be sorry, I think, if you brought out a bale of curled horse-hair, and the tick to put it into; there are persons who understand upholstering resident in the colony.

Well provided as the colony is with trading-ships and merchants, Mr Gouger orders his supplies of wine, dried-fruits, salted tongues, &c. half-yearly from the Cape of Good Hope, as the safer and cheaper market, and he advises his friends to follow his plan. "Ironmongery, furniture, articles of dress, and haberdashery, are all very dear in the colony; do not, therefore, hesitate to take out with you a sufficient supply of these really useful commodities." Draught bullocks and sheep may now be best obtained from Van Dieman's Land, where there are excellent breeds. Really, what with the mosquitoes, the myriads of flies, the *live* maggots, the white ants, the small snakes, the disease of the eyes, the native dogs, (which are like wolves, and attack the sheep, goats, and poultry,) the spear-grass, and all the other natural *agremens* of the colony, it would require some special advantages. Mr Gouger points out one; but it will, we fear, never be realized, as the law-makers must be the opposing interest. It consists in organizing a scheme of finance, for raising the colonial revenue, not from excise or customs, but from realized profits, or by a property-tax, in fact. He estimates that, in town and country, £178,998:16s. have already been realized in re-selling the lands originally purchased from the Commissioners: immense profits, certainly, and the world will have some curiosity about who have turned their silver or copper into gold! This balance (£178,998:16s.) is, he says,

The actual amount of profit gained by the purchasers of the town and preliminary sections, since the foundation of the province, a little more than a year. What a result! To obtain the foundation of this province, the sum of about £60,000 has been expended; it has already created within itself, property which would more than three times overpay the cost of its creation. But again here is a subject for taxation! Profit has arisen to individuals to an enormous amount, and in a very short time, by means for the production of which the gainers have expended no capital. Here is that "rent," scientifically speaking, that *accidental profit* which has always been deemed, by economists, the very

best subject for taxation, because it is felt by no one; by the institution of this tax *now*, in the infancy of the province, it will be relieved from all debt, and need not be encumbered, for the sake of revenue, either with excise or customs.

Were this great and decided step taken *now*, in the infancy of the colony, its advantages would be incalculable:—but it will not. It would be setting a very dangerous example indeed to the people of the mother country. We, however, thank Mr Gouger for this liberal and statesman-like idea. The government of the new province, which was at first what this gentleman justly terms *unique*, is now the same as in the other colonies; though the extraordinary powers of the Commissioners are not to be touched. As soon as the population amounts to 50,000, the colony is, like the others, promised a constitution, which may perhaps, when the time comes, have some popular principle. The same objection cannot, at all events, exist which the Tories urge against giving the franchise in the penal colonies, as there is no convict population from which to obtain emancipists and ex-pirees. It is not unlikely, however, that a few of the above characters are already flourishing in Adelaide, and supplying some of its most lucrative callings. The colony is secured against convicts, but not against those who have been convicts.

It is needless to look too narrowly into the manner in which either the Commissioners, or those who placed the province at their disposal, obtained their titles; but we are compelled to think of what might be the consequences to the settlers of hostility from the aborigines. The most pleasing feature in the new settlement is the wisdom and humanity with which the natives have hitherto been treated. Still this is a ticklish and delicate point; and here exists a danger from which Van Dieman's Land, though by wicked and disgraceful means, is now forever relieved. Upon that beautiful island, as large as Ireland, there is now not one native of the original race! The last remnant of the aboriginal tribes, was, as we lately had occasion to notice, after foul treachery and violence had been done to them, sent to an island in Bass's Straits, where more than half their number have already died, of, according to the evidence of the surgeon, Mr Barnes, given last summer before Sir William Molesworth's committee, the home-sickness—the languishing desire to return to their country. If the colony of South Australia can manage to behave with somewhat less cruelty and treachery to the natives, than has marked the history of other colonies, they will not only promote the security of their own settlements, but gain public opinion at home to their side. Mr Gouger does not set out in the ordinary style, by giving an ill name to the black dog marked to be hanged; for he entertains no bad designs. Hitherto colonial dealing with the aboriginal race in South Australia, is a picture that has no sanguinary shades. We have, therefore, sincere pleasure in presenting it to our readers:—

About a fortnight or three weeks after landing at Glenelg, one of the settlers, who was out shooting, saw

at a distance a native man and boy employed in making a fire; he prudently withdrew his sporting charge, and put a bullet into each barrel, in case of being obliged to defend himself. Having taken this precaution, he advanced silently until within a short distance, and then laughed heartily. The natives immediately seized their spears; but, as he continued laughing, and held a biscuit to them, they put down their spears and approached him. They then embraced, and he succeeded in bringing them down to the settlement. Having early intimation of their approach, I went to meet them. The man appeared to be of about thirty years of age, and the boy about eight; both seemed intelligent, and, as far as my knowledge of physiognomy went, anything but furious. As soon as they saw me, they laughed, and patted me on the back, which ceremony I, of course, returned; but, wishing to make them comprehend as completely as possible, that we wished to be friendly with them, I took a stick, and, holding it over my head, broke it, saying, "Wombarra, wombarra no good," upon which the man seemed perfectly delighted, and with great earnestness embraced me. The wombarra is a weapon used in the native warfare. We then went to the government-store, where they were supplied with a second-hand military coat, cap, and trowsers each, which wonderfully delighted them; and on a looking-glass being placed before them, they were almost convulsed with laughter. This sensation having subsided, we introduced to them a new wonder; a pipe being given to one of them, it was lighted by a burning-glass: they looked above and below to find the fire, and seeing nothing but a piece of transparent substance in a wooden frame, they seemed rather alarmed. On this, I pointed to the sun, then to the glass and tobacco; but the pantomimic explanation was hardly complete before the native patted his chest in token of comprehension, laughed, and then looked at each of the party as if impressed with awe at our superior knowledge and contrivances. They were then taken round the settlement; and as at each tent they got some small present, they were evidently highly gratified with their reception. They remained some days with the person who had succeeded with so much credit to himself in bringing them down, and then returned to the woods, under a promise to bring down their whole family. A few days afterwards, they reappeared, attended by their friends and relations, all of whom received the same useful presents and warm welcome as had their predecessors. From that time up to my leaving the colony, we were surrounded by natives, and not one instance of dishonesty or treachery on their part, has occurred.

The aborigines I have seen are generally a well formed and active race, differing in many important points from the accounts I have perused of the natives of New South Wales. They are also unlike those who once existed in Van Dieman's Land. Once existed! Yes, in less than thirty years, the black possessors of the soil have been nearly destroyed; and in a few more, not one will live to tell the tale. There are now, I am informed, but two women at Flinders' Island capable of perpetuating their race; and the proportion of deaths to births shews that the native population will soon be extinct. The progress of English colonization is marked by a trail of blood:—but this is episodic, and I gladly return to my account, with a feeling of pride, that, instead of being charged with cruelty, the inhabitants of my adopted country have, hitherto, acted towards the aborigines the part of a humane and Christian people.

I have said the South Australian natives are well-proportioned and active; I have not seen one deformed person among them; and they are not only generally healthy, and free from those cutaneous eruptions which so often afflict savages, but the excellence of their constitutions enables them to throw off diseases, and to recover from wounds which would be fatal to Europeans.

It is imagined the language of those savages is the Malay, but we think on very slender proof. Their weapons, and implements of hunting and fishing, are of the rudest kind. In feeding, they are nearly as omnivorous as the highly civilized

Chinese. Whale-blubber is a dainty lately added to their repasts, and they attend the whalers on the coast to procure it. They have the acute senses of other savage tribes, in tracking their enemies or their prey. They have no settled place of abode, but each family wanders over a space of miles, "*punishing aggression made on their boundaries by other families!*" When the Commissioner's settlers shall come upon these boundaries, the time will have arrived for testing the mutual dispositions of the colonists and the natives. Mr Gouger places them at the very lowest point in the scale of civilization, as regards the arts of life.

Yet they are not incapable of advancement; they are very observing and attentive, and have a degree of shrewdness which might serve as an indication of higher talent. They are, moreover, very obliging, and they very willingly perform works for those settlers of whom they form a good opinion. A little sugar, biscuit, or bread, is a sufficient inducement for them to bring wood, water, or stone for building, and several instances have occurred of ten or twelve of these poor fellows working during six hours consecutively for an individual for biscuit. With good usage they are exceedingly docile, and fortunately we have yet but once* had experience of them under other circumstances.

He regrets that no effective general arrangement has been made for attempting their civilization; but his own suggestions, and those he has given from other sources, do not meet the case. For what should our public service in those colonies require regiments of natives—like the Sepoys of India, or like the Hottentots regimented to protect the frontier from the Caffres; or more properly to assist the settlers in making hostile aggression on the aboriginal races? For what is a field-police of natives required in South Australia, save to overawe the natives themselves? This untainted settlement, which prides itself so much on its purity, is not surely yet sunk into the condition of a penal colony, where to set a black native to catch a white thief, might be good policy; and if the natives are not hostile, a very small police ought, for generations, to suffice to a population collected upon principles so favourable to morality. One passage of Mr Gouger's tempts a smile. It seems no legal provision by purchase of land has been made for the aborigines—and he thinks this best. Those who may be assumed to have had some slender rights in the soil, prior to the grant made to the Commissioners, are not, from sound reasons of political economy, to have their wants considered:—

No legal provision, by way of purchase of land on their behalf, or in any other mode, has been yet made; nor do I think that with proper care it is at all necessary. I can see no reason why they should not, in a comparatively short time, be made to understand our notions, and to depend upon their own exertions for a livelihood. The field-police would be a good introduction to civilization; and I have no doubt but that it would be succeeded by their adopting, to a great extent, our habits and modes of life. At any rate, until it and other means shall have been tried and found fruitless, the enervating effect of specific legal protection should not be tried.

We are not the least afraid that it will. But

* In this case gross provocation having been given by the white man, revenge was taken by the black.

really to speak of the enervating effects of giving coarse rations and a few clothes to those miserable beings whom the settlers are driving from their hunting-grounds and fishing-streams, is something beyond a jest.

The commissioners have done one wise thing. They have made no reserve of lands for the Church, nor for any purpose whatever, save public roads. Mr Howard was appointed chaplain to the colony by King William, with the moderate salary of £250. The Lord Bishop of Australia has already attempted to extend his pastoral crook and care to this gentleman, in the matter of fleecing him of a good part of his fees; but the Bishop's jurisdiction is denied, and his spiritual encroachments are said to be provided against by the act in Council, appointing the chaplain along with the other functionaries. As there are neither Church lands nor tithes in the colony, Mr Gouger hopes that Voluntarism may be its principle in religious institutions; and Episcopacy will assuredly not wax rampant upon stipends of £250 a-year. But Church fees, of which we hear, are as objectionable in principle as tithes. An Independent and a Methodist minister have gone out; and one of them is to open a school of the better sort, or boarding academy. Schemes, upon rather a wide scale, for ensuring universal and good education, are, we are told, in progress; and a newspaper, though not, it would appear, printed in the colony, was established for its use, or to promote and advocate its interests. This opens up a dark chapter. Party spirit of the worst sort seems to reign with the utmost rancour in all these colonies; but especially in South Australia. This much appears, even from the very cautious statements of Mr Gouger, the Secretary of the Colony. He owns—

Our society is at present mixed and disjointed. That it should be mixed is no wonder, as the desire to emigrate is produced by so many causes, varying in different persons, according to their circumstances and habits. Society can be found here, therefore, of almost any kind, even from the very degraded, up to the most refined and gentlemanly. Of these two classes, and the many intermediate shades, I am glad to assure you that the great preponderance is in favour of the intellectual and good; and there can be no doubt that the evil passions of the badly inclined would not have appeared in such strong relief, had they not been encouraged by the only newspaper which the province at present possesses.

One party of the colonists, the dominant party, are about to establish another paper; but their protest against the organ which turned traitor to the views of the Commissioners, and the interest of the great Company, is far from satisfactory. The *protesters*, beginning with Mr Gouger himself, are nearly all official men. They complain that "the great and leading principles of the colony have scarcely been alluded to; while points which, for the interest of all concerned, should have been touched upon but slightly, have been brought prominently forward; that, instead of such accounts of the soil, climate, harbours, and other natural features of the country, as could have been honestly made, and, if made, would have encouraged emigration, and given confi-

dence to the numerous and wealthy proprietors resident in England, partial and garbled articles have been inserted, and investments in land *discouraged* rather than advocated." This, with "anonymous calumnies" in every number, on public men, and so forth, finishes the charge against a print which, probably, told more truth than was at all times convenient, and perhaps not in the mildest way. It would, however, ill become us to condemn this unseen journal, as, even upon the shewing of the Secretary himself, and other eloquent advocates and trumpeters of the colony, we should be inclined, to a justifiable extent, to follow its example; and, at least, to urge upon persons of capital, and especially upon labourers contemplating emigration to South Australia, the most strict preliminary inquiries, and the utmost circumspection. Of the older settlements, it is so far satisfactory that we know the very worst; while their resources are only beginning to be developed. In point of morals, the grand point, South Australia, we fear, very much resembles all new colonies. If none of its inhabitants have been transported, some of them, according to Mr Gouger, have richly deserved that distinction.

The heat of the climate in the new settlement, is an irremediable and permanent drawback upon the happiness of life, admitting its superior fertility. Nothing can atone for the winged and crawling plagues of such a region, when added to the unavoidable discomforts attending every new society. The high price of land will be of less consideration to many, though the difference between 8s., the price in New South Wales, and 9s. in Van Dieman's Land, and £1, in this colony, is an important matter to small capitalists. To labourers, the high price of provisions and clothing, which, though it may be only temporary, and must give way if the colony thrive, is also a serious matter, in choosing a place of permanent residence. The narrow field offered to the industry of handicraftsmen by a small population, is another capital objection. Half a dozen tailors too many, for instance, would, in Adelaide, glut the tailor-market, reduce wages, and occasion great hardship to the craft. It appears to us that there is impropriety, if not wilful and cruel delusion, in the hopes which the Commissioners, and the Company, and other colonial companies hold out to working-men. In a series of letters published by, we believe, the local agent of the Commissioners, in *The Stirling Observer*, and reprinted as a pamphlet, and one, by the way, containing many fallacious and highly-coloured representations of the new colony, we see that "a free passage is offered to all sorts of agricultural labourers, shepherds, bakers, blacksmiths, braziers, tinmen, smiths, shipwrights, boat-builders, coopers, carriers, farriers, millwrights, harnessmakers, boot and shoemakers, tailors, tanners, brickmakers, and all persons employed in the erection of houses, and their wives." Now, say that, of the working-men of Great Britain and Ireland, only twenty in each of the above callings, with their wives

and a child or two each, should volunteer for the paradise of South Australia, the accounts of which must unsettle the minds and excite the imaginations of tens of thousands, what would be the immediate consequence? Their numbers would at once about double the population, which is still considerably under 3000; provisions, which are nearly all imported, and already very high-priced, would rise, and there would not be full employment, save for the labourers, and a few handicraftsmen. What would become of all the superfluous bakers, tailors, glaziers, plumbers, harnessmakers, &c. &c. landed at once, not in a country like America, or even like the other Australian settlements, where employment may be found in one place if not in another? The best that could be hoped, would be converting handicraftsmen, for a time, and probably a long time, into indifferent labourers, and with slender pay. This state of things is not likely to exist, for it is impossible that the Commissioners and the Company's agents can permit emigration to an extent ruinous to the emigrants. They will undoubtedly check the numbers, and apportion the callings of the applicants to the real wants of the colony; but why send abroad, under their sanction, those delusory general invitations to all kinds of workmen? The letters in the *Stirling* newspaper drew the favourable attention of Mr Hutt, (then the agent for emigration, and one of the Commissioners,) who offered some correction of trifling errors in "these able statements," which were accordingly, we are informed, adopted by the publisher in the pamphlet alluded to. The Letters were published in the spring (February or March) of last year, when almost nothing could be satisfactorily known of the success of the colony. We extract but one or two sentences. After complimenting Mr Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Colonel Torrens, as originating the scheme, and pointing out the natural as well as the moral defects of New South Wales as a settlement, the writer, in eulogizing the new colony, continues—

Here also, by a happy coincidence, the two indentations of Spencer's and St Vincent's Gulfs, extending far into the interior, open up a large extent of fine land to water communication; and across the offing, Kangaroo Island stretches about 100 miles in length, abounding with excellent salt, surrounded by seas the most favourable for the black whale fishery, and with harbours and every adaptation for commerce. Such is the situation selected for a great experiment, *the complete success of which has constituted an epoch in the history of colonization.* This statement we propose to verify by an account of the progress and present state and advantages of South Australia, in our next.

What dependence can rational men place in the statements of a writer who thus early represents the experiment as already made—nay, a year or fifteen months ago, as attended with "complete success?" Again, it is said—

The first years of colonies have often been those of hardship and disaster; but even the earliest accounts from the settlers of South Australia have uniformly spoken in so lively a style of the unusual concurrence of favourable circumstances, that we propose in the sequel to lay before our readers extracts from their published correspondence, as the best means of realizing the picture of the little syl-

van community; but, in the meantime, we shall proceed to explain the arrangements for encouraging and facilitating emigration.

Here details are given; and the statement concludes with this significant warning, "But from the great increase in the value of land in the colony, it is quite possible that these terms may be advanced."

We will ensure settlers, at a small rate, against a rise in the price of rural land for several years to come. A few extracts of letters are given by the *Stirling* writer—the principal ones, we see, written by the same gentlemen-settlers who are among the *protesters* against the blabbing newspaper. A few of these we select, that the reader may compare them with Mr Gouger's select correspondence. Mr Brown, the agent for emigration, had not long landed, when he wrote in high confidence. The Deputy-Surveyor-General is equally pleased. These gentlemen far transcend Mr Gouger in admiration of the beauties and capabilities of the colony; but a Mr Morphet—who went to act as agent for the absentee proprietors, who in London had "bought a pig in a sack," either to sell again with large profits, or to fatten, if that were found more profitable—is in ecstasy. He writes in February 1837, from Glenelg, a second township, of which little is now heard, and which is probably not progressing with much rapidity:—

Since I last wrote to you, many and great have been the improvements which we have made in this land of our adoption. I have no doubt of the success of our colony. Our flocks and herds are on the increase—merchandise are forwarded to our shores; the Commissioners in England send us well-selected, steady, and industrious labourers. The residents at Sydney, Hobart Town, and Launceston, not only approve of our plans, but will aid us, and many will join us as emigrants; and I hope the day is not far distant when the produce of our lands and pastures will be found in the marts of the mother country. *It is almost impossible to speculate on the value which a few years will fix upon our land.* Many who purchased from mere speculation, will find that their property will become a permanent support for themselves and families. The land on the eastern coast of St Vincent's Gulf, appears of the most beautiful and fertile character; and our sheep-runs, in the neighbourhood of Adelaide, will be extensive and of good quality. In a commercial position we shall be well situated, and the navigation of St Vincent's Gulf is very favourable. In a few years South Australia will be of great agricultural and commercial importance; and the principles upon which this colony has been founded, will spread to settlements already established, and many more which England will find it her interest to form and encourage. This is the country for a small capitalist, with sober and industrious habits. His family, which in England is oftentimes an incumbrance, will be a fortune here; and he will attain a rank in society, which in England is rarely attainable. To the ladies of our colony we are much indebted, for the good humour and forbearance with which they bear the few inconveniences incidental to the life of a first settler. After the exertions of the day, we have the pleasures of society and conversation; and the delight which we feel in such reunions is not surpassed by English entertainments. Many of the ladies in England, who feel qualms at emigrating, would not hesitate to join us, if they knew how small a sacrifice is made for future prosperity.

At this period, the colony did not amount in all to 1200 persons. In May 1837, another settler writes from Adelaide:—

"The town is situated in an extremely beautiful spot,

and, perhaps, as lovely a one as any in the world. The situation is highly salubrious, and the climate most delightful. The harbour equals the London docks, and I am quite satisfied will be a most flourishing place of business in a few years. The country is tolerably woody, but sometimes there are plains of ten or twenty miles extent, almost without trees, and having every appearance of park land, with splendid soil. The voyage has been very agreeable with nearly all the ships that have come here. The climate far surpasses France—there are no creatures to injure you. There is already very good society, and the colony advances rapidly. I pronounce it will soon be one of the finest in the world, if those to whom the development of the principles are intrusted do their duty and carry out the instructions of the Act of Parliament." The Immigration agent, in another letter, dated May last, says—"We have now had nearly seven months of colonization. A finer climated country cannot be in the world."

I have hitherto been living in my tent, and have found no inconvenience from the exposure to the weather, excepting a profusion of dust in dry and windy weather, and a little chilliness in the clear and cool evenings. Yet, even now, though so near our Christmas, we have weather more like the fine days of our early autumn, than anything like winter. Beautiful plants and flowers are springing up constantly, and we have had such a succession of them, that scarcely a day passes but some one brings us another new flower. A very important subject for congratulation is, that we had no disturbance with the natives. I frequently go to sleep with fifty of them lying within ten yards of my tent, without a moment's suspicion, on either side, and without losing a wink of sleep. They are superior to the Sydney and Van Dieman's Land blacks, both in appearance and intelligence. My temporary house is putting up.

One letter contains a statement to which we entirely subscribe—"In this colony, every one is making a very large profit who has anything to sell." That is, of course, anything useful, or, especially, that will eat. This person, Mr Stephen Hack, soon afterwards went to Launceston to purchase bullocks, which, when the colony must have been considerably under 2,000 (in October 1837) he says, were required "by the butchers at Adelaide to the number of sixty a-week," weighing 640 lbs. each, and selling at 1s. a lb. At all events, the colonists must, in those days, have been well off in the article of beef; for here is about 19 lbs. a-week each, over head, to man, woman, and child, besides fish, kangaroos, cockatoos, wild ducks, quails, wild turkeys, pork, and salt provisions. Mr Hack says he could purchase and import these bullocks at from £14 to £15 a-head; so, at sixty a week—supposing Peter Cooke's employer had part of the business—he was driving a good trade. "Cattle," he adds, "pay better than sheep in South Australia;" and so they must, while stock is wanted, and while milk sells at 10d. a-quart, and fresh butter at 3s. a-pound. Yet, if any one be tempted by the immense profits of Mr Hack, we would implore him to consider their very precarious basis. The Scotch are too shrewd, the English too considerate a people to pin their faith to the statements of these heralds of the new colony; but credulous individuals, here and there, may, nevertheless, be their dupes.

Unless the Commissioners and the Company lay aside some of their magnificent theories of creating a system of agriculture all at once, and

by their mighty fiat, like that of Norfolk or East Lothian, though on a far grander scale, they will retard the advancement of the settlement. Where labour is so dear, no capitalist will trouble himself much about agriculture, while his profits are larger, and his trouble less, in raising sheep. Whence, then, is the colony to be fed, if it is to have none of those useful pioneers of agriculture in every new country, yeomen labouring with their families upon very small farms, which are their own property; raising provisions for the neighbouring market, and, at the same time, in their children, a race of hardy and skilful husbandmen?

The omnipotent Commissioners might, at least, have secured a peasant's potato-garden upon each allotment. As it is, the agricultural labourer who can obtain a free passage to one of the other colonies, in which he may look forward to investing very small savings profitably in land—to New South Wales, where he may at this moment obtain as much land for £20 as he can in South Australia for £80, and where there is no restriction as to the size of allotments, nor interference with his rights and management—would be an egregious fool to go to South Australia. We are, however, quite in the dark as to the restrictions imposed by the Commissioners; though, unless a man purchasing one section, or 80 acres, or two sections, 160 acres, or whatever it may be, is tied up from dividing his freehold, either by sale or bequest, there must soon be plenty of small farms, as in the other colonies, and, moreover, very dear small farms.

To conclude this long paper:—For the interests of *absentee* proprietors—viz., capitalists in this country, speculating upon land at the other side of the globe, buying, as we have said, a pig in a sack, either to fatten or to sell at a high profit—we are not particularly solicitous. They can afford to let their capital lie dormant for a time, or even to lose it, if need be; but we would earnestly warn all persons meditating emigration to Australia, whether labourers, tradesmen, or small capitalists, and more especially those having families, to be on their guard against fallacious statements and direct perversions of the truth to promote selfish interests. Every one of those colonies has its jobbers, advocates, and trumpeters; and *they all exaggerate*, though none, just at present, carry the propensity so far as the individuals connected with South Australia. That colony may become, in time, all that it is said to be already; but, again and again, we would urge that very little is known about it. The colonists themselves have given up some of their first high-flown notions. It was intended at first to settle on Kangaroo Island, which was then the terrestrial paradise; but that idea was properly abandoned, upon farther inspection of the place.

The whale fishery has hitherto failed, though it may yet succeed. Harbours that were believed the best in the world have been found dangerous, and valuable lives have been lost in attempting to verify the rash conjectures of sanguine in-

dividuals.* The fact, that the province is not liable to the same parching droughts which have often proved most injurious to the older settlement, is not verified. The experiment, instead of "complete success," has not, in anyone branch, been fairly made. In adducing facts, we have not looked to the darkest side of the picture. We have, indeed, seen nothing on the dark side, save by reflection in the admissions or inadvertences of the colonial advocates. We by no means despair of any of the colonies. Yet we should think small capitalists, with families, thoughtless and rash who adventured to this one. The land there will not fly away—nay, the land will not rise in price for a long while; and the more matured settlements will be a safe step taken in advance towards the Southern or Western Goshen, to those who desire *safely* to establish a family, and on narrow means. To those commercial adventurers and land-jobbers—those who are always ready to hazard desperate costs to sweep large stakes—we have nothing to say. Such characters, and sharks of a still lower description, are never wanting in new settlements where there is money going.

Since the above was written, certain letters and paragraphs in *The Times* newspaper, have drawn forth a statement from Colonel Torrens, the Chairman of the South Australian Commissioners. We conceive it best to publish the whole correspondence, that the subject may at once be brought under the view of our readers, many of whom, in this quarter, are deeply interested in the fortunes of emigrants who can hardly yet have reached the colony.

FROM "THE TIMES" OF 25TH OCTOBER.—
CITY ARTICLE.

These journals [the Sydney papers] contain extracts from the South Australian papers. That colony is represented in an unfavourable light, and the Sydney writers observe that they are disposed to think that "colonization bubble" would burst ere long. The colony, it is asserted, was a prey to "jobbers" both there and at home; the "officials" out there were imitating their betters here in a "small way," by "jobbing in pork, to the injury of the settlers, who are subjected to a competition in the market by those who ought to support instead of oppose their interests." The same "officials," too, it appears, were all out of sorts among themselves, "assaulting each other, retiring or being dismissed from office." Altogether, the settlement seemed in a very confused state. In the meantime, the colonists were carefully advised from England that "£200 could readily be obtained here [in London] for a preliminary land order, and £50 for a town section." This, of course, kept up the spirit of land-jobbing in the colony, as probably intended, and, not to be behindhand, an account is given of the sale of a country-section there of 134 acres for £1000, being, however, situate "close to the town on the northern bank of the river, has a frontage to the proposed road to the harbour, is very excellent land, and one of the most valuable sections in the colony," a sort of description which would seem to shew that the mode of setting out things to the best advantage was as well understood there as here. These statements, it may be observed, must be admitted with a

certain qualification, as probably exaggerated by the feeling of jealousy with which the new colony was regarded at Sydney.

The Goshawk, chartered by the South Australian Company, had arrived at Nepean Bay, on the 14th of May, from Hamburg, which she left in December, and the Downs on the 4th of January. She had on board two passengers only, and the servants of the company. The cargo consisted of "provisions only," it was emphatically remarked.

FROM "THE TIMES" OF THE 1ST NOVEMBER.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—Your paper of the 25th instant, contains two valuable pieces of information on the schemes of our colonization-mongers—the one on South Australia, under your city article, and the other on New Zealand. The unfavourable accounts from the former place must be very alarming to every well-wisher of his country people, whether approving or disapproving of the piracy of other people's land either by his own people or by the autocrat of Russia. Permit me to claim insertion for the following extracts from a letter I have received from South Australia: to the veracity of the writer I pledge myself.
D. L. N.

"Adelaide-town, June 2, 1838.—This colony continues an uproar; the officials are quarrelling and fighting amongst themselves, whilst the emigrants are nearly starving. It is true the land has been allotted, but the officials here hold so many of the best pieces of land that no further progress has been made. The expense, delay, and difficulty of clearing new land has caused the other (that possessed by the officials) to be sold at £150 to nearly £300 per acre; nor is the climate or land so good as was represented to us in London, indeed nearly barren, and never can pay the time, labour, and expense of cultivation; in this we were most grossly deceived in London, and glad indeed would many be to get back to their native country, even to a 'potato and salt.' Many of the agriculturists have spent their means in waiting for the allotments, and 'whilst the grass grows must starve.' All necessities here are exceedingly dear, indeed four times the price in England, and, as it is all exported, we must submit to the unfair competition of the officials, who, instead of attending to their duties, are speculating for themselves. The Company is the bane here, for by their means of buying up necessities for an outrageous profit, we shall soon have spent all our money, and be reduced to labourers on their lands. I can give you no idea of the infamous proceedings here of the various persons connected with authority; and, as to the 'allotments,' it is a mere farce, a 'jobbing,' like your companies in England. We are reduced to entire dependence on these persons; where it will end I cannot say, but I hope our countrymen will not be deceived to come out here, however advantageous it may be to the company and to the colonists. My own occupation enables me to be indifferent, in a pecuniary view, to all these things; but I cannot look coldly on the misery which awaits the people here, grossly deceived in every respect, and ill-used and abused."

FROM "THE TIMES" OF NOVEMBER 8TH.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—The Directors of this Company once more deviate from their custom of disregarding anonymous letters in newspapers, to relieve intending settlers in South Australia, or the friends of persons already there, from alarm, in consequence of the unfounded statements of "D. L. N." in your paper of the 1st instant.

The accompanying letter from her Majesty's Colonization Commissioners merely states authenticated facts.

The charges against the Company are beneath notice when the assertions of "jobbing in allotments" can be tested by another fact—viz., that the orders of choice were decided by lot, and the selections made from upwards of 100,000 acres.

Requesting the favour of the insertion of the present letter, and that from the Commissioners, I am, Sir, your most obedient servant.

E. J. WHEELER, Manager.

19, Bishopsgate Street within, Nov. 7.

* A gloom was cast over the infant colony by the melancholy loss of its Supreme Judge, Sir John Jeffcott, and Captain Blenkinsop, and part of the crew of a whale-boat, in an attempt to explore the harbour of Encounter Bay, and the entrance of the Murray River.

*"South Australian Colonization Office,
Adelphi Terrace, Nov. 5, 1838.*

"Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this day's date, representing that the Directors of the South Australian Company are desirous that the Colonization Commissioners should reply to a letter signed 'D. L. N.,' which appeared in *The Times* of the 1st inst., and which states that the soil of South Australia could produce nothing, and that the people were nearly starving.

"In reply, I beg to observe, that, after the multitude of authentic letters which have been received from South Australia, from persons who are of known respectability, and who all concur in representing the condition of the working people as most prosperous, and in confirming the original statement of Captain Sturt, that, in the neighbourhood of Gulf St Vincent, Lake Alexandrina, and the Murray, the land is of the richest quality, the Commissioners are of opinion that it has become unnecessary to reply to counter-statements put forth by anonymous writers in this country upon nameless authority in the colony; nevertheless, the Commissioners will be ever ready to communicate to the South Australian Company and to the public all the information respecting the state and progress of the colony which they may from time to time receive. The latest accounts from South Australia are confirmatory of its rapid prosperity. Despatches have been received from the resident Commissioner, dated May 23, stating that the Lord Goderich, the Canton, and the Trusty, had arrived at Port Adelaide with 382 emigrants; and that mechanics, before they had time to get on shore, were offered work at 14s. a-day. Despatches have also been received from Governor Hindmarsh, dated June 12, by which it appears that 200 of the working people had purchased amongst them a rural section of 134 acres in the neighbourhood of Adelaide for £1000, in order that they might build their own houses on their own land. When high wages can be paid for labour in a country which produces nothing, and when people almost starving can purchase land with their surplus earnings, than the statements of 'D. L. N.' may be worthy of regard. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT TORRENS,
Chairman of the Commission.

To E. J. Wheeler, Esq.

We do not mean to comment on the above. That the whole land is nearly barren, is obviously nonsense, and the manner of selling it seems perfectly fair. There may, indeed, be ruinous delays in a place where provisions are so dear as quickly to exhaust a small capital. The purchase made by the 200 workmen, of £5 worth of land each, on which to build houses, is so far gratifying; but *The Times*, city article points out the true cause of the high price of this rural land, in its quality and favourable situation. Next to the labouring people getting small farms and beginning to raise provisions for the market of Adelaide, the above must be satisfactory as to the prospects of working men in the colony. Still, for this class, the most satisfactory statement that could be published by the Commissioners, is, how much wheat and potatoes, &c.,

have been grown last year; how cheap are bread, beef, mutton, butter, milk, shoes, &c. &c., become. Colonel Torrens cannot mean that all, or nearly all, the mechanics on board the transports were offered 14s. a-day;* but that sum, in the present state of the colony, would be required by the artisans who have emigrated, though it should impoverish, if not ruin the agricultural settlers. In *The Liverpool Albion* we see loud complaints of the colony, and an earnest warning to working-men; while Colonel Torrens' letter has produced a reply in *The Times* of the 10th, signed T. H. B., in which the old story is reiterated, and alarming new facts brought forward. T. H. B. does not believe in "jobbing" in the sale of lands, but he avers that there is great difficulty in getting possession; and, to many settlers, delay must be injurious, if not fatal. He inquires of Mr Wheeler whether "a large proportion of the cattle of the colony have not died from a disease called the 'rotten horn,' for which no cause save the soil can be assigned, and for which no remedy has hitherto been discovered?—and whether this circumstance, together with the price of mechanical labour, has not reduced several persons who emigrated with £2,000 or £3,000, to the condition of day-labourers?"

Although there may be exaggerations in the statements on both sides, there is more than enough, in the circumstances of the colony, to justify our exhortations to full and deliberate inquiry. If the Commissioners, and those interested in the welfare of the colony, wish to retain public confidence, they ought not only to liberalize their scheme, but to shew, by specific statements, and not vague and general assurances, that it is the interest of emigrants to go in preference to South Australia.

* It is said that 14s. a-day is offered mechanics. If the Commissioners will assure mechanics of 7s. or 5s. a-day, and the necessities of life at a moderate price, or the rates of England, then we shall be glad to see thousands embark for the new colony. We at this moment know of a Scotsman, a cooper, in Hobart Town, who emigrated at his own cost about five years ago, and who writes home to his relations that he can make a guinea a-day; and many days he may have made a guinea. In the first eighteen months, he comfortably maintained a wife and three children, and saved £70, which might still purchase a small farm, if he could not put his money to better use where interest is so high. But would any one advise a legion of coopers, or any one cooper, to go to Hobart Town in the expectation of earning as much? Certainly not. If, however, the choice lay between Sydney, Hobart Town, Adelaide, or Perth, we know the advice we could conscientiously give.

FALLEN FLOWERS.

OUR child is dead!—strew o'er her grave
The fairest flowers;
Emblems of hope she vainly gave
Of brighter hours.
I'll watch them while their bloom can give
A passing breath,
And think our child, while yet they live,
Sleeps not in death!

But see!—their forms already fade
Beneath mine eye!—
Thus all things beautiful are made
To bloom and die.
Fair child! fair flowers! how tranquilly
Ye pass away!
Would I could thus unconsciously
Death's call obey!

THE ANNUALS FOR 1839.

THE KEEPSAKE.

THIS Annual, with the sweet old English name, appears for 1839 with more than its usual elegance and excellence. The plates are all good; but a few are choice. *The Countess Guiccioli*, not the natural "buxom parlour boarder" of past years, but a bit of exquisite art, forms the frontispiece. Is it Leigh Hunt, or Dr Granville, in his "Spas of Germany," who has disenchanted or desecrated the Guiccioli?—or how comes it that of her we are inclined to say—"Get thee to a nunnery, if thou seekest to retain thy lingering empire over the imagination and the feelings." Chalon has exerted himself to do justice to the languishing, conscious beauty, made up for having her picture painted; and the plate is most delicately engraved. Still, something in better taste might have been hit upon for the prominent design in a work of this nature; and this Beauty we consider the sole blemish of an otherwise perfect annual. The vignette, *The Corsair's Isle*, is light and lovely, as if touched with a feather from Ariel's wing. There are several charming landscapes, and some beautiful characteristic groups—*Maida* being one, and *The Bridesmaid* another. But the charm of the volume, in a pictorial view, is *Mary Danvers*; a sweet, open-faced, real-looking little girl, in an easy, natural attitude, and with the happiest expression. This charming print illustrates a tale such as is rare in annuals from the pen of young M.P.'s. It is written by Mr Bernal, in a very pleasing and unaffected style; and inculcates a cheerful, though deep and sound moral, in shewing the true and sure foundation of human happiness to be the love and the power of doing good. *The Reefer* will, however, be permanently the favourite plate in the volume. It is designed by Chalon. It will explain its character and excellence to say, that, on turning it up, unknowing what was meant, the instant idea was—the soul of Nelson is looking through the face of that boy! It is indeed impossible to mistake the expression of that intense look-out, which yet has something dreary in it; "looking as if it looked at something" beyond that weltering sea and those calm heavens.

The plate is gracefully and happily described by Lord Nugent, in the story which he makes the old Foretop-gallant-yard, of the Seahorse tell about the Young Reefer. The Seahorse had just been launched. It was the Foretop-gallant-yard's first voyage, as well as that of the Reefer. Both were alike alive with joyous feelings of exultation and curiosity. It was when they had cleared Cape Finisterre that they first came into contact. "And never, now," quoth old Foretop-gallant-yard,—as sound a bit of timber as ever grew in a Norwegian forest—

"Can I see the sun sinking, as it then was, in glory, amid the fiery streaks of a dappled sky, but I associate the emblem with that acquaintance so begun; recalling

all that belongs to it, I know not whether in mere affection, pride, or sorrow. It was then that one of the young gentlemen, who had been sent on board as supercargo at Chatham, and whose station was in the foretop, mounted for the first time the top-gallant-mast rigging, to view the Spanish land, lit up as it was by the last waning beam which shot level from the broad bosom of the Atlantic. And from that time forth, not a day passed during the voyage blow high, blow low, so that the ship could carry top-gallant-yards across, but the same risk was repeated morn and eve. The same small spar form clung to me, and gazed out upon the sea, as I were an embodied spirit of young Hope looking forth from a home of safety upon the futurities of life, as they lie smiling or rise contentious before him. Oh! many has been the bosom that has pressed itself closely to me, when the youngers were lying out to reef or stow the sail, or when some stripling was sent up aloft and alone, on duty, or perhaps penance. And, holding converse, as I have often done, with the beat of various feelings—sometimes the light upspringing of a careless and thoughtless exultation—sometimes the throb of a deep and silent sorrow, such as loads the heart from the hour when it bade its first and long farewell to those friends whom it had loved earliest and dearest, and to that home whose last glimpse, perchance, is fading in the distance—sometimes the high swelling of ambition, a yearning after some bright vision of glory, deeply pondered and fondly cherished: all this does make one familiar with the spirit, and almost with each particular thought, that moves and reigns within. But never, never did I feel a young breast rise with a prouder joy, than did that of this boy, on the day, about three weeks after our departure, when, for his activity and diligence in his duties, he found himself rated on the ship's books as a midshipman, a warrant officer in the service of Great Britain! And, for hours, even when not on watch or on other duty, when his meridian observations had been duly taken, and his log made up to noon, would he resume his old station aloft, sometimes perched upon the foretop-mast head, but oftener leaning with his chest across me, half-supported by his right arm. I see him now as in those young days he was—his left hand holding his day-glass, his feet swinging on the horse, but his countenance steady and eager, as it bent forward to sweep the horizon round. Was a landfall to be made?—or had his glass just confirmed the suggestion of his keen and ranging eye, and was he taking a last look, to fix the bearings of the object which it was his pride to have been the first of those on the look-out to discover, and was he preparing to glide quietly down the rigging to the deck, and there, touching his hat to the lieutenant of the watch, report to him that, "if he pleased," there was a strange sail hull down on the weather-bow? In memory I feel that throb still, though now for more than thirty years that heart—but I continue my tale.

We should also wish to continue this well-imagined, felicitous sketch of Nelson's early life, of the dawning of Nelson's spirit—but it must not be.

A lively story, turning upon the mutual inconveniences of a young lady and gentleman being both short-sighted, is written by the Hon. Edmund Phipps; and a tale of horror—"The Eve of All-Hallows"—by Lady Charlotte St Maur. Mrs Shelley has contributed a heroic tale of high-souled Greece, and some small poetical pieces. "The Prediction" is another good tale.

From a poetical and imaginative story or poem, in prose, entitled, "The Marriage of Sion," by Mr St John, we extract these flowing lines:—

WOMAN'S LOVE.

"Wherefore do we toil in youth?
 Wisdom grave, confess the truth.
 Wherefore dare the battle's strife,
 Deeming light of death or life?
 Wherefore haunt the Muses' spring,
 Or touch Apollo's golden string?
 Or, in some ancient turret grey,
 Charm the drowsy hours away,
 By the spell of learned page,
 Full of precepts quaint and sage?
 Wherefore watch the golden fires
 Wherewith Night her head attires,
 When, in silent state, she lies
 Above the cloudy, fretted skies?
 Wherefore in the crowded hall
 With mercenary fury brawl?
 Or in wrangling senate sit
 And brandish eloquence and wit,
 To fire the heroic breast with zeal
 Unshrinking for the commonweal?
 Wherefore thus, in youth and age,
 Fret we o'er this weary stage—
 But that, by the wedded hearth,
 The loveliest, holiest spot on earth,
 Woman's smile should meet our eyes,
 And gild with love our energies?
 This, this is all the golden spoil
 We seek in life's Olympic toil;
 And this, through wavering good or ill,
 The central power, attracts us still;
 We think, we climb, we soar, we rove,
 And all we ask is—*Woman's love!*"

But poetry, this year, is not the stronghold of "The Keepsake," unless it be such poetry in prose as we find in Mr St John's tale, and in "The Reefer." A comic sketch, full of Spanish national character, is entitled "The Two Blind Beggars of Segovia;" and Miss Sheridan has given a slight, though one of her most finished performances, in the sprightly journal of the time "When I was bridesmaid." With how much life it opens, describing the delightful social duty of acting as bridesmaid, as the womanly, affectionate way of being *Second* to a friend!—and how cleverly are female caprices and vanities, and those airy nothings, lovers' quarrels, depicted in the diary kept by the bridesmaid. There is a gleam of the hereditary spirit, of that which produced "The Rivals" and "The Duenna," in this gay effusion. It is not very quotable; but we must try one scene—premising that Mr Devereux and Miss Allingham are heartily in love; that the young lady has even passed the era of flirtation; and that the symptoms of the final stage, timidity in woman, triumph in her master—are apparent to the clear-sighted bridesmaid, when a flirting Spanish Don, and some slight pique at the lover, rouse the demon of coquetry in the lady's breast.

Wednesday, midnight.—The Spaniard has been here, and has just departed. I wish he had never come. He arrived soon after breakfast, and his manner shewed the perfect confidence in his own merits and appearance, which provokes my dislike in proportion to its extent and success. His singing, guitar-playing, valseing, sighing, and love-making, directed to Miss Allingham, have given her a fit of nonsense, and Mr Devereux a fit of angry jealousy. The bright complexion of the Englishman has been deepened with annoyance all day; and I did not think blue eyes could have flashed such lightnings as fell on the exquisite Don Raymon de Rivas. The Caballero saw and enjoyed the mischief occasioned by his

gallantries; and dear, thoughtless Charlotte forgot all her recently acquired steadiness, and gave way to a foreign new flirtation, à *bride abbath*.

The large party in the country house, where the lovers and bridesmaid were upon a visit, had got up *Tableaux* for their amusement, and, among others, one termed the "Surprise;" or Beppo coming unexpectedly upon his wife attended by the Count. Charlotte personified Laura, and the Spanish Don her lover. He had previously asked Devereux's consent to take this delicate part. The bridesmaid did expect Mr Devereux to be angry; but matters were far beyond that point, and she became alarmed at the ominous calmness with which he said to Don Raymon—"You have my permission, sir, to enact any character with the lady which best suits her taste."

The *Tableaux* were succeeded by waltzing, and much tender nonsense between the new flirts, though both secretly watched the pale, stern, calm countenance of Devereux—the Spaniard from gratified vanity, Charlotte with the mixed feelings of triumph and apprehension. The bridesmaid was glad when the Don's carriage was announced. We resume the diary:—

Thursday.—The lovers do not speak; and I find both are too proud to be manageable by reasoning on their dissension. Charlotte had promised one of the guests a drawing of the Abbey for her album; but, being Spaniard, this morning she drew for her a contra-bandista, in a *sombrero*, the very image of Don Raymon de Rivas. The album-keeper, with the well-planned innocence of an envious country miss, instantly shewed it to Mr Devereux, adding the warmest commendation of Miss Allingham's power of drawing from memory. The same amiable person then asked Charlotte to sing; and, as the latter is always crazy about some new melody, she sung one of Don Raymon's valse-like songs, ending with the eternal "ya, ya, i!" which, in Spain, supplies the place of our "la, la, ra!" and the accompaniment she played in the disagreeable Spanish style, by striking the guitar strings backward with the nails, as the Caballero had taught her. More praises to Mr Devereux from the young country lady, as to Miss Allingham's quickness at learning music! In the evening Charlotte said she was too tired to valse, when our worthy host wanted her to join the others; so she played for us all the evening. Mr Devereux sat apart with a book; and no salutation passed as the party separated.

Friday.—This is our last morning at the Abbey, as Miss Allingham and I are to set out for London immediately after breakfast. Mr Devereux has always distinguished me by a most gratifying friendliness; and, as we happened to meet *tête-à-tête* before the others came down, I had almost succeeded in bringing back some of his good-humoured smiles. Alas! just as his brilliant teeth were displayed to reward my pains, we heard Charlotte's sweet voice singing in the conservatory, "*Una parloma blanca*," and she came valseing down through the flowers to its chorus, "*tripili, trapala*." I shall never forgive the Spaniards for inventing such stupid words; in fact, I shall hate this very pretty little song for ever, because it pushed down my castles, which were not built *en Espagne*. One of Miss Allingham's great charms, and which raises her so immeasurably above the women here, is her perfect gentleness of manner. Her style is completely unassuming—that sure criterion of good-breeding and good-sense; and her brilliant conversation flows on in a sweet, low tone, and perfect repose of demeanour, which contrasts delightfully with the "animated" country misses, whose active mirth only enlivens themselves. Great was my surprise, therefore, when the brother of our Miss Marplot having expressed a hope that "the gay foreigners in London would not make

Miss Allingham desert her English friends," she answered, in a sarcastic tone, that Englishmen were proverbially illiberal towards foreigners, through jealousy of their superior accomplishments; but English women, not having such a cause of jealousy, could do more justice to their advantages." She left the room on concluding this ill-chosen speech; and Mr Devereux, as he went into the library, favoured us with a parting comment, "that women were always taken with novelty and assurance; the worse the more agreeable."

London, Saturday.—The belligerents exchanged a very dignified farewell yesterday. Mr Devereux was evidently anxious in the morning to end their differences; but ill-judged pride caused him to part from Charlotte almost as a stranger; while the latter, whose quivering lip betrayed to me her feelings at their separation in displeasure, chose to express her longing "to hear again the rattle of the dear London pavement." We all shrink from the obloquy of being thought unfeeling; yet, when we feel the most, do we not affect levity to veil it? And generally so successfully, that we are disliked for what we seem, rather than pitied for what we are. Ere we left the Abbey, I went into the library to replace a book, and found Mr Devereux alone writing. He requested me to take the charge of his letter to his sister, the Marquesa, with whom he was desirous I should become acquainted. "I have urged her to be very intimate with Char—with Miss Allingham," he added, in an uncertain tone; "at my sister's house there will be an opportunity of confirming her Spanish taste, or of seeing through the imposing glitter of their manners."

"The latter is sure to be the result," I replied, "and then you will come to town. Remember you have been rather rigid and unyielding in this trifling matter, to which opposition has given false importance." "When she is quite convinced of her present mistake, I will but too gladly visit London," he answered. "May I trust to your warm-hearted nature to watch over my interest, and let me know when the happy hour arrives?" I could not help assenting; and he bestowed upon me all the "dear, charming, noble, amiable, superior" epithets, with which lovers laud an obliging confidante—and thus we parted.

As we drove past the library, I discovered, over the wire-blinds, the richly-clustered chestnut hair of Mr Devereux, who had forgotten that his towering height would betray the watcher of our movements; and I certainly saw a white handkerchief passed across the eyes of the proud offended lover. His indignant fair one kept her head averted from the house; but the bouquet in her hand received heavier and warmer drops than ever before fell on its blossoms. If, instead of being attached, these two people had hated each other, the rules of society would have exacted the most scrupulous good-breeding. It is only hearts kindly enough for deep affection, that make each other completely miserable.

The sister of Devereux, the Marquesa, was married to a Spanish nobleman; and, accordingly, all the *caballeros* in London frequented her house on her *tertulia* nights. There Miss Allingham took more lessons in Spanish manners or affectations, to the infinite provocation of her friend, the intending bridesmaid. One evening, when, attired in the Spanish costume, Charlotte employed the usual high-flown complimentary phrases of that nation, and played off the pretty fan-exercise, and other airs of a Spanish belle, the lively English bridesmaid cried—"How ill you play those castanets!—the rule is to execute, with three fingers, what is termed 'a turn' on the piano, and then clic-clac your single notes to complete each bar." To shew *la belle* that she was imperfect in her Spanish affectations, I exhibited my own skill on those spirit-stirring pieces of ebony; and the Spaniards, who have

extraordinary national conceit, were more pleased than if I had displayed an accomplishment really requiring genius, but not originating in their country. The beau seated at Miss Allingham's feet, paid me some extravagant compliments. My *Tableaux* acquaintance, Don Raymon, left a group of young men, to salute me, with—" *Señoritas a los pies de usted.*" And he called to his mustachioed friends; and all the world hastened to the feet of an English lady who was as accomplished as a Madridena! The caballeros did her universal homage.

Miss Allingham's especial flirt was Don Christoval de Cebada, a nephew of the Marquesa. It was he who was now seated on a cushion at Charlotte's feet; and, being summoned to sing, without changing his sentimental position, he took a guitar, and sang an impassioned air at the lady, who, though she afterwards waltzed, in the Spanish style, with all the Dons, still returned to Christoval. The bridesmaid thought of her absent favourite, Mr Devereux. She feared that the wily Marquesa, who had become quite foreign in her manners, was encouraging her husband's Spanish nephew at the expense of her English brother; for Charlotte was an heiress. We resume the bridesmaid's journal. Her office seemed far enough off now, unless she had consented to be Charlotte's *second*, with the Don for bridegroom.

14th June.—Charlotte's mania is becoming worse than ever. At the first *tertulia* I attended, she had only adopted the mantilla-veil and high comb; but last night she wore also the *basquina* robe, with deep flounces of black fringe, nearly to the waist, fit only for a Bolero dancer. Her fan was flourished most intelligibly among the caballeros, (I could not help saying they followed it as dray-horses do the whip,) and as each approached she began with—" *¡Ahurr!*" or "Ahi," and I requested she would speak to me at least in our native tongue; but she turned to the handsome de Cebada, and, exclaiming, "Ahi! Christoval, que barbaridad!" valsed off in his arms.

The bridesmaid in this extremity resolved neither to give up her friend, lose her lilac satin gown, nor yet wear it in the Spanish Ambassador's chapel; so she summoned the lover to town. He came not; and Charlotte, after dismissing Don Christoval, still flirted with the eternal caballeros, each in turn. She said she had refused Don Christoval, because, though only tolerated for his nationality, he had carried it too far, by partaking of an ollapodrida, after she had anathematized garlic! Such an act of treason the admired belle could not forgive. She added, that every one of these young men, notwithstanding their court breeding, had, on intimacy, evinced some vulgarity or coarseness which revolted her habits of refinement. Don Geronimo was slovenly all the morning; Pepé she had seen take liqueur before dinner; Jayme could not live without a cigar; Raymon's gallantry was obtrusive; Antonio used snuff, and could scarce spell his own romantic name. The bridesmaid saw, by these mighty causes of disgust, that the Spanish mania was nearly over, and that, if Mr Devereux would only appear, an hour or two might clear up the misunderstanding. She continues her

diary on July 1; the season wearing fast away, and no wedding approaching.

This morning I expressed to Miss Allingham my extreme pleasure that she would not marry Don Christoval. "Marry! I shall never marry any one," she said, in her gentle tone.

"And why not, Charlotte? You have too much heart, under this slight surface of coquetry, to pass through life without an attachment." [A long conversation ensues, the bridesmaid concluding,] "I am sure, if Mr Devereux were here, he and I"—

"But he is *not* here," she interrupted, in a gentle yet proud tone; "and be so good as not to renew this subject."

The bridesmaid was, nevertheless, encouraged. When the lover chose to put off magnificent, and act the rational, there were very good hopes of tears, reconciliation, a wedding, and bridesmaids in primrose satin—but, alas!

July 18.—All my hope of being *second*, as I wished, is less probable than ever! Would that all the Don Christovals, Pepés, Geronimos, Raymons, and Antonios were back again!—for there is a new hidalgo arrived this week, in whom I see more peril than in all the other flirtations fifty times multiplied by fifty.

This paragon of Spain was tall, stately, with teeth of pearly English whiteness, though he had jet black hair, and an olive complexion, but also very bright, blue eyes;—in brief, he was, at all points, a perfect cavalier. The bridesmaid was half in love with him herself, though loving a foreigner passed her comprehension. It must be so maddening to an English damsel, she thinks, to hear them come out with "*my sol*," and "*my loaf*." The blue eyes of Don Pasquale must reveal the mystery to the reader, which neither Charlotte nor her second could penetrate. The Marquesa had aided in her brother's plot, as if inspired by the genius for intrigue of a native Spanish woman; and Charlotte, severely tested, came pure through the ordeal. Before July was out, the bridegroom placed a signet-ring on the bridesmaid's finger, with the motto, "*Muchas gracias!*" which his kind voice uttered with affectionate emphasis. He asked Charlotte, "could she not repeat it?" But bridal disobedience commenced with her translating it into "Many Thanks," as she embraced her Second.

And so ends this lively story, which has a double claim upon English gentlemen—first, as lords of the creation, "superior men," bound by this very superiority to be indulgent to the foibles of fond, weak, coquettish women; and, secondly, as pure ENGLISH CLAYS, superior to the men of every other nation, whether as lovers, husbands, or anything else.

THE DIADÉM; A BOOK FOR THE BOUDOIR.

This splendid, new, "first-class" Annual is edited by Miss L. H. Sheridan, who formerly superintended "The Comic Annual," which she has dropped. The plates are of the ordinary character and style of the annualse, and the literary contents a sort of miscellaneous scrap-book or album, furnished by persons of quality and fashion, dead and alive. The work may interest that particular class, and thus may make its fortune; otherwise, we should not be sanguine as to the success of this competitor in a field in which, to say truth, there is now little room. The

editress complains of bad health, and the loss of valued friends—and the appeal will have its weight. Mr Campbell has contributed a ballad, of which the subject is an affecting trait in the life of Napoleon, which may have been true. As a favourable specimen of the Diademic poetry, here it is:—

NAPOLÉON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

- "I love contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal story,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's glory.
- "'Twas when his banners at Boulogne,
Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.
- "They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.
- "His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds, to Britain, half-way over,
With envy; they could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover!
- "A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer!
- "At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doting,
An empty hoghead, on the deep
Come shoreward floating!
- "He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live-long day—laborious—lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working!
- "Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description—such a wretched wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry.
- "For ploughing in the salt sea field
'Twould make the very boldest shudder;]
Untarr'd—uncompass'd—and unkeel'd—
No sail!—no rudder!
- "From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows,
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows!
- "The French guard caught him on a beach—
His little argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him came to reach
Napoleon's hearing.
- "With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace or danger;
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger:—
- "'Rash youth! that wouldst yon channel pass,
With twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned?'"
- "'I have no sweetheart,' said the lad;
'But—absent years from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.'"
- "'And so thou shalt!' Napoleon said,
'Ye've both my favour justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son.'
- "He gave the tar a piece of gold;
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England old,
And safely landed.

"Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Buonaparte."

As a thing more likely to interest our readers than the transcripts from old commonplace books, we shall copy this sketch from life, by Mrs Fitzroy Howard, who, falling into a delicate state of health, in consequence of a fatiguing overland journey, undertaken in the winter season, went to some nameless Turkish city to use the baths:—

In my excursion to the Turkish coasts, I had a sort of humble companion, a respectable Greek female, in reduced circumstances, who spoke Turkish fluently; and, though my visits after landing were limited to the baths, yet, by means of her interpretation, I was enabled to enter into much of what passed among the Turkish visitants. The appearance of the bath establishment greatly disappointed me; for, in the town where I tried them, there was but little evidence of that Oriental magnificence of furniture about which travellers to these regions seem to become insane. But there was much comfort in the arrangements; and, for a stranger, considerable amusement in the social customs of the place. It was a large, plain, windowless building, with a low door, whence we passed, through a court, into the general hall. Here the Turkish ladies sit for hours, before and after the bath, discussing all the news and fashions of the day—the real object for which more than half of them attend. There was something sweetly sad in the low voices of these fair gossips; and, during my visits, I never heard one of them commit the vulgarity of talking fast, or laughing loud; but the conversation was incessant as the glowing fountains near them, and really not altogether unlike in sound. The most striking novelty to me was the appearance of the children, who were there in great numbers. Descriptions and plates given in travels, with our theatrical costumes, prepare our eye, to a certain extent, for the dress of adults in foreign countries; therefore the lounging ladies in velvet and brocade did not seem altogether so strange. But the little girls of six or seven, instead of wearing clothes of a form and substance suited to their playful age, were decked forth in every costly, brilliant, and rare material, fashioned exactly like what their mothers wore! Even gold embroidery, rings, and precious gems, were not wanting to render the appearance of these poor "Marionettes" more absurd and precocious. The airs of the little creatures, too, their languid lipings, slowly-turning eyes, and studied attitudes, were so exaggerated a caricature of their maternal patterns, that I think they helped to my recovery by the constant amusement I derived from their artificial gravity. I must say, however, that my little friends were the best-humoured and least troublesome children I ever met; whatever the system of nursery discipline may be in Turkey, it might be introduced with advantage among the youthful Britons, who never hit the medium between shyness and intrusion.

At the end of the general hall where I first took my seat, I observed a heavy cloth curtain, and from its folds I saw ladies emerge, dressed like those in the hall, but having their hair enveloped in beautiful coloured handkerchiefs. These new-comers buried themselves among down cushions of bright satin; and a white silk mantlet being placed over their shoulders, their long hair was let down to be dried and dressed after the bath. This most tedious process must have been invented to waste time for the idlest of the female creation; for, through curiosity, I marked the time by my watch, and a *coiffure* was never completed under an hour and a half, or two hours! The hair of the Orientals, which we poetically fancy to be luxuriant, like every other growth of their clime, is in reality much inferior to that of my own countrywomen; being lank, thin, and lustreless, although attaining great length; and I was amazed by the *sang froid* with which false tresses were attached to almost every head, by its *coiffure* in the public room, without attempting concealment. For the form and materials of the ladies'

dress, as I before said, I was not quite unprepared. But I was astonished by the richness being so universal. Between the costumes of those whom my Greek called "the great ladies," and those of inferior grade and wealth, I could trace no difference; satin, velvet, gold embroidery, and jewels, being employed by all with equal prodigality; and such was their extravagant carelessness, that the perishable materials cannot last, with a Turkish belle, half the time they would be in the wardrobe of even a capricious London beauty. Their lavish expense is not confined to the exterior garb; every appliance of the toilet is so costly, that I only wondered how pashas who have wives and daughters can ever save fortunes to tempt the bowstring. The exhaustion of the frame, after the heated sulphuric atmosphere, being very great, I used to sit for an hour or so in the general hall, and, of course, provided myself with some occupation to relieve the tedium. But, among the native visitants, I never once saw an indication of anything beyond complete idleness. These ladies sit helplessly to be dressed, like automatons, and carry on their sweet, languid murmur of news, &c., amidst the plaiting, twisting, and binding up their hair; and, when this is finished, they fall asleep amidst the noise and movement, with a facility and soundness which excite equal envy and wonder in a nervous invalid. No pampered Italian greyhound, snuggled within a cachmere, gives its large lustrous eyes more "day-sleep" than do the fair Turks to their similar orbs! One matter I observed among these elegant idlers, which prepossessed me strongly in their favour—namely, they are not *gourmandes*. Many took their dinners with their children in the assembling hall, either purchasing the light materials of their repast from the establishment, or having it brought by their own attendants. The splendour of the articles employed in serving it was extraordinary; but the meal only occupied a short time, and seemed to be hastily dismissed, to make way for the esteemed refreshment of smoking scented tobacco, from the smallest of gold and jewelled pipes.

Mrs Fitzroy Howard visited the Turkish baths by medical advice, and she imputes her rapid recovery from incipient consumption to their salubrious effects. She places great faith in the efficacy of slight sulphuric vapour as a preventive of the national malady, and seriously recommends *herpanacea*; seeking to do good through the gay medium of an Annual. Consumption is unknown among the beautiful Turkish bathers, (and, we dare say, the non-bathers also,) though their lives are far more sedentary than those of Englishwomen, and, we may add, than those of fair Americans, who seem to suffer more from this malady than their sisters in the old country. As an inducement to the use of the baths, she urges that the complexion of the Turkish ladies retains that smooth, transparent bloom to an advanced period, which, in this country, never outlasts childhood or extreme youth.

A narrative or legend is given here, which was told by Sir Walter Scott to Mrs Coutts, afterwards Duchess of St Albans, and of which, to render the affair more remarkable, he shewed the lady the scene. It was "the burnt Hill Fort," wherever it may stand, in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford; and near it the company all sat on *granite* blocks while the dreadful tale was told! It is a hash-up from the well-known tradition of the Macdonalds, when the Bastard of Moidart supplanted the *Macchieff*; with a sufficient quantity of blood and horror got up for the nonce, and thrown in, to set the hairs of the Duchess's wig on end. It is horrible, most horrible! and unworthy of Scott.

"The Alpine Lovers," a pretty tale, in a kind of blank verse, or something which at least is not prose, is by the Countess of Blessington, and need not be too severely criticised, as this lady, we believe, does not set up for a poetess. "Love's Inquest," a lively conceit in rhymed couplets, by the Hon. Mrs. J. C. Westenra, is among the best things in the collection; nor is this fair *hit*, by Lady Thompson, which is recommended by brevity, at all amiss:—

MAN'S THREE PERFECTIONS.

"Men confess *some* defects, that their sense you may know;

But to boast on Three points with the whole sex is common:—

When they ride, they are Centaurs no horses can throw;
When they drink, they've such heads the effects never shew;

When they love, they're ne'er cheated in love shewn by woman!"

Miss Sheridan's tale of "The Priest" is, however, the best performance in the volume. Her married priest has all Luther's passion and enthusiasm, lacking his fortitude and high intellect. If this lady come before the public in another volume of this expensive kind, she should draw less on namby-pamby fashionable contributors, and trust more to her own resources.

SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR, &c.

We have already had occasion to notice this illustrated work with hearty approbation. As a *gift-book* or *souvenir* none has higher claims. The views, which are drawn from nature, by Bartlett, Allom, and other artists or amateurs, are strikingly beautiful and characteristic. The subjects are chosen with judgment and knowledge; and the designs shew spirit and taste. These plates are charmingly described, and in turn *illustrated*, by the anecdotes, legends, and traditions collected by Mr Carne, who seems to have made this interesting region his home. Maps enable us to follow his steps through the the Holy Land, though no continuous narrative is attempted—a plate generally serving for the text of his graphic and poetical discourse. A view of the approach to *Beirut* leads us forward to *Sidon*, at the distance from thence of a seven hours' ride. *Beirut* had been a hospitable, and, to the Englishmen, a comfortable temporary home; and now they were consigned to the waste-room of a desolate caravanserai. We are fond, at home, of Eastern *interiors*, and Mr Carne gives us more of the domestic manners and social customs of the people than any other traveller, having somehow contrived to have more facility of entry into private houses.

In the evening, they left their forlorn caravanserai, to visit a merchant's family of *Sidon*. The contrast with their comfortless lodging was vivid and delightful. They sat on soft cushions and carpets; the pipe and coffee were presented, and some light Oriental dishes were soon served, with excellent wine. The lady of the house, a pretty woman, and well-dressed, presided at the repast, and the conversation was easy and agreeable. The entertainers were Syrian Christians,

and spoke the *Lingua-Franca* dialect. The hostess assured the travellers that she had prepared some of the sweet dishes with her own hands. Mr Carne resolved henceforth to trust to the hospitality of the natives, whether poor or rich, rather than to the Khans; and he found no reason to regret the decision. At Jerusalem he lodged near the gate of Bethlehem; his apartments opening on the battlements of the ancient wall, near the tower of David. There his hosts served his breakfasts, on a little table about eighteen inches high—fresh cream and honey, bread and coffee. At dinner he was served with the wine of Jerusalem, which Chateaubriand pronounced excellent, though we do not find his testimony confirmed; and, in the evening, the family would assemble and sing some native air to the accompaniment of the guitar. From this pleasant lodging he was seduced away by the Franciscan monks of San Salvador—and the change was much for the worse. We give this little picture of manners in *Sidon*:—

We entered one of the coffee-houses in *Sidon*, that was filled with well-dressed Turks, lounging on the soft benches. Many of them sat at the open windows, which looked out upon the sea, which fell on the heart with a lulling sound. Having no tobacco, my next neighbour, a good-looking Turk, instantly offered me his little silken bag, to fill my pipe; for every Turk carries his bag about with him, as inseparably as an Englishman does his watch. In this manner is a great part of the day beguiled by this indolent and apathetic people—sipping coffee eternally—uttering grave and pithy sentences—stroking their beards—taking off their turbans, and smoothing their bald heads. To relieve this monotony, a story-teller often breaks in, stands suddenly in the middle of the room, and begins his tale with wild gesticulations, and a rapid flow of words. The Turk listens intensely, and then breaks forth into loud peals of laughter, shaking his heavy sides and wide garments with infinite glee, feeling all the luxury of the contrast. The cottages and gardens without the walls exhibit a more animated and more interesting scene of quiet industry and prosperity; for here each Syrian peasant rejoiced in the fruits of his own labour, and sat under the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree. These Syrians were comely in their person, and neat in their attire; the graceful cap and tassel, with the tunic, set off their light and slender forms. Many of the young women wore several rows of gold coins braided with their hair, and falling on each side of the face as low as the bosom; and the hair of others was braided behind, and fell down the back in long tresses. They wore sandals on their feet. . . .

Had Lady Hester Stanhope chosen her residence about a mile or two from *Sidon*, at the foot of the hills, and planted and improved the spot with the same taste as at Marilius, it would have been a luxurious, sheltered, and exquisite home—a bower of Armida, not a little *oasis* arrested from the mountain's brow; a retreat that may be said to be shelterless, neighbourless, a wild solitude over which passes furiously the sweep of the tempest. Would not some English companion or friend be a treasure here? To most persons it would; but not to the recluse of Marilius, who is surrounded by foreign domestics and attendants only. Miss W., who resided with her for some time, in a kind of honourable but bitter dependence, was married, some time since, to a young Syrian of *Beirut*, who had been her Ladyship's dragoman, but dismissed from her service for daring to fall in love with Miss W. The attachment, however, was mutual; yet sorely was it crossed for a protracted period. They both drank the waters of jealousy and suspicion; for, like Elizabeth, the Syrian recluse, cannot endure that any of her courtiers or attendants should be the slaves of love.

So much for Syrian gossip. Lady Hester Stanhope is now reconciled to the married pair. Mr Carne imagines, and probably correctly, that, if the secret heart of this eccentric, if not half-mad lady could be read, it would be seen that she longs to return to England.

But never will she return—pride, the fear of derision, the affected scorn of European tastes and habits, the rooted preference to Oriental feelings, (even, it may be said, in faith,) will cause her to go down to the grave without friend or lover to lament over her, or to say, 'Alas! her glory!' The powers of her mind are as acute as ever, and her conversation as animated and brilliant; but the pallid face, and now inactive frame, tall of increasing infirmities; and perhaps there is at times the thought that it is a bitter thing to draw near to the grave in a strange land, far from all the associations, the memories, the feelings of our earlier and better life. The conquest of Syria by Ibrahim will diminish the influence of Lady Hester over the potentates of the land. . . . Ibrahim is too powerful as well as too distant a despot to be sensible of the prestige, or gracious to the caprices of 'the great Lady,' whose queenhood of the East has, for some time, been passing from her.

Poor lady! we can think of nothing better than that Captain Basil Hall should take compassion upon her. She is precisely in the condition of the Countess Purgstall, in her forlorn Schloss.

The condition of the Jews at Antioch leads the writer to compassionate the sufferings of this singular people, and "the bitterness of having no country."

The Pass of Souk Barrada, the ancient *Pharpar*, is a wild and picturesque scene. A little farther on is the village of Zebdané, in the valley of Barrada, where a traveller might find a delightful retreat for a few weeks. It is flourishing with rich cultivation; shaded roads, rose-covered hedges, delicious pasturages; the people friendly and hospitable, clean in their dwellings, comely in their persons; provisions abundant, and religious intolerance and bigotry unknown. This last is rare in the East. There the mountain ballad is sung, and the tale told, and the wine of Lebanon drunk; and the mild, and kind, and well-clad circle gather round the stranger at evening. And this is a land into which Europeans were but lately afraid to venture!

A grand though rude Syrian entertainment, which cost the host no small pains, appears to have awakened little gratitude in the breasts of his guests. The feast certainly does want many of the *agremens* of a European dinner party, though the semi-barbarian banquet, unbrightened by woman's smile, has a wild charm of its own.

Balbec is becoming about as well-known as *Staffa* or the Giant's Causeway. It may now be reached from Beirut in one day, with no danger, and with greatly diminished expense; and it is next to impossible to go any day, when one will not encounter either a Yankee, with, perhaps, his wife and children, a Russian, a German, or a Pole, or all three at once. After discussing the imaginary or fabulous history of Balbec, Mr Carne concludes—

So little is known of the ancient Balbec, that it rather seems one of those cities of the "Arabian Tales," than a place for creatures of actual importance, wealth, and

luxury. Perhaps it is best that it should be thus, as if it was destined that the noble ruins should alone tell the tale. Could any other tale be so impressive? Could any monument of the dead be so mournful? But is it not beautiful—amid the quick passing of generations, the fall of so many things holy and great—so many things intended for eternity—to be able to lean against one of these pillars, and think that the years are not always as a tale that is told; the life is not always vanity that can leave such relics behind? When shall these temples pass away? When shall *their* sun go down?

It is known that missionary efforts have long been directed to this region; where, however, intolerance and bigotry, or, in one word, priest-craft, oppose greater obstacles to the spread of truth, than could be found in the most barbarous, new-discovered country. A Dr W., a friend of the writer, having lived for two years in Damascus and other parts, ventured to distribute copies of St John's Gospel, and other portions of the New Testament, translated into Arabic, and printed in London, among the people of the hamlets and villages about Eden and Lebanon. These gospels and tracts were discovered by the priests, who quickly gave information to the great Maronite Patriarch in the monastery of Canobin, of the propagation of heresy. Orders were issued to prevent the farther circulation of the books, and to take away the copies already distributed; and the stranger was commanded to desist, under pain of excommunication. He paid no more attention to the threat, than one of the old Methodists might have done to the orders of a bishop or rector who debarred him from preaching; but continued to visit the sick as before, gratuitously relieving their ailments. He was very popular and much beloved by the people; and he lived in the house of the Scheich, and was a favourite with his host, who found him friendly, instructive, and useful. The Patriarch, inflamed by his obstinacy, at last excommunicated him; and, as we should say in Scotland, *intercommuned* him; debarring every family, under the severest penalties, from giving fire, water, food, or shelter, to the contumacious heretic, or holding any communication with him whatever. On the next Sunday, this sentence was thundered forth in all the churches, and the effects were instantly visible. Every dwelling was closed against him—every eye averted. The sentiment of honour, in the breast of his host, the Scheich, rose above the fears of superstition, and he entreated Dr W. to remain with him; but this the guest would not do. He pitched his tent at a little distance from the village, and lived there with his servants, in sight of society, yet in utter solitude, for two months. He must have starved, save for the cupidity of one old man, who had the hardihood to disregard the church, as long as he was well paid for going twice a-week to Tripoli for provisions and wine. Had Dr W. been a native, severer measures would have been taken with him than the priests durst venture to employ. In a few weeks, the people came to his tent-door, to state their complaints, and obtain advice and medicine—but they would not, in return, give the *intercommuned* man a bit of bread or a draught of water. His feelings on the

Sabbath were peculiarly painful, when he heard the church bells calling the people together to hear the curse renewed against him. Human feelings could no longer hold out, and he left the place; but he is, we understand, about to make another attempt, under more favourable auspices.

On going to Tarsus, the traveller presented his letter to M. Gillet, the French consul there, but hesitated to accept his frank invitation to reside in his house. "But where will you go, my friend?" said the kind Frenchman; and, in half-an-hour, he was seated at a *dejeuné*, in the open divan, with his host and his family. They lived in the same manner as if they had been in Paris; but Madame Gillet confessed that they were at a sad loss for articles of the *cuisine*; and that she was compelled to be ever on the alert; yet entremets and fricassees came as if by magic. The Consul at parting begged the traveller "sometimes to recall the poor exiles of Tarsus."

After all that we have heard of the Cedars of Lebanon, what follows is as novel as it is beautiful:—

Every year in the month of June, the inhabitants of Besheral, of Eden, and other adjacent vales and villages, ascend to the cedars, and partake of the communion at their feet. Men, women, and children all esteem it a privilege to come and kneel, and sing their hymns beneath the aged trees; and this observance leaves a kindly influence on the memory throughout the year, and exquisitely appeals to the feelings of the children. Here one or many days are often passed; at sunrise and at sunset, and at intervals during the day, the splendid solitude is broken by their sweet voices. It is a spot in which many would desire to rest from their labours, and be laid here in the grave; beneath this bank, where kings and saints have wept—beneath these ancient witnesses—would it not be a hallowed resting-place? Amid the last glories of the cedars, the wind moaning through whose branches is like a dirge in winter; and in summer and autumn, the hymns and prayers of the people arise without ceasing.

There are other delightful holiday customs in this sacred territory, which we may as well notice here. At Bethlehem, on Christmas morning, the Christians repair to the very fields where the shepherds watched their flocks; and there, while the sun is rising, how beautiful it is to sit and look at the hill of Engeddi, and the tomb of Rachel! The only stream visible, flows down the vale from the fountain of Bethlehem, at which David longed to drink; it is, to this day, a pure fountain of delicious water.

The real character, the inmost soul and feeling, of the uncorrupted Hebrew, are frequent themes with Mr Carne. He sympathizes deeply with the afflictions of Jacob, with the desolate state of Zion. Contrasting the sordid Jew pedler and obsequious bargain-maker, with the same Jew remembering his high ancestry and glorious privileges, he remarks—

Here, in his synagogue, the Jew can feel that he has a faith, a country of surpassing though faded power and renown. The oppressor enters not here; Israel is alone with his undying recollections and stern bigotry. The face may be pallid, the form bowed, the rod of the oppressor may have entered his soul; but there is a lofty pride in his eye, with a scorn of every other belief. This is a solemn ceremonial; their richest vestments are put on; for there are many wealthy and influential men in the

city [Jerusalem]; even the love of gain is perhaps forgotten, while the memory flies to the illustrious periods of their history, and hope still cleaves to the coming Messiah. So rooted is this conviction, that some of the chief supporters of the Jewish Mission, and their great missionary, the Rev. Mr Wolff, have lately adopted it also; the latter preaches to his countrymen wherever he goes, that the Messiah *will come*, and that shortly, as the Ruler of his people on earth, in resistless power, glory, and blessedness.

One of the most affecting sights in Jerusalem is the going forth of Israel from the gates, men, women, and children, to sit on the earth without the walls, to mourn beside the graves of their fathers. If it be consoling that the ashes of those we revere and love should be guarded with peculiar care and mercy, bitter must be the feelings of the Jew. "No monument, no memorial of pride or tenderness, tells where the rich, the holy, the honoured of the people sleep. A rude stone, stuck in the bare side of Zion, where the foot of the Turk, the Greek, the Arab tramples, as he passes carelessly by, alone marks the resting-place of their fallen people on the descent of what was once their haughty Mountain of God." The subject naturally leads to Mr Wolff, the enthusiastic Jew missionary, who some time since returned to England, and the narrative of whose strange wanderings the world looks for with great interest. Since his return, he has baptized his own brother, whom he had not seen since 1811, and who then cursed his apostacy and belief in Jesus Christ.

The wealthy *mobility*, who have cultivated minds, refined taste, and well-filled purses, now dog the heels of the nobility so closely through the several routes of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, that the latter will be forced on, to take refuge in Syria and Palestine. Many of the cities of the Holy Land and the neighbouring regions, afford very pleasant temporary residences; and the heart of all, the Holy City, is now no contemptible sanctuary. The last few years have introduced many facilities and comforts. Instead of finding no lodgings, save in the monasteries, they may now be had at a moderate price in the city, with civil and attentive hosts, whether they be Armenians, Greeks, or Catholics. Fruit and wine, meat and vegetables, are cheap and easily procured; and every year will render the city more convenient as a residence, though, alas! the same circumstances must also impair that lone, sublime, and gloomy character which spreads a spell around the high places of Israel. The traveller, who lived for some time in Jerusalem, remarks that "the climate is healthy, the winds on the surrounding hills fresh and pure, and the heat rarely excessive." The spring must be delicious; and then those lovely walks! wild and romantic, down the valley through which flows the stream of Siloam—

"Fast by the oracles of God"—

and over the plain of Jeremiah to the sepulchres of the Kings; and on to that of the Judges; to Bethany, by the way of Olivet; or at early morning to go over the plain Rephidim to Bethlehem!—these, indeed, are exquisite rambles. And then the numerous objects, dear to memory

and the fondest associations of earliest youth, which spring up on every side! We shall mention but one, which the traveller has selected with true feeling and tenderness. Near Bethlehem are the ruins of the village of Rama, in which was heard "a weeping;" and not far off is the tomb of Rachel, one of the many places in which the observer finds that tradition has not erred, as it fulfils literally the words of Israel in his last hour, when dwelling fondly on the only indelible remembrance that earth seemed to claim from him. The long exile from the home of his parents, the converse with the angels of God, the wealth and greatness which had gathered round him, all yielded to the memory and image of the beloved and faithful wife. "Rachel died by me in the way from Bethel, and I buried her there." The spot is as wild and solitary as can well be conceived. "No palms or cypresses give their shelter from the blast; not a single tree spreads its shades where the ashes of the beautiful mother of Israel rest. Yet there is something in her sepulchre in the wilderness that excites a far deeper interest than more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or of the Judges in the plain of Jeremiah, the traveller looks at with careless indifference. Beside that of Rachel his fancy wanders 'to the land of the people of the east,' to the power of beauty, that could so long make banishment sweet." There was, indeed, more true gallantry, even in the chivalrous sense, in the courtship of the youthful Jacob, than in half the fictions of knight-errantry.

We cannot attempt to notice every interesting or consecrated and memorial spot which may be found in the environs of Jerusalem. One striking object, of which there is an engraving, is the Valley of Jehoshaphat, through which the travellers passed under the following picturesque and affecting circumstances:—"While we were at Jerusalem, we were invited to join the procession of pilgrims and monks to the Tomb of Lazarus." This tomb is near the village of Bethany, about two miles from Jerusalem; and there is a beautiful walk leading over the summit of Olivet, whence the ramblers descend upon the modern hamlet. A stream of clear water issues from a neighbouring fountain, to which the maidens of Bethany repair with their long-necked stone pitchers, such as may be seen in scriptural pictures—such, says Mr Carne, "as may have been used at the wedding-feast of Cana in Galilee." The ruins of the dwelling of Lazarus are still pointed out. The tomb is hewn out of the rock. But we return to the procession. It set out at two in the morning, while it was yet dark; almost every one carried a lighted torch or taper. The procession, leaving the Franciscan convent, passed out of the gate of St Stephen, descended the hill of Zion, and crossed the brook Kedron. It was a solemn and impressive pageant. At each sacred place, they paused and sung a hymn suited to the scene. The Glen of Jehoshaphat was dark and silent—the walls of the city, on the brink of the hill above,

looked dim and vast in the starlight. The procession then wound up the side of the Mount of Olives, on whose rocks and trees the glare of the torches flashed as they slowly moved along. Again they stopped on the summit of this hill—a strange and solitary group at such an hour—and a fine subject for the painter. The pilgrim with his pale and excited features; the priest in his vestments; the lights they bore breaking on the gloom of night; the various attitudes of those that held them. They then passed to Bethany, entered the sepulchre, and, descending the ancient stone steps, filled the little area beneath. All stood silent for a time; the place where the dead lay was at their feet, and they circled densely around it; the tapers threw their glare on the roof and sides of the grotto, and on the grave beneath. The people of Bethany were buried in sleep; not a light was seen in the windows, or a voice heard in the hamlet. Suddenly from the pilgrims and priests broke a solemn strain; its effect, as it rose on the stillness of the night, was very fine; they sung, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" When they left the sepulchre, the day was already breaking. Such are the subjects of this series of Views; and our few extracts may shew the manner in which they are elucidated. Among the embellished works of the day, we know of none more captivating, or of more deep and abiding interest.

Among the more remarkable of the plates in this series we may enumerate *The Great Mosque at Antioch*; *Sidon*, on the *Approach from Beirut*; *The Pass of Barrada*, which was mentioned above; *The Tomb of St George*; *Tortosa*; *The Ford of the River Kishon*, with the Bay of Acre. There are also many fine architectural plates, and scenic pictures of bazaars, fountains, khams, and whatever may give a lively idea of character, and of social customs and costume. But we must stop in the middle of the list. It would require considerable space to enumerate even the plates connected with Jerusalem—its tombs, temples, synagogues, and varied antiquities; so we close the book with this one exquisite picture of an oriental seat, or rather homestead:—

It is a spacious dwelling, on the banks of the ancient Pharpar, overhung by terraces, and shaded by immense trees. The venerable *Scheich* loves to lead his guests to the terrace, which is in part carpeted, and thus forms a *divan* beneath the trees, where the family group sit in evening, and where neighbours and visitors come to converse. This, says the traveller, is orientalism in all its simplicity and glory. The rich *divans* of the Pasha's palace, the splendid costumes of the attendants, his minute luxuries, do not touch the stranger's fancy like his evening's enjoyment, beside the stream and the aged trees, the patriarchal group, and its venerable chief. There is the singing of innumerable birds above his head. The murmur of the Pharpar, and the prospect over which his eye travels, as far as the last mountains of Anti-Lebanon; forests, plains, spots of exquisite verdure, and, last, the snowy crests red with the last sun-light.

The *Scheich* was a fine old man, with a white head and mild features. His family had for ages ruled this district. So peaceful, orderly, and prosperous a government is not often to be found in the Turkish empire. Hereditary legislation has been a blessing to Zebdani. It might have been far otherwise, had its chiefs chosen

to be severe, exacting, or unprincipled men. In the interior of the Schiech's house the rooms were of good size, and clean; but the change from the river-side and the shady old trees, and the carpeted terrace was not a luxurious one. . . . On looking out next morning, it was easy at first to fancy oneself in England; the gardens, the hedges, the orchards, had so much the air of *homes* about them, save that some of the trees would not flourish in our climate. When we entered the place the preceding evening, the young men were engaged in athletic exercises in a large open space. They are a fine, healthy-looking race, and the women are many of them handsome, with a frank and kindly air and look, not usual among Turkish women.

ANNUAL OF BRITISH LANDSCAPE SCENERY. AN
AUTUMN RAMBLE ON THE BANKS OF THE WYE.

MISS TWAMLEY, known by her elegant flower volumes, is not alone the editress—a new word, by the way, in the English language, and one most fairly introduced—but the sole author of this Annual. The lively and light-hearted lady has an exuberance of animal spirits, a good eye for the picturesque, catholic taste, an abounding love of fun, and that modern inclination for all the arts and sciences, which jumbles together geology, botany, ornithology, &c. &c., and which loads ladies with insect-boxes and botanical specimen-boxes instead of hand-boxes—and with hammers instead of fans. The scene of her perambulations was the WYE; and to those who have never seen the Wye, we cannot conceive why it should not be quite as captivating in description as the “*lazy Scheldt or wandering Po*”—“the blue and arrowy Rhone”—or, “the Rhine! the Rhine!”

Miss Twamley embarked at Bristol in a steamer bound for Chepstow, and saw and noted a great deal long before she reached port. Chepstow Castle detained her long; but we may safely slip the antiquarian and historical, to get at the descriptive parts. “Right pleasantly,” she says, “passed my morning, amid the thoughts and things but feebly, though, perhaps, too diffusely described here. While my patient and indulgent companion amused herself with exploring the recesses and loop-holes nearest my whereabouts, and chatted to an old gardener about Kings and cabbages, I sketched a few scraps of the ruin, and dreamed of ‘by-gones.’ Large, soft, downy-winged owls flew silently past, in the great hall, and sat staring at me from sheltering ivy-tods above the windows; and jackdaws, the unfailing tenants of ruins, cawed and grumbled about most noisily. Retracing our way back, we requested to see the underground apartments mentioned by some writers; and, on payment of an extra *doucour*, our blooming young conductress, unlocking a ponderous door under the uninhabited towers, led the way down a rather long and broad flight of stone stairs, in almost perfect darkness. We followed, and, groping our way on, found ourselves in a large vault, hollowed in the rock, with a groined roof, and one opening through which the light faintly struggles in, being nearly excluded by ivy and brambles, which fall over the cliff. Looking down, the Wye was seen rolling at a

great depth below. Massive rings of iron in the rocky wall shew that this murky vault was used as a dungeon for the confinement of prisoners; and, damp, dark, and dreary as it is, was probably commodious, when compared with many a loathsome den allotted to such purposes in feudal fortresses.” And Miss Twamley recalled the prisoners of Chillon, and, with a thankful heart, bounded into the sunshine, and thanked her stars for British freedom. As she stood on a fine point of view above the Wye, commanding the town of Chepstow, the Severn, the Gloucestershire coast, and the Channel, she remembered another visit to the same spot; and, truly, the wanderers on the Continent rarely find so fair a scene, in so felicitous an hour—a soft, dewy, calm, spring evening. “The brightness of the day was over, but

“‘The golden clouds, on which the sun had left
The footsteps of his splendour,’

still lay upon the deepening sky, and were mirrored in the glassy river. The whole scene was so noiseless, so placid, that it seemed asleep—nothing but happy slumber was ever so still; but soon the spell was broken by a distant owl sending a long low hoot along the river, which seemed to awake in a dozen places, and echo back the notes. Other owls now answered at intervals; but, whilst we were listening, and trying to trace the different cries, a rich, rapid, but brief cadence thrilled on our ears from the opposite woods, and, as if they had only waited for a signal, a choir of nightingales took up the strain, and the whole atmosphere seemed vibrating with music. Not two, nor three, nor four, but a countless number of these wondrous voices burst forth as if by enchantment; and, hearing them as we did, across the river and its deep valley, the effect was more exquisite than anything I could have conceived.” And then Miss Twamley quotes some very sweet lines to the nightingales, by some young lady, whose initials are L. A. T. Of the far-famed Piercefield Park, she says, smartly—“The park is very much like most other parks that have fair lawny glades, and noble timber to adorn them, with a fine handsome mansion placed in a commanding situation, looking about with all its windows, and seeming to say ‘Am I not an exceedingly good-looking house for my years?’” We do not intend to say anything about the beautiful engravings of the Wye scenery. We shall only imitate the post-boy, who drove Miss Twamley, and, at a given point, according to custom, touched his hat with—“First view of Tintern, Ma’am!” *Monmouth* and *Ragland Castle* we also pass by, but we shall have a scramble to the summit of *Symond’s Yat*, for which the boat was moored in floating down the Wye, that the fair adventuress might scale its height:—

The path being very steep and fatiguing, my companion preferred sitting in the guide’s cottage, whilst I set my pilgrimage; and, with his wife as my pilot, I sat forth, slipping and scrambling along, “through mud and mire,” the slippery clay causing more than one degradation of my dignity by a fall; but in due time we gained the platform of rock, crowning the narrow ridge, and I was well rewarded for my toils and tumbles, by the grand

view spread around; with the Wye winding about below, and almost making an island of the lofty point on which I stood. A description of such a panorama as this view, would claim a chapter to its own share; the extent will be best estimated if I mention a few of the places within its range. The Kymin, Black Mountains, high land about Carmarthen, the Brown Clee Hills, Stoke Edith, and hills in Radnorshire, besides the comparatively nearer view, comprising the Dowards, and Goodrich Court and Castle; and all this lit up gloriously by real sunshine—not the counterfeit usually seen in our cloudy land, but clear, laughing, cheerful sunshine! It was a thing not easily forgotten. The variety of wild berries, which were ripe in the woods, on the mountain ash, wild service, viburnum, elder, dogwood, wild rose, and hawthorn trees, together with a few pale autumn flowers, delighted me exceedingly; and, as I was gathering sprays of each, the good woman who acted as guide, exclaimed regretfully, "Ah, ma'am, you should come here in summer, we've 'all the Aorchieses.'" Numbers of mules, laden with coal, pass over this high edge from the forest of Dean, and descend on the south side, where they are ferried over the Wye, and carry their burdens up to the kilns on the Great Doward, which are supplied in this manner. Many of the mules were really beautiful animals; and, as they wound down the rugged and narrow path, picking their way with unerring sureness of foot, and stepped into the ferry-boat, I heartily wished them a kindlier lot.

Such is a fair specimen of the entertainment that readers may expect in Miss Twanley's Annual. The good taste of some nameless lady, who has a right to rule in Wilton Castle, is thus blazoned:—

There remained but one more object of material interest for me to visit in the vicinity of Ross, and that was Wilton Castle, to which I walked in the evening, but only to experience disappointment and vexation, at the vile taste which has grafted a little pert, formal, fresh-painted, venetian-blinded, muslin-curtained "cottage of gentility" upon the crumbling old towers and ivy-grown walls of the hoary castle. There was something quite pitiable and melancholy in the forced and outrageous masquerade; and a very brief survey sufficed me. One tower is transformed into a *thatched* summer-house, among similar travesties; and a fine colony of rooks, that formerly inhabited the lofty trees near, has been exterminated by the same lady by whom the other improvements have been made.

Fancy those saucy artists and lovers of nature, who will not let gentle folks do what they like with their own! The castle, thus embellished and modernized, was built by King Stephen. Miss Twanley has interspersed several copies of pretty verses with her pleasant and pretty guide-book. She is one of Flora's favourite minstrels or glee-maidens at present, and one of the most mellifluous.

HEATH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY.

"The Book of Beauty" is not so much an Annual as a Portrait Gallery of those high-born or high-bred Englishwomen, entitled by their rank or personal charms to shed lustre on the arts. A few complimentary lines are generally connected with each fair likeness, and as many literary contributions as the good taste of the Countess-Editress has approved, are thrown in, to give variety and relief. The principal artist is that modern Lely, Chalon, to whom the female nobility delight to sit. Two or three portraits, are by Ross; and one, *The Viscountess Fitzharris*, by Landseer. And well may Miss Sheridan take for the burden of her verses, "How lovely!" The exclamation is drawn forth quite

as much by the genius of the artist, as by the beautiful original of his finished and truly admirable painting, which might form the bright gem of any work in art. *The Duchess of Sutherland*, a gorgeous dame, with, however, a sweet and natural expression, which her princely robes cannot banish, forms the appropriate frontispiece to the volume. It is painted by Chalon, and is a highly-finished plate. *The Viscountess Mahon*, painted by Lucas, is a creditable picture, with that air of individuality which is often sadly lacking in modern fine-lady portraiture. This particular portrait is more *Reynoldish* than the general run, and, as such, is worthy of being distinguished. *The Viscountess Vallétort* is a pleasing picture, painted by Ross—pleasing from the sweet sentiment which it expresses, of gentle and happy maternity. The portrait of one very handsome woman, could not fail to delight the gazer, save for the painful apprehension that the lady is threatened, if not seriously affected, with the sad species of distortion, which the surgeons denominate "incurvature of the spine." From the verses of the Countess of Blessington, we are, however, happy to learn that the Spanish-looking maiden is in high health.

"Thine is England's beauty;
Where besides doth rose
Such a glow of brightness
On a cheek disclose?
Where besides such forehead,
Pure as early day—
Shrine where thought must holy
Bids the careless pray?"

So the incurvature is, after all, mechanical; the unseemly consequence of back-boards and strappings, deforming a fine and graceful form. We cannot enumerate each bright particular star of Heath's galaxy; and pass to the letter-press. A lively sketch by Lady Blessington, and another by Francis Howard, Esq., are just the thing for this kind of work. The lady's story shews that young fashionable mothers, who can afford to keep upper and under, wet and dry nurses, should not suffer silly, maternal fondness to estrange them from their duties; and that, if they do not amuse their gay young husbands, the gentlemen will probably find amusement in other female society, where the babies are kept in their nurseries. Mr Howard's contribution is a lively sketch of the first quarrel or misunderstanding of a young married pair, who, with devoted mutual affection, have not yet learned the great lesson of forbearance in trifles, or graceful yielding on small everyday occasions. Mrs Erskine Norton furnishes a long romantic tale of the perennial Rosamond Clifford, of whom we desire never to hear another word, unless it possesses either novelty or high merit of some sort. Fair Rosamond, La Valliere, and all the rest of the royal harlotry of Europe, are now worn threadbare. "Sybil Craven"—a tale shewing how a young gentleman in orders fell in love with a strolling singer—very lovely and charming and virtuous—might, we suppose, be of dangerous precedent, were it not that she is found to be of a family at least equal to his own. This helps

to obtain the pardon of the runaways from the old Squire, who had supposed Sybil just one of the "jades" and "adventuresses" who had nearly ensnared his sage self when "he was a young fellow." A contribution from the pen of Barry Cornwall draws, as seamen say, greater depth of water than any of the above. It is entitled, "A Passage in the Life of a Philosopher"—a passage which leads to the old termination—love and marriage. Balliol, a gentleman of family, but of small fortune, has been, for twenty years, a college tutor, and something of a book-worm, when the circumstance of a distant relative dying intestate, brings him a good estate. A "lovely young Lavinia," a village girl, whom the deceased had protected, is left destitute by the sudden death, and a strong prejudice exists in Balliol's mind against her and her aunt. This cloud is cleared away; the elderly scholar becomes the instructor of the beautiful and susceptible Mary, who insensibly imbibes a deep passion for her Abelard. The progress of the affair is delicately painted; its termination is unbounded felicity, spite of the trifling disparity of some five-and-twenty years. No one, by the way, is half so successful in those tender delineations of the young ivy clinging to the mature elm, as authors of a certain age imbued with a strong dash of the poetical temperament. Two dramatic scenes by Savage Landor—one, Anne Boleyn in the Tower, receiving intimation of her execution; the other, her brutal tyrant, hunting in Epping Forest, while the tragedy is performing—are, the first especially, most daintily touched. There is altogether enough of verse in the volume. An ode "To a Tree, leafless in June," by Bulwer, is not the least worthy of notice among the poems; or, if there be finer things, we are yet well contented with this as our specimen:—

"Desolate tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?

"Thou wert not churlish in thy palmier year
Unto the herd;
Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,
Home to the bird.

"And ever, once, the earliest of the grove,
Thy smiles were gay;
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love
To the young May.

"Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,
Around thee gleam;
Faster and darling of the gilded things
That live i' the beam.

"Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped;
How lonely now!
How bird and bee, light parasites, have fled
The leafless bough!

"Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done?
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?

"'Never!' replied the forest-hermit, lone,
(Old truth and endless!)

"Never for evil done, but fortune frown,
Are we left friendless.

"Yet wholly nor for winter, nor for storm,
Doth love depart:
We are not all forsaken, till the worm
Creeps to the heart!

"Ah! naught without—within thee, if decay—
Can heal or hurt thee!
Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,
Who may desert thee."

THE BOOK OF ROYALTY.

The name imports something rich and magnificent, and this superb annual possesses all the "appliances" which bear out its lofty title. It is bound in crimson Morocco and gold, and exhibits the insignia of royalty in its blazonry. The editress is Mrs S. Hall, and the volume is reverentially laid at the pretty Cinderella-feet of our gracious Queen Victoria. The subjects generally are termed "Characteristics of Palaces." They are either little historical tales, or slight sketches of courts and court manners; and in tone very courtly and loyal indeed. Some are in prose, others in metre. But the novel and really attractive feature of this Annual is the coloured plates, which exhibit the gorgeous, quaint, or rich costumes to advantage; albeit sometimes reminding us, though pleasantly enough, of

"Ackermann's dresses for May."

The designs by Perring and Brown are generally clever, particularly in the grouping. Some of them, as the *New Court Beauty*, and *Charles I. Parting from his Children*, are truly beautiful, combining an exquisite softness with truth and spirit. The literary contents demand no particular attention. It is enough that they explain the plates. Among the best of them is "The Fair Forester," a passage relating to the gentle King Jamie and his daughter, which, save for the detestable imitation of the Scottish dialect, would be very good in its way. "The New Court Beauty" is also a clever *scena*; and the work altogether is rich and elegant.

THE COURT GAZETTE.

Before we close our account with the fashionable world and its literature for the season, we are bound to notice a new journal, which has been projected as its especial minister, and which promises to do its spiriting gently. We have not been rash in commending *The Court Gazette*, which started in the memorable week of the Coronation, and has proceeded flourishingly. Besides the all-important duties of a Court Gazette, and Mirror of Fashionable Life, the new journal pays considerable attention to light and elegant literature, and shews much taste and judgment in selecting from the foreign, the daily London, and also the provincial papers, whatever is likely to interest the higher female world in particular. Its sources of fashionable intelligence appear excellent; and, without interfering with politics, or any of those questions which agitate the public mind, the character of the print is less frivolous than journals of this stamp are usually imagined.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Truths from the West Indies. By Captain Studholme Hodgson.

THERE was a time when we should have been glad to see the darkest shadings of Captain Hodgson's picture laid before the public; but we doubt if that time has not gone by, and if it be not too late to turn back the public mind upon the cruelties and infamies which he lays bare. His book was chiefly written in the West Indies, some years since, while he was there on service. The ill health of the author has prevented its appearance until it is much less called for. We have no doubt of the purity of his intentions; but the affairs of the West Indies have recently assumed a new aspect; and unless some evidently good end is to be gained, it is proverbially unwise to cause exasperation by ripping up old sores. We must now, without too nicely scrutinizing the past, exercise in the future all fidelity and watchfulness in protecting the dearly-bought liberties of our black fellow-subjects, and take care that oppression, under the guise of law, shall not take place of the cart-whip, the manacles, and the tread-mill; and that the tyranny of privilege and caste be not consolidated upon their ruins.

Mr Zachary Macaulay read much of this volume in manuscript upon his death-bed; and, approving, was, it seems, anxious for the publication of the "Truths." This is high authority; yet even in that brief period which has elapsed since his death, the question has assumed a new and critical form; and, while insisting for justice, and vigilantly guarding the interests of the negroes, it might yet be well to avoid exasperation. Captain Hodgson has collected a great many instances of wanton and demoniac cruelty, and, in the lives of the planters, some cases of revolting depravity and licentiousness, which last, however, might, we fear, be paralleled at home; but these matters are all past—and, as regards the blacks, we would look with firmness to the brightening future, vigilant but hopeful. Morals, in the most essential points, are certainly very low in the West Indies. But the universal dissoluteness described by Captain Hodgson, seems everywhere the necessary concomitant of slavery. Nor can these deep-rooted evils be all at once eradicated, though the first great step is taken. Captain Hodgson pleads the necessity of exposing the gross and almost brutal licentiousness which prevails in the West Indies, because, in what he calls a joint-stock work, adopted by a Mrs Carmichael, it is alleged not only that morals are strictly pure in both sexes in the West Indies, but that the tone of morals is much more strict in genteel society in the colonies than in the mother country. Now, this is rather too much, surrounded as every writer in the colonies must at all times be with so many varying hues of complexion; with tawny skins, the vellum of pedigree. Captain Hodgson has pointed out many abuses in the administration of the internal affairs of the colonies, and in their courts of justice, for which the home government which tolerates either the particular acts or the system, ought to be condemned. The case of Sir George Hill is one.

Some years since, the planters, to obtain a supply of the human commodity, brought slaves—for such in effect they were—from the Islands of Madeira and Fayal, under the same pretences that have since been used to ensnare the

Hill Coolies. The most favourable terms were held out; and the poor creatures bound themselves for seven years, exulting in the expectation of making their fortunes, and returning to their native islands, to enjoy the remainder of life. "But," says Captain Hodgson—

Once arrived in the colonies, they found themselves beyond redemption at the mercy of those by whom they had been deluded, and who now, throwing off the mask, sold the astounded creatures to the highest bidder, by whom they were distributed over the country, without, as I have been informed, in many instances, the least regard to the ties of family. In every conceivable point of view, their lot was infinitely more miserable than even that of the negroes; for, although exposed, like these, to the same treatment as to the degree of toil and coercion, they were far from being sharers with them in the advantages intended to be secured by the Abolition Act. The black slaves had the right, at any period, of purchasing their immediate freedom; not so with the white slaves. "Seven years," said the bond; and well resolved was each Shylock to insist to the last on the pound of flesh.

But even had the Portuguese, like the negroes, possessed the right of offering redemption-money, it would have availed them nothing. Far from their country, with which no communication was carried on, save through the circuitous route of England, it would have been impossible for them to quit the place to which they had been beguiled; they must have betaken themselves to the woods, and then, compelled by want of food to return to the vicinity of the towns or plantations, they would have been seized and condemned as vagrants; in other words, their former state as slaves on the sugar estates to the planters, would have been changed for that of slaves on the public roads to the government.

Conceiving that sufficient has been said to convey an accurate idea of the immediate position of the Portuguese on their reaching the estates of the persons by whom they had been purchased, I will present an outline of their subsequent lot.

Without distinction of sex or age, they were indiscriminately mixed with the negroes; the robust man, the delicate female, the tender child, were alike compelled to toil in the cane-fields, under a tropical sun, and the same quantum of labour was demanded from them as from their fellow slaves—the negroes.

In vain, after a short time, did they begin to implore as a mercy, that, at all events, if slaves they must remain, they might be sent to cocoa estates, where, under the shade, they could work without being struck by immediate death. In vain, on their prayer being refused, did they endeavour to make known their condition to the public authorities. No interpreter of their language could they find; and in one island no interpreter was allowed. In vain did they strive to escape to the towns, with the hope that their ghastly appearance, and bodies mangled by stripes, might attract the attention of the humane; they were quickly stopped by the guards stationed at all points, and lodged in the prisons on the estates, where some expired from the sufferings they were doomed to undergo; or if, by chance, one did overcome the vigilance of the watchmen, and make his way towards Government House, he was seized and shipped off to the coast; an effectual way, truly, of precluding the possibility of his obtaining a hearing.

The constitutions of these white slaves soon began to break under this treatment. Disease in hideous forms was not slow in exhibiting itself; and it was shown beyond a doubt, in this instance, that the labour, which is so fatal even to negroes, can never be performed by men whose bones and sinews are covered with a white skin.

Whole families, and theirs was the happiest lot, were swept from the face of the earth; while those who had the misfortune partially to recover, were, if unable to pursue their labour, turned off houseless and friendless by the vampires who had banqueted to the last drop on their hearts' blood. Their condition became so truly pitiable as to move the very blacks to compassion. So broken in spirit were these free-born subjects of the crown of Portugal, that they were to be seen suing, on their knees, the charity of the British West India negro slaves; and, the charity sued for was never refused by the kind-hearted, columniated black.

At length, the report of their sufferings, and of the startling rapidity with which they were dropping into the grave, travelled beyond the confines of the plantations, and was rendered the subject of inquiry by several persons who had already been conspicuous for their endeavours to ameliorate the condition of the negroes. The result was, the bringing to light the particulars I have detailed.

Immediate steps were taken to submit them to the executive.

We have given this long extract, (but cannot complete it,) from the perfect similarity that exists between the cases of the Portuguese, and those natives of Hindostan for whom the same snares have been laid.

It is gravely stated by Captain Hodgson, that when the slave-owners of Antigua gave up their right to the six years' apprenticeship, or six years of protracted slavery, a band of incendiaries were sent among the emancipated apprentices, by the slave-holders in other islands, to spread disaffection and excite them to revolt! This conspiracy was detected, and the treacherous visitors were compelled to be off with all speed—to carry on their machinations elsewhere.

This gentleman, after watching the working of the apprenticeship system for two years, was convinced that so far as the slave was concerned, his condition was not ameliorated, so many either invidious or open means were taken to evade or defy the provisions of the Abolition Act. "In the chartered colonies," he says, "the local legislature set the home-government at defiance, while, in the crown colonies, those who the most violently and effectually opposed the benevolent purposes of the crown, were the chief officers of the crown." So boldly was speculation carried on in the islands, that, when the *knowing* bought up the claims for compensation, held by the ignorant owners of a few slaves, the public money was taken from the treasury chest for this righteous purpose. On these buyings up of claims reaching the ears of Lord Glenelg, he interposed for the protection of the ignorant objects of this villany, and prevented the sales of claims from being confirmed in the courts of law; which, doubtless, the purchasers must have thought a very improper interference with free trade.

Captain Hodgson has no faith in the colonists acting justly to the black population, unless they are compelled to do so. He is not fond of leaving them, as they desire, "to themselves," in the management of their "free labourers." They made the special magistrates, sent to administer British law, subservient to their purposes; and now they wish to make laws affecting the blacks to please themselves, and suit their interests. He has little hope of equal legislation, and none of an equal and impartial administration of justice between black and white. To approximate a purer administration of justice, he thinks that jurymen should be chosen without distinction of colour; and that all negroes who can read and write, and understand the leading rules of arithmetic, should have the elective franchise. Here is innovation! Give to black men what is refused to white!

The evils against which the friends of the dark coloured race ought especially to guard, are embodied in an address preparing by the Central Negro Emancipation Committee, to be presented to the Secretary for the Colonies. We rejoice to find their interests in hands so able and alert; and perceive no prospect of the labours of the society being unnecessary for a long while to come.

Spectacle Secrets. By George Cox.

Among the many knaveries and frauds practised by dishonest traders, none are, we believe, more gross than

those attempted in spectacles; and, save, perhaps, in medicine, none can be more dangerous and villanous. The medical quack endangers health and life; the optical quack a sense which gives these blessings much of their value. Mr Cox's little treatise, besides exposing the puffing quacks and their manifold arts and impudence, contains all the information required by those who use spectacles or eye-glasses in any form; rules for their selection; observations on the substances employed in making them, on fitting, &c. &c. Mr Cox disapproves of eye-glasses, unless for the most temporary purpose; and it is a remarkable fact, which a well-known optician stated to him, that he knew no instances of a short-sighted person who needed to increase the focus of his *concaves*, if he began by wearing spectacles; but that the cases were frequent, where a single eye-glass had been used, in which the individual had frequently required a change of glasses. We are glad to learn that good spectacles are so reasonable in price, though Mr Cox should inform his readers of the "whereabouts." The prices are, he says, much reduced; and that is true, though, in the *best* shops, spectacles are still, we fear, considerably above his rates. He says—and we endeavour to act upon his prompting—"It cannot be too universally known, that a person can have a pair of good convex glasses fitted into his spectacles, and correctly fitted to his sight, at from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings per pair, by any respectable optician. The poorest person may be defended against the tender mercies of the spectacle speculators; for he really can obtain a better article for his money, both in quality and suitableness to his sight, of the respectable optician; and, upon an average, at a *less cost* than the cheat contrives, by dint of manoeuvring, to extract from him. Good lenses, in plain frames—or, in other words, a good pair of spectacles—may be obtained for two and sixpence. Who then, knowing this, would suffer his sight to be tampered with?"

Among our many useful societies, why is there not one to detect and expose fraud and quackery; instead of which, newspapers and magazines, the most respectable in character, minister daily in spreading the delusion of mischief. Where the article is only one that costs a little money, and can do no harm, the case is not so criminal, though to be cheated of property is bad enough; but in cases like bad spectacles, quack remedies for deafness, toothache, &c. &c., and quack drugs of all sorts, the medium of propagating the guilty fraud cannot be held blameless. It is mentioned in this treatise, that the cost for advertising quack medicines in the United States is 300,000 dollars annually! A peck of pills is considered necessary for Boston per day, and half a bushel for New York! On an average, only one in twenty-five who take them are actually sick; and the proportion of those dispensing with some necessary of life to purchase nostrums which do them positive injury, is in the ratio of eighty-seven in the hundred. Truly, the schoolmaster is still required in America, if this hold. Some of the anecdotes related of the hawking and advertising-spectacle-quacks are amusing, as this:—"A military gentleman of Stonehouse was waited upon by a renowned optical quack, who, the moment he entered the parlour, exclaimed, 'Goot Got, sar! vy, you are a goin' blind; the sight is leaving your left eye. If you don't immejantly take to my improved classes, I will not answer for the konserkences. Kataract will grow on it in one month.' The alarmed gentleman purchased two pairs, for which he paid four pounds. They were found to be quite unsuitable to his sight, and, in real

value, at retail charges, worth ten shillings a pair; for they were glass, instead of pebble, as they had been represented. We can the more readily believe this and other stories of the sort, as similar things have been practised within the immediate circle of our acquaintance, either by the same professor or one of his brethren. But the world is growing wiser; and this small book will do its part in assisting to clear its eyes.

Egypt in 1838. By Thomas Waghorn, Steam-Agent in Egypt.

This gentleman is the devoted humble friend of Mahomed Ali; but, at the same time, he often speaks good sense, though he may carry his views farther than home-politicians are disposed to go. He contends, that, having already lost Turkey and Persia, by permitting Russia to creep on, the only remedy is to acknowledge Egypt an independent state; and for France, but especially England, to conclude an advantageous treaty with the new sovereign, whether Mahomed or Ibrahim. The advantages which he perceives to the trade and commerce of Great Britain, and the security of the East, menaced by the gradual inroads of Russia, are great and various; and all these are to be gained by guaranteeing the independence of Mahomed Ali, and giving him assistance and succour in his independent kingdom of Egypt. Mr Waghorn says his pamphlet is not written to please Mahomed Ali, or any party. It ought, however, to have that effect. He prophesies that, on the death of Ali and his son, the Arab tribes, whom Mahomed has brought to order, will become as lawless as before, and the hope of establishing a steam communication to India, through Egypt, be destroyed. He very plainly intimates that it is great folly to be too honest, when we have to countervene the crooked policy of such men as Talleyrand, Metternich, or Di Borgo, and when "the secret service money of England ought to be dealt out with secrecy and liberality, in order that we may cope with those diplomatists, and get secret treaties signed in our favour, as Russia does." The pamphlet is dedicated to Lord William Bentinck, who is called upon to exert himself in Parliament, to promote the independent sovereignty of Mahomed Ali, and the consequent happiness of millions. An appendix contains an official report of the present state of Egypt. The Pasha musters (at least, on paper) a formidable fleet and army. Education is flourishing, and commerce has most enormously increased under the administration of his Highness. In 1836, it amounted to 100,000,000 of francs. Finally, Mr Waghorn thinks that we expend too much time and pains about Ireland and Canada, and neglect our eastern policy, the encroachments of Russia, and the capabilities of Egypt.

Colour as a Means of Art. By Frank Howard.

We do not feel competent to pronounce a judgment upon this work; but we may explain its design. Its object is, to fix and develop, for the benefit of the student in painting, and the amateur, some of the acknowledged general principles of Colouring as a Means of Art, without reference to the higher attributes of great works in painting. The first chapter treats of Harmony and Tone of Colour. The author, after rules laid down for producing pictures in colour, treats in separate sections of the peculiar principle of the most eminent colourists—the principle of the Venetian school, the modern manner, and Turner's principles of colouring, which last we shall cite:—"Turner has controverted the old doctrine of a balance of colours, by shewing that a picture may be made up of delicately graduated blues and white

supported by pale cool green, and enlivened by a point of rich brownish crimson. It requires some care in the production and shapes of the masses of blue and white, and in the situation of the point of colour. Another principle adopted by Turner is, to contrast rich autumnal yellow in the foreground, with a brilliant Italian blue sky, graduated through a series of exquisitely delicate pearly tints, to meet the cooler greens of the middle ground. The warm colours in the fore-ground are qualified by purple half tints, and supported by warm shadows and some rich crimson; or sometimes reduced to sobriety by the opposition of the bright orange and white." We have not space to enumerate the many topics treated in the third chapter.

The fierce antagonism of the hostile factions in colouring, which the writer merrily terms the *Bianchi* and the *Neri*, from another faction of dark and light, is treated in a manner not the less just and discriminative that it is lively and happy. He says—"The *Neri* complain that the *Bianchi* want tone—the *Bianchi*, that the *Neri* want purity and light. Each of these factions contends, that all the difficulty of fine colouring is to be found only in their own aim; while they hold in perfect contempt the productions of their opponents, as being of such facile achievement as to [deserve?] the sarcasm of Michael Angelo, to 'be fit only for children,' and beneath the attention of those who profess to study the Fine Arts. The main difference between the principles of these two parties or factions, will be found to lie in the treatment of the atmospheric influence, and associations previously alluded to." The principle of difference is illustrated very beautifully, as we think, by an author who sees truth on both sides, and also lying on neutral ground between the combatants. For himself, his idiosyncrasy points to horror of *green* and *greenness*; but it will give an idea of the *tone* of his instruction to cite his qualification of this dislike of *greenness*:—"But, in reservation, it must be repeated that there is no tint that cannot be controlled and made available, by great skill and management, to the purposes of Art. These warnings are for beginners and amateurs; and the work is intended to shew them what they may do with safety. As they attain proficiency, they may attempt difficulties, which principally reside in truth of detail, in combination with agreeable general effect. When to this is added, a just subservience to poetical character, the greatest requisitions of art have been complied with; all other difficulties, of whatever nature, being a mere species of mountebank trickery, beneath the aim of high art, and deserving of the well-known sarcasm of Dr Johnson upon some *difficult* music, that he wished it were *impossible*. There are a great many coloured plates, illustrative of the principle of the different masters and schools, and of the author's instructions.

Dr Roget's Treatises on Phrenology and Physiology.

Following a plan which we trust the liberal publishers will find remunerative, since it must be of great advantage to the interests of science and literature, the valuable contributions of Dr Roget to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," upon the subjects in the above title, are reprinted in two volumes, of the size of the other reprints from that universal work. It is not every student who can afford to purchase a copy of the Encyclopædia—nor will many of those who could, care for much of its contents, which must be quite foreign to their studies, pursuits, and tastes. The publication

of desirable detached portions of that great work, in which the views, discoveries, and opinions of the most eminent philosophers and literary men of the age, would otherwise be, as it were, locked up, cannot therefore be too highly appreciated in its popular utility.

Dr Roget's "Treatise on Phrenology" occupies the first part of the first volume. A luminous and most candid and impartial account of phrenology is given; and is followed by a masterly and equally candid statement of objections to the leading principles of the "new science." The whole occupies less than 100 pages. It would be desirable that this portion of the volumes were published separately. It is quite right that the phrenologists should have fair play, but they have at present all the play; chiefly because those who are most capable of the task seem to think the doctrines of phrenology unworthy of serious consideration. This half-contemptuous indifference may, however, be carried too far. In the conclusion of his treatise, Dr Roget, alluding to the alleged progress which phrenology has made, remarks:—

We do not think it difficult to account for the progress which phrenology has made, amongst the very numerous class of persons who find in it a source of agreeable occupation, giving exercise to their ingenuity, in discovering striking coincidences, and gratifying their self-complacency, by inspiring them with the fancy that they are penetrating far into the mystic regions of psychology. For the last twenty or thirty years, popular writers, and lecturers without number, have been displaying their powers of elocution, exercising their skill in the critical examination of developments, and expounding the doctrines of the new philosophy to wondering and admiring audiences. With all these advantages, and appliances to boot, the wonder seems not that phrenology has met with the success of which so much boast is made, but that it has not speedily gained the universal assent; for had it been a real science, like that of chemistry, and other branches of natural philosophy, founded on uniform and unquestionable evidence, it could not have failed, by this time, of being generally recognised as true. When we consider that the present age is not one in which there is any lack of credulity, or in which a doctrine is likely to be repudiated on the score of its novelty or its extravagance, we cannot but smile at the complaints of persecution uttered by the votaries of the system of Dr Gall; and at the attempt to set up a parallel between its reception in this country and these times, and that which, two centuries ago, attended the speculations of Galileo, and subjected him to the tyrannous cognizance of the Inquisition; or to establish an analogy between the dogmas of phrenology, and the discoveries of the circulation of the blood, and the analysis of light, which have immortalized the names of Harvey and Newton.

The phrenologists are by no means wanting in zeal and a proper respect for the "Science," and its discoverers and promulgators; but we were not aware they had carried No. 10 quite so far as this. Dr Roget acutely remarks—"There is this very remarkable peculiarity in the pursuit of phrenology, that the student is perplexed, not with the difficulty, but with the facility it affords for explaining every phenomenon." And he proceeds to shew the extreme pliability of the doctrines of Gall's philosophy.

In the Treatise on Physiology, that science is treated clearly, fully, and in the systematic manner which a masterly instructor might adopt for the benefit of his pupils. Everything belonging to the science, down to the latest discoveries and speculations of eminent modern physiologists, finds a place; and, throughout, the writer has adhered strictly to the subject before him, though it be one which strongly tempts wandering into other regions.

The Natural History of the Sperm Whale.

By Thomas Beale, Surgeon, &c. &c.

To the Natural and Commercial history of the Sperm Whale, Mr Beale has added an account of his South-Sea cruises in pursuit of these Leviathans, which, we dare say,

will be found the more attractive portion of his well-filled volume. We can at least speak for ourselves—though there is also much curious information in the utilitarian portion of the book, and great excitement in the mortal warfare waged between human ingenuity and brute force. The first memorable adventure of the voyager was being *hounded* and robbed by a dæmnel belonging to a party of Arcadians near Coquimbo, in Peru. They had killed some whales before reaching Owhy-hee; in which island, he tells some stories, at second-hand, of the Missionaries, which require confirmation. "*Mikanary no good*" was the constant observation of the simple islanders. The voyagers had some interesting adventures on the coast of New Britain, and among the beautiful Lousiade Islands, and other islands which are seldom approached save by the whalers. At St John's Island, two days' sail from New Ireland, an islander practised nearly the same necromantic arts to lull the storm, of which we hear in Scandinavian and other northern legends, down to our own days; and of which Scott has made good use in his *Norna of the Fitful Head*. Mr Beale's description of this South Sea magician is exceedingly curious. The gale abated, he received a pair of old trousers and a shirt for his supernatural exertions, and certainly an augmentation of fame and power among his countrymen. The Ladrone Islands were next visited; and Mr Beale changed his ship, and returned from Japan in another whaler to the South Sea Islands. There appear to be Temperance Societies in these islands, or something similar, under missionary influence, the rules of which, as at home, are broken through hypocritically, under the strong temptation of the rum improperly offered in barter by seamen. Horrible is the picture which this voyager gives of the miseries inflicted upon these poor islanders by European intercourse, chiefly, we fear, that of his own countrymen, and certainly persons who are not missionaries.

Wayland on Human Responsibility.

This is an American book reprinted in London. The author is the President of Brown University, and a writer on moral science and political economy. Had all the men of Germany, England, and America been of President Wayland's mind, the world had never seen the Protestant Reformation or the American Revolution. For example, he condemns slavery as strongly as any man need do; but, as an American citizen, he says, and truly—"Who ever supposes himself guilty, because Congress *does not pass a law* abolishing slavery in the United States?" As a citizen no one is *responsible*; but, moreover, "as citizens of the United States we have solemnly promised to let it [slavery] alone." This he founds upon one State having no right to interfere with another. It is needless to follow this wire-drawn argument. A main object of the little book appears to be to attack the principle of the affiliated societies for the abolition of slavery, which are described as "not intended to circulate truth in the South, but for the sake of exciting agitation in the North." The same thing may be said, and has been said, of all associations whose objects have been at variance with the views or interests of their assailants.

Reminiscences of South America. By John Hawkshaw, Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

The author of this modest and intelligent volume went to Venezuela upon professional business connected with the mines. He resided in that country for two years and

a half, when ill-health compelled him to return to England. He travelled, and looked round him a good deal; and his book is full of facts and interesting information, given in a clear and unpretending manner, about a country of which little is known in England. The Venezuelans are desirous of attracting more Scotch and English emigrants—miners, mechanics, and artisans—to the Republic; and to encourage emigration toleration in religion is proclaimed, and liberty given to *heretics* to erect places of worship for themselves.—We should like to give a specimen of the work, though it must be slight. The population of the Republic is roughly estimated at about 800,000.

The population consists of—whites, who may be divided into classes, those who are born in Europe, and those who are born in the country; Indians, or aborigines, who, as an unmixed people, form but a small part of the community; negroes, some of whom had been imported by the Spaniards, and some that had come from the isle of San Domingo, and runaways from the other neighbouring islands. But the larger portion of the population consists of a mixed race between the negro, the Indian, and the Spaniard; amongst this class there is every shade of colour, from the dark bronze of the Zambo, to the lighter shades of the Mulatto and Mestigo. These are gradually commingling, so as to form a race of coloured men of lighter shade than the aborigines, of stronger frame, and of greater activity of mind. More than one-half the population may already be said to have assumed this physical character, differing essentially from the originals from which they sprung; and, perhaps, this light yellowish-looking race may be the type of the future nations of South America. Much will depend on the number and the nation of the emigrants to its shores. Should a large proportion of these be whites, its coloured races will come to have less of colour; but at present it would seem as if these countries were not to be beneath the sway of the white man. He has had his foot upon the soil for centuries, but as an alien he has been cast off. The white man's caste was not there to be supreme.

In Venezuela, the highest offices of the state are open to the man of colour; Paez, the late president, being one of this class. In this country, therefore, the negro is not an object of prejudice; and, if free, immediately takes his stand as high up in the scale of society as his capacity and intelligence may entitle him.

The manners of the Venezuelans generally partake, in some degree, of that of the Spaniards, being tintured more or less with that kind of pride called Castilian; even the poems are embued with it. Perhaps their pride is increased by the consideration that they are "republicanos." They are polite in accosting each other, down to the very labourers; and in their gait and outward carriage they are more graceful and easy than my own countrymen. Their habits are not social—they rarely meet together in numbers at their own houses; their rendezvous is the theatre or the ball-room, the billiard-table or the bull-fight. The higher classes are neither ostentatious nor extravagant as it regards their houses and their mode of living; but on the contrary they are temperate, and almost frugal. Neither science nor literature has many cultivators, there being too much of indolence in the habits of the community to make them fond of study, or of anything requiring close mental application. A jealousy of foreigners prevails to a considerable extent; perhaps because they find themselves outstripped by them in commercial enterprise, or outshone by them in their establishments and greater means: hence the English, German, and American merchants are confined chiefly to associating with each other, except at public places. Occasionally they intermarry with foreigners, but even this is not effectual in removing the barrier to social intercourse. Apart from their want of cordiality with other nations, the Venezuelans have not yet learned to enjoy social meetings; and they have not yet acquired, to anything like an equal extent, the faculty so eminently possessed by two of the nations I have mentioned, of appreciating a good dinner.

The females, except at public places, are very rarely seen abroad; they stay much within doors, and, as far as it regards the cultivation of their minds, are much neglected. They play on the Spanish harp, and some on the piano-forte, and, like bullfinches, being fed and taught to sing, are deemed sufficiently accomplished for the sort of

cages they occupy. I have omitted one accomplishment—they dance, and dance gracefully, (all Venezuelans dance,) but these are all externals, and outward polish—a polish, though, which sometimes makes even paste glitter; but in all the more substantial acquirements they are sadly deficient. Their gait is graceful, even among the lower orders, (though, I believe, Depons thought otherwise,) and in my opinion the females walk much better than in England, but this arises, in a great degree, from their having fewer objects; they are never hurried, and it is a country in which there is no bustle. Persons are never seen walking as if for their lives, and, in fact, there is no occasion for it. Their carriage, therefore, is such as may be acquired by persons who walk for the sake of walking only, not for the purpose of arriving at some place within the hour.

There is not much display of dress; the chief articles of finery, among the higher classes, are large tortoise-shell combs, of the most costly description, carved and pierced with all manner of devices; long black veils, which cover the head, and almost the whole person, and small satin shoes, and stockings displaying much workmanship. It is evidently upon these articles that the females bestow most attention, while the males lavish all theirs upon the furniture of their horse, studding the head-piece of the bridle and the saddle with as much silver as can be stuck on; and often having silver stirrups, and always silver spurs.

This fashion for silver spurs and rich bridles infects the lowest ranks; and I have known men spend all they had to procure them; and it is not unusual to see a silver spur buckled upon a bare foot.

Mr Hawshaw returned to England by way of America. As he has told the story of his outward voyage, and his travels, he concludes with his adventures during a very short residence in the United States.

Wild Sports of the West.

Bentley has published this lively and popular book, in a single volume, and as a part of his "Standard Library." It is illustrated with a few spirited and characteristic plates, representing boating, fishing, sporting, and festive scenes, in the West of Ireland—embellishments which it hardly required. It should have appeared before young men stuff, for the season, their fishing-baskets, shooting-bags, and their other ingenious contrivances for packing up artificial flies, shot, brandy-flask, and, above all, the favourite author; but there is a good time coming, and, in the meanwhile, they may have a store of amusement for the long nights of winter, and opportunities of study, previous to the Irish ramble of summer 1839, to the realms beyond the Shannon.

The Unity of Disease. By Samuel Dickson, M.D.

This gentleman was formerly a medical officer of the staff. He would seem to be now a practitioner about Cheltenham. Some time back he published a medical work, with the vigorous and original character of which, in spite of its bold heresies and reckless innovations, we were much struck. By the present work we learn, that the medical critics have fallen foul of the author; and persecution has had its natural effects in rendering Dr Dickson tenfold more violent in his professional heresy. Like all promulgators of new theories, he may carry his system too far; and there is little doubt that he generalizes too much; yet we are persuaded that much original truth is blended with his errors and innovations. To his anti-sangradoism, which is furious, commonsense and observation must, in the great majority of cases, subscribe. He has a very contemptuous opinion of "the wooden oracle"—the *Stethoscope*; and there can be no doubt that, whatever good its responses may have effected, its application has done a world of mischief, both to the patients and their friends. He certainly brings forward staggering objections to the reputed uses, or infallibility of the instrument. Dr Dickson confesses himself a *Revolutionist* in medicine; but so he says were Hippocrates,

Galen, Boerhaave, and Cullen; and, if a revolutionist, he is not a sanguinary one. No medical student need be afraid to peruse the pages of this Destructive.

Observations on the Causes and Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine. By Samuel Hare, Surgeon.

This gentleman claims to have been, for ten years back, successful in treating the increasing and painful disease of which he writes, in all the forms which spinal distortion assumes. His remedies are chiefly mechanical, but medicinal treatment accompanies their application. They are far too complicated to be explained here; so we must content ourselves with pointing out to the profession, and to those interested—too large a portion of the female world—this source of information. Mr Hare has detailed many singular cases, and also their cures effected by his treatment. His book is illustrated by plates shewing many forms of distortion, and figures before and after cure.

Heads of the People.

A new work, in Numbers, has appeared, with the above inexplicable title, of which we are inclined to augur favourably. It is a little of the *Pickwick* school, and may be plainly described as sketches of Londoners; outlines of character in the ranks of the people. In No. I. there are four heads—"The Dressmaker," very fair; the Stockbroker," one of a past day, not amiss; "The Diner-Out," a failure; "The Lawyer's Copying-Clerk," a clerk in the first stage—the hobbledehoyish—is capital. There is much liveliness, wit, knowledge of life, and, what is better, of human nature, in these sketches; and in some of them, as "The Dressmaker," depth of feeling, and an acquaintance with the evils which corrupt and corrode society to its core. Such things continually represented to the public eye, though only in fiction, ought to produce the desire of reform.

Poems, Moral and Miscellaneous; with a Few Songs. By a Journeyman Mechanic.

This collection of fugitive and occasional poetry does as great honour to the moral feelings as to the poetical talents of the Mechanic. "'The Corn-Law Rhymers' is a king," said Thomas Carlyle, writing of Ebenezer Elliott's poetry. The "Journeyman Mechanic" is not an Elliott; but he also possesses gifts and privileges which many kings might envy, could they be made to comprehend and appreciate them. May he continue to make the same good use of them, for his own happiness and the pleasure and improvement of his fellow-creatures, that he has been doing. The little collection is dedicated to the Earl of Durham. Noble and munificent Lords have often patronized very inferior Poets. We have been looking for a specimen of the Mechanic's verses; but, as his masterpieces have already appeared in the periodical publications, we are at a loss what to take. The following lines are not in his happiest manner, but the subject is congenial. Burns belongs exclusively to the people. He who declared—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for 's that,"

has ennobled the lowest-born of the order of Nature's Poets. It was of him and them Robert Nicoll sang—

"Before the mightiest of the earth,
We stand with an unbentched brow,
Like us, Thou wast a toil-worn man,
And we are noble now!"

The Mechanic's effusion is in a softer spirit:—

"My footsteps tread on classic ground,
Where he, of Scottish bards the chief,
Erst made his witching wild harp sound
In notes of mingled joy and grief.

"Here, once in majesty and might,
He walked the earth on which I tread,
Illuming by his genius bright
Each lonely glen and mountain head.

"Here I could stay, and muse for hours
And list the gurgling river's moan,
As if it mourned for him whose powers
Gave all its fame, for ever gone.

"Perchance now, in the twilight hour,
When balmy dews from heaven descend—
When sings the blackbird from her bower,
Whose branches o'er the water bend—

"His wandering spirit hovers near
The scene of former bliss and wo;
Where once he wooed his Mary dear,
Then made her mournful requiem flow."

The New Excitement.

This yearly gift for young persons appears for 1839 at a cheaper rate, but in a form equally neat, and with contents equally attractive and interesting with those selections which have gained so favourable a character for "The Excitement." We would remind our readers that "The New Excitement" is, in fact, the original "Excitement," if the editor and compiler, and not the mere publisher, to whom the copyright has devolved by an accident, is to be regarded as the true author of the work.

SERIAL WORKS.

The Second Number of Dr Ure's "Dictionary of the Arts and Manufactures," contains very elaborate articles on calico-printing and bleaching; and useful familiar treatises on baking, brick-making, and bookbinding. It promises to be a highly useful work.

Conversations Lexicon.

The last Part we have seen of the "Conversations Lexicon," contains the important articles—"History of the United States," "Unitarianism," and "The United Brethren;" also the article "Universities." We imagine the work is nearly completed.

Dr BOWRING has published a paper, read by him to the British Association, upon the abolition of all quarantine regulations. This change he bases upon a belief in the non-contagion of the plague; but, waving a controversy on which doctors differ, and on which much may be said on both sides, the propriety of abolishing quarantine whether plague be contagious or not, remains to be considered; and, we imagine, opinion is in favour of abolition. Every merchant should read this pamphlet.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ALMOST the only thing to enliven the dullness of the month which has occurred is the resignation of Lord Durham, which has afforded scope for ample commentaries, by the press of all parties. It is plain to us, that the real pacification of Canada is as distant as ever, and that the probability of that colony being ever rendered beneficial to Britain, is very small. In the meantime,

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the unsettled state of matters is proving highly injurious to the colony. A great proportion of the most active and enterprising of the colonists in both provinces, having been compromised in the revolt of last year, are leaving the colony, whilst emigration to it is all but entirely at an end. Indeed, few people will be inclined to run the risk of being called out on 'twenty-four hours' notice to

fight, perhaps against their friends, and against the cause they think just; or, on refusal, to be executed as traitors. Mr Roebuck has again come forward as the zealous and talented advocate of the outraged Canadians, in a series of letters published in *The Spectator* newspaper.

An attempt appears to be making by certain parties in this country to involve us in a war with Russia; the ground of the quarrel not being, however, by any means obvious. The Russians are said to have a large fleet in the Black Sea; but we do not learn that it has been recently augmented. As to the notion that the Russians have any immediate design upon our Indian possessions, we believe it is a perfect chimera. War would, no doubt, be very convenient for the aristocratic parties of this country at present; for it would effectually put an end to what they most dread—the progress of Reform.

ENGLAND.

THE RUIN OF THE FARMER.—It is said that the Repeal of the Corn Laws *would ruin the farmer*. This is rather remarkable; for we have been told, for this quarter of a century, that he *was* ruined already; and the fact has been attested by a cloud of witnesses, whose printed evidence is a good horse-load. It is said that the landlords would not, and indeed could not reduce their rents, from the extent to which their estates are mortgaged; but it is forgotten that, after the termination of the war, the landlords found themselves compelled to reduce their rents, for the simple reason, that it is impossible for the great bulk of the farmers to pay higher rents than the produce of the soil yields. But there is a very easy mode of protecting the tenantry from the rapacity of their landlords; it is, merely to convert the money rents, now payable, into grain rents, in the following manner. Suppose the present rent to be £600; then find out from the annual returns of averages how many quarters of wheat, barley, or whatever may be the grain the farm produces, would have been required to pay £600 during the last seven or five years; and declare that number of quarters to be the rent during the currency of the existing lease. Suppose, for example, the average price of wheat during the period has been £3 per quarter; then 200 quarters of wheat should be declared to be the rent, payable according to the annual average. In this way, the tenantry would be effectually protected against their landlords, whatever might be the fall in the price of grain, which a repeal of the corn-laws might occasion. As is well known, the greater part of the rents in East Lothian, and in some other of the Scottish counties, are paid in this manner; and it has been found much more equitable both for landlord and tenant, than fixing a rent in money for a lease of nineteen or twenty-one years' duration. The truth is, that a much higher rent than the farm is worth, can never be exacted for any great length of time; for the farmer is ruined and forced to abandon his farm, and the farm itself is generally greatly deteriorated; on the other hand, if, from the increase in the value of agricultural produce, the rent becomes too low, the tenant enjoys the sole benefit at the landlord's expense. We do not think that the Corn-Laws can be continued much longer as at present. Every person proposing to take a farm, should protect himself against the effects of their repeal, by stipulating for a rent in grain. If, however, the emigration to Australia proceed as it has begun, we have every reason to believe that the competition for farms will diminish, and that the practice of offering high rents to get possession of a farm—in expectation that, if it is too dear, the landlord will reduce the rent—will be abandoned. It is to this practice that a great part of the agricultural distress so long complained of is owing.

SCOTLAND.

RECENT STATUTE LAW AFFECTING SCOTLAND.—It is very remarkable that, while the debates or talking in Parliament, excite so much interest that an account of them is spread, within a week, throughout the empire—even to the most remote villages—the acts, or what is done—the result, in short, of the debates—is looked upon with so much indifference that you will hardly find a person who is thoroughly acquainted with the legislation during the year, even affecting his own trade or business.

Any notice, even of the titles of the statutes, or of the subjects they embrace, is hardly to be found in a popular form; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that in almost total ignorance of the statute law pervades all classes of the community. Every year, there are from 800 to 1200 folio pages added to our statute book; which, from their style and form, are all but unreadable, even to persons of professional habits. The local acts, though printed, almost entirely escape public notice; and, when it is necessary to refer to them, there is generally the greatest difficulty in finding them out, as we have learned from experience. The regulations of these local acts are often very important. Far less attention is paid to them by the public than they deserve. They are not unfrequently smuggled through Parliament without due notice of their object; for, although certain advertisements must be made, the title is sometimes so vague that it gives no notice of the real purpose of the act. For example, the act authorizing the Edinburgh Water Company to borrow money, contains more important provisions, in as far as the public are concerned, than the original act. As a new reign has lately commenced, we think it a favourable period for beginning to give some notice of such of the statutes as peculiarly affect Scotland. Our limits do not permit us to furnish any abstract, but merely to indicate the subjects on which legislation has taken place. As all the acts passed in one session, properly speaking, form only one statute, we shall, in this article, notice all the public acts passed in session 1837, leaving such of the local acts as deserve notice, to next Register. The first act affecting Scotland exclusively, passed in the 7 Gul. IV., (last year,) was c. 5, by which the punishment of banishment, for a second conviction of leasingmaking, sedition, and blasphemy, was repealed, and fine and imprisonment substituted in its stead. The punishment of banishment, for a first conviction, had been repealed by a previous statute, passed in the 6 of Geo. IV. The only other, is c. 14, relative to bills of exception in trial by jury. The first statute of Victoria, relative to Scotland exclusively, is, 1 Vic. c. 23, abolishing the punishment of the pillory in all cases whatever. This is a very appropriate enactment for a maiden queen to commence her legislation with, in as far as concerns her northern subjects. By the acts 32—36 inclusive, no fewer than about 100 acts, and parts of acts, relative to the Post-Office, commencing in the reign of William and Mary, and ending in the reign of William IV., are repealed, and a new set of Post-Office regulations established. It is to be regretted that the whole previous statute law on the subject was not repealed, and a new and complete code established; but it appears, from a schedule appended to one of the statutes, that there are still parts of no fewer than twenty eight of the old statutes in force. A Post-Office lawyer must, therefore, be well read in statute law. Chapter 35 contains a list of all the persons who are entitled to send or receive letters free from postage, and the conditions under which the privilege is to be exercised. Chapter 39 interprets the meaning of the words, "sheriff," "shire," &c. in acts of Parliament relative to Scotland. Chapter 41 repeals the Small Debt Sheriff Act of 10 Geo. IV., and enacts a number of new regulations. The most important of these are the provisions for a cheap and easy sequestration of tenants whose rents do not exceed £8 : 6 : 8; for declaring the wages of labourers and manufacturers not liable to arrestment; regulating the manner in which arrestments in other cases are to be laid on, rendered effectual, and removed, and declaring that they shall fall in three months from their date. Witnesses are compellable to attend Small Debt Courts under a penalty of 40s. Actions of damages for riot, under the Riot Act, (4 Geo. IV.) and for penalties under the Act for Preserving Salmon Fisheries, are rendered competent before the Sheriff under this statute. Regulations are also made for the holding Circuit Courts for small debts; and the review of the decisions of the Sheriff, is still more limited than under the former acts. Two defects have already been discovered in this act. In the ordinary courts of law, six defenders, though entirely unconnected, may be sued in one summons; but it is held, by a rigid construction

of the words of this act, that there must be a summons for each set of defenders, whereby an unnecessary expense is incurred. The other defect is in the regulation as to the sequestration of small tenants. By the common law, it is competent to sequester, not only for payment of rents already due, but for rents to become due; and, in case of danger of the sequestrated effects being carried off, to remove them to a place of safety. But no such power is given by this act; and it is held that it is only for rent already due that sequestration can be awarded, and that the effects cannot be removed from the premises. In this way, the benefit of a sequestration under this act, is greatly lessened. These defects are, we believe, quite unintentional. We hope that Mr Wallace of Kelly, to whom the people of Scotland are so much indebted for his efforts to procure for them the cheap administration of justice, will bring in a bill to remove them. Chapter 57 imposes a duty of 24s. per cwt. on beet sugar manufactured in the United Kingdom, and places the manufacture under the surveillance of the Excise. This act must, as was intended, effectually put an end to all attempts to manufacture beet-root sugar in this country. Chapter 61 extends the exemption from duty contained in a preceding act to two-wheeled carriages having the owner's name and place of abode painted in a certain manner thereon. The arbitration of disputes between master and workman is farther regulated by Chapter 67; and Chapter 73 contains some very important regulations regarding trading and other companies having numerous partners; and authorizes her Majesty to grant letters patent of incorporation, limiting the responsibility of the partners, and pointing out the manner in which they may sue and be sued, on compliance with certain conditions as to registration, &c. The Usury Laws are repealed by Chapter 80, in as far as regards bills of exchange and promissory notes, payable within twelvemonths of the date thereof; but this act is declared to be in force only till 1st January 1840. Such are the public acts of the year 1837, peculiarly affecting Scotland.

REFORM OF THE UNION.—NECESSITY OF LOCAL LEGISLATION.—The preceding notice of the legislation affecting Scotland at a most important period, shews how little of the time of Parliament is dedicated to our peculiar concerns. Out of a huge folio, there are not more than five acts, not exceeding twenty pages in all, in which the name of Old Scotland is to be found, or its existence recognised! How is this? In the statute-book of Scotland, the old Scotch acts—in three small octodecimo volumes of 500 or 600 pages each—we find from forty to fifty of printed, or, as they would now be called, public acts, besides local and personal, passed in a session which lasted a month or six weeks only. And if we look to these acts, we shall find that they are, at least, as important, in every point of view, to Scotchmen, as the modern legislation of the three kingdoms. To take, for example, the first year that turns up to us—1696—when the kingdom was in a state of quiet, (for so confident are we of the superiority of local to what is called “imperial” legislation—as if Victoria was an Empress and not a Queen—that no search is required.) and we find that the Scotch Parliament met at Edinburgh on the 8th September, and adjourned on the 12th October; during which period forty-six acts were passed, and, among others, the following relative to the law, which are of the most important nature, and which are almost wholly in force at this moment; the experience of a century and a half having been able to add little or nothing to the efficacy of the provisions—viz., the statute relative to deeds executed on death-bed, whereby Scotchmen have been in a great measure relieved from the persecuting intercession on the part of interested relations and of the church as to the disposal of their property in their last moments—a law which has met with the highest eulogies both within and without Scotland, whenever the nature of its provisions have been understood. We have the act declaring noteworth bankrupts, the unrepealed foundation of our existing law relative to bankruptcy; the act relative to the nomination of tutors and curators, whereby a father was, for the first time, empowered to place his children under due protection, between the ages of fourteen and

twenty-one; the important act against blank bonds, which obviated numerous frauds, formerly in daily commission, and checked even high treason itself, by rendering it difficult for traitors to protect their landed estates from confiscation on conviction; an act for providing for the poor; another, (we wish we saw it repeated at this moment of starvation,) for “encouraging the import of victual;” the salutary act, establishing schools in every parish—an act which has universally been thought to have done more to promote the civilization, and to forward the progress of Scotland, than any other act, either of her own or of the British Legislature; acts against profanity, against the barbarous practice of duelling—a practice which estimates the value of men, not according to the higher qualities of the intellect, or moral feelings, but according to the lowest of all his qualities, those by which he is linked with the brute creation, and which not only brutes but birds possess in a greater perfection than mankind themselves. Then we have, passed in the same Parliament of *four weeks’* duration, the statute ever since known, and justly, by the name of “The Act of Grace,” whereby the inhuman and atrocious privilege of imprisonment for debt received a severe check, by compelling the hard-hearted creditor, who wished to indulge his feelings for revenge—him who must have his pound of flesh—to support his victim in jail; a provision which, by setting avarice at war with cruelty, has saved the poor and inconsiderate, as well as those whose misfortunes no human sagacity could have foreseen, and no human industry or prudence averted, an infinity of suffering. To the same Parliament we are indebted for the introduction of summary diligence on inland bills of exchange, by which the utmost facility is given to the recovery of debts constituted by bill, and thus, much confidence is conferred on commercial transactions; a mode of execution which, we believe, no country in Europe has to this day been able to rival—for provisions affecting the registration of sasines, on which the validity of our land-rights depends; also for an act rendering those who interfere with the property of persons deceased without due authority, justly liable for the whole debts due by the deceased; and a variety of other acts, introducing important improvements into the law. In commerce, we have statutes relative to the manufacture of malt, brewing, the sale of meal, and for protecting the salmon fisheries, &c. In finance, there are statutes relative to the cess, excise, poll tax, coining and clipping of money, &c. &c.; and several other statutes relative to the security of the kingdom, and the raising of troops. What is not the least remarkable part of the matter is, that the whole forty-six acts are contained in forty-eight small octodecimo pages. Nearly the whole of those relating to the law are, to this day, in force, and all of them have not given as much trouble in their interpretation to our courts of law, short as they are, as the Judicature Act, the Cessio Act, or any act relative to the law which has been passed within the last quarter of a century.

No one, we imagine, will be so absurd as to pretend that the affairs of Scotland can be as efficiently managed by a legislative body sitting hundreds of miles from her territory, and having the interests of an empire dispersed over the whole face of the earth, and containing more than a hundred millions of human beings, to attend to, as by a Parliament meeting in Edinburgh. The Imperial Parliament is, in truth, unfitted for that department of legislation, called “local and personal.” Such legislation is best conducted on the spot, or as near as possible to the spot which is to be affected. Witnesses are then at hand, information can be got with expedition and at little expense; the members of a local parliament can be dismissed and again called together with little inconvenience. The expense at present necessarily incurred for a Road, a Harbour, or a Railway Bill for Scotland is intolerable.* The members of an Imperial Parliament, the great majority of whom must naturally feel indifferent regarding the failure or success of any such measure, can with the utmost difficulty be got to attend, or even to remain in

* One thousand pounds a-mile, even in long lines, is not an exaggerated estimate for the mere Parliamentary expenses of obtaining the Bill!

the House when the matter is under discussion; and it is even not easily accomplished to get a quorum of the committee, to whom the Bill is remitted, to go through their routine duties. Then, all matters relative to Scotland are slurred over in the reports of the debates—first, because the reporters think a “Scotch” bill, though vitally affecting Scotland, is of no public importance; secondly, because they cannot intelligibly report what they, in general, do not understand; and, third, because “Scotch” business is generally put off till past midnight, an hour at which, except on extraordinary occasions, the reporters, by a well-organized combination—Whig, Tory, and Radical reporters agreeing in this point—retire from their labour. The consequence is, that there is hardly a measure, however important, affecting Scotland, of the grounds for passing which her population are duly informed. All that they see of a long debate on a subject in which they perhaps take the most intense interest, is a line or two in which the very title of the bill is probably bungled, and its object misrepresented. We think it full time that this system should be remodelled. The Imperial Parliament has not time, in this age of speechifying and infinite gabble, were it otherwise qualified, to do anything like justice, or even to get through with decency, the business before it. The Sessions have, of late years, been lengthened more and more, and the daily period of sitting goes on increasing, till not only the faculties of the Members are obviously obscured, but their health impaired, and their lives themselves shortened. Besides, the long residence of the Members—the richest and most influential members in society—proves eminently prejudicial, not only to Scotland but to Ireland and the parts of England itself femote from the metropolis. Hence, all the evils of absenteeism. We have not, at this moment, out of eighty-nine Scotch nobility, one resident in Edinburgh, and very few of our considerable landed proprietors. Their visits, even to their estates, are short and far between, whereby the tenantry and peasantry on their estates are deprived of their aid and countenance in useful schemes; and excluded from the consumption in their own district, and among themselves, of those fruits which their own industry and labour have created. Of much, if not all of these evils, an Imperial Parliament, sitting for three-fourths of the year in London, is the cause. And not only ought we to have a legislature for our own local concerns sitting in Edinburgh, but similar legislatures should be established in York, Manchester, Bristol, and in London itself. Ireland would require at least two—one in Dublin, another at Belfast, Londonderry, or Cork. One of the mischiefs attending the present lengthened sittings in Parliament, which ought not to be overlooked, is, that it limits the choice of Members, and confines it almost exclusively to the landed interest. No person engaged in any extensive business, except in London, can afford to represent a constituency. Nor is it certain that even the payment of Members would extend the choice to eligible men, not in independent circumstances. Many fit persons would not choose to give up their business and go into Parliament, although insured of £300 or £500, for one year. Were, however, our Sessions as short as those of the old Scotch Parliaments, or of the United States, the encroachment upon other pursuits would be so inconsiderable as not to prevent the most able men, and the best men of business in the country accepting the office of representative. What is meant by a Repeal of the Union with Ireland, we do not exactly understand; but if all that is intended is, that the Irish should have the management of their own exclusive concerns, we heartily wish them success; and we hope that, when the people of Scotland shall see the necessity of a legislature in Edinburgh, the Irish will assist them in obtaining it.

IRELAND.

RAILWAYS.—The Irish seem to be using every effort at present to get farther grants of the money of the people of Great Britain for local improvements. At a meeting held at the house of the Earl of Charlemont, lately, the line of railway from the north of Ireland, recommended

by the Government Commissioners, was approved of; but, instead of forming a company to make the railway, a committee was appointed to see how much money could be got from Government for the purpose. The Duke of Leinster read an address to the Queen, strongly recommending railways as the means of employing the poor. It is not said, but is of course taken for granted, that, although this employment of the poor must benefit the Irish landlords, they are to be paid out of the general revenue of the three kingdoms. When so much public money is yearly expended on Ireland, why should not Scotland have some small share? Why should not the Edinburgh police be paid out of the Consolidated Fund as well as the police of Dublin? Why should Scotland not be surveyed by Government, to discover the most eligible lines for railways as well as Ireland; and, if the Irish are to be assisted in making them, why not also the Scotch? Two and a half millions of Scotchmen paid in 1832 £5,113,353 of taxes—eight millions of Irishmen, only £4,292,445. Scotland is surely entitled to the difference between the two sums, the more especially as her government does not cost probably one-fifth of that of Ireland. For one soldier in Scotland, there are at least eight in Ireland. The people of Scotland have good reason to complain of the apathy of their Members in not procuring grants of public money. For our own parts, we think that there ought to be no such thing as such grants; for no more taxes ought to be raised than is necessary for the general government and the defence of the country against external enemies; and we cannot see why a man in Scotland should be taxed for building a harbour or making a railroad in Ireland, which he may never see. But, if the system of public grants is to be continued, we in Scotland ought, in justice, to be allowed to draw out of the Exchequer in something like the proportion we pay in. If it be objected to this reasoning, that the cause of Ireland being so expensive and so little productive of revenue, is misgovernment—we answer, Then remove that cause—abandon the misgovernment—do justice to Ireland; but let there be no grants from the general funds for local purposes.

MANUFACTURES AND COMMERCE.

A treaty of commerce has been concluded with Austria, which has opened up several important markets to British enterprise. Sugars have been transmitted by the Elbe into Bohemia, large quantities sent to Trieste, and at Vienna extensive sales of British produce have been made. By the above treaty, English vessels are permitted to trade with the countries of the Danube.

AGRICULTURE.

Ayrshire.—The taking up of the potato crop, was interrupted by falls of snow, and part of the crop, which is at any rate deficient, has been injured by the frost. **Fife-shire.**—As late as the first week of November, many fields of grain in the high, and some even in the low districts, remained uncut. A considerable proportion of the crop, particularly beans and oats, was still in the field. The hurricane of the 11th October did great damage; for nearly half of the oat crop was uncut, and from six to eight bushels an acre were shaken out. The high wind was followed by hard frost, which rendered a considerable portion of the unripe oats and beans almost useless. Barley is found to be a light crop; wheat under an average, both in quantity and quality; and, from shaking and frost, the produce of the oat crop will also turn out deficient. Potatoes also, though good in quality, are a small crop. **East Lothian.**—The hurricane of the 11th, caused a loss, at least equal to the seed, in every uncut crop. Potatoes, on fine soils, are of fine quality and tolerably abundant; yet the crop will hardly amount to an average. The turnip crop is deficient, and, in many cases, a total failure. Prices, when to be consumed on the farm, have been from £6 to £8 per acre, and when very good, from £10 to £12. The weather has been favourable to wheat sowing. Markets are rising steadily, both in this country and on the Continent. Potatoes, which, in Edinburgh, two years ago, were selling at 8s. a boll, are at present 15s.